Loss and Ruin: Where the Fuck are You?

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Summary

Alec chose to not inform the Clave of Luke's attempt on Valentine's life and now he, and his family and friends, must deal with the consequences. The world isn't fair and trying to find someone who doesn't want to be found proves to be nearly impossible with the war that is brewing. Unlikely alliances form during times of darkness and realizing someone's importance may only be realized when suddenly they are gone.

Notes

My friend and I came up with this story after the episode Alec talks to Magnus about possibly being stripped of his Runes after helping Luke. Part 1 mainly follows Magnus so bear with me. I promise this is a Malec series.

Reasoning behind some choices are in the end notes.

Thanks and enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes.
The meeting of the cabinet was going well. Currently life was also going well for both Shadowhunter and Downworlders alike. Having recently survived not only Valentine trying to erase anything with demon blood or Nephilim who didn’t believe in his plan, but also the half demon half angel Jonathan, the weeks after both their demise were looking promising. For once the Nephilim and Downworlders were getting along and progressing forward. Peace was actually a possibility.

Or so everyone thought. Alec shouldn’t have been surprised that something else was going to happen. Thus when on a clear evening while the representatives of the Seelie court, local Werewolf pack, the High Warlock of Brooklyn, Leader of the local vampire hive, and the Head of the New York Institute met to discuss anything of import, a guard of five shadowhunters lead by the Inquisitor marched in Alec wasn’t particularly surprised. The leaders only had a chance to stand before the Inquisitors voice boomed through the halls. “Alexander Lightwood, you are hereby under arrest for treason against the Clave.”

Too shocked to do anything Alec did not move or try to object. Magnus, the High Warlock of Brooklyn, instead stepped forward and barked, “Why is Alexander under arrest? What has he apparently done?” This time. It was always something with the Clave.

“I am not required to answer your questions, Warlock.” She replied stiffly as two guards walked towards one of their own while Magnus’ eyes shifted to his feline ones and Luke, representative and leader of the Werewolf pack, started growling.

“What have I done that was treason against the Clave? I deserve to know what I am being arrested for.” Alec stared the Inquisitor down taking a single step away from the oncoming guards.

Resisting the urge to roll her eyes, the woman replied, “You failed to report that Lucien Garroway attacked and tried to kill Valentine Morgenstern while he was in our custody and awaiting trial. Do you deny this charge?” The smirk on her face clearly stated that she already knew his answer.

Alec being Alec, didn’t deny such the charge because he knew going in this was a possibility. There had been days he had wondered if someone high up would hear of what had happened and arrest him. Part of him was glad they had waited until after the Valentine/Jonathan debacle before doing anything. Standing up straight and leveling his eyes on her, he replied, “I do not deny it.”

“Alexander.” Magnus whispered, but didn’t move as Alec allowed himself to be handcuffed.

“While we are on the subject,” The Inquisitor turned to Luke. “Lucien Garroway, you are hereby banished from the Institute for trying to kill a Shadowhunter. Since it was through the manipulation of Jonathan Morgenstern and you helped in the demise of Valentine and his son, the Clave has decided to banish you from the Institute instead of executing you. You are to be off our grounds in ten minutes or the sentence is revoked and you will be executed. Do I make myself clear?”

With a glare, the Alpha nodded. “Yes.”

With only a nod, the Inquisitor nodded as she led the party down to the jail cells. The remaining cabinet members looked at each other concerned… well the Seelie queen didn’t but none expected her to. The queen was the first to speak, “Since the meeting has clearly come to an end, I shall be leaving. Until next time.” Like always, she glided away as regal as ever.

“You should go too Luke, don’t want you killed because you overstayed your welcome.” Magnus
turned and gave his friend a sad smile.

With a cringe, the wolf replied, “Yeah…” He took one step forward before placing a hand on Magnus’ shoulder. “I’m sorry, if there is anything I or the pack can do let me know.” The guilt was evident in his voice and face. With a final squeeze, Luke stalked off with only a few minutes to spare.

“What shall we do?” The leader of the local vampire hive, Raphael Santiago asked with a voice dull and almost bored sounding.

Magnus turned his still golden eyes to his young friend. “I am going to see if I can talk to Alexander.”

“You should probably calm down first. Don’t want you to scare the fragile shadowhunters looking after him.” Pushing himself away from the table, the vampire started to wander off. “If you need anything, let me know.”

“Thank you.” Magnus turned to lean on the table, trying to calm down. Everything was finally falling into place and now this. How could they… how could Alec be so unlucky. As Magnus continued to try and settle, Izzy, Clary, and Jace jogged into the room full of panic.

“Magnus, why was Alec handcuffed and marched to the cells? What the hell happened?” Jace’s voice raised with anger at having just watched his brother and parabatai marched through the institute like a common criminal.

“Jace.” Clary tried to soothe but wasn’t very successful.

Turning, Magnus sighed, “He is being tried with treason for not reporting Luke’s attempt on Valentine’s life.”

Clary immediately looked at Magnus with fear, “What about Luke?”

“He was given a warning not to return here or he would be executed.”

The young woman’s relief was short lived as the gravity of Alec returned to her mind. “What does this mean for Alec?”

“It means he could get a slap on the wrist and lose the title of head of the institute, he could be jailed indefinitely in Idris, executed, or stripped of his runes.” Izzy supplied with arms wrapped around her torso.


“It doesn’t matter. He didn’t report.” Jace commented through clench teeth.

“It’s made worse that Luke is a werewolf.” Izzy looked down with a frown. “If it was another shadowhunter, his sentence would most likely be lighter, but it wasn’t.” No one needed her to clarify why the sentencing would be worse.

“Shouldn’t everything Alec has done for the Institute and Clave give him some reprieve?”

Izzy shook her head. “Alec is already on thin ice, he has more things stacked against him than all the good he’s done.”

“At least in the Clave’s eyes.” Jace grumbled.
“I’m going to see if I can talk to him.” Magnus started towards the door only for Jace to call him.

“It’s no use, he’s on lock-down until his hearing. We’ve already tried. Not even being the
Inquisitor’s grandson got us access.”

Not being deterred, Magnus bid the trio adieu and headed towards the cells. Like Jace said however,
the High Warlock was not allowed audience with the prisoner. For the following three days no one
was allowed to see Alec. He sat alone with his thoughts, waiting for his sentencing. He knew from
the moment the incident happened and his not reporting it that there was little chance he would be let
off. He had hid what a Downworlder had done, he had, in a sense, betrayed his own people thus he
did not deserve to be set free. Even with all the possible outcomes, he didn’t regret his decision. Luke
was his friend and if he wanted the cabinet to continue he needed to think also of the Downworlders.
He did what he thought was best. Luke, even with all his faults, was a great leader of the local
werewolf pack and didn’t deserve to be executed or tried by the Clave for wanting to kill a man that
everyone outside of the Circle wanted dead. Alec was pretty sure if they had let Luke kill Valentine
most of what had transpired wouldn’t have happened. He sort of regretted breaking up the fight, but
ultimately it was for the better because Luke was still alive and the Alpha.

When the day came, Alec was marched to the meeting room within the institute where his trial would
take place. As he stood before the new Clave Consul, the Inquisitor, and his jury, he looked around
for his family knowing they would be there. His shoulders relaxed a bit at the familiar faces of his
mother, brother, sister, parabatai, father, and Clary looked back at him. In all honesty he half
expected Magnus to be sitting with them, but knew that wasn’t possible. A Warlock, no matter his
status, would never be allowed at a hearing such as this. Magnus may have been Izzy’s attorney, but
this trial was apparently far more serious than her’s. Which was pretty odd if he thought about it, but
he was beginning to realize he knew very little about the Clave.

And so the trial began. Alec’s transgressions were brought before the court. How he not only let a
werewolf attack a Clave prisoner, but protected him. How he didn’t tell the Clave about what
happened in the cell. He was, as head of the institute, supposed to be a leader and an example. What
example was he being for hiding important events from the Clave? They questioned his loyalty.
Saying it all began when he started dating a Downworlder and that he was becoming soft. How
could they trust him to run an institute? Better yet how could they trust him to protect other
shadowhunters if he favored Downworlders? He had created a cabinet with all the powerful local
leaders after all. How did they know they weren’t planning on overthrowing the Clave? The
accusations were thrown at the stoic shadowhunter who never spoke a word. Finally Alec was able
to speak. His voice was loud enough to be heard but no higher. There was passion in his voice
instead of anger. He tried to get his jury to understand why he acted as he had even though he knew
there was little chance they would.

Throughout his speech he never denied hiding what Luke had done, but he tried to get the other
leaders to understand his position. The alliance with the Downworlders was crucial, the Nephilim
couldn’t fight them and demons; they could no longer be isolated from the Shadow World. With how
new the cabinet was and how Valentine, a criminal who was going to be put to death anyways, was
merely bruised. Alec found no need to inform the Clave the transgression especially when far more
important things were happening. Luke was also a power Alpha that was sympathetic to the
Nephilim, not only because he was close friends with many within the institute but because he too
was once a shadowhunter; once Valentine’s Parabatai that was betrayed. Having seen reason and
still working with the shadowhunters whenever they called upon him and his pack, Alec had seen no
reason to put the Alpha on the Clave’s radar. The young head of the New York Institute gave a
wonder speech that was both logical and beautifully Alec. All he wanted to do was protect someone
that needed it and he thought the wolf deserved a second chance after everything he had done for the
Clave.
It should have saved him. His reasoning was solid and logical... but it wasn’t enough. Even as he stood there speaking, he had seen their faces. They were only entertaining him, they had no desire to change their minds. Was he surprised? No, he wasn’t. He had made peace with all his options long ago. Thus when the Consul stood, he wasn’t blindsided when he heard his decree. “Alexander Gideon Lightwood, you are hereby stripped of your runes and exiled from Nephilim society. If you ever enter an Institute or interact with a shadowhunter, you will be executed on sight. You are never to see or speak with your family or any other Nephilim as long as you live. You will be de-runed tomorrow at sunrise. Court dismissed.” Although he wasn’t surprised, he still felt fear surge through him. His ears ringing with it, almost blocking out the sound of his family’s outcries.

A guard grabbed Alec’s upper arm and started dragging him to his cell. Once he got with the program he was able to walk on his own, but that didn’t stop the woman from keeping a firm grip on him. Once inside his cell, he sat on the bed with his head in his hands. Fear was quickly replaced with guilt knowing how he had let his family down. This fate was almost worse than death. For all intent and purposes he was dead to them. He had broken all of their hearts and was about to put Jace through the worse pain he wished on no one. His fingers tightened in his hair as he remembered the day his parabatai rune faded. The pure agony he felt when Jace was hurt was indescribable and he was about to put his brother through that. Tears slipped down his cheeks at the sheer knowledge of what was about to happen when the rune was removed. A permanent hole would be in his brother and it could never be filled. He hoped they would take that rune first for it was going to be a terrible experience to begin with, he didn’t want Jace along for the ride for the other runes as well.

The night was long for everyone involved. Sleep was no one’s friend, either the person laid awake watching the clock tick down, wandered the halls of the institute, or woke from a fitful sleep. When the sun finally started to rise, it was seen as both a blessing and a curse; the night was over but worse was just around the corner. Maryse, Robert, Izzy, Jace, Clary, and Max (much to his parents’ dismay) were the first to arrive by the elevator to the jail cells. The Inquisitor looked dissatisfied at having an audience, but said nothing as she and five guards stepped into the elevator. The small party didn’t hesitate to crowd in for the ride.

Once the doors opened, the inhabitants flooded out with the Inquisitor and her guards walking towards the cell that held Alec, while the family members went to stand outside. They could see the panic in the young man’s eyes as his face remained as stoic as ever. The family watched helplessly as silent words were spoken; his sentencing reiterated. Alec’s face remained impassive as he listened silently to what the woman had to say. He only spoke when she had finished, she paused before nodding to whatever he requested. When the discussion was over, a guards gently wrapped their fingers around Alec’s upper arm and ushered him to the seat Valentine has occupied not long ago. Only as the guards started to strap Alec in did his mask start to crack.

A guard left the jail cell and addressed the small congregation. “Jace,” The woman looked pained and slightly pale. “You may want to sit down. Alec has requested that the Parabatai Rune be stripped first and we are unsure how you are going to react.” The Lightwood family and Clary all looked at her in shock, not having thought about removing the Parabatai Rune would do to Jace. With a clenched jaw, Jace’s eyes went to his brother’s as he made himself comfortable on the ground. The guard stayed, kneeling beside the hunter before nodding to the Inquisitor.

With gold eyes staring into blue and the latter mouthing ‘I’m Sorry’ repeatedly, the stripping began… The first few seconds were tingly and warm, but it became quite apparent how truly awful this experience was going to be. Alec and Jace simultaneously locked up, then Jace collapsed into the fetal position as Alec clenched the chair’s arms. Five seconds into the de-runing both men let out a soul shattering scream that was more similar to a banshee’s screech than anything else. The two
rooms watched in horror as both men’s souls were torn from each other creating a hole that could never be filled. Their screams soared through the institute’s floors and scattered through the air allowing even mundanes to hear them. Dogs began to howl, babies began to cry, cat yowled, and even the more sensitive Downworlders stopped in their tracks at the sound.

The screeching continued without fault with Alec nearly breaking the chair he sat in and Jace withering on the ground. For the latter this was worse than death. For the former it was almost worse or equal to the pain he felt when his Parabatai had died only a week or so earlier. On second thought, perhaps this was worse because this was a slow process where Jace had died relatively quickly. Both men thought if the pain didn’t end soon they would go insane. The hollowness they felt when the process was done left them emotionless and nearly unconscious. Right as the process was finishing, both men screamed their Parabatai’s name before relaxing from exhaustion. If it had gone on any longer, they would have died. It never should have come to this. They had, to some degree prepared for their inevitable separation, for Nephilim rarely saw past 35, but this they could have never readied themselves for.

As Jace laid in Clary’s lap and his eyes looking at his exhausted brother, the Inquisitor nodded for the guard to continue. With shaking hands, the unfortunate guard started on the next rune. The process could only be described as being flayed alive, layer by layer. First the top skin and going deeper until it reached your soul. However, next your soul was stripped down to its core until it felt like there was nothing left to peel, pull, burned, cut, slice, poke, and prod. Alec soon learned however, there was always more to be torn apart when it came to being stripped to nothing. It felt like hooks were piercing through him and tearing away chunks of his flesh. Red/white iron rods skewering him as if he were a kebab. All Alec became aware of was pain. He no longer heard the muttering of apologies the guard said to him. No longer felt the faux leather underhand that was slowly being crushed by his fingers. No longer felt his body strain against the onslaught, probably tear a few muscles in the process. No longer seeing his family cry and fight against extra guards to go to him. Nothing mattered anymore; it was just him and his pain.

_Ah, so this is what hell feels like…_

He could vaguely acknowledge the thought in between his blood curdling screaming. He begged for it to end; for nothingness to engulf him. Darkness encroached his peripheral vision, but never dared accepted him into its embrace. The soul of the son of angels surfaced and cried out for helped, but none was given and it continued to be tortured by kin.

Time warped into eternity. The guard stripping him had to be changed twice because of how grotesque the young man’s screams became. To stand next to him was almost like standing next to the pit where all the damned screamed for salvation. Sanity would be lost to those who stayed for too long. What transpired in the cell would haunt those who witnessed it for years, never truly being able to erase the event from their minds. The horror would replay in nightmares where the dreamer would awake with nothing but panic and dread coursing through them.

At one point, Alec found himself on the ground in a much similar position as his ex-parabatai. The restraints that held countless supernatural beings and some Nephilim could not bear the strain the hunter forced upon them. With an audible snap, the restraints fell away as the prisoner fell forward. With only the small blip in the removal, the guard reluctantly dropped to her knees to continue her task. The screaming never stopped… Neither did his desire for death to end his agony…
Chapter Summary

Alec chose to not inform the Clave of Luke's attempt on Valentine's life and now he, and his family and friends, must deal with the consequences. The world isn't fair and trying to find someone who doesn't want to be found proves to be nearly impossible with the war that is brewing. Unlikely alliances form during times of darkness and realizing someone's importance may only be realized when suddenly they are gone.

At the Jade Wolf, Simon walked into the establishment wincing at the sound that was too high pitch for most mundanes to hear. All the werewolves inside shared the same pinched expression as they tried to go about their day. Most were failing Simon noted, but at least they were trying. Plopping down across from Luke, the Daylighter asked, “What is that sound? It’s driving me mad and I’m assuming all of you too.” Really, it was a terrible sound.

“That is the sound of a soul being ripped apart.” The Alpha’s voice was low and filled with guilt and anger. Out of everyone inside he appeared to be the least affected yet Simon had a feeling he was the most affected.

“I don’t understand.”

Luke didn’t answer right away, instead kept his eyes forward staring at nothing. “I never thought I’d ever witness it. It’s rare, only saved for those who choose to leave or have committed a great sin against the Clave… A shadowhunter is being stripped of his runes.” Everyone in the Chinese restaurant froze initially unaware of what was going on.

“Wait a minute. You’re telling me that hellish—” Simon flailed around a moment trying to think of the proper word to describe what he was hearing. “Noise is someone yelling?”

“Yes.” Before he could say anything else, Magnus burst in irritated.

“Luke, do you know what’s going on? I haven't heard a thing about, Alexander.” His usual put together self was not present today. If Luke had been paying attention he would have noticed the warlock was still wearing everything from the day before.

With a wince and a look of pure guilt, the werewolf stood. “Out.” He ordered his pack. They quickly dispersed not wanting to be anywhere near the High Warlock of Brooklyn when he found out what was happening to his boyfriend.

“Oh dear, this can’t be good.”

You have no idea. Luke thought. “I… I suggest getting your apartment ready for company…” He looked down. His usual authoritative demeanor giving way to the guilt he felt about Alec’s pain being all his fault. “Alec…”

“Luke, what about Alexander?” The warlock’s voice dropped and the present party could feel the air snap with magic.

Taking a deep breath, Luke looked up and stared into his friend’s eyes. “Alec, is being stripped of
his runes."

With horror, Magnus cried, “Are you sure!”

“Yes. The pack and vampires can hear it… It’s happening now.” For a moment everything was frozen. Simon was panicking, Magnus was in shock, and Luke was waiting to see what his magical friend would do. The werewolf didn’t have to wait long before one of the benches blew up showering the trio in splinters.

“Hey! Vampire here!” Simon cried without thought as he covered his head.

His outcry fell on deaf ears as Magnus turned to storm the Institute. “Magnus you can’t!” Luke yelled as he tried to restrain the other man.

“Try and stop me.” The warlock growled remembering the last time someone he knew had been stripped of his runes. The sounds of his cries still haunted him on occasion.

“You won’t do much good. This has been going on for at least a half an hour, most of his runes are already stripped. You’ll make it worse.”

“Why wasn’t I informed of this terrible decision? Why wasn’t he given a trial!”

“I don’t know.” As he felt his friend sag and stop fighting him, Luke slowly let Magnus go. “I’m sorry, Magnus.”

“What are you sorry for, it’s the Clave that’s doing this to him!” Magnus snapped causing the lights to flicker. “For a group that takes pride in themselves they sure have a tendency to shun or renounce their kin quickly.”

“You know this is happening to him because of me.” For a split second Magnus was confused as to why Luke had anything to do with Alec being punished. Then it all rushed back to him. “I never thought they’d strip him. They didn’t even do that to Valentine and he killed—” Luke cut himself off when silence finally fell over the world. Not even cats and dogs were making noises anymore. “You may want to go to the Institute now.” His eyes went from looking towards the door back to Magnus. “I think it’s over. He’s going to need you.” With a nod, Magnus headed towards the door. “I’m sorry!” Luke called knowing it was to the wrong person.

Magnus shook his head, as angry as he was he knew Luke wasn’t the one to blame. “Stripping Alexander of his Runes was not your fault, Luke. It is the Clave’s. Excuse me.” Sweeping out of the establishment, he marched towards the one place he once thought he could stand and now he questioned that. Upon arriving at the doors, the warlock pounded on the large wooden door until he was allowed entrance. When he was questioned as to why he was there, since he was not invited, he looked at the shadowhunter and replied, “I’ve come to pick someone up.” And continued on his way.

“Magnus Bane.” The voice pronounced his name as if it was the filthiest words to ever be spoken. “What are you doing here?”

Turning to face the Inquisitor with his most charming smiling, he greeted, “Hello Inquisitor. I have come to make sure Alexander and Jace are alright before I bring Alexander home with me. Surely you wouldn’t throw out one of your own after such a traumatic experience before he is conscious and with a place to stay.”

The Inquisitor glared at the man before replying. “Jace and Mr. Lightwood are in the recovery ward. Once Alexander awakens we will make sure to inform you.”
“Oh but my good Inquisitor, I want to make sure both are alright. Especially now that Alexander can’t activate his healing rune.” There was a challenge in his voice although it was coated with faux pleasantry. The way the woman looked at him, he could tell she was angry that he knew what had happened. “Now if you’ll excuse me, I have a young man to see.” He nodded at her before walking straight to the hospital wing. No one dared stop him as he walked with purpose to his destination. The air around him snapping and heavy with barely controlled magic.

Izzy was the first to see Magnus. With a look of surprise, she got up and walked over to him. “Magnus, what are you doing here?”

“I heard Alexander and Jace may need me.” He replied automatically as his eyes found and remained glued on his pale, unconscious boyfriend. “Are they alright?” Is he alright?

Izzy bit her lip however Maryse was the one to speak. “Jace is sleeping from… He just needs to rest but should be fine physically. Alec-” She cut herself off as she tried to regain control over her emotions. “He has not woken up since he passed out. We are unsure how he is doing.”

“May I check on them?” With a nod, Magnus first went to Jace and found that aside from fatigue the hunter was physically fine. Alec on the other hand was in rougher shape. Magnus took each hand in his and healed the wounds he must of received from gripping the metal chair with all his might. Next, he moved on to the bruises from the straps he strained against. Finally the wounds on the side of his head where his nails had bit in deep as his sanity was tested by the pain. It almost physically hurt Magnus to see the damage his lover had done to himself during the de-running process. He desperately wanted to punish the people responsible for hurting Alec.

The warlock settled in a chair as the Lightwood’s took turns sitting with Alec. The hours passed slowly with no one leaving the room except to get food or something to drink. There was no talking as they waited for one or both of the hunters to wake. At one point, Simon joined to make sure Clary and Izzy were okay. The vampire was smart enough not to bringing up what he had heard, only shrugging when Clary asked how he knew something bad had happened to Jace and Alec. Magnus was actually quite grateful no one had to relive that.

Closing in on midnight, Izzy walked over to the warlock that hadn’t blinked in about three minutes. “Hey, Magnus.” The young woman plopped down in the chair she’d dragged over. “Are you going to continue as the Warlock rep in the council?”

His immediate reaction was to bark out a ‘No!’ but he took a minute to think about it before replying. “I don’t know.” He was beyond pissed with the Clave and rightfully so.

“I thought so.” She stretched out her bare feet. “I think you should think about it though. Alec would want the cabinet to continue even if he can’t head it. Maybe you could even bring in some of his ideas. If you decide to continue of course.”

