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**Daylight and Sunshine**

by Takara Phoenix

Summary

What if Simon got told off by Alec about going to the Seelie Court? How will not going affect his relationship with Clary? How will it affect him and Jace?

Follows through to the season finale.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Shadowhunters Characters: Jonathan Christopher 'Jace' Wayland, Simon Lewis, Alexander Gideon 'Alec' Lightwood, Isabelle Sophia 'Izzy' Lightwood, Clarissa Adele 'Clary' Fray, Lydia Branwell

Summary: What if Simon never went to the Seelie Court with them? How would it change things?

Daylight and Sunshine

Addicted to You, Hooked on Your Love

Jace shifted uncomfortably, trying not to look at Simon and his damned puppy-eyes. Honestly, he wanted to be mad at Clary for even bringing Simon to the park, but then Simon looked at Jace with the puppy-eyes and Jace could feel his mouth forming the words to agree and allow Simon to come along to the Seelie Court, even though his brain knew exactly what a really bad, stupid idea that was. Stupid Daylighter with his stupidly pretty face and his stupidly convincing puppy-eyes. So how could Jace possibly hold it against Clary that she couldn't say no to Simon...?

But it was an awful, horrible idea to take Simon with him to the Seelie Court. So Jace did the only logical thing. He fished for his phone, dialed and held it up for the other two to hear.

"Alec, Simon asked to tag along to the mission", stated Jace as soon as the call connected.

"What?", asked Alec baffled. "No."

"But-", started Simon, staring at the phone in surprise.

"This is an official Clave-sanctioned mission and it is Jace's and Clary's mission. It's a delicate matter of diplomacy, which is why I sent Jace. You are not qualified for this", interrupted Alec.

"But in eighth grade, I was-", started Simon once more, looking pouty.

"I'll stop you right there", grunted Alec unimpressed. "Whatever you did as a child does not qualify you for a highly delicate diplomatic mission. The Seelie Queen is millennia old. She is tricky. I'm already uncomfortable sending Clary because she has no experience with Seelies and their culture at all, but she was requested by the queen. You? What do you know about Seelies? Their culture? Their customs? The trickery and deception they are capable of? You'd probably end up cheerfully agreeing when they offer you food – and then you'll be stuck in their realm, because that is how Seelies work. Did you know that? …I take your silence as a 'no', then."

"...Okay, so maybe I don't know about Seelies", admitted Simon with a frown. "But I'm sure I can still be useful, Alec. Even if I just stay silent and follow."

"You? Staying silent?", snorted Alec ridiculed. "You'll probably manage to offend the Seelie Queen with some random nerd-babbling, comparing her to some figure from Lord of the Rings or something like that. No. That is my last word, Lewis. No. This is an official mission and only Jace and Clary are going. I swear, if Jace reports that you tagged along despite me telling you off, I will never allow you to tag along to any mission at all and I will revoke your open invitation to the Institute. Have I made myself clear, Lewis?"

"...Yes, Alec", muttered Simon, completely faltered. "Wait. You know Lord of the Rings?"

"Magnus made me watch it because of Legolas. Not a word, nerd", warned Alec annoyed. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a cabinet meeting to prepare. And I do not have half a mind to worry about you screwing this mission up, Lewis, so I swear if you do, I will make Magnus turn you into a bat and then I will lock you into a cage and keep you in the Institute on display."
Simon raised both eyebrows and nodded wildly. Jace smirked smugly as he ended the call. That was all he had needed. Someone who 1.) was not in love with Simon Lewis, 2.) could deny the vampire and 3.) someone who Simon was afraid of and wouldn't keep arguing with.

"Just... wait here for us, okay? Jace and I will be fine", promised Clary softly.

She leaned in to kiss Simon and Jace's stomach felt like it turned into lead. He averted his eyes from the happy couple, gritting his teeth hard as he clenched his hands. Stupid vampire, making him feel that way. Why did Simon have to make him feel like this? Simon treated him so differently. He wasn't impressed by Jace's cockiness and by the fact that he was who he was. He used to make people swoon with the reputation he had built up over the years. But Simon didn't know that, wasn't impressed by that. Simon had been intimidated by Jace at first, but by now Simon had grown used to him and was being defiant and stubborn. Simon's stupid jokes and nerd-babble made Jace laugh and relax, even in tense situations. It was oddly grounding, to have Simon with him.

But the first time Jace truly realized what he felt for Simon and how the feelings had changed from annoyance to fondness and in the end to love had been after that awful nightmare day with the Soul Sword. The intense connection when Simon drank from him, Jace pulling the sword and for a split-second fearing that he had killed Simon... and in the end, walking out of the Institute to find Simon and Clary kissing and realizing that he was no longer jealous of Simon, but rather of Clary.