“Who is going to be the Shadowhunter representative?”

“I don’t know. Probably one of us. I’d only trust one of us.”

“I’d only trust one of you.”

The dark haired girl smiled up at him. “Who do you think Luke will choose as his replacement?”

At the same time, the pair answered, “Maia.” They looked at each other and then smiled. Luke wouldn’t trust anyone else with something this important.

“He’s feeling pretty guilty over what happened.” Magnus commented.
“Good.” Izzy glared at nothing in general. “What he did was stupid.” Then she let out a sigh. “But I
don’t think what transpired deserves what happened. I’m a little worried as to who is going to be the
next head.” Magnus patted her hand unable to offer anything more.

Not long later, Jace made a groaning noise as he blinked his eyes into focus. ‘Jace!’ Clary cried,
leaning in as the rest of the party inched a little closer to see if he was alright. The shadowhunter was slow to register what was happening. Although his physical body was fine, his mind and soul was
far from it. He felt like his incorporeal self had been through the blender, poured into hell where it
slipped and tumbled through until it sloshed its way back into his skin. He felt wrong and empty. He
no longer felt whole.

Turning his head towards his platonic soulmate, his gold eyes stared. They didn’t see anything but
the stillness of his brother. He felt his soul call out to his other half but felt nothing. The gravity of the
situation hit him: Their bond was dead. Hot tears slipped down his face as he muttered to himself, “I
can’t feel him.” It was a rude and terrifying awakening. He hadn’t been this alone since he was first
placed with the Lightwood's back when his ‘father’ had ‘died.’ He’d forgotten what it was like to be
the sole inhabitant of one’s soul. It was terrifying and he felt that gut reaction to panic at the silence.
“Is Alec okay?”

The group looked at each other before Clary replied, “We aren’t sure yet. Magnus healed his
wounds, but he hasn’t woken up yet. We’ll know more when he does. How are you doing?”

“I don’t know. I feel… I don’t feel him.” His eyes never left his brother’s face.

“Why don’t you try to get more sleep?” Maryse offered, smoothing his hair that stuck up in random
directions. “We’ll wake you if anything changes.” Nodding, Jace closed his eyes but everyone knew
it would be awhile before sleep would take him.

The hours passed with the small group falling asleep in turns. Those who did sleep never stayed
unconscious for long. Anxiety filled their being too much to find any rest. When the sun started
lighting up the room, the Inquisitor entered asking about her grandson. While Izzy went to make a
snide comment, Robert intervene informing her that Jace was physically fine and had woken up. The
interaction didn’t last long before she left; she had an institute to run until someone was appointed.

Hours continued to pass with Jace waking a little after noon, hungry but still in a daze. With soup
that Izzy didn’t make, he ate half a bowl before pushing it away to stare at Alec. Everyone was
beginning to worry that the hunter wouldn’t wake. He should have at least stirred by now, right?
And yet he remained motionless as if he was merely a sculpture. The only indication that the young
man was in fact alive was the slow rise and fall of his chest and the heart monitor that beeped
rhythmically. The waiting was torturous. No one was sure if Alec’s sanity had survived the process;
they were unsure who was going to wake.

The answer came the next day late in the afternoon. Alec’s slow, deep breathing shifted to a shallow
panicked movement. The heart monitor picked up its tempo as his eyes snapped open. Within
seconds his upper body bolted up into a sitting position as his hands searched for his missing brother.
His mind had yet to remember the torment he went through, only knowing that his Parabatai’s soul
was silent within him. The first words out of his mouth was a panicked, “Jace!”

Unsurprisingly, Jace was the first by Alec’s side cradling his head in his hands. “Alec! Alec! It’s
okay, I’m okay.”

Alec mirrored Jace as he took in his brother. The shadowhunter wasn’t hurt or dead; he was very
much alive. Finally relaxing, his head drooped forward to rest his forehead against Jace’s. “You’re
okay. You’re alive.” He muttered the mantra a few times, calming further with each time he stated
the truth. It grounded him enough for the memories of two days prior to be remembered. His eyes shut tight afraid to look at the exposed skin no longer covered in black runes.

His family and friends hovered, wanting desperately to touch him but not wanting to overwhelm him. Jace looked to the others before focusing back on Alec. “Are you okay?” The question just a whisper that only his brother could hear.

Alec’s fingers dug a little more into the back of Jace’s head before he whispered, “I’m afraid to look.” He had seen before what his skin would look like without his marks. On several occasions the trio has glamoured their runes away to blend in with mundanes and get close to ignorant demons. It’d worked every time… yet this was different. There were no demons to trick and no way for the dark thick marks to come back. His skin would forever be plain. White scar looking reminders of how far he had fallen.

“We’re here for you. It’s going to be okay.” Jace’s sentiment didn’t help because Alec knew what was to come. He was no longer a shadowhunter; no longer a part of their world. Nonetheless, Alec gave a small nod before pushing himself away from Jace. Slowly opening fearful eyes, he stared down at barely familiar skin. It was like staring into a dream world where everything should have made sense, everything was as it should be yet something was off. Unlike a dream however, he immediately knew what was wrong and he couldn’t wake from the nightmare. As predicted his skin was unblemished except parts of his arms were an angry red scarring that had yet to heal to a paler shade of his skin tone. He could just make out what used to be the Soundless and Angelic Power runes. It was odd and made the hollow feeling in his chest hurt more. “Alec?” His brother’s voice cut through his silent, shocked mind.

“How long have I been out?” He couldn’t talk about what was going on in his head because he wasn’t sure. He was too numb to know anything.

The small group looked at each other but didn’t comment on his change in topic. “Almost two days.” His mother replied. “Are you in any pain?”

Emotionally? Yes. “No, I’m tired though.” His eyes had yet to move away from his runeless arms.

Straightening up to maintain composure, Maryse nodded. “Would you like anything to drink or eat?”

“No, thank you.” Jace cupped the back of his head and gave it a slight squeeze before getting up. With his bed once more unoccupied by anyone but himself, Alec laid back down and turned on his side. Getting the hint, the rest of the group dispersed a bit. Izzy ushered Max towards the kitchen to find something to eat. Although Jace was cleared to return to his own room, he stayed in his sick bed with Clary leaving to find something for Jace to do. Robert and Maryse stayed until late into the night before tiredly heading to bed. Both torn between staying with their son and sleeping after two days without rest. With Magnus promising to get them if anything happens they eventually relent and leave.

The Institute was quiet when Magnus came to. He didn’t open his eyes right away rather listening for the reason he woke. When nothing was out of the ordinary, he opened his eyes and scanned the room; nothing. Then he caught a slight movement to his right. Izzy ushered Max towards the kitchen to find something to eat. Although Jace was cleared to return to his own room, he stayed in his sick bed with Clary leaving to find something for Jace to do. Robert and Maryse stayed until late into the night before tiredly heading to bed. Both torn between staying with their son and sleeping after two days without rest. With Magnus promising to get them if anything happens they eventually relent and leave.

“I’m going to be asked to leave tomorrow.” Alec’s whisper was like a shout in the silence.
Scooting closer and running his fingers through the dark locks he had always loved, Magnus replied, “You are always welcomed to stay with me. My home, is your home, Alexander.”

Hugging himself and closing his eyes, Alec muttered, “Thank you.”

“Think nothing of it.” The pair remained as they were, neither sleeping even as the sun began to rise signaling another day’s arrival.

As predicted the moment the Inquisitor knew Alec had regained consciousness. She marched in to assess him. Her visit was short, efficient, and no tangents were had. Within moments of her arrival she deemed him well enough to be on his way. With a nod, she graciously allowed the Lightwood family ten minutes before Alec was required to be off the premise or face death. The click of her heels were like the ticking of a clock that one wished would stop to preserve the time with a loved one.

Alec did his best to hide the dread, fear, hollowness, and sorrow he felt gnaw at his core. As he said farewell to his family, Magnus took his leave to collect a bag of necessities and any personal items he thought his boyfriend would want. While the Warlock wandered off, Alec knelt down to his brother’s height. He would never see him grow into the hunter he was meant to be. Although glad to have seen him grow and officially become a shadowhunter, the eldest Lightwood thought he would have more time to watch over him. He tried to ignore the fear he felt at knowing he would not have his brother’s back.

Max was pouting with anger evident in his eyes. How could the Clave do this to his big brother who did almost everything for them? It wasn’t fair. The young hunter didn’t return the strained smile his brother had to offer. “Keep training hard and don’t get cocky. You’re going to be a great shadowhunter one day.” Alec ran his fingers through Max’s hair before letting his hand rest on his shoulder. “I love you, Max.” He pulled his brother into a hug that took a few seconds for Max to respond, but when he did he latched on for his life. “Keep an eye on mom and dad. In the field always watch your partner’s back.” Alec whispered soft enough that only the 12 year old could hear. “I’m proud of you Max, never forget that.” They hugged for a moment more before Alec let go. Ruffling his brother’s hair, he moved on to his next family member.

Next was his father. He was still angry with the man for making his mother cry, but he still loved him. Robert’s face was mournful. Although he did not exactly approve of who his son was dating, he never wanted anything like this to happen. At first they stared at each other, still awkward around one another but all too soon Robert pulled his son into a hug. “I love you, Alec.” The older man murmured. Alec held back tears that threatened to spill over. “I love you.” With a final squeeze the two men let go and Alec moved on.

Maryse Lightwood, the strong matriarch of the Lightwood family, stood looking at her eldest son with tears spilling freely down her cheeks. She offered a watery smile that told of her heartbreak. Mother and son looked into each other’s eyes and then her hand lifted to caress his cheek. Closing his eyes, Alec accepted the small comfort for what it was. His hand in turn lifted to hold her forearm to steady himself. Before he knew it, he felt his mother’s forehead on his as their breathing synchronized. “I’m going to be okay, mom.”

“I know you will be,” Maryse’s voice wavered a little. “You are so strong. I love you, Alec.” She finally pulled him into a hug that lasted longer than the previous two. He whispered to her comforting words of how he was going to alright and how she didn’t need to worry. Finally pulling away she wiped her tears away, composed for the moment. She held Alec’s face in her hands with
the same smile as before but her wet eyes shone with pride. She leaned forward to kiss his forehead before looking him dead in the eyes. “I am proud of you, Alec.” Breaking momentarily, Alec pulled her into one final hug before kissing her cheek and telling her that he loved her.

Clary was next in line and even she had tears for him. Although they had started off rough, the two had come to respect each other over the course of all that had happened. “Thank you for everything, Alec. I know I could be a pain in your ass sometimes, but… Thank you for looking out for me.” She looked down for a second and then back up at him. “And thank you for protecting Luke.”

“You’re right, you were a pain in my ass.” He grinned down at her as she chuckled. “But, you did turn out to be a decent shadowhunter. Maybe one day a good one.” Rolling her eyes, she pulled him into a hug. “Please keep an eye on Jace and Izzy for me. They’re going to need you.”

“Of course.” She recognized the amount of trust he was entrusting her with. She was touched and it hurt that much more that he was forced to leave. “Stay safe and if you need to know anything about being mundane don’t hesitate to ask me or Simon. We got you.”

“Thanks.” The word was whispered because oh god he was a mundane. “Stay safe.” He pulled away and gave a small smile.

“Big brother.” Izzy held her head high, eyes shining with unshed tears. No other words were exchanged as they hugged each other tight. Izzy couldn’t stop thinking about all the times he had saved her and the lengths he would go to make sure she was safe. He had been willing to take on the head of the local hive when she had become addicted to yen fen. He had gone to extreme lengths to save her from her own de-runing sentence. He had always had her back when they were in the field, and she knew she could count on him to keep her safe. Now… now he was leaving and she could do nothing. Izzy hated feeling powerless and yet there was no magical, miraculous plot twist that would prevent her brother from walking out of his home’s doors and never return. They had been through too much together for it all to end like this. How was she supposed to help him? The answer was clear: She couldn’t. He was already stripped. There was no turning back; no redos.

“Be good and don’t stop being you.” Like all the others, his whisper was just for her. “Keep watching over Max, he’s going to need you. Don’t let him get cocky. And whatever you do please don’t risk punishment to see me. I don’t want you hurt because of me. I’m fine.”

“Bullshit.” She muttered. Aside from Jace, Izzy was one of the few people who could read Alec to a certain degree. She knew him being strong was mostly a facade. “But I will do my best. I love you, Big Brother.”

“I love you too, Izzy.” He kissed the side of her head before detaching himself from her grip. Her arms fell heavily to her side as she watched her brother move on to his Parabatai.

It was surreal. Standing before Jace didn’t make sense anymore because there was no feedback. Alec should have been able to feel the turmoil in his Parabatai’s soul through their bond, but now there was only silence. Even when their bond had been at its weakest, Alec could still feel Jace as if he was in the next room. His stomach clenched at the silence he hadn’t experienced since before the Parabatai Ceremony and Jace’s brief dance with death. They hated every moment of it and knew the feeling would haunt them for years if not longer.

Alec was the first to move and pulled his brother into his arms. He heard Jace sniff and knew just how much of a mess he was. Memories flood their minds from when they first met to only a few days ago when they went on a routine hunt. Through all their personal trials and tribulations, they’d always had each other and nothing was supposed to change that. The clave had condemned them to the worst possible fate any Parabatai pair could ever be given. Death sucked and left a hole in the other’s soul, but this? This was murdering a soul bond and taunting it with the knowledge that both
hunters were still alive. The gaping hole forever bleeding and ridged, longing for its soulmate but never given the ability to see or feel its other half. A cruel fate worse than death.

“This wasn’t supposed to happen.” Jace spoke into Alec’s shoulder.

“I know.” And did he know. This was all his fault and he knew it. “Keep an eye on Izzy for me and Max and our parents. And for the love of God, try not to do anything too stupid or Clary might just kill you.” He felt his brother chuckle. “I won’t be able to save you from her wrath.”

“I’ll try, but you know me.”

“I do.” The pair only broke apart when Magnus regretfully knocked on the door jamb. The Warlock didn’t have to say anything to signal it was time for Alec to leave. Clasping his hand with Jace’s like they had done thousands of times before, Alec looked into Jace’s eyes. “Descensus Averno facilis est.”

Jace never looked away as he replied, “Descensus Averno facilis est.” There reminder to each other not to break and they needed the reminder more than ever. With a quick hug that lasted no more than a few second, for longer would have destroyed their fragile resolve, Alec turned towards Magnus. The small party walked the halls quietly, a small vigil of support and mourning. When they entered the main atrium, the Lightwood’s stopped and watched helplessly as Magnus followed behind Alec who held his head high. With a final glance back at his family, the young man clench his teeth and walked out of the Institute for the last time.
Recovery and Darkness

Chapter Summary

Alec chose to not inform the Clave of Luke's attempt on Valentine's life and now he, and his family and friends, must deal with the consequences. The world isn't fair and trying to find someone who doesn't want to be found proves to be nearly impossible with the war that is brewing. Unlikely alliances form during times of darkness and realizing someone's importance may only be realized when suddenly they are gone.

Chapter Notes

Hello Angels. From now on this fanfic is going to be updated every Friday unless states otherwise.

Enjoy and I'm sorry this chapter contains panic attacks and Alec slipping into depressive thoughts.

The strong facade lasted until they made it to Magnus’s loft before Alec started hyperventilating. The darkness and hollowness he kept pushing down would stay silent no longer and came rushing out. The ringing was deafening. He couldn’t hear Magnus call to him or try talking him down from his panic. It was all too much. The panic too loud. What have I done? The experience was only made worse when he realized he was having trouble breathing. An endless cycle of panic fed itself causing him to freak out even more.

While Alec devolved into a full blown panic attack, Magnus magicked Alec’s two bags into their apartment. Taking a breath so he didn’t start to panic, the warlock placed a hand gently on his boyfriend’s shoulder. “Alexander. Alexander.” When he realized his words were not being registered at all, he looked around before deciding to slowly usher Alec into the hallway entry to give them more privacy. Helping him sit on the bottom stair, Magnus softly tried to get the panicked man’s attention. He watched as Alec’s fingers clenched at his hair while gasping for oxygen. Gently caressing Alec’s face in both his hands, he slowly lifted the man’s head so he was looking at him. “Alexander dear, I need you to do something for me. I need you to take this hand,” Magnus’s long fingers tapped Alec’s left hand. “And do exactly as I do.” Then he removed his right hand from Alec’s face so it was slightly off to the side and started slowly opening and closing his hand. “Can you do that for me, Alexander?”

It took a moment, Alec eventually removed his hand from his hair and started mirroring Magnus’s task. “Excellent job, Alexander. I need you to keep looking at me, okay? Great job. Everything is going to be okay, I promise you. Everything is going to be okay.” His voice was soothing and he hoped a balm for what Alec was feeling. “Now, I’m going to take your other hand is that okay?” When Alec gave a small sharp nod, Magnus unhurriedly removed the hand from where it gripped black hair like a lifeline and placed it on his chest. “You’re doing great, Alexander. I now need you to concentrate on your breathing. I want you to try and breathe with me okay?” Establishing a steady breathing rhythm, Magnus watched as Alec struggled to match him. Whenever he got close, there
seemed to be a misstep where panic took over again and his breathing rate increased once more. “You’re doing great, Alexander. Stay in the present with me. You can get through this and I am here with you. You aren’t alone and will get through this.” As Alec started to calm down and regulate his erratic breathing, Magnus continued to speak soothingly to him.

When the panic attack finally subsided, Magnus stopped the tiring task he had given Alec to perform and wrapped his free hand around the back of Alec’s neck. “You did wonderfully. I’m proud of you, Alexander.” He kissed his boyfriend’s forehead before pulling him into a hug.

Alec held on with all his strength. “That shouldn’t ha-”

“None of that, my dear. You have had a trying few days, you are allowed to break down. It’s okay. You’re okay.” The shadows had shifted in the hallway before the pair separated and headed to the apartment. Once inside, Magnus suggested Alec take a warm bath to relax. Numbly, Alec nodded and headed into the bathroom where he started to strip while Magnus filled the tub. “If you need anything please let me know.”

“Thank you. For everything.” Alec didn’t look at him but rather at the bubbles Magnus had added to the water. His pale knees were drawn up to his chest.

“Anytime, my dear.” Kissing the top of the messy dark hair he had loved since the first time he saw Alec, and then the warlock left leaving the door slightly ajar. Not wanting to hover, he hung Alec’s clothes in the closet and placed his few possessions on a dresser for the hunter to put away when he was ready. The man sighed. He loved that Alec was moving in with him but he wished it was under different circumstances. Deciding he needed coffee and thinking Alec might like some, Magnus headed towards the kitchen when a soft noise caught his attention. Softly padding to the bathroom he heard the heartbreaking sound of Alec quietly crying. Magnus leaned against the wall with his own tears threatening to fall. He wished he could stop the pain Alec was feeling but knew he could do very little. Losing people you loved was a terrible darkness a person had to work through on their own. All he could do was be there for his boyfriend and offer a shoulder to cry on when it got too hard.

The first week of Alec’s life as a mundane was spent in agony as his stripped runes healed. Magnus did his best to soothe the pain, but due to their angelic nature even his magic couldn’t heal them faster. To some degree however, this week of physical agony was a blessing. Physical pain is usually far easier to deal with than emotional. A darker period of mourning was about to overshadow the young man’s life that would be far more painful than any de-runing ceremony could elicit.

Magnus only saw a few pre-scheduled clients the first week. He spent most of the day watching over Alec as the man tried not to scratch out healing burns or hurt himself worse to distract himself from the healing process. There were a few days where Alec couldn’t handle any form of touch. As the inflamed, ruby scars slowly shifted to raw pink new skin the areas became hypersensitive to almost everything. Most hours of the day found the man sitting with his head in his hands in nothing more than underwear because even clothes caused him pain. Cold baths, cool compresses, and aloe vera balms became the healing man’s best friend until finally the skin was more normal than new. Both men of the apartment let out sighs of relief when they noticed the shift.

The runes were still a noticeable pink color, but no longer angry and raised in nature. With each passing day, Alec was able to add one more article of clothing until he was fully dressed in a shirt, pants, socks, and shoes (if he so chose). He moved around with more ease and didn’t flinch as much when grazing something. Magnus still took care when running his fingers over Alec’s skin, but tension left him the first time his boyfriend leaned into him seeking contact. Another blessing to
finally reaching the downslope of healing was Alec’s ability to at last fall asleep without the possibility of waking up in searing pain. He still experienced phantom pain from various runes, but the frequency was declining. Alec was learning to breathe once more without fear of pain.

When the physical pain was dominant, the traumatic experience of the de-running ceremony was lurking in the shadows in waiting. Alec was granted half a week reprieve of any sort of pain before he woke up in a panic yelling for his ex-parabatai. The nightmare was always the same. Jace was ahead of Alec on a routine hunting assignment. The archer staying back and watching his family’s back would look away for a second to make sure the area was secured only to find his Parabatai fading from view. Alec would start running only to find he could never reach his brother. Within seconds Jace was gone, leaving Alec alone. There was nothing around to give him directions. It was like being in a void. There was no way to discern up from down, right from left, or anything in between. So Alec would start running, calling for his brother. But there was nothing. No returned call, no tug at his rune to guide him. He was alone with nowhere to go…

Then he’d feel it. That mind numbing pain that felt like he was being electrocuted. His left side would burn where his Parabatai rune was. As he fell to his knees in pain clutching his rune, it would suddenly stop. Silence once more rang through his ears and he’d look up to find Jace’s lifeless eyes staring at him. Shouting at him. Asking him why did Alec let him die? Then Jace would stand still, good as new but with disgust in his eyes. The golden eyes Alec knew so well stared at him in a way that had never been directed at him. As the blue eyed man knelt frozen, Jace slowly shook his head with a sneer as he asked, “Why did you risk everything for a Downworlder? Why would you risk our bond and your runes for one of them?” With a final look of revolt, Jace would turn and walk away never looking back.

As much as Alec tried to stand and go after his Parabatai, he found himself stuck in place. All he could do was call out for his disappearing brother. Right as Jace vanished, Alec always bolted upright yelling. Sweat layered his skin and drenched his clothes. Worse even than the nightmares was the look Magnus gave Alec after each nightmare and breakdown. There was sympathy and love in his eyes, but a small amount of pity and pain shown through although the warlock tried not to let the ex-shadowhunter see. Eyes are the window to the soul and all that jazz and Magnus couldn’t hide his true feels. Distaste and darkness grew inside Alec. He was a mess that would never be cleaned up. He was as useless as a newborn baby. He knew nothing about the mundane world. Worst still, there were times he would have to be squirreled away if a shadowhunter came to speak with Magnus at the loft. Magnus wasn’t willing to risk Alec’s life if another Nephilim would harm the exiled hunter, while Alec wasn’t willing to risk Magnus’s fragile relationship with the Nephilim by having him fight a shadowhunter. Even thought it would be a rare chance since Magnus didn’t let just anyone in, nonetheless neither was going to risk it. Besides, it would be that more painful if it was a family member or friend since seeing each other was forbidden.

Although Magnus never said anything and tried to be his usual magical self, Alec knew it was becoming difficult for the High Warlock to conduct business. Between worrying about Alec in general, having to screen whoever was at the door before entering the loft, and trying to keep his anger in check before he did something stupid, business was not going smoothly. Realistically Magnus didn’t need to work, he was wealthy enough to never have to work again. However, he was the High Warlock of Brooklyn and needed to be available to people. He had duties he could not ignore unless he wanted to step down as the High Warlock. It was brought up once which Alec shot down immediately. The suggestion burrowed in the human as guilt because yet again he was causing trouble for someone he loved.

The guilt, uselessness, and self-hatered continued to grow within the stripped Nephilim until he could no longer take it. Alec living as a mundane with Magnus lasted a month and a half. One of the final straws was when Alec realized Magnus was keeping things from him. He knew it was inevitable,
especially if the warlock continued working with the New Work Institute. It would have been one thing if it was small things because he knew his boyfriend would give him a small explanation. Nothing major, probably saying demons with an eye roll or the Clave is being difficult or his favorite was when a company wanted him to do something extreme about some mermaids when all they had to do was ask for help. Magnus knew most of them personally, he could have asked them nicely instead of making a big production out of it. A small explanation was all Alec needed to feel somewhat normal because he understood probably better than most that some secrecy was needed. But there were times where the warlock would get a call, leave for up to half an hour, and return to Alec’s side without so much as a word about what was happening. He’d come back tense and fingers clenched. Whenever Alec asked if everything was okay, Magnus would nod and say yes. A lie. He’s lying...

Recently, they’d been snapping at each other. The loft’s atmosphere rarely saw peace anymore. Between Alec’s nightmares and panic attacks, restless nights for both inhabitants, and whatever was happening in the Downworld, snide comments and sarcastic remarks started to replace soothing words and serene reading. The guilt that gnawed at Alec made everything worse and every time he gave a retort to an innocent question, Magnus would nod and say yes. A lie.

As he sat one night on the balcony waiting for Magnus to return from business with Luke’s pack, he thought back to before. Before when he didn’t know Magnus and lived a life he was barely happy with, but still felt things. Yes, he lived in fear someone would find out he was gay, but he still had his family back then. He would have been looked down on by many, but the New York Institute was small compared to most of the other ones and he would have lived a rather quiet life. He had accepted his fate when he realized he would never find a woman attractive and learned to live with it. In the future he probably would have married someone, hell he probably would have went through with his marriage with Lydia. It wouldn’t have been ideal, but they would have run the Institute together, he would have been surrounded by his family, and he still would have his bond with Jace that he recently realized he depended on more than he originally thought. Remembering before pained Alec similar to when you burn yourself on ice. He felt the burn of the memories as he remained cold inside.

Leaning his head against the railing, he closed his eyes as his nails bit into his skin. He hated himself for wishing to go back to that time. To when everything made sense and he was synchronized with his team. When he could watch them. Love them. Be with them. He hated himself for wishing that nothing of the last few months had happened because that would have meant never creating the relationships he had developed the moment Clary crashed into his life. It would have meant the gap between the Nephilim and Downworlder’s would still be large. It would have meant never meeting Magnus. The guilt spread through him like frosted tendrils as he thought about the man he loved. He was aware of how much of a dick he was being to Magnus and yet he couldn’t stop. The monster he didn’t even know existed inside of him had been unleashed and the worst parts of himself lashed out at the one person he was freely able to see. A part of him knew he could snarl and snap at his boyfriend because Magnus was aware it was from the pain he was experiencing rather than actually about him. Still, it wasn’t fair. Alec was supposed to be kind and caring to his boyfriend, not some psychotic demon that sucked away happiness like a black hole. Living with Magnus wasn’t working. It was causing more pain than joy. Alec was broken and Magnus didn’t deserve that.

Thus a month and a half after going to live with his boyfriend, Alec found himself alone in their loft. He slowly walked the rooms finding anything that was his. He didn’t have long, maybe four hours to clean up and pack. It should be more than enough time considering he didn’t have much. His clothes
were already packed along with whatever was in the bedroom. Over his time staying permanently in the loft, Alec hadn’t made much of a mess. He cleaned up anything out of place but surprisingly Magnus was a relatively neat person. You would have thought the opposite after one of the first flirty comments he directed at Alec. Something about loving a dirty liar and all that.

Tapping his nail on the kitchen counter he found nothing of his still lying around. Everything of import was tucked away in his bag ready to go. Pushing away, he walked over to where Magnus still kept most of his friend Ragnor Fell’s belongings. Alec had listened to some of the outrageous stories Magnus and Ragnor had gotten themselves into (all because of Magnus of course). Although healing from Ragnor's loss, the warlock had yet to assimilate his friend’s belongings into the loft. The mourning had yet to be completed and until then, the objects would have their own corner in one of the many rooms the loft had. But right now, Alec did not enter to relive pleasant memories of Alec being there for Magnus over the loss of his friend, but rather he looked over the items with a purpose. Upon finding a specific necklace, the ex-hunter picked it up and ran his thumb over it. He could feel the magic pulsing with life. A powerful amulet that would hide him from being found. A cloaking magic that once enable Ragnor to disappear and leave his hidden abode if he so choose. Now it would continue its purpose to hide Alec from all those who would bother to look for him; both friend and foe. Slipping it around his neck, he turned on his heels and headed for his bags.

*Another thing to feel guilty about. I’m sorry Ragnor.*

*I’m sorry Magnus.*

With a final sweep of the loft, Alec was about to shoulder his bag when he paused. Looking down, he nodded to himself. Placing his bag on the bed, he pulled the zipper open and rummaged through it. Upon gathering Alec’s few belonging, Magnus had seen it fit to take the collapsible bow and arrows that was the hunter’s weapon of choice. At first, Alec had been a little scandalized by the theft since it was technically the institute’s weapon (“No, you gave it to me. Technically it’s mine.” Magnus had commented.), but now he was grateful. Although no longer bearing runes, Alec could still use the bow and arrows that had been forged by the Iron Sisters against demons. He just couldn’t add a special kick anymore.

Slipping out a single arrow, he zipped up his bag and walked out of the bedroom. Finding a post-it note and pen, he looked down at the arrow. A sad smile crossed Alec’s lips as he thought how fitting it is to leave Magnus his arrow. After all, the warlock once asked for it in payment for being Izzy’s attorney. Stroking the shaft of the arrow, sorrow bit deep into his soul. He knew he was, in a way, betraying Magnus’s kindness by leaving suddenly but he couldn’t take it anymore. He was a burden. He was causing Magnus pain and making his life harder. He couldn’t do that to the man he loved. Magnus would get over him, he was just a small blip on the man’s long lifeline. He knew Magnus loved him, but he’d loved before and he moved on from them. Alec had faith his boyfriend would find someone better than himself. Someone that wouldn’t cause the warlock pain; who wasn’t broken.

With his note written, Alec headed for the door. Pausing to look at the loft one last time, his heart shattered. He didn’t want to leave, but that didn’t mean he should stay. “Goodbye.” He mutter to the nearly empty loft (Chairman Meow was somewhere). Shutting the door behind him, he walked out of the building with the only plan to continue moving forward. He merged with a small crowd heading deeper into the city and forced himself to not look back for if he did he knew his resolve would crumble.
Calamity

Chapter Summary

Alec chose to not inform the Clave of Luke's attempt on Valentine's life and now he, and his family and friends, must deal with the consequences. The world isn't fair and trying to find someone who doesn't want to be found proves to be nearly impossible with the war that is brewing. Unlikely alliances form during times of darkness and realizing someone's importance may only be realized when suddenly they are gone.

Chapter Notes

So I should probably give a heads up there won't be any Alec for a very long time. He'll be mentioned but his journey will be followed later. For now this is Magnus's story and how he and the Lightwoods deal with Alec's loss and Sebastian.

As Magnus climbed the stairs to his loft, he felt his feet want to drag with exhaustion. The last couple of weeks had been rough. With Clary and Izzy becoming concerned with Jace who was acting stranger than normal. At first they chalked it up to the experience of having the Parabatai rune forcefully removed, but now they were thinking it was something more sinister. Then there were the everyday problems of potential clients, warlocks, and other Downworlders that he had to deal with. And of course there was Alec. Neither have had a restful night’s sleep in weeks. The growing tension and aggression between the two would be evident to an outsider if anyone watched them. A few friends and clients had asked if Magnus was okay because apparently he was giving off death glares on occasion. It was hard, as he knew it would be, but he never imagined how traumatizing the stripping could be. Had everyone who had been de-runed reacted as Alec had? Magnus’s heart ached for his long deceased friend Edmond who had gone through the same process for his mundane lover. Maybe the aftereffects were different since he had chosen to go through with it. Magnus sure hoped so.

With a tired push on his door, Magnus entered with a relieved sigh only to stop in his tracks. Something was off. Looking up from his feet, he scanned the entrance. Everything appeared to be in order… actually the room appeared too orderly. Alec had apparently cleaned up, but that didn’t feel right. Where was his boyfriend? Usually he could be seen reading, staring off into space, or heard pacing. Currently, the loft was too quiet… and felt dead.

“Alexander?” Magnus called as his heart picked up. Dread seeped into him the longer he was in his apartment. “Alexander!” The desperation in his voice echoed off the walls. With quick steps, the warlock went straight to the bedroom in case Alec had fallen asleep on the bed. He would feel bad if he woke the tired man, but at least he would be able to breathe again. His hands started to tremble when he found the bed made and no sign of his boyfriend. “No.” He whispered as he continued through to the closet.

Nothing.
All of Alec’s clothes were missing leaving a closet stuffed with Magnus’s outfits. Next he checked the different drawers that he knew Alec rarely used. Again only his possessions lay inside. Lastly, he checked under the bed to find only one of Alec’s bags underneath.

Storming back into the living room he continued to call for his lost boyfriend. “Alexander!” He only paused in his frantic looking of the loft when he saw the arrow on the kitchen counter near the coffee machine. Tears welled up in his eyes as he picked up the small note laying on the silver shaft.

Magnus,
I love you and I’m sorry.
-Alec

The note crumpled as his hand clenched into a fist. He shook with anger and sadness. Magic rose to the surface with the sudden surge of emotion. Feeling it build to dangerous proportions, Magnus released a red ball of magic that splintered his kitchen table. He could feel his glamour dissipate until his eyes glowed yellow and another ball of magic itched to be released. Closing his eyes, he took several slow deep breaths until he was calm enough to think somewhat clearly. Opening his hand so the note dropped back onto the counter, Magnus picked up the arrow and concentrated on Alec. He needed to find him.

Again, nothing.

With a yell, the warlock chucked the arrow across the room. Alexander, where are you? For about fifteen minutes Magnus unleashed his rage and despair at Alec’s abandonment. By the time the warlock was done his loft’s living room and part of the kitchen was in disarray; it looked like a battle ground. Leaning against the back of the torn unstable couch, he pulled his cellphone from his pocket. Please pick up.

Even though the man could hear the vibrating piece of technology in the other room he let it ring out. “This is Alec’s phone, leave a message.” A beep sounded alerting the caller he could leave a message. “Where are you?” Magnus whispered in a broken voice before hitting the END button. He could feel tears slipping down his cheeks as he called his best friend. The moment Catarina picked up, Magnus stated, “I need your help.”

Catarina sounded exasperated as she said, “Magnus, if this is about what present to get your-”

She didn’t get to finish before Magnus interrupted with, “Alexander is gone.”

There was a slight pause before she asked gently, “What do you mean he’s gone?”

“He left. He took everything and left a stupid note. I can’t find him.”

“This may be a stupid question but did you try tracking him?”

“Yes. I can’t see or really feel him. He’s gone.”

Again there was a pause before Catarina carefully asked, “Could he have…?”

“No. I’d know if he did, it’s like he vanished in thin air.”

“I’ll be over in a minute.”

“Don’t bring Madzie, the loft is unsafe for children right now.”

When Catarina arrived, she found her friend in the same position he had called her in except this time
with his head in his hands. “You weren’t kidding when you said this place was unsafe.” She knelt down and placed a hand on her friend’s head. “Do you want to try together? Two warlocks might be able to find him together.”

“Yes.” With help from Catarina, the pair walked into the kitchen where the arrow laid under pieces of table and chairs. Attempting the tracking spell together, they hit a familiar wall of magic that allowed them no insight on where the missing man was.

“Magnus, that felt like Ragnor’s magic.” Catarina pulled back in confusion. “How can he feel like Ragnor?”

“Alec.” Magnus growled as he turned and stormed into the room with all of Ragnor’s possessions. He searched with determination etched on his face through all the trinkets and items he claimed from his friend’s summer home. “It’s gone.” He finally stated with rage and despair in his voice.

“What is? Magnus, what is missing?” She was beginning to worry about her friend.

“Ragnor created a necklace to cloak himself should he venture out of his summer home. I was going to lock it away, but too many things have happened recently for me to do so. I must have said something to Alec and he remembered. He took it so we… I couldn’t find him.” In a fit of rage he swept half a dozen items onto the floor before leaning on his hands. His magic burned to be released. Catarina watched in concern as an emotional war played across Magnus body.

“I don’t understand.” Magnus broke the silence that had fallen between them. “Why would he leave without a word? Why didn’t he talk to me?”

Slowly walking over, the female warlock placed a hand on her friend’s tense shoulders. “I don’t know. You know him better than probably anyone. Why do you think he would leave?”

“I don’t know!” The man cried sending sparks of magic dancing onto the floor. “I mean it hasn’t been easy lately. We’ve been snapping at each other. We haven’t slept through the night in weeks because of his nightmares. It’s… It’s just been hard, but not impossible.”

“Has he been talking about what’s going on inside his head?”

“A little. I know his nightmares are because of the severing between him and Jace. Jace has been experiencing… panic over not feeling Alexander but he’s doing alright.”

“But it’s more than that for Alec isn’t it?”

Magnus didn’t answer right away. His mind went back to when Alec was supposed to marry Lydia, when Magnus asked to see him one last time before the wedding. His biggest fear back then had been to lose it all: His family, his career… his purpose. They thought they had dodged that bullet. Alec had become head of the Institute, his family was still together if not a little unstable, and he was still a hunter. Now it was looking to have been delayed instead of dodged. “He lost everything he was afraid of losing.”

“Did he ever talk about that feeling?”

“He wasn’t ready and I didn’t really push. I knew he would tell me when he was ready. Maybe I should have asked.”

“It wasn’t your fault, Magnus.”

“Are you sure? Maybe he wouldn’t have left if I had tried to get him to talk instead of yelling at
him.”

“I don’t know the young man too well, but from what you tell me he isn’t really the type to talk if he doesn’t want to. Or the type to want to burden you with his baggage.”

“I suppose not. But he wasn’t a burden.” *He was just in so much pain and I didn’t know how to help.*

“To you maybe, but he sounded like the kind of person who saw everything as his responsibility.”

With a humorless chuckled, he replied, “He was… That’s what made him so unique and fight for better harmony between the Nephilim and Downworlders.” Magnus remembered the night before the big battle with Valentine. When the pair had stood on the loft’s balcony.

“How many Downworlders do you think live in New York?” Alec had asked looking out over the city.

“I don’t know, but they aren’t all your responsibility.” Magnus had frowned a little before looking up at his boyfriend.

In a serious tone the shadowhunter replied, “But you are.” Magnus couldn’t help but smile. Oh how he was falling more in love with this man.

“And perhaps caused him to leave.” Catarina’s words broke Magnus out of his revery. “It wasn’t your fault that he left Magnus, it sounds like he saw himself as a burden and didn’t want you to suffer.”

“But why didn’t he say anything? We’ve always talked through our problems. Sometimes they were grand in gestures,” The memory of Alec kissing him at the shadowhunter’s own wedding popped in his mind. “But we always worked through any issues we were having. What made this so different that he felt he couldn’t talk to me and leaving was a better option?”

“I don’t know my friend, but when we find him you can ask. Or I’ll ask him before we have a serious talk about him breaking your heart.”

“Please don’t hurt him. I don’t need to find him only for you to smear him across the wall.”

“I wouldn’t smear him.” Catarina looked affronted. “Maybe break a bone or two while naming them, but never smear. I wouldn’t do that to you. Also, I’m a healer. Killing him would go against my morals.”

Magnus let out a huff of a laugh. “Thanks, Catarina.”

“Anytime, my friend. Should I contact Tessa and see if she can put out some feelers for a tall, dark hair, blue eyed man that looks like he’s never walked in the world before?” Rubbing his hands over his face, Magnus replied, “Perhaps I should. You should head back to work, my apologies for taking you away.”

Catarina swatted at his shoulder. “No need to apologize, this is rather important for once. Are you sure you’re going to be alright by yourself?” He nodded rather than verbally saying anything. “Alright. If you need anything don’t hesitate to call me or Tessa, we’re here for you.” Before heading out she paused with a look of uncertainty. “Magnus? Do you want me here when you tell the Lightwoods?”

With a groan, he replied, “I haven’t thought about that yet.” There was a moment pause before he
said, “I should be fine on my own.”

“If you change your mind let me know.” She kissed his cheek and headed out. Magnus looked around his chaotic loft with a sigh. He didn’t have the emotional energy to try and clean the mess up, however he couldn’t leave it as it was. With a wave of his hands and snap of his fingers the broken pieces of furniture fixed itself and settled in their rightful places. Within seconds no one could tell Magnus had destroyed half of his home in a fit of anguish.

“I need a drink.” The man muttered to himself as he turned to his decanter. Pouring a shot of whisky worth into a crystal glass, Magnus took the decanter with him and sprawled on the couch planning to get quite inebriated. He was halfway through the golden liquid when there was a knock on his door. Grumbling to himself for a second, he called, “WHO DARES DISTURB THE HIGH WARLOCK OF BROOKLYN?” He slightly sobered when he realized he may have just yelled at Alec if the hunter had decided to come home. It quickly dissipated when he realized Alec never would have knocked; this was his home after all.

“Just me, Magnus.” The familiar voice of one Luke Galloway called from the other side of the door. With a wave of his hand, the warlock opened his door. “Come in, oh Alpha my Alpha.”

“Hey Magnus.” Luke greeted with a smile as he looked around for the warlocks other half. “Did you finally manage to get Alec out of here and get some nice clean New York air?”

“Not quite.” He mumbled as he swept himself up on slightly unsteady feet. He needed something stronger.

“Have a fight?”

“What do you need, Luke?” Magnus didn’t want to talk about Alec right now.

Taking the change in subject, Luke pulled out a plastic card. “Maryse wanted me to give this to Alec. It’s taken a while since we kinda had to be shady about it, but it’s most of his inheritance. She didn’t think it right for him to have to work through everything and think he was penniless.”

Magnus stared at the card as his stomach dropped. An act of kindness given too late. He wanted to laugh, but instead groaned, “Ah shit.” Luke looked at the warlock confused as the card remained offered to the other man.

“Should I wait for Alec to come back?” When the warlock looked away, Luke started picking up on details that gave way to something dreadful. “He is coming back, right?” Still no answer. “Magnus, what is going on?”

“Sit down, I’m gunna need a drink.”

“You’re already drinking.”

“Wrong, this was merely the pre-game. Would you like anything?”

“Magnus.”

With a roll of his eyes, Magnus downed his souped-up martini. “Alexander… has left.”

“Define left.”

“He packed his bags and departed from this loft. From what I can tell he has no plans of returning.”
“Why didn’t you tell us!”

Magnus glared as the werewolf whose eyes had shifted from their normal yummy chocolate-brown to snapped glow stick green. “It’s not like I’ve known for days or anything. I came home and he was gone. Clothes packed. Important items gone.” He walked out of the room for a mere moment before returning with an arrow and a crumpled piece of paper. “All he left was one of his arrows and this note.” He twisted the paper in his fingers so Luke could read the words on the yellow post-it note. Then he turned to get another drink. “He can’t be tracked. At least not magically and I doubt Angelically either.”

“How can he do that?”

“I am a warlock.” Magnus’s hand twirled around to incant all the magical items and books in his apartment. “Do you really think he couldn’t have found something? He’s smart and far more observant than most probably think. I, apparently, being guilty of that most of all.”

“You created something that could hide you from any form of tracking?” Luke asked in disbelief.

“Well, no. Ragnor did and apparently I either mentioned something about it or he somehow knew what to look for.”

“Why would Ragnor need such an item?”

Magnus looked at the werewolf as if he was being thick. “You do recall Valentine had been hunting warlocks right? I only knew where he was because we were old friends, but no one else could find him. The necklace was a safety precaution in case he had to leave his home for whatever reason.”

“Shit.” Luke rubbed his chin. “Should I get some of my pack to try and track him? He couldn’t have gotten that far.”

“That would be most useful if you could. Try not to let this spread to far, I would like to tell the Lightwood’s about Alec.”

“No problem. I suggest you do it soon.”

“I know.”

“Do you want me there?”

“No, you should go and try to find him. As you said, he couldn’t have gotten too far.” Especially now that he can’t use his runes. Magnus wanted to cringe at his thought, but part of him hoped it was true.

“We’ll find him, Magnus.”

“I just fear it won’t be that simple. Alexander-” He cut himself off as he felt his emotions getting away from him again. “Alexander is a trained shadowhunter. If he wants to disappear he will. Look at Valentine, we thought he was dead for years.”

“But I doubt Alec is as determined as Valentine to hide. He’ll come back.”

“And why would he?”

Luke was taken back by the question. “To be-”

“With his family? He’s lost them, Luke. He’s lost everything.”
“Except you. You don’t think he’ll come back for you?”

“I think he would if he didn’t leave because he felt like a burden.” Magnus couldn’t stand still anymore, thus he took his half filled martini glass and sat down. He carefully placed the arrow and note next to him.

Plopping down on the seat across from his friend, the police officer asked, “Why would he think he’s burdening you?”

“Because he is unfortunately the type to believe that he is letting everyone down and everyone is worth more than him. We’ve been fighting or snapping at each other quite a bit these past few weeks. In part due to us being tired. With Alec’s nightmare’s waking us every night and most times we don’t fall back to sleep we have been exhausted. Short fuses are inevitable with lack of sleep. I probably should have given him more space and had him talk about what is going on inside his head, but… but he had this look in his eyes that made me wait. Perhaps I waited too long.”

“He’ll come back, Magnus. That boy loves you and I don’t think he’ll be able to stay away.”

“I hope you’re right, but right now you need to go out there and start looking for him while I have the joyous job of informing his family that I’ve lost him.”

“I already texted Maia to start tracking and keep it on the need to know. I’ll keep an ear out at the station too. We’ll find him, Magnus. He’s smart, but he isn’t exactly mundane material.” Luke got up, did the I’m-Leaving pat down, and looked down at his friend. “You didn’t lose him. Not everyone is your responsibility.”

Magnus gave a harrowed laugh. “But he is mine.” Luke patted him on the shoulder before leaving to look for the wayward young man. Letting his head fall back onto the couch, Magnus stared at his ceiling. He wasn’t looking forward to the conversation he was going to have with the Lightwoods and friends. The perfect conversation to end an already shitty day. Honestly, Magnus couldn’t wait for the day to end although he knew very little sleep was going to happen. He didn’t want to think about sleeping in an empty bed.