He had gotten so used to thinking of Clary as his sister that his feelings had shifted while what little interest he had in Clary had died down, his interest in Simon grew more and stronger.

Simon heaved a shaky breath as he stared up at the ceiling, clearly lost in thought.

Him and Clary had broken up. They had talked, a lot, last night. Things had been a bit strained since Simon had learned from Isabelle that Clary and Jace weren't siblings. Trust had been nicked and Simon grew paranoid, seeing every look exchanged between Clary and Jace as the beginning of something. It was why he had wanted to tag along to the Seelie Court – the idea of Clary and Jace literally in a fairy tale realm was just too much. In the end, that wasn't how a relationship should work so Simon had gathered his wits and confronted Clary. She had the decency to stop trying to disagree after a few serious looks from Simon and in the end, she admitted that she still had feelings for Jace and that she was torn and confused by what she wanted. They ended it, before either of them could get hurt and so Clary could sort out what she wanted.

Simon knew what she wanted. He wasn't an idiot, contrary to popular opinions. He saw the way Clary looked at Jace. And he saw Jace. Jace was what he pictured Michelangelo's models to look like – Jace was a literal angel, his body like he had been chiseled out of marble. It was ridiculous. Obviously, now that they weren't siblings anymore, she'd want all of that again.

And Simon? He needed some distance. He needed to digest the breakup before he could go and face Clary and be genuinely happy that his best friend had gotten together with Prince Charming. Which he wanted to be, because Clary was his best friend and would always be his best friend.

He'd be lying if he'd say that his feelings for Clary were the same as they used to be. That perfect picture of Clary that he had worshiped for years, it had slowly come apart in the chaos of the Shadow World pulling them in. Dating her was not the way he had always fantasized it would be and slowly, he came to the realization that she was just a girl and not a Disney Princess. Things had become less of a True Love story, more like a regular relationship. And if he was being even more honest... things between them hadn't changed too much. Aside from the kissing and the sex, Simon hadn't felt like things between them had truly shifted into something deeper.
Just because he was slowly falling out of love with Clary didn't mean the breakup and the revelation that she was inevitably going to get together with male Buffy didn't mean it didn't hurt though.

"Simon? You home?", called a loud voice, accompanied by loud banging on the door.

Simon frowned confused. Jace? Why in the world would Jace willingly come here? His eyes widened and his heart dropped. Something must have happened to Clary. In a blur, Simon was at the door, opening it to stare at the blonde. Jace looked a little startled at that.

"What's wrong?", asked Simon nearly anxiously.


Really? Now of all times, Alec decided to actually assign him to a mission? So Simon could get to watch Jace and Clary hold hands and be like a totally disgustingy cute power-couple? Wait...

"Where's Clary?", asked Simon, looking around in confusion.

"She's studying up on the Clave and Idris, because she wants to be part of the transport mission. Valentine is being transferred to Idris tonight", explained Jace, raising one eyebrow. "It'll be just you, me and Luke. As a... sign of good faith between Downworlders and Shadowhunters."

"Really?", asked Simon stunned, blinking slowly.

Jace nodded, a jerky movement. "Rogue vampire. Killed a girl. Luke's assigned to the case as a cop. I'm assigned by the Institute and since it is a vampire... Alec called Raphael, cleared it with him that a vampire should also be involved in the case. So... if you're up for it?"


"What kind of question is that?", grunted Jace, one eyebrow raised. "It's day, which already kinda narrows things down considerably. And you and I have worked together on enough missions by now. No need to try and involve some random vampire? Why? Is it so bad going on a mission with just me? Sorry Isabelle and Clary are otherwise occupied."

"No! I mean, it's fine. I just... after last time...", drawled Simon, eyebrows knitted.

"Last time was about diplomacy. It was all about talking, which you suck at. This one, we could actually use a vampire", shrugged Jace. "Come on, Luke's gonna meet us at the crime scene."

They walked in awkward silence, because all Simon could think about was how Jace would return to the Institute, to be welcomed with a kiss from Clary and they'd ride off into the sunset on a fucking unicorn or something. Wait. Were unicorns real...?

"Sorry about the... breakup. Clary told me", drawled Jace after a while.

Simon blinked and turned to look at Jace. Had Jace just broken the silence because it was getting too awkward even for Jace...? But what kind of ice-breaker was that? Man, Shadowhunters really weren't taught about social, mundane things at all, were they? Simon grimaced.