Sliding his hand into his pocket, the warlock pulled out his cellphone and looked up Izzy’s number. Staring at the small piece of technology for a few minutes, it was finally decided to write: At your earliest convenience, I need you and your family to come to the loft. With the message sent the phone was tossed next to him as he stared at the arrow. Oh the dark feeling of betrayal and heartbreak twirling inside his body, how he didn’t miss it. Magnus thought his brief period of separation with Alec had been bad. This was by far worse. Could there have been a way to prevent this tragedy? A ruling that didn’t include Alec being forcefully separated from his family? Currently, 20/20 was not helping him with any answers. There was only pain.

The phone buzzed moments later with: We’ll be there in 10. Wonderful, he didn’t have to wait long. The sole humanoid inhabitant of the loft only moved when there was a pounding on his door. Straightening up, he walked with his head held high and greeted the party. “Welcome, please come in.” Izzy was first to step over the threshold quickly followed by Jace, Clary, Max, and Maryse. “I’m surprised Robert and Simon aren’t here.”

“Robert had business in Alicante.” Maryse replied stiffly still uncomfortable in the warlock’s home.

“And Simon promised his mom he’d be over for dinner.” Clary cocked her head. “Is everything alright?”

“Not really. Would anyone like tea or coffee before we talk?” He may be devastated but that didn’t
mean Magnus would be a terrible host to those he considers friends.
“I’m fine.” The group replied in one way or another.

“Yes, please sit and make yourself comfortable.”

“You’re making me nervous, Magnus.” Izzy narrowed her eyes. “Is something wrong with my
brother? Where is Alec?” It was quite obvious something was up since they usually didn’t come over
for fear of breaking the law and putting Alec in danger.

When Magnus didn’t reply right away, Maryse’s heart sank. “Where is my son?”

“I don’t know.” He replied simply.

Before he could say anything else, Jace had him pinned to the back of the couch he sat on. “What do
you mean you don’t know!” Magnus watched as the gold eyes started to shine with Angelic power.

“It means I do not know. I came back from working with a client and Alexander had packed his bags
and left.” The man’s voice was void of emotion. Behind Jace, Maryse covered her mouth while
Clary and Izzy stared in horror. “He left a note saying he was sorry and that was it.”

“Jace. Let him go.” Clary got up and gently pulled her boyfriend off their friend.

“He didn’t say anything? Didn’t hint at leaving?” Izzy’s jaw was clenched.

Magnus tipped his head a little, “We had been fighting, but nothing too extreme. He is having a hard
time… adjusting to being a mundane and recovering from the trauma of being stripped of his runes.”
His eyes grew sad. “Every night he has nightmares about losing Jace. We haven’t had a thorough
night’s sleep in weeks. He’s been struggling, but never once showed any signs of thinking about
leaving. I’ve been watching him closely, mildly concerned because he has given signs of depression
before.” No one needed to speak about the time he almost walked off the balcony.

“Have you tried tracking him?” Maryse knew the man in front of her most likely had, but a small part
of her prayed he hadn’t.

“Yes. Neither I nor Catarina could track him. He’s cloaking himself with some powerful magic.”
Bewildered, the older woman asked, “How?”

“I have some of Ragnor Fell’s items with me and Alec took the cloaking amulet Ragnor made for
times he journeyed outside his summer home. We know he has it, but it’s like hitting a wall. We
don’t know where he is, only that he has the amulet with him.”

“Give me something of Alec’s.” Jace demanded. Magnus stared at the frantic brother before getting
up to retrieve the arrow. He didn’t need to say anything for everyone to know the Nephilim’s
tracking probably wouldn’t work.

Closing his eyes, Jace focused on his ex-Parabatai. Nothing. With a frustrated growl, he chucked the
arrow across the room. “How could you let this happen?”

“Jace!” Izzy and Clary both scolded.

“What? He’s been here with Alec for the past month. This should have never happened.”

“I understand you’re angry, but I had very little control over whatever decisions Alexander makes. I
was there for him even when we yelled at each other and he knew that. I tried. Maybe I should have
tried harder to get him to talk to me, but what’s done is done. Currently, Luke and a few of his pack members are out trying to track him. He also said that he’d keep an eye out at the station. Just because I can’t track him doesn’t mean I’ve given up on looking for him.”

“If something happens to him, I’m blaming you.” Jace snapped as he pointed a finger at the warlock.

“Jace!” Maryse barked. “That is enough. This isn’t Magnus’s fault. We all know that if Alec wants to be alone, he will find a way to do so.” With a snarl, the blonde shadowhunter stalked out of the loft, slamming the door behind him. “Magnus, I am so—”

“Don’t worry, Maryse.” He gave a tight smile that didn’t reach his eyes. “I’ll let you know if we find anything.”

“We will search on our end.” Standing up, the shadowhunter looked sadly at the man before her. “Thank you for taking care of, Alec. Goodnight, Magnus.” She nodded her head and then left to find her other son.

“I should go too. Make sure Jace is okay.” Clary placed a hang on Magnus’s shoulder. “We’ll find him.”

“I know, biscuit. Go make sure Jace isn’t tormenting a lost demon or something.” He patted her hand and watched her leave. Then his eyes slid to the dark haired woman who still remained leisurely on one of his chairs. “Not going to make sure your brother is alright?”

Izzy shrugged her shoulders. “He’s got mom and Clary, he doesn’t need me yet.” Unfolding her legs to now rest on the floor she leaned forward on her elbows. “How are you doing?”

“Fine.”

“Don’t bullshit me. Anyone except maybe Jace because he’s too emotional right now, can see you aren’t handling this well. You and Alec aren’t that much different from each other. You both take too much of the world on your shoulders.”

“Then why ask if you know the answer?”

“It’s the polite thing to do. We’ll find him, I mean how far can he go? I love my brother but he’s not the best people person out there especially not with mundanes. We’ll probably find him at a train station because he doesn’t know how to properly work the machine. He’s hopeless when it comes anything other than leading the Institute which he’s been training for since he was born, hunting demons, and watching our backs. We’ll find him.”

“I hope you’re right Isabelle, because I don’t think you give your brother enough credit. I mean, look how he’s navigating his first real relationship.”

“That’s because he has you there to guide him.”

“I don’t know about that. I’ve never really dated anyone like him and it has been centuries since I’ve dated anyone who I am their first relationship.”

“No pressure.” She smirked.

He gave a light chuckle, “And what of you? How are you dealing with this information?”

“I think I’m still processing it. It doesn’t feel real. I mean, I still keep expecting Alec to walk through the halls of the Institute or appear out of nowhere with his bow when on a mission… It’s confusing I
guess because he was always supposed to be there watching our backs, mother henning us. Suddenly he’s not there and it’s disorienting.”

“I’m sorry Isabelle.”

“Don’t be, it’s not your fault.” Standing up, she stretched her arms. “I should head out. Are you going to be okay?”

“Ask me tomorrow, I may have an answer then.”
Alec chose to not inform the Clave of Luke's attempt on Valentine's life and now he, and his family and friends, must deal with the consequences. The world isn't fair and trying to find someone who doesn't want to be found proves to be nearly impossible with the war that is brewing. Unlikely alliances form during times of darkness and realizing someone's importance may only be realized when suddenly they are gone.

Chapter Notes

I know I said I would update every Friday, but I must confess I won't be able to this week. I am moving to another state and I won't be settled in until at least Sunday. Happy New Year, may it bring good fortune and happiness for all you angels. Cheers!

From the day Alec left on Magnus worked tirelessly to try and find Alec. His connections although great, weren’t enough to track down the ex Shadowhunter. With great frustration, the Warlock had to admit his boyfriend (were they still together?) was excellent at hiding. Clearly he paid attention in his classes. He wouldn’t be surprised if the young man had been given an A in advanced escape and evade. God he was good. However, that ability to disappear and blend in also meant that Magnus was working twice as hard to find him. He’d lost countless hours of sleep trying to track the man down while maintaining clients and (unfortunately) being the representative for the Warlocks. He was exhausted which was clearly evident by the circles under his eyes. Even Raphael made a comment about it that he easily ignored.

Finding Alec as top priority soon became priority number two when shit went down with Jace. Magnus kind of wanted to bash his head into a nearby wall or book when Izzy and Clary started making comments to him about how strange the blonde was being. At first they tried to chalk it up to the loss of the Parabatai bond, then the disappearance of his brother. However, it quickly became apparent that was not the case.

Clary, trying not to get into too much detail, was explaining to Magnus what was going on with Jace. How after an incident with a Hydra demon in the Church of Talto, they were getting intimate (to which Clary’s cheeks almost turned the same color of her hair) and Jace had accidentally cut her. This minor accident lead him to having a minor freak out and telling her that he had been having nightmares; nightmares of killing or hurting her. Magnus, although tired and wanting to get back to find his wayward boyfriend, listened intently as the girl he watched grow up unload her troubles. Currently, Jace was with the Silent Brothers since he was no longer protected from demonic influences.

As Clary spoke about the pair going to the City of Bones to wait for the ceremony to be performed once more on Jace, Magnus drifted back to when the red head’s ceremony was. Tessa had been visiting for the first time in years. They’d been watching a Jane Austin movie which his friend was complaining about. He had been enjoying himself until his buzzer went off. He hadn’t expected to
see a petite woman with fiery hair standing on his doorstep. He much less expected, and with great annoyance might he add, to find one Jocelyn Morgenstern standing before him. He remembered the taste in his mouth turned sour at seeing the cult-maniac’s wife. He nearly shut the door on her then and there, but instead made a snide comment and opened the door wider for Tessa to see who had graced them with her presence.

The… interaction was rough at first. Magnus wanted nothing to do with the ex-shadowhunter while Tessa had other plans. Allowing the red headed woman into his apartment, the warlock threw the money at the recently arrived delivery man before shutting the door in his face. He was relatively quiet as the two women talked and Tessa eventually ended up holding a two year old Clary. To Magnus’s surprise Jocelyn wanted his help. The woman feared for her daughter’s life and wanted him to hide the shadow world from her.

Even if Magnus wanted to say no and turn the ex circle member away, Tessa had made up her mind to help the woman. Magnus never could say no to his friend. And of course the moment Clary had smiled his way when he wiggled his fingers in front of her, he was just as enraptured as Tessa. The child did not play fair. Not long later, Magnus found himself in quite a satisfying way of revenge even if the said person was dead. With the help of Tessa standing in as an Iron Sister and Brother Zachariah, an old friend of both warlocks, the small party protected the two year old child from demons. It was a night Magnus never would have thought would lay the groundwork for events to come.

“Magnus, are you listening?” Clary asked with slight annoyance that the warlock may not have been listening to her rant.

“Yes. You’re upset that Jace is currently residing with the Silent Brothers as he awaits his ceremony without you to keep him company. Would you like some tea?” He was tired and needed something to do before he fell asleep on company. He would have offered coffee but he had no desire to waste magic and the coffee machine was currently residing in the closet in a box.

“No thank you.” She sighed as she laid her head on the back of the Victorian styled couch. “I’m going mad.”

“Isn’t Simeon playing tonight at some coffee shop you frequented as mundanes?”

“Simon is, but that’s not until later. Izzy is busy being Izzy and I don’t want to bother Luke. He’s still dealing with his partner who apparently found out he’s a werewolf.”

Perking up at some new gossip, Magnus turned with a Cheshire grin. “You’re keeping interesting information from me, Biscuit. Please do tell. When did this happen?”

“At the celebration. After we defeated Valentine and Sebastian. Apparently she came into the bar and confronted Luke about it.” A pang went through the Warlock’s heart at remembering that night. Alec and he made up and everything appeared to be fine; nothing to worry about. One of the last few days of them being together and happy before something once again ruined it.

“Luke tried to deny it even when drunk but it’s taken a while for things to work out. Raphael was called in to tamper with her memories. Then he had to manipulate her partner’s memories because apparently she told her what she discovered. It’s been a mess and no one knows how they found out.”

“Raphael must have had a field day with that.” He could picture his friend’s scowly face and swearing in Spanish at the mess he had to clean up. “I’m surprised he even did it.”
“Took some convincing… Have you noticed Simon acting strange?”

“Stranger than a vampire being able to walk in the sunlight? Nope. Sora appears to me as he always has.”

“Simon. I don’t know… Something’s different.”

“Have you tried talking to him?” Magnus asked over his shoulder as he made himself some herbal tea.

“Sort of. If I bring it up he says he’s fine and changes the subject…” She looked down at her hands. “I should be paying more attention, maybe it’s just me. I’ve been so focused on how weird Jace has been acting maybe he isn’t acting strange.”

“Only you would know. You do know him better than anyone.” The young looking man settled down as he picked up some papers strewn across the coffee table.

With some hesitation, Clary asked, “How’s your search for Alec going?”

“It isn’t.” Magnus’s eyes shifted for a moment with irritation that hid heartache. “He’s either covering his tracks or is deliberately in places with few Downworlders. None of my contacts have seen him or if they have he’s gone before they can find him again. He’s like a ghost.”

“The Clave has trained him well.” The new shadowhunter picked at her fraying shirt. It almost hurt Magnus to look at her doing it. How many times have I been distracted by Alec doing just that? How many hours have I spent mesmerized by his fingers unconsciously playing with his fraying sleeves? “I’m worried about him. I know everyone is, but I don’t know. He’s never really liked me, but he did look out for me especially after what happened to… to my… my mom. I haven’t been around enough Shadowhunters to see what happens when bad things happen... I mean from what I can tell they bury it or take out the hurt by fighting as many demons as possible. But humans? Mundanes? Usually a therapist would be suggested after everything Alec’s been through. What we’ve all been through. I’m worried about him because that’s not the environment he grew up in. Who would he be able to talk to anyway?” Suddenly she looked up, her face paler than before. “I’m sorry, Magnus! I shouldn’t be saying this.”

He waved it off even though inside he felt shredded. “I have had similar thoughts.” His ringed finger traced the lip of his cup as he stared forward into space. “And you aren’t wrong, Hodge did an excellent job training the Lightwoods. I’m not surprised Alec is quite this hard to find. He was always diligent with his studies.”

“It feels like the Institute is mourning. Not just most of the people inside but the building too.”

Magnus couldn’t help but smirk. “Alec would never believe that.”

“It’s interesting. Many people in the Institute respected him, but as a whole he had to fight. He wasn’t always taken seriously or people would try to ignore him. He put everything he could into the Council to try to make it work and get its recognition. I hope it works out in the end.”

“So do I. Someone needs to step up and take it over. We haven’t been called in weeks to have a meeting.”

“Izzy’s trying, but with the Institute still without a permanent leader it’s been put on the back burner. Everyone is frustrated.”

“Maybe they shouldn’t have gotten rid of the one person who fit so well.” Anyone listening could
hear the bitterness in the warlock’s voice.

“Agreed.” With a sigh, Clary looked down at her cell. “I should go. Thank you for listening to me.”

“Of course. Tell Scott good luck for me.”

“I will tell Simon you wished him well. Bye, Magnus.” The man wiggled his fingers in farewell as the redhead headed out to her friend’s gig. Now alone, Magnus could feel how crushing the silence was. It was zapping the little energy he still had. With a sigh, he pushed himself up and started once more trying to find his lost boyfriend.

A few hours later, Magnus’s concentration was disturbed by his phone buzzing. Still having nothing to go on, Magnus picked up his phone without looking at the name. “The High Warlock of Brooklyn speaking.” Who the heck was calling him at one in the morning? Rarely anyone did unless they needed his expertise and he wasn’t feeling particularly generous with his services.

“Magnus, have you talked to Clary?” Izzy’s familiar voice asked with a hint of urgency.

“I have not seen her since she left for Sloan’s concert.” He straightened up, his back popping in the process. “Is everything alright?”

“She suddenly disappeared. She went to the bar to get a drink and hasn’t come back and isn’t picking up her phone either.”

“Was Jace there because they probably went off to be alone.” He was too tired for this. The two were probably in a very compromised position to which no one wanted to see.”

“Magnus, Jace is in the City of Bones.”

“Oh yes, I remember Clary saying that.” Rubbing a hand over his tired face, Magnus offers, “I can come and help find her. I’ll be there soon. Where was this gig?”

“The Hunter’s Moon.”

“See you soon.” The pair hung up. Magnus then looked down at himself. Currently he was in black silk pajama pants with hot pink flamingos on them and no shirt. He supposed if he was going out in public he should look somewhat put together. With a snap of his fingers he headed out of the apartment in designer jeans, sneakers, a black shirt with sequins on it, and his hair flopping about. By the time he arrived to the coffee shop, his small group of friends were freaking out more than he thought was necessary since Clary has proven to be quite the warrior. “Want to inform me why everyone looks as though the apocalypse is starting?”

“Now Simon’s missing.” Izzy’s voice cracked with panic. Magnus sighed, this group has become so much more troublesome than he thought. He remembered meeting them. It was supposed to be a simple meeting where he would get his precious long lost necklace back. Talk for two minutes, fulfill his promise, and disappear. The other warlocks and himself would hide until Valentine was taken care of and all would be well. Where shadowhunters are concerned nothing is ever that simple. Thus He stayed out longer than he wanted, was then attacked by a Circle member, saved by a very attractive blue eyed boy (his weakness), and disappeared without his treasure. To make matters worse, his hideout had been discovered and attacked. He slightly hates to admit it, but if it hadn’t been for the annoyingly persistent group the warlocks would have been in a lot of trouble. He had no doubt he could have beat the Circle members that had found them, but it would have come at a greater cost. Perhaps even the loss of a warlock child. He shudders sometimes at the thought.

The memory of course wasn’t clouded too bad with how terrible that night went. It had also been the
night he met Alec and the great journey to what they had become began. Even as heartbroken as he was now, he wouldn’t have traded everything that happened to them for anything. But that didn’t mean his friends and family weren’t trouble. With scanning eyes, the warlock asked, “You’ve checked the area?”

“Yes.” The answer short and not without a tint of sarcasm.

“Then, start fanning out and I will try to track them.”
Izzy opened her mouth to say something, when Maia jogged over. “We found this business card with Simon’s things.” She passed the card to Izzy who examined it.

“Alright, here’s what we’ll do. Magnus, you’ll try tracking Clary and let us know what you find. We’ll look into this. If there’s nothing you can try and find him. Sounds good?” With a nod from everyone, the small group split up. Before Izzy went very far, Magnus wrapped his fingers around her elbow. “What? We don’t have time for this.”

“I believe we do. I can’t track Clary if I don’t have something of her’s. You don’t perhaps have anything? A shirt, weapon, elastic band?”

The black haired girl patted herself down before looking around. Maia was the one who came to the rescue. “She left this at her seat.” It was the leather coat she had been wearing earlier in the night.

“Thank you. Now off you go.” Quickly the small group left while Magnus closed his eyes to concentrate. Upon locating the lost girl, he quickly shoots Izzy a text before heading to the Institute (much to his displeasure). Upon his arrival the Institute almost didn’t allow him entrance.

“I don’t want to be here anymore than you want me here, but I have some very vital information that Maryse will want to have. Now allow me in.” With a few glances to each other the shadowhunters eventually moved aside. Rolling his eyes, the warlock marched in like he always did. “Anyone know where Maryse is?” He asked no one in general. “I’ll wander around until someone tells me.”

“Magnus?” He turned to find the woman he was trying to find looking as regal as ever hurrying her steps towards him. “Is everything alright?”

“Apparently not. Clary and Simon have disappeared and by the look on your face there is more to this plot than I am aware of.” He quirked an eyebrow at her.

“Jace is missing.” The worry in her voice broke through her normal facade. “And we can’t reach Izzy or-”

“Izzy, Maia, and another are off looking for Simon. I tracked Clary. I suggest calling Luke and a few trusted Shadowhunters because I have a feeling there will be a fight.” Just then his phone rang. "Hold on. Hello?"

"We found Simon." Izzy informed.

"Excellent. I am with your mother now and we are about to rally Luke and his pack. I will send you the location of where Clary and hopefully Jace is. We will see you in about fifteen."

"See you soon." The moment the phone went dead, Magnus turned to the Maryse.

“What happened?” The older woman asked as she escorted the Warlock towards the weapon’s room.

"They found Simon and are heading to wherever Clary and my idiot brother is."
With a nod, Maryse started grabbing a few daggers and a Seraph blade. "Is Luke necessary? It will be wasting time to call and wait for him."

"He is Clary’s father for all intent and purpose and will most likely be angry if you don’t tell him. Also having a werewolf on our side if anything happens would be quite helpful. You can ask him to meet us at the location Clary is at which will save time."

"Agreed.” She turned and quickly gathered a few Shadowhunters for the mission. Within minutes they were out the door and jumped into a Clave owned car on their way to an apartment Clary was being held at. By the time the cavalry arrived, Luke's truck screeched to a stop. Jumping out he met his friends and a Shadowhunter he didn't know. All of whom looked ready to storm the castle.

"What's the plan?" The Werewolf asked. "I can hear... footsteps inside. Probably human. I'm guessing the ones that were taken."

"Taken?" Magnus asked. Why hadn't I heard of this?

Maryse straightened up looking slightly uncomfortable. "We didn't want to worry you. We thought Sebastian was back and somehow turning people evil. Come to find out it was a demon." She tapped her foot trying to find the right words. "He... We call it The Owl. It looks like it sends a piece of itself into its victims to possess them and they are driven to kill a loved one."

"It's worse." Izzy tightened her grip on her whip while Simon shifted closer to comfort her. "Jace never made it to the Silent Brother's. We think that's why Clary disappeared. Jace is The Owl and we think he took her for his mistress."

"Who's his mistress?" Luke asked while Maryse covered her mouth in horror.

"We think it's Lilith."

"What?" Magnus cried. "You didn't think to tell me any of this?"

"We just found out about Jace and Lilith."

Taking a few steps back to take a breath Magnus's mind started whirling. "This is so much more complicated. Lilith isn't just any demon, she is the mother of demons. Quite literally! What is your plan? Pray tell."

"Go in, hope for the best?"

"Izzy!" Magnus, Maryse, and Luke all growled together.

The young woman sighed, "This isn't exactly my forte. Usually Jace suggests going in guns blazing..." She cut herself off before finishing with Alec usually argued and tried to strategized before cleaning up their messes. Clearing her throat she continued, "We'll clear the bottom floor. The Owl will probably be sent after us since it appears Clary is needed for something. We go as quickly as possible to stop whatever Lilith has planned."

Doing their best to come up with something remotely looking like a good plan, Magnus went out towards an alley way to draw out Jace, while the rest crept inside. Being as obnoxious as he could, he eventually drew out The Owl. He looked at the figure crouched on the ledge of the building. Letting out a low whistle he commented, "Wow you are as ugly as I expected. You could have chosen someone less... Golden boy esque. They were so last year." The demon hissed and pounced towards him. Breaking into a battle of magic and evil, the pair fought hard and fast.
Being thrown into the closest wall of a building, Magnus struggled to sit back up. He was pretty sure he had a few broken bones that Cat was going to need to help fix. The Demon laughed at him as it sauntered towards him with a blade in hand. He taunted the man with how Jace was crying out and trying to stop the demon from harming the Warlock. With a grin that lit the golden eyes with hellfire, he kicked Magnus in the face with a cackle. The older man coughed and spat out a wad of blood. "Screw this." He muttered to himself. Planting his hands on the ground his feline eyes glowed an angry gold while he pulled and combined his Edom tainted magic with that of the Earth's Lay Lines. Calling forth as much magic as he could he blasted The Owl with everything he could. Burning eyes watched as the demon flew back and withered in pain as the barriers keeping Jace at bay cracked and crumbled. While the Warlock collapsed to the ground spent, Jace's body twitched and finally spewed the demon from it causing Jace to lay nearly lifeless for a moment. Within a few seconds however Jace groaned and looked over. "Magnus?"

"Golden boy." Magnus slurred back. "Good to have you back."

"Yeah." He shook his head and knelt next to the Warlock. "Are you okay?"

"I will be. Go help the other's stop Lilith and save Clary."

Gold eyes lit up. "Clary!" Then his eyes darkened as he looked down. "Are you-"

"Just go." Magnus watched as Jace ran off leaving him behind. Taking in the state of the body, he knew he was in for days of recovery and some very angry Warlocks and Seelies. One wasn't supposed to pull from the Lay Lines because it could disrupt the flow. One was definitely not supposed to do what Magnus had just done. Deciding he would deal with the consequences later, he crawled over to the side of the building to rest. Currently he was useless; magic nearly all drained. He hoped someone would remember he was out there if everyone survived the night.

It felt like he had only closed his eyes for a few seconds before he was jolted awake. With eyes wide in horror, Magnus swore in seven different languages as he looked at the top of the building his friends had entered... At least half of it had been blown off.
Crumble

Chapter Summary

Alec chose to not inform the Clave of Luke's attempt on Valentine's life and now he, and his family and friends, must deal with the consequences. The world isn't fair and trying to find someone who doesn't want to be found proves to be nearly impossible with the war that is brewing. Unlikely alliances form during times of darkness and realizing someone's importance may only be realized when suddenly they are gone.

Chapter Notes

A long chapter and we have a guest appearance! One of my favorite characters.

Due to the slight change from the ending of last chapter I literally rewrote most of this chapter. I hope you enjoy it! Cheers angels.

By the time Magnus finally made it back towards the building, a beat up but in the process of physically healing Maryse, Luke, and Izzy were waiting anxiously outside. The youngest was the first to notice him shamble over. “Magnus!” She cried as she ran to offer her should as support. “What happened?”

Leaning at least half of his weight on his young friend, he huffed out, “I may have used up a little too much magic trying to help Jace.” There was no point in lying. His barely standing form gave way to what had happened.

“Should I call someone? Cat, maybe?” She bit her lip as the pair made it over to the other two. Luke easily slid in on the other side.

As much as he did not want to bother his friend, Magnus knew he wasn’t going to make it home if he didn’t. “Yes. I am practically mundane right now. Have you seen Jace, Clary, or Simon?”

Maryse shook her head while looking up with fear in her eyes. “No. Could they have survived what happened?”

“We can hope.” Luke answered. While Izzy called Cat for help, the trio waited anxiously for any sign that the three had survived. It wasn’t long before the first shadow of a figure headed towards them. Luke was the first to step forward ready to tear apart Lilith or one of her lackies, while Maryse was only seconds behind him. They needed not worry however as the scent of a familiar vampire wafted towards them.

“Simon!” Luke called and started towards the young man. “Are you okay?”

The other man looked up with sadness and guilt shining through his tear glazed eyes. “Clary… I killed Clary. Luke…” His voice broke off unable to finish the sentence.
Grabbing Simone’s shoulders, the cop asked desperately, “What do you mean? What happened?” Behind him Izzy covered her mouth with her hand looking up in horror, Maryse’s mouth was dropped open in shock, and Magnus hung his head in defeat.

“I tried to stop the ritual while Clary held Lilith off, but before I could destroy Sebastian’s body she attacked me. I was sent off the side of the building and managed to catch a ledge about two stories down. She was gone... Everything was gone by the time I climbed back up. Clary, Lilith, and Sebastian were gone. Jace was the only one there—”

“Where’s Jace now?” Maryse asked finally stepping forward.

“Still up there I think.” Before he finished, she was already gone with Izzy hot on her heels. Before dashing after her mother however, Izzy placed a hand on Simone’s shoulder and squeezed. Then she was off to see her brother. He barely registered the kindness as he finished. “I killed her Luke. I killed Clary because of this stupid thing on my forehead.”

Luke caught the Daylighter’s hand before he could claw at his forehead. “It wasn’t your fault Simone. Lilith knew not to attack you.”

“I shouldn't have let her get near me. I should have been able to smash the glass coffin in a strike or two.”

“If was a coffin made by Lilith, it was going to take you a lot more than your super strength to shatter that glass. Demon glass is tough.” Pulling Simon in, Luke did his best to keep his emotions in check for the time being. “It wasn’t your fault.”

While vampire and werewolf embraced, Magnus finally looked up as he heard footsteps approach him. “Hello, Cat.”

“Hello, my friend. I take it everything is not okay.” Cat squatted down in front of him with eyes checking him for injury.

Magnus shook his head. “I’m nearly completely depleted of my magic,” Cat raised a brow but refrained from speaking as Magnus finished, “And Clary is dead.”

“Oh Magnus.” Her voice sorrowful. “Lilith and her son?”

“Died with her.”

“My condolences.”

“And there’s a good chance I may lose my position as High Warlock.”

“What did you do?” He could hear the sigh in her voice that he knew meant she was exasperated with him. Or at least wanted to be.

“The Owl was powerful and even I couldn’t defeat it without some help. I used some of the Ley Lines power for extra juice. It released Jace and was sent back to where it came from.”

“Was it worth it?”

Magnus only paused for a second before replying, “Yes. No one should be possessed, especially by a demon like that.”

“Then try not to worry and focus on healing and getting your energy back. We will deal with those
who do not understand later. I will look into how you using and diverting the magic for a few second affected them. For now try to rest.”

“Thank you, Cat. You are the greatest friend one could ask for.”

She snorted, “You better appreciate what I do for you. Now sit still. Is anyone else hurt?”

“Physically? I don’t think so. Emotionally, definitely.”

“We’ll get through this.” It wasn’t long later when the Lightwood’s rejoined the group. Jace looked the worst for wear unsurprisingly. While Maryse made a call to the Institute for backup with helping sort out those possessed by the Owl, Luke tried to talk the survivors down from their hysterics. Magnus offered his loft to Izzy, Jace, and Simon to recuperate from what had happened. Izzy decided to stay behind to help and keep her mind busy, while Jace and Simon decided to join Magnus. At first the Warlocks were shocked the Shadowhunter wanted to join them, but thought better. Why would he want to return to the place Clary used to call home? Where her ghost would haunt him.

Upon stepping into the loft, Magnus went straight to bed barely able to keep his eyes open and his muscles moving. Simon sat on the balcony curled up with Chairman Meow on his lap, while Jace paced through the rooms before passing out on one of the guest beds.

Nearly two days later, Magnus woke with a start. Straining his ears he listened to something sounding quite expensive and antique like smashing off in the distance. Not caring what he looked like and still feeling like hell, he bolted out of his room only to find his living room in shambles.

“What the hell is going on here?” He barked as his eyes swept over hundred of years worth of trinkets and vases smashed and destroyed. “Jace!” He growled using the limited magic he had recovered to stop the young man from chucking his one of a kind African vase into a wall.

Furious gold eyes glared at him. “Release me, Magnus.” Jace’s voice hard as a diamond.

“Are you going to destroy my vase if I do?” The man debated before relaxing his cuing the Warlock to release him. “Good, now can you tell me what you were doing?”

Jace shrugged, “I was angry.”

“Clearly.” Magnus said wryly. “There are more productive ways to release your anger over everything than to destroy my home.”

“Like what?” the blonde snapped. “The ones that killed Clary are dead.”

Magnus wanted to say there were other demons in the world but he had a feeling that Jace would be more reckless than usual. He would probably kill himself within seconds if not those he brought with him. “You could talk about your feelings.”

With a glare he said, “I’m a shadowhunter, we don’t have therapists. Who would I talk to?”

“You really should.” Magnus muttered as he carefully shuffled to make himself something to drink and eat. He was beginning to feel sick. “I’m here.” I guess... Alec would know what to do. He shook the thought from his head as a sharp pang shot through his heart.

“Yes, because you want to hear me whine and complain about how unfair the world is for… because Clary isn’t here. How much more damaged I am because of it. Blah, blah, blah.”

“To be fair I’m pretty sure you can’t compare to me.” He watched as Jace deflated and looked down.
“Sit. Drink. Complain about your woes. I may listen, I may not. Just get it off your chest. If you don’t want to talk to me, I have about a dozen cats that would be willing to listen for a cup of milk.”

For a few moments, Jace looked down at the island’s counter before he muttered, “Maybe later. I need to go for a walk.” Then he turned to leave.

“Jace.” The man paused at the door and turned his head to signal he was listening. “Please don’t do anything stupid. I currently cannot heal you right now.” With a nod, the blonde left to hopefully walk and do nothing else.

Taking a deep breath, Magnus mentally prepared himself for dealing with yet another emotionally damaged being. Shuffling with his coffee to where Simon sat on the balcony surrounded by cats, the Warlock asked, “How are you doing?”

Slightly startled, Simon squinted at the man who pretended to never remembered his name. “Are you an alternate Magnus?” With wide eyes he asked, “Have I managed to be kidnapped into an alternate dimension where almost everything is the same except not?”

Rolling his eyes Magnus replied, “No, you aren’t in an alternate dimension. Why are you acting so surprised, we’ve had heart to hearts before. Remember when you were snooping around Camille’s? I talked to you then and helped you.”

“I guess, but you don’t exactly like me. Why do you care if I’m alright?”

“First off, and I will deny it to almost anyone, but for some reason I consider this annoying group of mix match people to be my friends therefore I am mildly concerned about your well being. I assume you are ‘fine’ since you are being a little shit. Secondly, in the not so distant future we are all that is going to be left. We will be the last of this group and I should keep an eye on you.”

“Wow Magnus, I’m almost touched. I think my non-beating heart almost skipped a beat.”

“And I reiterate, you are apparently fine.” The man stood to go when Simon’s hand shot out.

“Magnus?” The Daylighter looked down at his hands. “Why were you there? I mean usually you help us because of… of Alec but…” Simon’s voice petered off.

The man didn’t answer right away. “When Izzy called me about Clary’s disappearance I reacted. If anything happened to Izzy, Alec would be devastated so I had to make sure she would be alright. And as I said, you all have grown on me and I don’t abandon my friends.”

“Thanks, Magnus.” The warlock cocked his head. It was rare to be thanked from someone who wasn’t Alec. “I’m not alright in the slightest. I keep seeing Lilith attack me. Me flying backwards… and then standing where the coffin once did and everything gone. It keeps replaying in my head.”

Magnus didn’t say anything right away, making sure Simone was done talking. “It probably will for a while until you believe or start accepting that her death wasn’t your fault.”

“But.”

“There is no but. I may not have been up there, but I know you would never do anything to put Clary in harm’s way.”

“What do I do now? What do we do now?”

“Mourn her.”
“How do you do it?”

Magnus opened his mouth before shutting it. Finally he tried again, “You probably should not do what I do. You should do what mundanes should do when they lose a loved one. Talk to someone and don’t bottle up your feelings.”

“How’s that going for you?”

“I told you not to be like me.”

“That well?” Magnus sniffed before taking a sip of his drink. “How is the search going?”

Sighing, the older man replied, “Not well. The signal moves around, but I can’t pinpoint him. Do you really want to hear about me?”

“Better than thinking about Clary…”

_Touche._ “It really isn’t exciting. Sometimes in stays in one spot for a week or two and then moves. I haven’t heard from any of my contacts so he is either annoyingly staying well hidden or he has changed his look enough that my picture of him looks nothing like him.”

For the first time in the last two days, Simon perked up. “What picture?”

“Hold on.” He replied as if he was being put upon, but really he could use some nice pictures of Alec to pick his spirit up a bit. As he scrolled through his not so subtle folder titled _Alexander<3_ he found the candid picture and turned it towards the Vampire.

With wide eyes, Simon whispered, “Holy shit, I didn’t think Alec could look like that. How had he never dated anyone before you?” Magnus raised a brow at the comment. “What? All the Lightwoods have the most perfectly aesthetically pleasing genes ever. Even Jace who is a Lightwood by adoption has the gene. It’s freaky! I am also comfortable in my sexuality enough to say that Alec is very attractive especially when he is smiling like that!” It was a great picture of Alec, Magnus had to admit. It was sneakily taken while the pair were spending the night with Cat and Madzie. Magnus had been practicing magic with the young Warlock. Going over what she was learning and teaching some pretty magic like making butterflies flutter around the room. He had just happen to look up to see Cat gesturing excitedly about something (probably either a story from the hospital or a trip she’d taken with him and Ragnar) and Alec had been leaning against the counter. His arms were crossed, pulling his dark green button-up shirt taut over his chest, and his long legs crossed leisurely at the ankles. His body was relaxed and he had a soft smile gracing his lips. The pictured showed a very content and happy Alec, something few people saw especially outside the loft. Magnus had just enough time to pull out his phone and snap the picture before Alec had shifted to pour the hot water he and Cat had been waiting to boil for their teas.

Normally Magnus would have found another picture to show others, but it was one of the few appropriate ones that existed on his phone. Magnus was only brought out of memory lane when Simon swiped right and whistled, “Oh wow. I thought Jace was ripped.” It was a picture of one of the times Alec had stepped out of the bathroom in just a towel around his waist. The light grey towel went to his mid thighs showing off how much the Nephilim worked out on a daily basis.

“Spencer!” Magnus groaned. “Didn’t your mother ever teach you not to snoop through other people’s phones.” He glared, snatching the phone back.

“Mom still has a flip phone I think.” Simone looked up in thought.

“Then let me tell you, no going through other people’s phones!”
“Yes, dad.”

“No!” Magnus glared as he pointed a bare finger at the young man.

Simone snickered before asking, “So anymore pictures like those?”

“We are done talking about what may or may not be on my phone. Now anything else you want to talk about other than Alexander before I pass out again?”

Sombering again, Simone tilted his head, “How are you doing Magnus? You were asleep a long time.”

Rubbing his eyes, he got up. “Getting there. Releasing Jace spent a lot of magic. I’ll be mostly back to normal in another day or two. Now if you’ll excuse me, more beauty sleep is needed.”

With the Warlock’s back turned, Simone grinned, “More? Aren’t you already gorgeous?”

“Of course darling, but that doesn’t happen by staying up all night and day. Also,” He turned a little to glare without heat. “No flirting, I’m already taken. Now make sure the cats are fed, you’re fed, and Jace doesn’t do anything stupid while I’m asleep. Goodnight.” He disappeared back instead and as soon as he hit the bed he was asleep.

For two weeks the New Work Institute cleaned up, wrote reports, and tried to settle once more from the destruction of Lilith and the devastation at the loss of yet another Shadowhunter. During those two weeks while Jace trained more than was necessary and had bouts of destroying his room, Izzy tried to balance her job as Weapons Master and keeping her brother’s sanity in check while dealing with her own grief, and Maryse tried to keep the Institute in order. Magnus on the other hand had to meet multiple times with the Warlock community and the Fae for borrowing some of the Ley Line’s magic. It was a boring and grueling task but eventually it was agreed upon that he would keep his title. He would be watched more closely, but he would not be punished since there were no foreseeable consequence for his actions.

Once the meetings were closed, he spend his time split between making sure his Shadowhunter, vampire, and werewolf friends were mostly alright, making sure the Downworld didn’t go into disarray, and still searching for Alec. He wasn’t sure if he knew what sleep was anymore. It didn’t help that recently nightmares had been plaguing his dreams. Trying to avoid them, he spent most nights doing research, looking for his boyfriend, and brewing potions.

On the positive side, Lydia Branwell, Alec’s ex-fiance, was reinstated as head of the New York Institute. Small victories everyone supposes. However, with everything that had been happening, it also meant aside from a few texts from Izzy, Magnus hadn’t really seen anyone. Once Catarina came over with Madzie to try and get him out of his head and to give updates on either how the Downworld was faring or Alec, but aside from that he’d been mostly alone. He really needed to get out.

As he pondered leaving the quickly becoming dreary inside of his home to maybe go out for dinner, there was a knock on his door. Startled and not expecting anyone, he called out for them to wait. He could only move so fast and he had no desire to use his magic. He opened the door wearing only canary yellow pajama bottoms. “Saint Magnus’s Home for Wayward Shadowhunters. We welcome you and hope you have a pleasant stay.” His smile was lazy as he stepped aside for a distraught looking Jace to enter. “Pick a spare bedroom down that hallway.” He didn’t have to guess that he would be staying the night. He’d been coming off and on the past few weeks sometimes finding the
confines of the Institute too much.

Upon his return, instead of wearing a bloody sweater and drips of blood covered pants, he had changed into a stereotypical shadowhunter black thermal shirt and a pair of clean jeans. With a cup of coffee already waiting for him, Magnus asked, “What happened this time?”

The boy looked younger as he stared down at his hands. He was paler than usual and looked like he’d seen a ghost. “Clary showed up at Luke’s tonight.” Magnus knew on rare occasions Jace would go over to the Alpha’s house to look through Clary’s sketchbooks or to sit on her bed. The Warlock nearly dropped his cup at the new development. “She showed up in her room and when I looked up she was right there. I almost didn’t recognize her. She had short black hair. We talked for a little while before Sebastian showed up.”

“But Sebastian is dead.” Magnus interrupted. Well Clary is too, but whatever.

“I know! I thought so too… They wanted me to go with them. I was talking to Clary when we heard a growl. Apparently Sebastian walked in on Luke just coming in from either a pack meeting or a late shift, I’m not really sure. Things got out of hand really quickly…. Clary and Sebastian are apparently bonded though… Whatever happens to one happens to the other. So if—”

“If the Clave or someone hurts Sebastian they’ll hurt Clary.”

“Yeah… Luke and Sebastian fought and when Sebastian got hurt Clary started bleeding. When I realized what happened, I tried to stop them but…” Jace looked back down trying to compose himself. “Luke had his gun pointed at Sebastian and then Clary slammed into him so he wouldn’t hurt Sebastian. Clary. Our Clary used all her might to slam into Luke!” Anger rolled off him before he shook his head to continue. “Next thing I know Luke is bleeding and his wound isn’t healing and Clary and Sebastian are gone.”

“Where is Luke now?”

“With his pack. I would have stayed but I’m still not exactly liked by most of them and their Alpha is hurt so…”

“You came here and not the Institute?”

His mouth turned down. “Clary won’t stay away. She knows most if not all the ins and outs of the Institute by now, I’d rather stay here… if you don’t mind. Besides who knows what kind of trouble they’ll get into if they go to the Institute.”

“Yes you may stay, because after everything I’m going to kick you out.” Swinging his feet up on the coffee table his eyes lazily looked at his blonde friend. “It’ll be nice to have company I suppose.”

“I also wanted to ask…” Ah there’s more. Of course, there’s always more. “Would you be able to help Luke. His body is having a hard time healing. The blade was silver and it’s taking longer than usual for the wound to stop bleeding.”

“I didn’t think you cared much for the Alpha.”

With a shrug, the Nephilim replied, “He Clary’s dad and he’s been a reliable ally to us. I may not always get along with him, but he is a good person.”

Magnus nodded and commented, “Once they get it out he should have no trouble healing.”

“The thing is they’re having a hard time pulling the piece out. It looked like it was moving away
“from them.”

“Wait, moving?”

“They said one of the pieces was lodged in his rib and when they went to dig it out it was like it burrowed deeper.”

“Of course.” Magnus rubbed his hands over his face. “It sounds like demon metal.”

“Why didn’t I think of that!?” There was a growl in his voice at his apparent stupidity.

“Blame it on the fact that your apparently dead girlfriend is in fact not dead. No one will blame you.”

“Aw you do like me.” Magnus ignored the comment as Jace sobered up. “Would you be able to heal Luke?”

“I don’t know.” He replied cautiously.

“But you were able to heal him before.”

“You and I both know that was different and I needed Alec’s help to keep him from death. I knew what was wrong with him then, I don’t know what demon metal was used. I could experiment with potions and try different healing spells but I can tell you that won’t be the most effective way to help him.”

“Then what is?” Jace stood up straight ready to help in any way.

“The Praetor, The Wolf Guard. I knew the man who founded it- Woosley Scott. Because of certain… incidents, he was fascinated with demon metal and how demon drugs act on lycanthropes, the same way your Silent Brothers keep records of the ways Nephilim can be healed. Over the years the Praetor have become secretive and closed off, unfortunately. But a member of the Praetor could access their information.”

With his famous cocky grin that lit up his gold eyes, Jace said, “Good thing we know a member. Jordan can find out for us. I’ll call-”

“I’ll call. I may not be able to get in since I’m a Warlock, but I can pass on a message that ought to hold some extra weight.” Gently catapulting himself up, he turned towards his kitchen. “I’ll be back.” Upon his return, he was tapping his chin. “The Clave is still unable to track Clary correct?”

The Shadowhunter nodded. “Neither have I and yet you say they showed up at Luke’s apartment and then disappeared. Did they create a portal with one of Clary’s runes?”

Jace shook his head. “No. One-” The phone rang and Magnus held up one finger. He was gone no more than two minutes before returning and motioning for Jace to continue. “One minute they were there and the next they weren’t. Is that even possible?”

“Nearly anything is possible, Darling. From what you are saying it sounds as though they are managing to go from this dimension to another.”

“Like when I went to the alternative world.” His mind went back to how different everything had been. Or from what Clary had described to him. She’d told him everyone had been happier and no demon’s existed. Simon had been going to ask Izzy to move in with him (Jace nearly gagged him she’d told him). Izzy was a computer nerd (He chuckled at that), who had a weird crush on her dad (Now this freaked him out). Alec was… Well Alec had been free to be himself and had confidence that she never really saw him have until he became Head of the Institute. Her and Jace were a cute
couple that kind of made him want to gag because apparently he was a bit of a scaredy cat. Then there was Magnus. Clary had confined in her boyfriend that a part of her wanted this Magnus to meet Alt world Magnus so he could be the warlock he was supposed to be. It still made her snicker at the horror alt world Magnus portrayed at seeing her mimic her Magnus. Jace had actually bent over laughing when she showed him her reenactment.

“Exactly, but not. Only a few warlock’s have the ability to use dimensional magic, Ragnor was one of those lucky few. Dimensions don’t lie side by side… more like folded together like paper. You can access them if you know where they intersect and magic can’t track you because technically you are there instead of here.”

“So there’s no way to track them?”

“Not if they don’t want to be found. It’s complicated, expensive magic. Sebastian must have some great connec-” The buzzer sounded causing the pair to jump in their seats. Magnus shook his head as he walked to greet his guest. A moment later the warlock returned with, to Jace’s surprise, a Silent Brother. “Jace this is Brother Zachariah. Brother Zachariah I believe you know Jace.”

_Hello, Jace._ The words spoke within his mind made her want to shiver. Having a Silent Brother in your head was always so intrusive and strange.

“But Magnus won’t he…?”