"Sure, whatever", snorted Simon and shook his head. "No need to pretend, Jace."

"...Pretend?", echoed Jace surprised.

"Yeah, like you're not over the moon to finally get the girl", huffed Simon, hands shoved deep into his pockets. "Look. I don't hold it against you. I get it. You get to be with her now. Yay, you. Just...
please don't rub it into my face. So can we just like not talk about this?"

"I'm not dating Clary!", exclaimed Jace.

"...There's a difference between not rubbing it in and lying unconvincingly", muttered Simon.

"I'm not... I'm not lying to you, Simon", muttered Jace kind of defeated, not looking at the vampire.

"She didn't tell me you two weren't siblings", stated Simon offhandedly. "I learned that from Izzy. I confronted her about it. Seriously confronted her about it, yesterday. And we talked. She told me she still had feelings for you and that it wasn't fair on me. If she told you about the breakup, she must have told you about that undying love between the two of you. So just... don't lie to me, but also... don't give me details. Can we end this conversation now, please?"

Jace faltered until he came to a total halt, staring at the vampire's back with hurt in his eyes. Really? That was what Simon thought about him? Well. It shouldn't be a surprise, probably. Why would the vampire have a positive image of him? But a girlfriend-snatching liar...?

"I didn't tell her about not being her brother at first either. I learned the day I pulled the Soul Sword. I kept it from her for days. You wanna know why?", barked Jace out, angry that Simon thought so lowly of him, angry at just everything. "Because for weeks, I thought she was my sister. For... For the first time in my life, I thought I had a blood-relative who cared for me, who loved me. So I didn't tell her when I learned that she's not my sister because I was afraid that once she knew she doesn't have to be my sister... she wouldn't want to be anymore! And look where it got me!" He offered a hollow laughter, cheerless and empty. "Yes, Clary told me she still had feelings for me. The girl I think of as a sister told me that not only doesn't she see me as her brother, she also has feelings for me. Imagine how great that feels." Jace gritted his teeth, staring at his feet. "You can... start loving someone as your family, you can accept someone you haven't met for long as your siblings. Alec, Izzy, Max, Clary. I accepted them all as my siblings. But... try to stop thinking of your family as your family. That's something else alright. You can't just flip the switch back."

And Jace knew he had said too much. He knew he had bared too much of his soul. He knew this was making him weak. But he also knew he couldn't stand the idea of Simon thinking Jace was happy about this mess so Jace could be with Clary. This was what his father had always warned him about, wasn't it? To love is to destroy and to be loved is to be destroyed. Only that it felt pretty reverse right now, didn't it? It was destroying him that he loved Simon. It made him weak.

"...You're serious", whispered Simon a little surprised.

"Yes, I'm serious", barked Jace out as he continued walking. "So maybe part of why I'm here and why Clary isn't is because she's been avoiding me in embarrassment since she told me. And I just wanted to get out of the Institute to avoid her too, so I asked Alec for the mission. And maybe I asked him to take you because I wanted to check on you too since your girlfriend just broke up with you. But apparently the idea of me being anything but a selfish asshole is too absurd for you. So you know what? Just... forget it. I'll text Aline, she can take the mission. You'll get along great."

But before Jace could stride past Simon, the vampire reached out and grabbed him by the arm. "Wait. Don't... just walk away. I'm... sorry. Okay? I didn't... know. And... And I don't think you're a selfish asshole, Jace. Fuck, you might be the most selfless person I ever met."

"Right", snorted Jace with a sardonic half-grin.

"I'm serious", grunted Simon with a doubtful frown, forcing Jace to look at him. "You've been throwing yourself into every mission you get with so much force. You went willingly with Valentine
to protect me and the others in Camille's apartment. You nearly... nearly died to save my life when you allowed me to... to drink from you. You were willing to die when you touched the Soul Sword. Clary told me that your plan was to die and destroy it. You're not a selfish asshole. Well, bit of an asshole, I guess. ...Lot of an asshole, but you're kind of a charming asshole."

Jace slowly looked up to lock eyes with Simon. There was warmth filling the blonde at the kind words. Maybe he would have a chance to be at least something like friends with Simon?

/Jace sat on his bed, folded together in a small way. He had not taken it too well that Valentine had escaped. He felt shaky, nervous. He hadn't slept at all last night, he had worked relentlessly on any kind of way to find Valentine. And his only lead got shot down by the Clave.

Why?!

Jace was literally the one person to know Valentine the best. There was a creepy, abandoned house in Idris, which would be the perfect hide-out. But let's instead waste resources by making everyone look all over New York like it's not a giant city and they don't have any lead as to which corner to look at. But they can't even spare them? Jace could pack up, Magnus could open a portal, it'd be all done. This was stupid from the Clave. Stupid and frustrating and hurtful. Because Jace's grandmother was the Inquisitor and she couldn't support him?

"He—ey. So, how are you holding up?"

Frowning confused, Jace looked up to see an awkward vampire enter his bedroom. "What are you doing here, Simon? I don't... I don't have time for whatever you want."

"All I want is to make sure you're alright", offered Simon carefully, startling Jace.

"Why?", asked Jace, completely lost.

"...You said, when you were over yesterday, that you also came to check on me after the breakup with Clary. So, when Izzy texted me that your father escaped...", drawled Simon, carefully approaching Jace as though he was a startled wild animal. "I wanted to make sure you're alright?"

"Why me? Go and check on Clary. She's your bestie", snorted Jace scornfully.

"And she hates Valentine for what he's done to her mother and... I will check on her", nodded Simon in agreement. "But... you're the one who was raised by the sociopath. You're the one who was abducted and tortured by the sociopath not that long ago. So... how are you holding up?"

Jace opened his mouth, trying to say 'fine'. But to have Simon – to have the stupid vampire he has been falling in love with for months – stand here, ask how he is holding up, while he's all on his own, alone with his misery. He can't hold it against the others that they don't have time to coddle him. Isabelle is still talking to Lydia in Idris about what went wrong and how. Alec is still trying to track down Duncan. Clary is most likely busy with her own feelings about this mess. And... there honestly weren't more people. Max, but he didn't... understand. Didn't know. Yes, Max now knew – like the rest of the Shadow World – that Jace had been raised by Valentine. But Max didn't know about the abuse. Jace had kept the details from the child. For Simon to come here, just to check on Jace, just for Jace... It made Jace want to lung at the vampire, wrap himself around him and cry until he had no more tears to give. Feeling like he was cherished, if just for a brief moment. But Jace knew he couldn't allow that to happen, couldn't admit such weakness.

"I'll be better once we catch the bastard", growled Jace out instead, gathering himself off the bed.
"And we could if the Clave would just fucking listen to me."

"What do you mean?", asked Simon curiously as he trailed after Jace like a lost puppy.

"I... I think I might know where Valentine is hiding", admitted Jace.

He was leading the way to Clary's room, so he could dump the vampire on her and focus on his task at hand. Best known as: Find a way to get to Idris without dragging an innocent warlock into this. He knew he couldn't ask Magnus for such a favor, the High Warlock would pay dearly for it.

"What do you mean you know where Valentine is hiding?", pressed Simon on.

Clary's head snapped over at those words when the two of them entered her room and Jace couldn't suppress the groan. "Jace, you what? When are we leaving? Where are we going?"

"We are going no where", grunted Jace frustrated. "It's in Idris. We'd need a portal. The Clave didn't agree to my proposal. They don't... trust my judgment."

"Well, where is it exactly? What makes you think he's there?", asked Simon.

The vampire rested a comforting hand on Jace's shoulder. Or at least it was probably supposed to be a comforting gesture. It was highly distracting for Jace, because all he could focus on was the firm touch, the feeling of Simon's hand on his body. Which was so wildly inappropriate, especially with Clary in the room. The girl Simon loved, the girl that loved Jace.

"It's a cabin", sighed Jace. "In... Idris. Near Lake Lyn. My father used to take me there. It's secluded. The area around it is... dangerous. It's the perfect spot to hide."

"But we can't get there without a portal", grunted Simon with a frown.

"We? We can't anyway!", argued Jace with gritted teeth.

"Maybe... we can", whispered Clary as she stared between the both of them with unfocused eyes.

And the next moment, she was just drawing a rune and creating a portal. An unstable portal. A portal Jace did so not trust at all, yet in her usual brashness that rivaled Jace's, Clary pushed Jace and Simon along with her through the portal to transport them into the middle of Lake Lyn.

Simon hated that he had missed the big family dinner and he was going to have to make amends with grandma Helen, but holy hell, the trip had been worth it. Idris was the most beautiful deadly place imaginable. Honestly, all Simon really had wanted was to make sure both Jace and Clary would be fine after Valentine's escape. He hadn't expected to go on a bonding trip with them.

But it had helped. It had helped Simon's friendship with Clary – though, if he was being honest, the fact that Clary wasn't dating Jace had helped there even more because he would not have been ready for this already if he'd have to witness them be coupley. Oddly enough, it had also helped his friendship (? jury still out on that one) with Jace.