_Do not fear Jace Herondale, I will say nothing to the Clave or Council of anything that transpires here. If the chance comes before me to save Clary Fairchild, I consider it of higher importance than the fealty I render the Clave._

As Jace gaped at the Silent Brother, Magnus clapped his hands. “So that’s settled. Any new insight into Lilith’s runes?” Jace, a few of the survivors, and mainly Simone had remembered some of the runes Lilith had used during her ceremony to resurrect Sebastian. In turn Magnus had sent them to his friend to study.

Once again Brother Zachariah’s silent voice echoed in the Shadowhunter’s mind. _I have studied the runes carefully and listened to all the testimony given in the Council. I believe that Lilith’s ritual was two fold. First she used the Daylighter to help revive Jonathan Morgenstern’s consciousness. His body was still weak, but his mind and will were alive. I believe that when Clary Fairchild was left on the roof with him and Lilith, Jonathan drew on the power of Lilith’s runes and forced Clary to remain in the enspelled circle that surrounded him. At that point Clary’s will would have been subject to his. I believe he would have drawn on Clary’s blood for the strength to rise and escape the roof. Taking Clary with him before Lilith exploded._

“And that ritual created a bond between them?” Jace asked. “When Luke stabbed Sebastian, Clary was also hurt.”

_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._

Jace’s face paled to almost a sickening white. “When you say bound inextricably, does that mean-” Jace cleared his throat. “Clary hates Sebastian though. He nearly killed Max! He helped Valentine kill all those Downworlders. After seeing what he was like, she denied him as a brother. Pretty sure she called him a monster to his face.”

“Clary also wanted to kill him, so there’s that.” Magnus added as he picked at his chipping nail
Jace dropped down to the arm of the closest couch. “Tonight it was like Clary didn’t remember that any of that happened… Well, more like she doesn’t believe it happened. It was strange.”

She remembers the events, but the power of the binding is such that Clary’s thoughts will pass over and around those facts, like water passing around rocks in a riverbed. It is like the spell that Magnus casted upon her mind, Jace. When she saw pieces of the Invisible World, her mind would reject them, turn away from them. There is no point reasoning with Clary about Jonathan. The truth cannot break their connection. Seeing how lost Jace looked, the Brother added gently. Take some comfort in the fact that Jonathan Morgenstern is as bound as your Clary is. He cannot harm or hurt Clary, nor would he want to.

“Wonderful, now they’re best friends?”

“Isn’t that what every girl wants? To be best friends with their sibling?” Magnus asked receiving a glare that if the boy was a Warlock would have turned him to ice.

“Not helping Magnus.”

They are not friends, but rather each other. They see as the other does. They know the other is somehow indispensable to them. Unfortunately, Sebastian is the leader, the primary of the two. What he believes, Clary too will believe. What he wants, Clary will too.

“It sounds like she is possessed.”

That would have been easier, in a way, for Clary. In a possession a part of the person’s original consciousness is still intact. Those possessed report the feeling of watching their own actions from the outside, crying out but unable to do anything. But Clary is fully inhabiting her body and mind. She believes herself sane. She fully believes that what Sebastian wants, she wants.

“Then what did she want from me?” The young man demanded. “Why did she show up in her room tonight?” He did his best to push the memory of her in her room away. It hadn’t been one of his finer moments.

Clary is still in love with you. You are the central point about which the world spins. That has not changed.

“Then I’m really not safe to go back to Luke’s or the Institute. She’ll come back… What should I do?”

“You’ll be safe here. I can put wards up that will keep Clary and Sebastian out.” Magnus offered. The Institute was too large to try and protect, but Magnus could ward his apartment from the little shits wreaking havoc.

“Thank you.” His voice a tired after the day’s events.

Magnus waved his hand. “It’s a privilege. I do love fending off angry Shadowhunters, especially of the possessed kind. Although I do miss my little biscuit”

She is not possessed. Brother Zachariah reminded his friend.

“Semantics. The important question is: What are they up to? What is their endgame in all this?”

“When I was in the Institute’s library earlier today, Sebastian said he would be running the Institute
soon. Clary made a comment about him serving the greater good.”

“That’s never good.” Magnus sighed. He’s going to need a drink after this lovely conversation. “Wait when was she in the Institute?”

Jace frowned for a few seconds not hearing Magnus’s question, before looking up at the Silent Brother. “When you said ‘no weapon of this world’ could wound one but not the other, you mean no weapon that you knew of right?”

Magnus’s eyes lit up, flashing his cat’s eyes for a second, “You think…”

“Perhaps the Iron Sisters know of one. I mean they are experts on heavenly weaponry. Maybe they have answers?” The pair looked to the silent man.

*It is possible.* Brother Zachariah nodded.

“I just want to make sure I understand this. If we find a weapon that could hurt one but not the other, would that mean if we killed Sebastian Clary would be free of his influences?”

There was a long pause that stretched out far longer than Jace would have liked. His heart increased until the brother finally spoke. *Yes, that would be the most likely outcome.*

Jace sagged with relief while running his fingers through his hair. “Then, we should go see the Sisters. Now.”

“Neither Brother Zachariah, nor I can go. Nor you for that matter. Only Female Shadowhunters can enter the Adamant Citadel.”

“But…”

Magnus put his hand up. “We can ask Isabelle to go.”

“Then I’ll call her and she and another can go tonight.”

“It’s late. Let her sleep, I don’t think Sebastian will be doing anything tonight if Luke wounded both of them. We all need rest and if I’m going to be sending anyone to the Iron Sisters I’m going to do it tomorrow.”

“Fine.” Jace crossed his arms begrudgingly. “This isn’t fair, I’ve basically been a prisoner for the last two weeks and now I’m stuck here. No offense, Magnus.”

“I understand, but this time it’s for your own safety. Get some sleep, you look exhausted.”

“Whatever. Night.” He got off the arm of the couch and headed for the bedroom he’d claimed as his. Before he left the living room she turned to the Silent Brother. “Thank you for your help.” The brother nodded and bid him a good night.

Chapter End Notes

Now that I officially moved to a new state, finally found a place of residence (literally I’ve been here since Friday and only got a place Tues), and finished my first week at my internship everything should stabilize now. Here’s to updating every Friday unless stated
otherwise!
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Alec chose to not inform the Clave of Luke's attempt on Valentine's life and now he, and his family and friends, must deal with the consequences. The world isn't fair and trying to find someone who doesn't want to be found proves to be nearly impossible with the war that is brewing. Unlikely alliances form during times of darkness and realizing someone's importance may only be realized when suddenly they are gone.

Chapter Notes

I wanted to make clear that this part is very long. Pretty sure I have about 20 something more chapters before it finishes and this means Alec will not be seen through it all. I promise it will be worth it though. I have it on good authority that it is.

With that said, this was one of my favorite chapters because of who shows up. I don't know why, but he was fun to write and yes if what's coming sounds wicked familiar it's because it is for those who read the series. All rights to the author, I just wanted a nice twist and how it would change a bit with Alec gone. Cheers, Angels!

After the door to the spare bedroom had closed, Magnus turned to his old friend. “It’s good seeing you, Brother Zachariah.” And it was. He missed him, Tessa, and Will. He sometimes regrets not seeing the trio more when they had all been alive and happy.

And you, Magnus. The warlock could hear the smile in the man’s voice. I would very much like to stay, but I should head back to the City of Bones. My absence will be noted if I stay much longer.

“If you must. Have you heard from Tessa lately?” The brother shook his head. “I hope she comes out of the Tower soon, staying cooped up there is not good for one’s health.”

She may if she finds out about Jace. One of her living relatives needs help? She will do everything she can to help him. They both knew she would. The young man may not look that much like Will, but he definitely had his spirit. He could bring back the good name of the Herondale’s, bring back the good memories the name once held for the female warlock. And are you doing?

Magnus could lie and say he was fine, but he had a feeling his old friend would call him out on it. “I’ve been better. These rune’s have been the bane of my existence. I’m glad you’ve finally cracked them.”

Glad to be of some service. And of the Lightwood boy?

And right to the center of his heartache. He should have guessed Jem would ask about that particular subject. “Still nothing. Ragnor was always masterful in the art of hiding. I never could track him down if he wanted to disappear.” He sighed as he scratched his chin. “I’m surprised you know about it.”
We may be reclusive, but we hear important doings of the Clave especial something as important as a rune stripping. Also, who hasn’t heard of the eldest Lightwood dating the High Warlock of Brooklyn. Brother Enoch was the one presiding over his wedding when you came bursting in. Magnus could hear the smirk that was voice on the brother’s face.

The warlock in turn couldn’t help but grin back. “One of my finer moments.”

You always did know how to make an entrance. The pair quieted for a few moments before Magnus’s smile began to fade. You will find him.

“What if I don’t?” It was the first time Magnus had uttered the words out loud and he felt incredibly vulnerable.

You are Magnus Bane, High Warlock of Brooklyn. You will find him.

Magnus gave a weak smile at the encouragement. “Thanks.”

I must be off now. Good night, Magnus. The warlock walked his friend to the door and watched him leave before going back to the table that still had papers scattered on it. He could put most away since the mystery of Lilith’s runes was now solved. Some of the others would remain because that unsolved case was still open.

Too tired to try and fail to find Alec, he collapsed on a chair near the fireplace. He let his head fall back to stare at the ceiling. Unsurprisingly his mind wandered to Alec as it often did in quiet times. There was still the emptiness where the shadowhunter should be, it was acute and jagged. Even after weeks the hole he left was still fresh and demanding. He wandered briefly if this is what Tessa felt when Will died. He’d be slightly jealous of the pair who were so in love, but after he passed and Tessa withdrew into herself he was quite glad he never experienced that sort of love. After he met and got to know Alexander Lightwood it felt like all the pieces had finally fallen into place.

Yes, he’s the one. The something that had been missing.

Now that the young man had disappeared, Magnus felt hollow. It was all very Ambivalence. When Alec was around the world was a better place, but without him everything was lonely. The memories of them together currently hurt. It was like a dull spike being driven into his soul.

As the hours passed while he became lost in his thoughts, Magnus was ripped from his revery by the apartment door opening. To his surprise Izzy stepped through looking more upset than she had seen her since Alec left the Institute. Getting up, he walked over to the girl who put on a brave face.

“Hello, Izzy.”

“Where’s Jace?” Ah it was going to be one of those nights.

“Asleep in one of the guest bedrooms. I thought he needed some rest.”

“And I don’t?” She glared with her hand on her hips.

Quirking up an eyebrow, he inquired dryly, “Did you just watch Luke nearly murdered in front of your eyes? I think not miss Tequila. Now that you are here, we need you for a mission.”

“What sort of mission?” A frown formed on her lips as she cocked her head causing her long black hair to cascade over her shoulder.

“We need you to go to the Iron Sisters. They may possibly know of a weapon that could sever Clary and Sebastian’s bond so they may be hurt separately. Enable us to kill Sebastian without harming Clary. If we don’t act fast, the Clave will find out that Clary isn’t technically Sebastian’s prisoner. If that occurs-”
“She’d be a traitor in their eyes. But it’s not Clary!”

“Maybe not, but if they kill her, your Clary will also perish. Since only women can go to the Iron Sisters, we need you to go.”

“What about Jace?”

“He’ll stay here,” He motioned to the whole of the apartment. “Which is the only safe place for him. Anywhere else and Clary and Sebastian will be able to track him. I will portal you to the edge of the Adamant Citadel tomorrow morning. Is there any Shadowhunter you feel would be able to go with you? I don’t particularly want you to go alone.”

Izzy considered it for a moment. There wasn’t really anyone outside the group who knew what was going on and would be willing to… bend some of the Clave rules. There was really only one other female she could think of that after everything would be as willing as them to help get Clary back. Carefully she replied. “I could ask mom. The Clave isn’t exactly her best friend right now and she’s surprisingly besides herself with Clary missing. She’d go if it meant helping Jace and she’d stay pretty quiet about it.”

“Excellent.” Magnus never thought he’d utter those words in regards to Maryse, but times were changing. “Call your mother in the morning. The portal will open at nine. Come I have a spare bedroom for you.” He lead her to the room next to Jace’s. The room was painted hot-pink with black curtains that hung over silver bars. Currently they were held back by handcuffs. The bedspread had red hearts on it.

“Kinky.” The Shadowhunter replied as she stared at the objects securing the curtains. "Use them often?"

“I needed something to hold them back and that is none of your business. Do you have anything to sleep in?”

“Party pooper. Yes I do.” The young woman was playing with the pendant that once belonged to Magnus. “Thank you, I know you’re only doing all this because of my brother.”

“Only in part.” Magnus stuffed his hands in the pockets of his pajama pants. “I will deny it if anyone asks, but your small group has slightly grown on me.”

“Aw how sweet.” She smirked, dark eyes glittering.

“Like mold.” He deadpanned causing the girl to chuckled. “Goodnight, Isabelle.”

“Night.” She called to him as he left her to get ready for bed. He retired once more to the couch before the fire. He was exhausted, but found that sleep would be another few hours. He stared into the flames thinking back on his past, lightly wondering how he had gotten himself in this mess. He was never this entwined with the workings of the children of angels and yet here he was. Maybe he should have retired to the Spiral Labyrinth with Tessa. He snorted to himself. Yeah right, he would have gone mad with boredom within a year.

It was a night of visits for the Bane apartment because not a half an hour later, Simon found his way in. Magnus looked his way, “I assume Isabelle called you. She’s down the hall first door on the left.” With a nod, the vampire saluted him and disappeared where the sleeping Lightwood was staying. It wasn’t his business if not-couples stayed in the same room. Finally, around three, Magnus got up and retired to his room. Hopefully tonight he would have a restful sleep.

The next morning found the apartment with still warm doughnuts on the kitchen table and coffee
brewing in the machine Magnus finally unearthed from the closet. With the coffee brewing, the warlock opened the door to one Maryse Lightwood looking both tired and ready to kill anything in her way. She was a force to be reckoned with.

“Morning.” She greeted a little awkwardly. They still were in the weird stage where they once were on opposite side but he was supposed to be a semi-permanent person by Alec’s side so she had to make friendly with him. That kind of went out the window when said son disappeared, but apparently he was a little more permanent than either thought he would be even without Alec around.

“Good-morning. Doughnuts are on the table and coffee is brewing. Isabelle should be out soon.” He nodded in her direction and then followed her into the kitchen. Once the young shadowhunter walked in and poured herself a large cup of caffeinated, Magnus explained, “As you know, there is only one Adamant Citadel but many entrances. We will portal to the old Augustinian Monastery which is the closest one to us. There I will wait for you since I am not welcomed.”

“Because boys have cooties.” Izzy snickered.

Maryse gave her the side eye. “Take this seriously, Isabelle. The Iron Sisters are less friendly and don’t appreciate being bothered.”

“I know, I have been to the Citadel before. I promise to be on my best behavior, however.” Izzy did her best not to roll her eyes at her mother.

“Great, let’s go.” Muttering some Latin and gracefully waving his hands in a familiar pattern, a portal opened. Izzy walked through first, followed by Maryse and lastly Magnus. There was a grin on the warlock’s face as he gently touched his spiked hair. “Worth the price.” Izzy shook her head as a smile spread across her lips. What a loser. Focusing on her surroundings, she squinted at the large brick building covered in graffiti, broken windows, and a boarded up doorway.

“There’s no glamour.” Maryse informed her daughter. She stared at the dilapidated building for a moment before walking towards it. Her boots crunched as dried vegetation fell under her footfall. With a shrug, Magnus followed after the women with Izzy taking up the rear. As they neared the building, the party could see parts of the dried grass was blackened into a pentagram shape and spray painted runic circles.

Magnus shook his head, “Mundanes playing their little games with magic, not really understanding it.” He lifted a branch away for Izzy to pass by. “They’re often drawn to these places without really knowing why. They drink and hang out and spray paint the walls, as if they could leave a human mark on magic. Which they can’t if you were wondering. We’re here.” He announced as they approached the boarded up door.

Maryse looked at Magnus before nodding. “Are you ready?” Receiving a nod from her daughter, she stepped forward and disappeared. Raising her chin Izzy stepped through soon after this time not afraid of being tainted by demon properties.

Magnus’s head fell back in annoyance. He didn’t know how long he would have to wait for the women to return and he didn’t bring anything to do. Now he was going to be bored for an indefinite amount of time. That was a little troublesome. By the time the two shadowhunters returned, Magnus was barefooted and going through what looked liked different karate moves with a blue ball of magic. “Welcome back.” He greeted as he finished through the exercise. “Grim faces, I don’t like where this is going. Come, we’ll talk back at the loft.” He quickly slipped his shoes on before opening a portal a couple hundred feet away.
By the time Simon walked out into the living room, Magnus was sitting on the couch with his bare feet kicked up and a mug of coffee in hand. Izzy still wore her gear while leaning forward; elbows on her knees. Maryse, much to Simon’s surprise, was also dressed in gear and was leaning back on the chair she sat in looking grim.

“There’s a reason the Mortal Instruments ritual was complicated, angels act on 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 ritual is to protect the summoner from the Angel’s wrath when it appears.” Magnus explained.

“But Valentine-” Maryse started before being cut off.

“Valentine summoned the angel Ithuriel whom is considered a minor angel thus he posed less of a risk. Ithuriel never spoke to him as far as I know and never gave him a sliver of help even though he harvested its blood. Even then, Valentine was most likely using incredibly powerful binding spells on the angel to protect himself. My understanding is that he bound the angel’s life to the Wayland Manor so that when the angel died the manor collapsed to rubble.” Magnus tapped a newly painted blue nail on his chipped mug thinking. “By doing so, he damned himself. Case and point, when he summoned Raziel, the angel struck him down in part due to what he did to Ithuriel.”

Simon finally spoke up when there was a lapse in silence. “Why are we talking about summoning an angel?”

“Mom and I went to see the Iron Sisters about a weapon that could sever the bond between Sebastian and Jace.” Izzy informed.

“And there is one?”

“Not in this world.” Izzy leaned back with anger clearly written on her face. “A Heavenly weapon might do it, or something equally demonic. We were exploring the first option.”

“Summon an angel to give us weapon?”

“It’s happened before.” Magnus informed. “Raziel gave the Mortal Instruments to Jonathan Shadowhunter. In older stories, such as the night before the battle of Jericho, an Angel gave Joshua a sword to defeat his enemies.”

Simon looked up at nothing in thought, thinking about his own religion. “Huh, I would have thought angels were all about peace.”

“Angels are warriors, not just messengers.” Magnus snorted. “Michael is said to have routed armies, they aren’t exactly patient when it comes to wars. Anyone who tried to summon Raziel without the Mortal Instruments to protect them would probably be blasted to death right then and there. Demons however, are easier to summon.” His eyes shifted to Maryse who still sad quietly in her seat. “There are more of them, and many are weak. Then again weak demons can only help so-”

“We can’t summon a demon.” Maryse started. “The Clave-”

*Can bite my glittery ass. “Won’t know unless you tell them.” His eyes settled on hers with a little bit of a challenge.*

The woman bit her lip as she looked at Izzy, Simon, and Magnus. There was a war going on inside of her. If she reported it her daughter would have to face the Clave and then the alliance Alec had work hard to forge between the Downworlders and Nephilim would be strained. It’s what she should do because that is Clave Law, but… the Clave hasn’t been in her favor in a long time and if there
was a way to save Clary and help her son she would do anything to do it. If it meant summoning a
demon then she supposed she was going to help summon one. “You’re really considering
summoning a demon?”

“Not just any ol’ demon,” Magnus said in a reassuring voice. “Sammael to be exact.”

Maryse’s eyes widened. “Sammael?” She looked to her daughter who conveniently was fixing the
placement of her whip while Simon just shrugged.

“I don’t know who Sammael is. Isn’t he a character from Supernatural or something?” Simon wasn’t
exactly up on his angel lore.

Magnus was frowning at the vampire as if he was the strangest creature to exist. “No, he is not a
character from whatever you are talking about. He’s a Greater Demon and an Ancient, similar to
Lilith. Actually he was her lover and they are said to be the original… creators of warlocks and
faeries alike.” He put his hand up when Izzy glared at him. “I would normally summon Azazel for
such a task as this since he was a Lieutenant of Hell and the Forger of Weapons but alas the bugger
is dead.” Thank God. “Sammael was once the ‘evil’ Angel of Death who ferried the dead to Hell
and should know of a demonic weapon that could sever the bond.”

“There is a problem with you summoning Sammael.” Magnus raised a brow as if expecting Maryse
to tell him she was going to prevent him from the summoning. “I’m not going to stop you.” She
rolled her eyes. “Sammael was killed by Michael when they went head to head over a thousand
years ago.”

“Ah, that’s what he wants everyone to think. Hell, he’s even made Lilith and every other demon
believe him to be dead, but in reality he managed to survive Michael’s blade. Much like Lilith isn’t
technically dead, merely blasted demon particles floating around the universe, Sammael was near
death.”

“And how do you know all this?”

“I may or may not have found him a few centuries ago. Doesn’t matter.” He waved his hand even
though his mind went back to that fateful day. He tried not to think of it often.

“This sounds dangerous. He is not only a Greater Demon, but an Ancient. We only managed to beat
Lilith because she happened to smack me and the Mark obliterated her. Azazel was a miracle shot
from Alec and we barely kept Abbadon under control, how are we supposed to handle the evil
Angel of Death?” Simon inquired as Maryse’s head whipped to the two kids. Clearly questioning
was going to be had.

Ignoring whatever fury Maryse was experiencing, Magnus smiled, “Oh he’s bound and still quite
weak. His spirit form will come to you but his corporeal body will remain wherever he’s bound
himself. He won’t risk being whole while still weak.”

Pinching the bridge of her nose, Maryse tried to calm down and think straight. “I can’t believe we are
considering this.” Seeing the look on her daughter’s face, she sighed. “I’m aware I was part of the
Circle and we did questionable things, but even we did not summon a Greater Demon… Only
Valentine did.” She relented. “But we did not know as a group. Even Jocelyn didn’t know. We only
found out because Clary.” Then she frowned. “Izzy you said Jace was here, shouldn’t he be a part of
this discussion?” Izzy shrugged. “Simon do you know if Jace is awake yet, it’s nearly eleven. He’s a
shadowhunter, we never sleep this late.”

“I don’t know.” Simon hesitated.
“Haven’t you been in the loft this entire time? Have you seen him?”

“No, I was in the other bedroom.” There was no way he was telling Maryse that he had slept in her daughter’s room. He liked being alive thank you.

“Anyway, we should get Jace so he is aware of what we plan on doing. Perhaps he has insight.” Maryse stood to go and wake her son.

“You can’t.” Simon startled Maryse at how fast he moved. It took a second before she relaxed her hand on her weapon.

“Why not? I am aware this is the safest place for him, but raising a demon we need—”

“It’s not that.” Simon bit his lip as he bounced on the balls of his feet. Oh he was going to be in so much trouble. “You… you can’t wake him up because he… he may as in definitely is not currently residing in the guest bedroom?”

The room was quiet as the three other occupants tried to process what he just said. Then Maryse’s eyes narrowed, but Magnus was the one to ask, “What do you mean he isn’t in the apartment anymore? Follow-up question, how do you know this? And lastly Where is he?” Magnus wanted to strangle the vampire of all the air he did not breathe. Kids and their vitally important secrets.