Not that Simon fully understood what this thing with Jace was. But the moment Jace had burst, confessed that he still saw Clary as a sister, when Simon had tried to console him... the words Simon had spoke, they rang so very true in his mind. He truly didn't think Jace was a selfish asshole. He truly believed that Jace might just be the most selfless person he ever met. And without that blinding jealousy that only made him see Jace as a rival for Clary's affection, Simon for the very first time saw
Jace clearly for who the blonde was. And Simon found himself realizing that he kind of really liked the guy. Working together with Jace and Luke on the murder had been – not fun, because hunting a murderer was not something funny – but it had been an amazing experience and it had made him appreciate Jace even more. But this mission yesterday? It had changed something.

Simon was afraid of what it had changed.

Maybe, perhaps, just to himself, Simon was willing to admit that he might have had a crush on Jace from the day he had met the kick-ass demon slayer. Jace was drop-dead gorgeous and seeing him in action was hot, that was totally obvious. But Simon felt something shift within him. Shifting in a terrifyingly fast pace and into a terrifying direction. It was more than just sexual attraction. More than just some crush. Not after today, not after being in Idris with them.

Seeing Jace use his angelic powers to save Clary's life, those beautiful glowing golden eyes. Having Jace open up, just a little bit, about the childhood abuse. Finding those journals and bringing them to the Institute and going through at least some of them to learn that Jonathan Christopher Morgenstern was still alive – but more importantly, to read black on white, that Jace was nothing more than a guinea pig for Valentine. Simon had only caught glimpses of the entries. Of the horrors Jace must have endured as a child. It made his stomach turn and Simon wanted to puke. But it also made him appreciate Jace even more, understand him even more.

All that attitude, the brashness. Jace was being defensive, trying to hide the brokenness inside. It made Simon want to gather Jace up somewhere safe and then make sure Valentine never as much as looked at Jace ever again. The bastard had already done enough damage.

So perhaps this also helped in approaching Clary to bring back their friendship full-force, because he could hardly fault her for wanting Jace if he found himself wanting Jace too.

Which was why, the day after their quest to Idris, Simon instantly found his way back to the Institute because he needed to help somehow and be useful at least some way.

"I'm... I'm glad you're here, Si", whispered Clary as she took his hand and squeezed.

"You're my best friend, Clary. And with Valentine out there... I want to be here for you. We said, before we got together, that we'd always be friends above all else", replied Simon, squeezing her hand back. "Do you... regret the breakup? I know we mainly broke up because you wanted to sort things out. And I kind of heard from Jace that... things don't work out the way you wanted to."

Clary shook her head, not looking at him. "I'm glad we ended things now, Si. It... wasn't fair to you to keep going even though I was... confused about my own feelings. I do love you, even if I'm not in love with you, and hurting you is the last thing I want."

"For what it's worth, I'm sorry things with Jace didn't work out. I want you to be happy", offered Simon lamely. "I mean. If was... what you wanted. You deserve to get what you want."

"No", whispered Clary, shaking her head once more. "I... I think it might be for the best. I was bitter at first, yes. But... maybe... maybe I just need some time to focus on myself, you know? Since this mess started, I think I... I tried clinging onto this idea of having a boyfriend, a rock to hold onto. First with Jace, then when I thought he was my brother, I turned to you, and then I tried going back to Jace. It's... I think it scared me, to feel alone in this world. But I'm not alone, even without a boyfriend. I have you, Jace, Luke, Isabelle, Magnus, on a good day even Alec."

Simon smiled and nodded. He just wanted to say something deep and meaningful when Lydia barged into the library, a nearly wild look on her face while alarms went off around them.
"Lydia? What's going on?", asked Clary, automatically reaching for her blade.

"It's Max Lightwood. Izzy, she found him in her room, bleeding and unconscious. He was... tracking Jonathan Morgenstern. We're guessing he must be the mole. The Institute is on lockdown until further notice. We need to catch the guy red-handed", explained Lydia harshly. "All hands on deck, Fairchild. With the Lightwoods out of commission, I need you."

Simon's eyes widened. "Max? What... H—How is he? Where is he?"

Simon liked the kid. Him and Izzy had been training with Max often over the past few weeks since he returned to the Institute. The boy might just be the only Shadowhunter with at least a basic pop-culture education. That Clary's blood-brother would just try to murder an innocent child?

"Actually. You could go and check on the Lightwoods", stated Lydia seriously. "Go to the infirmary. Take care of them. Alec... Honestly, I don't know how well he'd be able to keep the Institute together right now if I weren't here. He's completely out of it and that Magnus isn't talking to him isn't helping at all. Tell me as soon as something changes about his condition."

"Will do, boss lady", confirmed Simon with a sharp nod.

He vanished in a blur and found himself in a waiting room with Alec, Izzy and Jace. Isabelle was leaning into Alec, crying into his shoulder. It was clear Alec wanted to pull Jace close too, but the blonde stood stiffly aside, arms around his own torso and eyes on the ground. Simon instantly zoomed in on the hunched-over blonde and screw Jace always dodging Simon's hugs, he was so going to get one right now. Jace startled as firm arms wrapped around him and pulled him close.

"...Simon?", whispered Jace dazed. "What...?"

"Lydia told us what happened. How is he?", asked Simon concerned. "How are you holding up?"

"He's...", started Jace slowly, frowning.

"Holding up", supplied Alec, voice gruff and muffled by Isabelle's curls. "They're taking care of him right now, but we don't know anything..."

"Is... Does Lydia have any leads yet?", wanted Isabelle to know, peeling herself off her brother.

"Not yet. But Clary's with her, they're going to figure something out", promised Simon.

And he was still holding onto Jace, not letting go of the blonde until Jace finally caved and wrapped his own arms around Simon, face buried in the vampire's shoulder. Simon tightened his grip on Jace, gently rubbing circles on the Shadowhunter's back, making the blonde shudder a little.

"He can't... die", whispered Jace so low even Simon's vampire hearing only barely caught it.

"Hey, no, he won't", promised Simon. "He's a Lightwood. You guys are fighters."

Simon was officially done with Jace endangering himself all the time. This was it. As soon as this war was over, Simon was going to lock the blonde up in some safe golden cage or something.

Yes, Simon was proud of Clary for finding a way to snoop Jonathan out in the Institute and for then figuring out where the real Mortal Mirror was. Simon was ridiculously relieved that Max survived. And Simon was in total awe at the light-show Jace offered when using his angelic powers to track
down Jonathan together with Clary – really, all Clary did was draw runes, which was cool because they were new, but that was it, while Jace got golden eyes and started glowing like an angel.

But that was when things got messy and complicated, because the team had to still find Jonathan. And Jace, being Jace, had to get himself abducted by Jonathan and impaled on a sword. By the time Simon, Isabelle, Clary and Alec caught up to Jace, the blonde was already bleeding on the ground. Yet somehow – again, probably just by 'being Jace' – Jace got up and killed Jonathan, throwing him off the bridge. Which still left Jace with a punctured lung, bleeding out.

Which was where having a vampire with them came in handy, because – despite loud protests from Jace, protests that were so void because Jace was already spitting blood – Simon used his vampire-strength to gather Jace up bridal-style and then he used his vampire-speed to deliver him to the Institute's infirmary. Simon was afraid. Really very afraid. Because he could hear the flat breathing and the way his heart-rate fell. He could smell the blood drenching Jace completely at this point (trying hard not to smell it, because it made Simon's mouth water more than anything else because on his hungry moments, Simon could still taste Jace on his tongue, had never tasted anything better than that pure angelic blood of his). Jace was seriously injured and Jace could not die. Not on Simon's watch. Not now that Simon was coming close to the realization that he might be falling for the stupidly beautiful and insanely reckless Shadowhunter. Not now.

Simon sat rigid next to Jace as the healers at the Institute applied runes and medical treatments on the blonde. Even as Alec and the others caught up with them, finally, and poured into the room to hover close by, Simon did not give up his spot right next to Jace. Even as Isabelle and Clary retreated, realizing that with his severe injuries, Jace would need some time to heal up before he would wake up again, Simon did not move an inch. But he was aware of Alec's scrutinizing gaze.

"What?", asked Simon, voice tense, eyes fixated on Jace's sleeping form.

"Are you dating my brother?", asked Alec bluntly.

"W—What?", squeaked Simon out, looking up from Jace after all. "What?!"

"You've been... everywhere lately. Wherever Jace was, you were there", offered Alec.

"Yes, but... we're kinda friends now, I guess? And don't be ridiculous, Alec! We're talking about me and about him!", huffed Simon, gesturing wildly. "H—He's not gay, you know?"

"He's not. He's pan", agreed Alec slowly. "Or so I learned while he was living with my boyfriend. ...Ex-boyfriend. Look. I honestly don't care. You wouldn't be the worst decision he ever made. Look at Kaelie, turned out to be a serial killer. Look at Maia, tried to kill Jace before. At least you never actively tried to kill him, or someone else."

"...I did nearly kill him", whispered Simon hoarsely, looking guilty.