Simon swallowed as two angry adults stared down at him. He never did well when authoritative figures stared at him, he almost always caved. Suddenly he had the urge to pee… or flee both options were sounding great right now. “He texted me last night…”

Taking a breath to center himself, Magnus waved Simon and everyone to sit. “We might as well sit because this sounds like a long story.” And it was. Simon went into everything from the communicating fairy rings to Jace hopping on the next bus to crazyville to go undercover. Maryse looked ready to murder something. Simon hoped Chairman Meow was somewhere safe for fear the woman would kill it sheer force of parental frustration.

“You let your Jace, your best friend’s boyfriend, go off with Sebastian to some unfindable, untraceable location where we can’t reach him?” Simon was glad Maryse was the one fuming instead of Jocelyn, but he still feared for his undead life.

“I can reach him.” Simon voiced weakly as he twisted the gold ring that now resided on his finger. “I heard from him this morning. He said he was fine.”

“You should have never let him go in the first place!”

“I didn’t!” Simon cried in defense. “He made up his mind and I wasn’t going to change it. I figured it was better he had a lifeline than storm off without one.”

“Jace is known to do as he pleases. He does what he wants whether we want him to or not.” Magnus commented no longer angry. What was the point? If he learned how to draw the portal rune and left? He wouldn’t have been able to stop him if he tried.

“Didn’t you make this place impenetrable?” Maryse asked.

“To keep things out, not to keep guests in. If he rune portaled and my wards weren’t created to prevent that. He does what he thinks is right and be damned to anyone in his way.”

Maryse turned to Simon somewhat defeated. “You’ve talked to him this morning, correct?” The vampire nodded. “I want a report every morning about what is happening on his end.” Taking a deep
breath, she continued, “If I don’t have one every 24 hours, I am going to the Clave with this information. We can’t have him unprotected. Understood?”

“Yes, ma’am.” Simon’s voice came out strong even though he was pretty sure he almost yelped.

“Excellent, let’s raise a demon.” Magnus clapped his hands together. “I’m going to need copious amounts of candles. Simon and Izzy please go to the nearby Badegas and buy as many tea lights and prayer candles as you can find. Maryse, I’m going to need your help setting the living room up.” As the two young adults went to the store, Maryse started moving the furniture out of the way as Magnus searched for _Forbidden Rites: A Necromancer’s Manual of the Fifteenth Century_. The warlock wasn’t gone long, but paused when he noticed Maryse by the table with all of his research on Alec. His blue nail tapped the book a few times before he walked over to stare at his useless work.

“You haven’t given up.” Instead of it being asked as a question, Maryse stated it as if she was only slightly surprising.

“I have not.”

“Neither have Robert and I. We’ve tried everything but all we can get is a general area of where he is. Last we knew he was heading west towards either California or Oregon.” The sadness in her voice almost matched the heartache he felt.

“Ragnar was a master at cloaking and I think he used water as his base for the necklace. The fact that you have been able to track him a little bit is a miracle.” He placed a hand on her shoulder in comfort. “We will find him.” The woman nodded, then she wiped away a stray tear and turned to finish what she started. Not long after, Izzy and Simon returned with about five bags of candles and were instructed to carefully arrange them in a circle. While they did their task, Maryse started scattering salt and belladonna outside the circle as Magnus read aloud from his book.

As Izzy and Maryse finished with the outer circle, Simon stared at Chairman Meow who had fallen asleep on the coffee table with his legs in the air. With mugs circling his head and a fresh pot of coffee in hand, Magnus entered. Seeing his cat and Simon so close to each other, he demanded, “What have you done to my cat? You drank his blood, didn’t you? You said you weren’t hungry!” He withheld the coffee from the vampire until he confessed to his crime.

“I didn’t drink his blood! You’re cat’s fine.” Simone folded his arms in front of his chest. “Besides you asked if I was hungry when you ordered the pizza. I can’t eat pizza! I was being polite.”

“That still doesn’t give you the right to feed on my cat. Or think about doing it.”

“I didn’t! I wasn’t!” Simone leaned over to pick up the tabby, only for him to meow loudly and jump to the floor. The cat sauntered off to find a warm patch of sunlight. “See, he’s fine.”

“I still don’t believe you.” Magnus turned and placed the pot on table with a smirk. He loved teasing one of Raphael’s fledglings. “Coffee’s ready.” He announced right as the two female shadowhunters straightened up. “Alright, meeting time. Today I’m going to teach everyone how to summon a demon. Everyone excited?” He clapped his hands together as no one looked particularly enthused. “Tough crowd. Now first off, no electricity is allowed while the summoning is taking place. Cellphones off, lights will be off, and anything else electronic will be off. I will be drawing the pentagram soon and then we will take our places in the four cardinal points. Do not break the circle under any circumstances. We know how that ends, or could possibly end.” Maryse gave them a strange look while the trio didn’t mention what happened last time a demon was summoned. “Also, try not to get burned by the flames or knock them over, I do not need a fire in my loft. I will say the
incantation and he should arrive. Don’t comment on his appearance because that’s just rude. Finish your drinks, we have a demon to talk to.” He stood up and began the fun task of drawing the pentagram.

Once ready, the four took up their spots while Magnus began to chant in latin. His voice rose and fell as he recited, “Quod tumeraris: per Jehovam, Gehennam, et consecratam aquam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis dictum Sammael!” The candles flames rose high as Magnus recited the summons, turning the room into a sauna. The symbols etched into the floor began to burn black.

The center of the pentagram suddenly burst into flames causing the four summoner’s to shield their eyes for a moment. When they looked up again, a tall man, perhaps taller than even Alec, stood in the center. He was of olive skin with shoulder length deep mahogany hair. Simon wanted to back away when such blue eyes they looked almost translucent, yet they flickered with a white flame looked his way. The man before them wore a one shoulder brown tunic that stopped mid-thigh and was cinched at the waist by a light brown piece of leather. His body was toned but bore many scars, some still an angry red and puckering while others were silver. He wore no shoes and his face was ageless, inhuman, and cold.

“Who summons the fallen archangel, Sammael?” His voice grated against the occupants nerves and made them want to cringe. It was like an ice cold hand sliding down their back both freezing and burning at the same time.

“I do.” Magnus finally spoke with his head held high. “Magnus Bane.”

The demon lazily turned his head in an unnatural way to stare at the man. “I know who you are warlock. A summoner. A binder. The Destroyer of the demon Marabas.” With a cold smile, he stated, “The son of-”

“Now, no need to give me all those titles.” Magnus cut off quickly.

“Oh but I think we do. Last I saw you, you were still trying to find him. If it is the infernal assistance you require, why not summon dear old dad?”

Maryse, Izzy, and Simon stared at Magnus wide eyed as the man tried to ignore them and be flippant. “My father and I are not on the best of terms. I would prefer not to involve him.”

Giving a mocking bow, Sammael replied, “As you wish, Master. You hold me within this seal. What are your demands?” Magnus went into the tale that was currently their life. From Valentine rising to power once again to Clary being bound to Sebastian. When the warlock finally finish, the fallen angel let out a laugh that could turn blood into a frozen gelatinous mass. “That’s my girl. Raising the demon boy from death and binding him to someone you couldn’t bear to kill, ah yes I remember now why she was my favorite. She was always a master of human manipulation, better than almost any other demon excluding my brother of course.” He stroke along a scar on his face as he thought fondly of his ex-lover. “Perhaps because she was once human. Who knows?” He shrugged carelessly.

“Is there any way to separate them?” Magnus was beginning to get impatient. “To break their bond?”

“Shouldn’t you be asking Azazel? He was the weapon’s forger of Hell after all.”

“He’s dead.”

“Ah, poor bastard. But alas I do not know of any.”
“Not even the sword you carried into your fight with Michael?” Maryse asked, only barely not shrinking away from the demon’s eyes.

“My sword once powerful but no longer exists. Michael destroyed it after he nearly killing me. Also, it would not sever the connection without killing both. I’m the Angel of Death dear, my weapon was made to kill. Now,” The fallen grinned with pointed pearly teeth. “If you had a bolt of lightning from an angel’s hand strike Sebastian, it may burn away the evil within and either dissolve the bond that was created or turn it more benevolent in nature. If I may make a suggestion…”

“Oh?” Magnus’s eyes narrowed suspiciously. “Please do.”

“I can think of one solution to your… little problem that will not only separate your poor boy from the demonic one, but neutralize any dangers from Valentine’s daughter. I will ask very little in return for my cooperation.”

The warlock’s normally dark eyes shifted to yellow that seemed to glow as the burning flames flicked over them. “You are my servant, if you ever wish to leave this pentagram you will do as I ask and not demand favors in return.”

Sammael hissed as his breath became visible, curling from his lips. “If I am not bound here, I am bound where I lie healing. It makes very little difference to me, Warlock.”

“For this is Hell, nor am I out of it.” Magnus rolled his wrist in a bored manner.

The fallen gave a snarky smile, “You may not be as proud as Faustus, but you are an impatient one. I am sure my willingness to be trapped in this pentagram will outlast your desire to have me remain here in your home. Where I remind you, you must watch over me.”

“Oh, I don’t know. I’ve been known to be fairly bold in my decorating and I have grown quite bored with this current setup. Having you here would add a little pizzazz to the room.”

“Magnus.” Maryse warned. She may be a part of this currently, but even she could not keep this hidden from the Clave. She was also not thrilled at the possible prospect of her children hanging around the loft while a Greater Demon took up residence for an indefinite amount of time.

“Relax, Shadowhunter. I’m hardly his type.” At this Maryse looked mildly disgusted at the insinuation while Magnus almost matched her expression. “Besides I wouldn’t want to anger his-”

“Enough.” Magnus demanded. “Tell us what the ‘little’ thing you want in return for your plan is.”

“Quite simple really.” The Demon grinned as he swept his arms out in an inviting manner. “All I ask is for one happy memory… From each of you. Something to amuse me while I heal.”

“What is with you demons and demanding happy memories as payment?” Simon asked with annoyance coloring his voice.

“Oh, you’ve lost one already? Do tell.” The angel’s voice dropped seductively, trying to coax information from the young of the group. When no one spoke he sighed as if it was no big deal since it really wasn’t. “And please make it a memory that doesn’t involve the pleasure of you killing my own kind. I’m not exactly into that.”

Magnus took a moment to think if the price was worth it. He was old, but a part of him had a feeling that if he wasn’t careful he would lose one he was not willing to part with. More specifically one about a blue eyed boy who was currently missing. Those memories he was not willing to part with. Tapping a finger to his thigh, the warlock looked to his companions. “I’m old, I have many
memories I could forfeit, but I cannot speak for everyone else.”

“I’ll do it.” Izzy volunteered immediately. There was no doubt that she would sacrifice a memory to get her brother back. “For Jace and Clary.”

“Of course I will.” Maryse replied for no room for change. He was her son and she would do anything for him.

Simon was the last to volunteer. He thought back to the night Jace had donated blood to a dying vampire and he was sold. “I’m in.”

“Good. Everyone think of a happy memory.”

“Any happy little thought?” Simon asked.

“Yes, Wendy. A genuinely happy memory. Something that gives you pleasure in its recollection.”

He shot the fallen a sour look as he moved to Izzy. “Ready?”

The young woman had her eyes closed and back straight as if she were bracing for the removal of her memory to be painful. A gave her a small sad smile as she nodded. “I’m ready.” Gently laying his fingers against her forehead, he muttered the incantation to feed the demon the memory. Within seconds it was over.

Next, he moved onto Maryse. He asked her the same question to which she merely nodded, her eyes too were closed. When her eyes blinked open again, she looked at the warlock confused but neither said anything. Finally he moved on to Simon whom by now had his eyes closed. The warlock gently touch the boy’s forehead for a few seconds and then drop his hand. Simon looked up at him in confusion. “But I wasn’t thinking of anything.”

With a sad smile, the man replied, “Yes, you were.” He squeezed the vampire’s shoulder before taking his place back at his point. When he looked back at the demon, Sammael looked eager with a gluttonous smile. He stared at the fallen in disgust as he closed his hand into a fist that within seconds began to shine like a witchlight. With a blurring motion of his hand, he threw the ball sideways towards the demon. Although Simon’s vampire vision was able to track the blue ball that turned out to hold images, memories from each of them, the rest merely saw the glowing ball disappear into Sammael.

“So delicious.” The Ancient hummed in ecstasy. “Such happy memories.” His eyes blazed with the white flames that flickered in his eyes as pointed teeth dug into his bottom lip.

“Now, your side of the bargain.” Magnus demanded. The only person allowed to have an orgasm in his loft was him and whomever he deemed fit to sleep with him. This asshole was not one of them.

Licking his lips, Sammael replied, “It’s simple really, release a greater demon into the world. Normally I’d volunteer but as the case may be, I’m a little weak right now. The Greater Demon such as my brother...Belial or even Leviathan would go after Valentine’s son and bring him to Hell. Living of course. He’ll live there and your beloved Clary will live happily ever after once the bond burns away due to Sebby being in another plane. You will have your friend back and all will be well.”

“That’s your plan?” Magnus asked exasperated. “And then what? The Greater Demon will return to us to be bound once more?”

Sammael laughed, “Of course not, silly warlock. The price of your friend’s freedom, is one of my brother’s.”
“Freedom?” Maryse glared no longer caring that she was about to challenge a Greater Demon. “You want us to set a Prince of Hell free into the world? We’ve already given you-”

“Those memories were the price of my plan, not my help. My brother’s freedom is the price for the plan to be enacted, darling.”

Maryse snarled, as Magnus said, “That is a cheat and you know it. You are asking for the impossible.”

“As do you. By all rights, Lilith’s ritual has made your friend lost to you forever. ‘For if a man vow a vow unto the lord, or swear an oath to bind his soul with another, he shall not break his word.’ And by the term’s of my ex-lover’s spell, their souls are bound and both agreed to it. Unbreakable.”

“But Clary would never-” Izzy cried.

“She said the words.” The fallen smiled. “Of her own free will or under compunction, it does not matter. You are asking me to sever a bond only Heaven can sever. But Heaven won’t help you.” He smiled widely knowing exactly how Heaven was. “You know that as much as I do. This is why we demons are summoned and not angels. This is the price you must pay in order for me to intervene. If it is too much for your mortal/immortal hearts then you must accept your friend is gone.”

“We will converse among ourselves and discuss whether your office is acceptable. In the meantime,” His face turned to stone as he commanded, “I banish you.” He waved his hand and Sammael vanished. His glare went to the floor where it was now charred.

The four remaining beings in the room stared at each other incredulously. Maryse was the one to finally break the silence. “We can’t seriously be thinking of doing this. What he is asking for, it isn’t possible is it?”

“Technically, anything is possible with enough gumption. However, to let a Greater Demon, no a Prince of Hell out into the world…” He petered off as he stared off imagining the destruction the demon could cause. “To let loose a Prince, there would be almost no greater crime in the Clave’s eye except possibly letting Lucifer out.”

“But if it destroyed Sebastian…” Isabelle began.

“We don’t actually know if he is plotting anything.” Said Magnus. “Jace has given no indication that he is planning anything. For all we know he formed this bond because he was lonely and Clary is his only remaining family. Crazier things have been done by lonely people. Maybe he wants to settle down. White picket fence and all that jazz.”

“You really believe that Magnus?” Maryse gave him a look that clearly stated she did not believe that explanation for a second.

“We don’t actually know if he is plotting anything.” Simon pointed and narrowed his eyes. “And don’t say ‘we don’t have time’ because we are well aware of that.”

As Magnus ran his fingers through his hair, the loft door swung open revealing Maia and Jordan. As they charged in like they were on a mission, Maia informed, “We just came from the station and Luke still isn’t awake. Luckily it looked like he’s going to be okay-” She paused sharply causing Jordan almost run into her. With a cocked head she asked, “Okay, what have you guys been doing?”
The party looked around at the smoking clouding out from the candles, the patches of scorched floorboard, and the still glimmering pentagram that moments earlier held a demon.

“It’s a long story.” Simon began.

“To which we could probably use your input.” Magnus smiled. As Simon wandered off to the bedroom he had previously shared with a drunk Izzy, Magnus and Maryse with the occasional interjection from Izzy told the newcomers what the day entailed. The wolves waited patiently, only asking questions to clarify before asking important ones. Izzy ended up seeing how Simon was doing while the three Downworlders and one Nephilim sat down on the couch pushed off to the side. By the time Chinese food had arrived, the story was almost over and the two werewolves were on the side of not letting a Prince of Hell run around freely. There had to be another way to free Clary from Sebastian.

“No.” Maia sat back done with the argument. “I vote we don’t let a DEMON run around free. Shadowhunters have a tough enough time killing regular demons, there’s no way in Hell I’m voting we let you release a Prince on the world.”

“Excuse me, we stop demons just fine.” Maryse glared, offended.

“Really, because out of all of us Supernatural creature I’m pretty sure Nephilim have the least amount of members in the world currently.”

“Partially because we don’t turn mundane-”

“Enough!” Magnus barked. Suddenly he was remembering why he didn’t usually have mixed company. It always turned into a fight. “I’m not having this now. Demons suck, we get it. Now eat your food. We’ll cast a vote tomorrow.” He roughly sat back, springing a little as he started eating his dinner. He was too tired to deal with this pissing match. Besides, Warlocks are way cooler than werewolves or Nephilim any day. Hands down.

Not long into the quiet of eating, Maryse reached into her pocket to pull out her phone. Glancing down at it, she sighed. “I’ve got to go. I’ll be back tomorrow, don’t start without me.” She stood up and stretched. “Good night.” She quickly put her leftovers in the refrigerator, sure Maryse go ahead, and left quietly. Around twelve, Magnus kicked those who weren’t staying out and let the ones who were fight over their sleeping arrangement. He bid everyone a goodnight and retired to his bedroom where he spent two hours staring at his ceiling. He liked a busy day, it enabled him to not think of things. In the quiet of the dark, his recent nightmares and Alec haunted his thoughts. How was he supposed to protect Alec from whatever Sebastian was cooking when he didn’t know where the boy was? Slowly his despair at the blue eyed man’s disappearance was turning into anger. He didn’t want to be angry at Alec, but he had every right to be. The man up and left without so much as a good-bye. He didn’t understand and that hurt. The warlock’s head turned to the dresser where an arrow and post-it note lay inside. God this blue eyed Lightwood was making him a mess.

The pain was eating at him. He could feel how he was beating himself up at not being able to track him. The only solace was knowing that even though Magnus could not pinpoint him, he could still get a general area of where the boy was. He was still alive and Magnus always felt relief at that knowledge. Every minute that passed without Alec having protection was another minute closer to him being vulnerable to demon attacks. Without weapons or his runes for protection, he was another wandering mundane in a dangerous world. Demons would be drawn to him. They would sense that he was more than an ordinary mundane. He still had power in his blood. He was still angel kissed, that could never be taken away from a Nephilim. But unlike most, he was lost. Magnus knew that even when they lived together. He tried to be a comfort for the man, tried to give him direction but apparently wasn’t enough.
Happening

Chapter Summary

Alec chose to not inform the Clave of Luke's attempt on Valentine's life and now he, and his family and friends, must deal with the consequences. The world isn't fair and trying to find someone who doesn't want to be found proves to be nearly impossible with the war that is brewing. Unlikely alliances form during times of darkness and realizing someone's importance may only be realized when suddenly they are gone.

Chapter Notes

A day late, I'm sorry. I actually had most of this read through, but I went out with my dog and then got distracted by writing something else and watching a movie. Apologies!

Also, I do not own any of the songs in the chapter. Credit to whoever wrote them. I believe the author said who it was but I don't remember.

The next morning, Magnus was shuffling out to the kitchen in a pair of sheepskin slippers and plaid pajama pants with a dark blue and silver robe. His hair was a tangled floppy mess made worse when he ran his fingers through it. Morning had come too soon. With a yawn, he paused mid step to see that apparently Sammael was not a demon to be kept waiting. It was apparently going to be one of those days. Swiveling on his heel, he changed direction to where Simon and Izzy were. With a knock, he called, “Simone. Isabelle. I don’t care if you are sleeping the morning away or doing unspeakable things, however at this moment it is of vital importance that you come to the living room. Now.”

His reply came in the voice of Simon asking, “What’s going on?”

“Just get out here.” Then he turned and went to the pentagram. He stared at the words that made his two companions stop in their tracks.

HAVE YOU MADE YOUR DECISION YET?

Jordan whistled as he stared at the words. “That demon is not patient is he?”

“And he accused me of being impatient. Kettle meet Black. I’m going to need coffee for this. Or a drink.”

“Should we suggest AA to him?” Simon loudly whispered to Izzy.

“I can hear you, Shannon.” Magnus called from the kitchen. As he returned to the living room where the young adults were, he placed a mug in front of everyone but the vampire. “For that, no coffee for you.” Simon pouted even though coffee did nothing for him.

“Has it been doing that all morning?” He finally asked. Izzy passed him her cup after it had
magically been refilled.

“Apparently all night too. It’s ruining my floor.” Magnus frowned into his mug. He swung his newly leather clad pants onto the coffee table, his feet still dressed in slippers.

“Is it the same question on repeat?”

“No. Sometimes he swears at us. I think he’s having fun with this, or he’s incredibly bored.”

“Can he hear us?” Jordan asked as turned to stare at the charred floor. “Hey there, demon guy.”

Quickly the letters rearranged themselves. **HELLO, WEREWOLF.**

Jordan frowned with wide eyes. “Is this… normal?”

“It most certainly is not. I have only called up a demon as powerful as him twice and this has never happened. I have done great research on this subject and never have I seen it written that they are able to do this. It’s getting out of control.”

“We need to send him back. Like permanently.” Simon said. “Maybe this wasn’t such a great avenue to try. No good can come from a demon.”

“I take minor offense to that since I’m pretty sure I came from someone summon a demon. But I understand what you mean. However, you must understand I’ve summon hundreds of demons, I don’t understand why this is so different.”

“Sammael can’t get out can he?” Izzy asked. “From the pentagram.”

“No.” Magnus replied. “He shouldn’t be able to do this communication thing either, though.”

Jordan leaned forward on his blue-jeaned knees. “What’s it like in Hell? Hot or cold? I’ve read it could be either.”

When the circle did not reply Magnus shook his head. “Good job, you managed to annoy him. Also he isn’t in Hell as far as I know or our demon buddies would know he was alive.”

The werewolf walked over to the pentagram and started poking its edges. “Hey can you tell our future? Is our merry band going to make it big?”

“Lord give me patience. He’s a demon, not a Magic Eight Ball, Jordan. Step away from the edges, I don’t need you breaking the circle or accidentally stepping into it. Outside you are protected, but step in and you are at his mercy.”

Maryse had the pleasure of entering the loft seconds after Sammael burst into the pentagram’s circle surprising the small group that had congregated. “The gang’s all here I see. Welcome to the party niece. Have you made your decision?”

“Leave her alone.” Magnus snapped as Maryse scowled at the Ancient. “We have and I don’t believe we will be requiring your assistance any longer. Thanks anyways.” When his dismissal was met by silence we wiggled his fingers at the demon. “You can leave now.”

Sammael looked up in thought. His fiery eyes scanning his surroundings. “I don’t think I will, I quite like it here. It’s quite homie.”