"But you didn't. And you didn't mean to", disagreed Alec unimpressed. "I just... see that the only people here, in the middle of the night, hours later, while he's asleep and we can't do anything anyway, are me and you. And that has to mean something. Me? I'm his parabatai. What are you?"

"A hopeless fool", offered Simon after a long moment, staring longingly at Jace.

Alec seemed amused by that answer. "Nothing new there. Just... be good to him. He deserves it. He's been through so much. And if you hurt him, I will end you."

"Threat received", nodded Simon stiffly, looking at Alec wearily.
"But you should still go", grunted Alec, rolling his eyes at the wounded puppy-look on Simon's face. "You're covered in his blood and I can see your fangs. I don't know when you last fed, but I'd appreciate it if you could get rid of my brother's blood, and be sated by the time he wakes up."

"Right. Yeah. That... That is a good idea", nodded Simon hastily, awkwardly.

"You can come back here when you're showered and fed", promised Alec nearly gently.

He could see the hesitation in Simon's eyes, after all. The way Simon was looking at Jace, as though he feared the blonde would be gone by the time Simon got back. It warmed something inside of Alec, because all he wanted for Jace was to be happy. A concept Jace was vastly unfamiliar with. But Alec had a hunch that Simon wasn't as hopeless a fool as he thought he was. There must be a reason why Jace hadn't been able to tell Simon off at the Seelie Court himself, why Jace had suggested a joined task-force for the vampire-killer and volunteered Simon for the stunt, why Jace had gone to Idris with Clary and Simon, why Jace had allowed Simon to hug him when Max had been at the brink of death – because Jace rarely allowed physical contact, even Alec and Isabelle had a hard time getting a hug out of Jace most of the time. But then? Jace had been practically clinging onto the vampire. So if Simon was who Jace wanted and Simon was willing to offer the kind of comfort and support and love Jace deserved, then Alec had his back.

"Fuck, I feel like I got hit by a train. Did I get hit by a train again?", groaned Jace hoarsely.

"Your evil twin drove a sword through your stomach", supplied Alec dryly.

"...Beats the train-thing in points of dramatics", nodded Jace in appreciation, groaning as he sat up some. "Fuck. But he's... gone? Right? I dunno. I'm half-sure I passed out after driving a sword through him in return. Did I say something badass at the end?"

"Wasn't close enough to hear it, but I'll assume it was badass", chuckled Alec, rolling his eyes. "And you didn't pass out. You were still conscious enough to protest against Simon carrying you princess-style to the Institute. If I wouldn't have been afraid for your life, I would have taken a picture for blackmail. The great Jace Herondale, carried like a dame."

Jace snorted and flipped him the bird. "Yeah, right. Stop fucking with me, Alec."

Raising an unimpressed eyebrow, Alec scooted closer. "Jace. Simon gathered you up as soon as Jonathan was off the bridge – you pushed him over the bridge; I sent Lydia with a team to check the shores and see if they can find his body, just to be sure. Simon's been at your bedside this entire time, Jace. I only just sent him to get a shower, get changed and feed."

"...Oh", whispered Jace, looked so startled and in awe that it made Alec roll his eyes.

"You totally have a crush on him, don't you?", teased Alec with a knowing look. "And don't try to deny it. I can feel it through the bond. Every time I know you're with him on a mission of sorts, I can feel intense contentment from you. Happiness."

"It's not a crush", whispered Jace and Alec opened his mouth to protest. "I'm... in love with him."

"Y—You... When did that happen?", whispered Alec stunned.

"Somewhere between him turning into a vampire and him turning into a Daylighter", muttered Jace, staring intensely at his hands. "I... I tried blaming the bite for a while. That him drinking from me made me feel that way. But I know it started before that. The bite just... gave me an excuse to admit it because I thought I could just play it off as sexual attraction. But it's so much more."
"You should rest some, Jace", suggested Alec gently, brushing Jace's hair out of his face.

"So should you", countered Jace. "You look awful. Not used to the bed at the Institute anymore?"

"...More like missing my warlock-pillow", muttered Alec, a forlorn look on his face before he focused on Jace again. "Don't make the same mistake I did. Don't let something good slip away from you. I'll be damned if I can't get Magnus back somehow."

"Of course you will. He fell for your bumbling charm before", teased Jace weakly before reaching out to squeeze Alec's hand. "I know you two will be fine, in the end. I believe in you, parabatai."

Alec smiled faintly at that before he headed out to go to bed. What neither of them noticed was the wide-eyed vampire who had stood outside, in the act of entering when he had heard their voices. But before Alec left the room, Simon sped away and back to the boathouse.

Jace died. Heading to Idris to see what happened – Izzy

Simon had been staring at the text with unfocused, empty eyes. He was a fool and a coward. After hearing Jace's confession, Simon had run off and he had been hiding since then, too overwhelmed by the idea of Jace loving him. Loving. Yes, Simon had realized he had been slowly falling for Jace, but this was so unexpected and so overwhelming, he needed time to sort this out. And now he would never have a chance to, because Jace was dead. If he hadn't run away, if he had been brave enough to face Jace and talk to him, then he would have had at least had precious moments. Kisses, maybe. Even if they would never have had the chance to see if they could make a relationship work, at least Jace would have died knowing his feelings were reciprocated.

He dragged his feet all the way to the Institute. He didn't want to go there, he didn't want to hear the details, he didn't want to see Jace there, dead. When Lydia spotted him, she instantly pulled him aside and lead him to a room where the others were already gathered. Alec, Isabelle, Clary – Jace.

"J—Jace?", whispered Simon, his voice breaking as he looked at the blonde.

Jace looked up. Jace, being alive, looked up at him with surprised eyes, before offering a crooked, nearly shy, smile. "Reports of my death are greatly exaggerated."

"H—How?", asked Simon, the word barely a whisper.

"That's why we're here. To hear the actual truth", grunted Alec sternly. "My rune was gone. The parabatai-rune doesn't just glitch out of existence. I could feel you die, Jace."

"I did", whispered Jace and up to that moment Simon thought it might have just been an ill-willed joke. "Valentine killed me. Stabbed me. Clary... she... she used the Angel's wish to bring me back."

Jace had died. Jace had died and come back. Simon didn't understand the whole disappearing rune and Angel wish parts of this just yet, but he definitely understood that he had lost Jace. Without even thinking about it, Simon rushed over to the blonde and pulled him up into a bone-crushing hug, burying the fingers of one hand in Jace's soft golden hair, the other hand pressing against Jace's lower back, holding Jace as close against himself as possible.

"Izzy texted me. I thought you were dead", whispered Simon, voice breaking.

"Hey...", whispered Jace a little helplessly, awkwardly patting Simon's back. "I died. I got better."
"No, no you do not get to joke about dying", growled Simon, pushing Jace off enough to glare at him. "And you do not get to die. Damn, I thought... I thought I lost you before I could even..."

When words failed him, he let his hand slip from Jace's hair to his neck and pulled Jace into a kiss. Jace was startled at first but then he basically melted in Simon's arms, kissing back with gusto and wrapping his arms around Simon's neck. Gently, Simon adjusted his own arms to lay them around Jace's waist, holding onto the blonde as they deepened their kiss. By the time they parted, the others had left the room. Simon looked into Jace's face and felt himself falling just a little harder, because Jace with kiss-swollen lips and blown pupils and flushed cheeks... was even more beautiful than any other version of Jace that he had seen so far. Simon licked his lips hungrily.

"I think I might kind of be in love with you, Jace... Herondale, am I up to date on your last name there or was there yet another change on that?", asked Simon thoughtfully.

"If you keep saying stuff like that and kissing me like that, you can call me whatever you want, Lewis", grunted Jace, leaning in for another brief kiss. "I might also be kind of in love with you."

"That's... That's cool. So... wanna be my boyfriend, angel?", asked Simon with a broad grin.

"...Angel?", echoed Jace and made a face. "I take it back. You don't get to call me what you want."

"Hey, you get to give me a cheesy nickname too! It's part of the boyfriend-deal!", offered Simon.

Jace narrowed his eyes at him before smirking. "Sure thing, sunshine."

"Oh. I get it. Because I'm a Daylighter", nodded Simon with a small grin. "Cute one, angel."

"Sure", snorted Jace before stealing another kiss. "Let's go with that..."

~*~ The End ~*~

End Notes

Basically, I was really kinda fed-up with the Seelie Queen subplot this season. From the moment where both Clary and Jace seriously were too in love with Simon to say no to him and take him to the Seelie Court with them - because that is legit the only reason I can think of as to why Jace didn't call bullshit on that plan more firmly - all the way up to the season finale. With how Simon had to rub it into the queen's face that he wasn't siding with her, leading to Maia's abduction and to Simon being a dumbass and striking an ominous deal with the queen. Just no. No Seelie nonsense, go and be happy with Jace instead, Simon *shoves him over to Jace*

Also: Jace obviously calls Simon 'sunshine' because he's all things bright and happy in Jace's life, but Jace will take the Daylighter-pun and not tell Simon ;D

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