With an annoyed expression, the warlock whispered in Maia’s ear. She went to the table and returned quickly with a large tome. “Damned spirit, begon. Return thou to the realm of smoke and
flames, of ash and—"

The demon laughed, “That won’t work on my, little Warlock. But by all means please continue trying.”

Magnus was starting to want to smite himself. Summoning Sammael really had been a bad idea if only for how arrogant and annoying he was turning out to be. “You can’t force us to bargain with you.”

“Why not? I have probably a century or two before I’m at full strength again. I have all the time in the world to stay here and keep you company. Wouldn’t you like that? Maybe while I’m at it I can help you find—” The fallen broke off when a familiar shape bolted across the floor. Chairman Meow more concerned about his next snack, rat al la mode, rather than a Greater Demon, chased his prey through the circle. Everyone watched in horror while Simon unconsciously reacted by jumping into the pentagram and scooping the cat up.

It all happened so fast he didn’t have time to think about the consequences of his actions until he heard his name. “Simon!” Izzy cried with a paled face, wide eyes, and hands covering her mouth. He didn’t have to look at anyone else to know they shared a similar look as the young Shadowhunter. Magnus’s words suddenly hit him like a brick to the face.

Outside you are protected, but step in and you are at his mercy.

A few choice swear words fluttered through his head as he was tapped on the shoulder by a pointy nail. Dropping the cat who darted out of the pentagram, Simon turned to see Sammael grinning down at him happily. The fallen breathed down on him, sending a frosty breeze over his already cool face. Even though he was dimly aware of Magnus chanting in another language and his friends shouting over each other, Simon’s sole focus was on the looming figure above him. With barely any effort, the fallen angel grabbed the vampire by his collar and lifted him into the air.

Thankfully, Simon only made it an inch or two before Sammael dropped him with a hiss and backed away as far as he could; colliding with the invisible barrier. The demon crouched down and hissed with white fire blazing in his cold eyes. “Wanderer.” He accused. Simon quickly got with the program and lifted his hair away from his Mark. The Demon snarled at the young man. “Is it you?”

Simon cocked his head lost. Was what him? He stood frozen as Magnus continued to chant and everyone went silent. This was strange behavior coming from an all powerful demon. Said demon narrowed his eyes and searched Simon for answers he was unsure of. “No. It can’t be. You are far too young and this world too old. But who would dare to place a Heavenly Mark on one such as yourself. A vampire.” He spat the words as if they offended him. “Why?”

For once Simon was actually grateful for the Mark. With a shrug and feeling a little bolder now, Simon replied, “Touch me again and find out.”

Sammael led out a disgusted laugh. “I think not. My freedom is not worth this if you are so easily willing to dabble with bending the will of Heaven. I am not so stupid as to gamble my life by allying myself with one such as yourself.” He finally stood up and looked at the beings standing around him. “You’re all madmen. Good luck, you are going to need it.” With that he disappeared in a burst of silver white flames, leaving searing black smoke in his wake.

The silence was deafening as everyone tried to process what just happened. “Well, never thought I’d see the day I’d be called a madman by a Fallen. “

“Really Magnus, that’s what you got out of all this?” Maia looked at him as if he was an idiot.
Shrugging, “Among other things such as I’m never summoning him again. He’s a terrible guest who enjoys overstaying his welcome.” Everyone gave varying degrees of ‘why do I associate with this man?’ Magnus felt a slight accomplishment at the sentiment. Maybe they would leave him alone after this shit show and he can live peacefully for a while. He was getting too old for this world saving shit. He liked most of them, he did, but they were all trouble and death magnets. All he wanted to do was find Alec, help some Downworlders and a few mundanes with easy fixed for stupid amounts of money, and definitely go on a month or five vacation with his boyfriend. Was that too much to ask? His mood quickly shifted however as he stared at the mess before him. “I’m never going to get my deposit back.”

“Don’t you own this place?” Simone asked at the said time Mia commented, “Sometimes I wonder what goes on in your mind.”

Maia shook her head. “How can you think about your apartment at a time like this?” Luke was badly wounded, Jace was missing, and Clary was bonded to a psychopath. The warlock really needed to get his priorities straight.

“Darling, when you are as old as I am, you see the end of days as we know it at least a few dozen times. Besides I’d rather think of that than how the weight of everyone’s lives are on my shoulders right now. Don’t want to have a mental breakdown or something. Now hop to, we have a living room to clean.” He clapped his hands to get his friends to start moving.

An hour into the cleaning, Simon turned as he leaned on his mop. “Couldn’t you magic this away?”

“Unfortunately not. It is magic that did this and thus we must do it by hand. It’s an annoying hassle we must deal with. Pizza should be here soon.” He answered, sitting on the table with coffee mugs scattered about him and Chairman Meow on his lap purring. Everyone begrudgingly agreed he was off cleaning duty since he allowed half his loft to be destroyed by one fallen angel.

Letting the mop lean against the wall, Simon walked over to Magnus. “I have an idea, but you’re probably not going to like it.”

“Can’t be as bad as all our other ideas and desperate times call for desperate measures. Entertain me, Sherwin.”

“Simon. For the last time my name is Simon. And I’m pretty sure you’ve used that one a few times by now.”

“Whatever. What’s your idea?”

“So I have the Mark of Cain.”

“I am aware as is the demon who finally left because of you.”

Simon gave him an annoyed look for interrupting him. “As I was saying, I have the Mark of Cain which means nothing can kill me, right?”

“Well, you can kill yourself or possibly an inanimate object. I suggest you don’t teach yourself the lambada on a greased floor over a pit of knives.”

“Shit there goes my Saturdays.”

“But yes, nothing else can kill you without feeling the wrath of Heaven seven fold befall on them. Why?” His eyes dropped for a moment to his cat that rolled onto his back demanding belly rubs.
“I was going over what happened with Sammael while I was in the pentagram. You said that summoning an angel would be dangerous because they would most likely smite the person who called them. Well... What if I summoned the angel? It wouldn’t want to harm me or it would feel whatever wrath it killed me with seven fold. I’d be safe, wouldn’t I?”

Magnus’s eyes snapped up to Simon’s. “You summon an angel?”

“You would have to show me, but yeah. I mean if Valentine could do it, why can’t I?”

“I wouldn’t be able to promise that you’d live.” Magnus didn’t even try to hide his spark of interest even though his voice was filled with warning. “The Mark you carry is Heaven’s protection, but I’m not sure it would protect you from Heaven itself. You would be risking your life trying to summon one because I can’t guarantee you’d survive.”

“I didn’t think you could, but out of all of us present I’m the most likely to live. I have the best chance, right?”

The warlock looked past Simon solemnly in thought. He watched as Maia laughed while splashing Jordan with her dirty water who tried to twist away. He saw Izzy lost in thought as she scrubbed the walls of ooze the demon had caused. Lastly, his eyes caught Maryse on her hands and knees battling it out with the last of ash and charcoal from where the pentagram had been. “Yes.” He relented. “You have the greatest chance of surviving.”

“Magnus, who’s your father?” Simon asked out of the blue that startled the older man.

“Not my favorite topic to think or talk about, Smedley.”

“Simon.” The vampire complained. “If I’m going to die for you, you should at least remember my name.”

“You’re not dying for me and if wasn’t for Alec…” He cut himself off with a shake of his head.

“I don’t want to sound insensitive, but he isn’t here. What does he have to do with being here? Also you said you liked us already, I’m on to you.”

Magnus gave him a glare before admitting, “He may not be, but those he loves are and I can’t abandon them. If he were still a shadowhunter he would be in the thick of it. I have to protect them and get Jace back for him.”

Simon nodded in understanding. “If it wasn’t for him where would you be?”

The Warlock’s eyes went distant. “I’ve been having a dream. I see a city all of blood, with towers made of bone, and blood ran in the streets like water. Maybe you can save Clary, 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 would have been long gone by now.”

“Where would you go?”

“Hide. I’m no hero and never claimed to be.” Magnus picked his cat up from his lap and gently deposited him on the floor.

“You love Alec enough to stick around, I think that’s pretty heroic.”

“And you love Clary enough to wreck your once mundane life. Look where that love has gotten
“I think you’re wrong, Magnus. You’ve proven a few times that you’re willing to fight.”

“If you recall I hid the Warlocks and wanted to stay hidden and away from all this.”

“And yet here you are. I don’t think all of it has to do with Alec. Not really.”

Not wanting to talk about the topic anymore, his voice shifted to its normal tone. “Gather around everyone, Sheldon has an idea.”

Izzy cocked her head as she asked, “Who’s Sheldon?”

“He means me.” Simon sighed, momentarily giving up on correcting Magnus. It wasn’t worth his effort at the moment. Once everyone settled down, Simon went into his plan. Unsurprisingly no one was enthused by it. Maryse even went as far as to shut it down. It was too dangerous and she wasn’t putting his life at risk for something no one knew if he would survive. The others also voiced their disapproval by shouting questions in Magnus’s direction. Why they asked him neither Simon nor Magnus never knew. But he did his best while Izzy slid next to her friend to touch his arm. Two arguments occurred simultaneously within the loft that ended with Magnus almost with a headache.

It was Isabelle that finally silenced everyone. “That’s enough.” She stared at the small group that froze mid argument. “Simon’s made his decision and it’s his to make whether we like it or not. If he wants to summon Raziel we’re just going to have to grin and bare it. And we are going to help him so he has the best chance. Got it?”

When no one replied, Simon shrugged and commented, “I’ll do it with or without your help.”

“And probably get smited by an angel.” Maia sighed. “Alright I’m in to make sure you don’t go and get yourself killed... well permanently dead.” She smirked.

“As your guardian I need to make sure you don’t die, so I guess I’m also in.” Jordan nodded at his friend and ward.

“I don’t agree with this, but I will help you. Someone has to look out for all of you troublemakers.” Maryse rubbed her forehead as if staving a headache off.

Magnus snorted, “You were just like them when you were their age.”

“Exactly, so I know what can go wrong.”

“Wonderful, we’re all in. Now let’s talk about how this summoning is going to happen.” The next few hours were spent debating (arguing) about how this was going to go down. From location to who was going to be there with Simon to make sure everything went as smoothly as possible. Eventually they agreed on a secluded place since they didn’t need mundanes, Downworlders, or Shadowhunters knowing what they were up to and to accommodate for the angel’s size. At some point, Maia and Jordan headed out to check on Luke and the pack. “It has to be secluded. We can’t summon a sixty foot angel in the middle of Central Park. Even the blindest of mundanes would notice that.” Magnus observed.

“Wait, Raziel is sixty-feet tall.” Izzy asked. Like most of them she was slumped in her seat with visible dark circles under her eyes. The exhaustion from the last few weeks were beginning to catch up to everyone. It didn’t help that through most of this most recent conversation, they had been pouring through books Magnus had on angels and summoning. While Simon read through the
English written books, Izzy and Maryse scanned the Greek and Latin written since they were both able to read it. Magnus took on the bulk of books written in the more demonic languages. “This would be so much easier with Alec, he was better at languages than any of us, especially the demonic ones.” She muttered to herself as she flipped through her tenth book.

“Technically, he’s only fifty-nine feet but angels like to exaggerate. Makes them more intimidating.” Magnus replied. “Shouldn’t you be more knowledgeable about your angelic kin?”

“Valentine was able to summon one in his basement, why do we need so much space?”

Magnus’s temper finally snapped. It was long overdue. “Maybe because Valentine is just WAY MORE AWESOME than me. Look-”

“Don’t shout at my daughter.” Maryse glared, using her mom voice that she had perfected. Magnus deflated while Maryse turned to her daughter. “Isabelle, angelic size is based on how powerful it is. Valentine summoned a relatively low ranking angel thus enabling him to keep him within the confines of the Wayland cellar. Raziel is highly ranked and thus would never be able to fit in a house or somewhere confining. In turn if an Archangel was summoned…”

“I would not be able to make a binding spell strong enough for them, even momentarily.” Magnus added. “We are summoning Raziel in hope that he will have… special compassion for you because he is the father of Shadowhunters. He’s also within the right rank, not too low but not an Archangel. If we summoned the latter and something went wrong…”

“It might not just kill me.” Simon said.

“Ugh, I can’t believe we are actually talking about summoning an angel. I mean all my life I’ve sworn by the Angel’s name. Everyone knows we draw our power from the Angel. But the idea of actually seeing one… I seriously cannot imagine it. The idea it too big to think about.” Izzy snapped her book shut and rubbed her makeup less eyes.

During her rant, Simon’s pocket vibrated. “One sec, guys.” He got up from his seat and walked away a bit to lean on the door jam to the kitchen.

Good news! Luke is awake and talking. It looks like he’s going to be alright! Finally some good news, Simon thought as he let out a breath. Flipping his phone shut, he touched the gold ring and called out to Jace. His non-existent heartbeat picked up when he didn’t answer his call. He hoped that it was because he was sleeping and not because something had gone wrong. What was he going to tell Maryse?

“Who called?” Izzy asked as she approached him.

“Maia. Luke’s awake and talking. It looks like he’s going to be okay.” A small smile spread across his lips. “Actually, she gave me an idea.”

“Wonderful, more of your ideas.” Izzy replied dryly. “What are you thinking?”

“Thanks for the confidence.” She merely looked at him with crossed arms. He turned to face the group. “What do we need to summon an angel like Raziel? How much space do you think?”

Magnus paused his reading and looked up. “A mile around at least. Water would be ideal. Like with Lake Lyn-”

“Then I have the perfect place. Luke’s farmhouse. It’s upstate, about an hour or so away. He’s probably shut it up by now, but I know how to get there. There’s a lake, not as big as Lake Lyn but
medium in size.”

“For once, not a bad idea, Seamus.”

Izzy looked up at the clock on the wall and tried to calculate what time they would arrive if they left that moment. “If it’s a few hours away, we could make it by—”

“No way.” Magnus cut her off. “I appreciate your enthusiasm, but I’m too exhausted to be performing the magic this summoning would require. I don’t think we want to take any risks with something this important. Agreed?”

“When would you be able to do the spell?” Maryse asked, finally getting up to stretch her muscles.

“We all need a few hours sleep and you have to report to the Institute so they aren’t suspicious about what we are up to. We’ll leave early afternoon tomorrow. Sherlock—Alright Simon—call Jordan to see if you can borrow his truck.” Standing up and dropping his book on the coffee table, Magnus dismissed everyone. “I’m going to sleep. Those that have been staying may and those who have not I guess there is another room or two you can choose from. Enjoy.” He walked off and face planted onto his bed without changing. For once sleep enveloped him without trouble. His last thought before passing out was hoping it would be a dreamless night.

The next day found Magnus, Izzy, Simon, and Maryse in Jordan’s beat up truck. The music turned up enough for the occupants to feel the bass thrumming through the speakers.

As i stroll 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 her aid...

“Do we have to listen to your wail-ey music?” Izzy asked with her pristine boots tapping on the dash of the truck.

“Since I like this music and I am the driver, the answer is yes.” To everyone’s surprise not only did Magnus have a driver’s license, but he was a decent driver at that. Possibly on the fast side but none of them felt as though they were about to die. Simon did wonder however what date of birth was on the license.

“Who is this anyway?” Simon asked in search of a CD case but found known. Now that he’s looked the CD player wasn’t even turned on. Warlock’s and their magic. “Is it a Downworlder band or something?”

Magnus did grace him with a nod as the music continued to play.

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 her dainty feet,
   But all the boys were gay

Izzy couldn’t help but snort. “Well, one of the boys is gay. In this truck anyway.”
“I like to think of myself as a freewheeling bisexual.” Corrected Magnus. Simon’s head unconsciously turned towards Maryse who sat by the door. She looked at Magnus slightly uncomfortable but remained silent on the matter. Her lips were pursed, but not in the manner as if she were angry. More like she was unsure if she should say something or not.

Unaware of how her mother was reacting and still engage in her conversation with Magnus, Izzy commented, “Now if Alec was here, it would have been funnier comment. Because then every guy in the truck would be gay, except Simon of course.” Before Magnus could reiterate his point, she waved her hand, “And yes, you would still be considered a ‘freewheeling’ bisexual.”

“He’d probably roll his eyes.”

“With a scowl on his face.” Everyone looked at Simon. “What? Has no one noticed that instead of a resting bitch face, it’s a resting scowling face full of judgment and questioning his life choices? Because I have noticed”

“Probably because most of the time it’s pointed at you.” Izzy teased.

“Or Clary. For a while he always looked over her head whenever she talked. I think he often weighed how much trouble he’d be in if he ditched her. I was offended for her.”

“When did you have time to notice? You were kidnapped 90% of the time.”

“Not my fault! And to be fair, you and your brother lost me at one point.”

“You are a twenty something year old man, I didn’t think you needed babysitters.”

“Technically I'm eighteen and in this magical supernatural world, apparently I did. I could have been turned into a rat!”

“Probably would have been a better outcome.” Magnus commented.

“Knowing our luck, I still would have somehow been turned into a vampire. Hell, Raphael probably would have ended up as my sire instead of Camille.”

Magnus let out a bark of a laugh. “That would have been a laugh. He finds you to be a piece of work.”

“Could have fooled me. He’s tried recruiting me like seven times. He does tell me I’m a terrible vampire a lot though.”

“You are… unique,” Maryse finally piped in.

“I must unnerve the Clave.”

“A little.” She shrugged. “I don’t exactly see why though. You’ve never been a threat to us and only want to help Clary and my children.”

“That’s the nicest thing a Shadowhunters ever said to me.” Simon put a hand over his heart. “Aside from you, Izzy.” He corrected when Izzy whacked his arm. “Oh! Turn left here!” Flinging his arm out upon seeing a small sign with Three Arrows Farm written on it, he startled Magnus enough to cause him to swerve a little.

“Jesus, Sherman! A little forewarning next time.” Magnus’s knuckles were white on the steering wheel while Maryse was clutching the ‘Oh shit’ bar and Izzy was bracing herself.
“Duly noted.” He replied meekly.
Chapter Summary

Alec chose to not inform the Clave of Luke's attempt on Valentine's life and now he, and his family and friends, must deal with the consequences. The world isn't fair and trying to find someone who doesn't want to be found proves to be nearly impossible with the war that is brewing. Unlikely alliances form during times of darkness and realizing someone's importance may only be realized when suddenly they are gone.

Chapter Notes

I sincerely apologize for having this posted a day late. I was quite busy yesterday and it slipped my mind. Henceforth, a reminder will go off to remind me that I owe you lovely Angels a new chapter. I hope you enjoy this one.

The chapter is a little shorter than normal, but it is preparing for the next one which is one of my favorites.

Cheers, Angels!

Once parked at the farm, the inhabitants of the truck tumbled out glad to now having space room each other. The farmhouse was older but well taken care of with white painted clapboard siding, green shutters, and a covered wrapped around porch that usually held wicker furniture. Mountains and hills surrounded the forest dense property and a trail lead to a nice size apple orchard and a lake. The lake was clear and calm with a dock for boating or fishing and a sandy shore to relax on. Also on the property was a barn that Luke used mainly for storage and was a little worse for wear. Sturdy, but definitely would need some TLC soon.

As Simon wandered off a little to try to contact Clary, Magnus headed towards the lake with a notepad and a slightly glowing pen in hand that wrote in a sparkly purple color. He made notes while conversing with both Izzy and Maryse about the property and what the spell was going to entail. By the time Simon tried and did not get a respond from his friend, Magnus appeared at the bottom of the steps to the porch that Simon had found himself on. “I’m all set. Let’s go.” His eyes went to the gold ring that Simon was twisting on his hand, but made no comment about it. Like ducklings following their mother, the warlock and two shadowhunters trailed behind Simon towards the lake.

“My part shouldn’t take too long.” Magnus said as he conjured up a long rod. As he started to draw a circle in the wet sand chanting in a foreign language, Maryse stayed near him in case he needed her assistance. The two kids stood off to the side, Simon looking out onto the lake remembering the days he’d spent there during the summer with the Fray’s. His look was wistful. Izzy on the other hand was staring at the vampire curiously. She’d never had a childhood like Simon’s. Her and her siblings had grown up in the Institute, learning from an early age how to be a warrior. On the rare occasion, the Lightwood’s would spend a few days in Idris if their parents had business there. But more often than not, Izzy, Alec, and Jace would spend their days in the labyrinth of the New York Institute driving
Hodge mad. Well, more so Izzy and Jace who had more fun running around finding new places to hide or play fighting in the hallways than Alec who tended to come along to make sure they didn’t do anything too idiotic. It made more sense now since their parents had been exiled to the Institute, but even now she could barely dream of going off to a place such as this to spend her days basking in the sun or playing in the water. It sounded nice, but not something the young woman could quite picture herself doing. She was a little envious of Simon for such a simple childhood that he probably took for granted.

“Finished.” Magnus announced. “Simon, over here please.” He waved his hand as Simon and Izzy turned towards him. Currently, the warlock was standing in a faintly glowing circle with a smaller circle within. Between the two were runes and symbols that also gave off a slight eerie glow. With some hesitation, Simon joined the warlock in the circle. Placing the spellbook he carried in the vampire’s hands, Magnus opened it to a specific page with a taped print out that held the phonetic spelling of each word on it. “Sound the words out. It should work.”

Tapping his finger against the front of the book, Simon looked up at the taller man before resting the book against his chest. Slipping off the ring, he handed it to Magnus. “In case it doesn’t, someone needs to wear this. It’s our only connection to Jace and what he knows.”

Gingerly taking it, Magnus slipped the ring on his pinky finger the gold standing out against all his silver rings. “Ready, Simon?”

“You remembered my name.” He replied with a shocked tone.

Instead of a reply, Magnus looked at him with his cat eyes that few were given the privilege of seeing. It was a little unnerving for the vampire but found he couldn’t look away. Still remaining silent, the warlock stepped backwards, out of the circle and became a blurry indistinct blob. Maryse and Izzy quickly joined him and the three waited and watched.

“I guess you guys better go.” Simon said awkwardly. He didn’t want to sound rude but he was about to summon an angel that would probably dissolve them into nothing with his heavenly wrath. However, they didn’t move as if they were waiting for something from him. “Ah, thanks for coming with me and sorta supporting my crazy idea.” This speech was going to be terrible. Nerdy, funny one liners he could do, meaningful farewells not so much. “Um, Maryse you’ve kinda always scared me but I’m glad you’re here and you’re way cooler than basically all of the other Shadowhunter adults.” Yep this was awkward. “Magnus, you always look amazing, stay at it and thanks for everything.”

Then his eyes shifted to what looked like Izzy. “Isabelle, I’ve always liked when you’ve been there to save me. Sorry you possibly can’t this time. Not even how awesome and badass you are could save me from a pissed off angel. So, yeah thanks for everything. Good-bye I guess.” He wanted to say good-bye to Clary but knew it to be impossible. It felt strange being unable to. The blurry outlines of his friends stayed a moment more before walking away to hopefully a safe distance. Taking a breath he didn’t need, Simon began to chant the strange words that would summon the father of the Nephilim.

From up the path only a couple hundred feet from the farmhouse, Maryse, Izzy, and Magnus watched Simon. The circle glowed brighter with each word he pronounced correctly. By the time the lake exploded into gold, the trio had brought their hands up to protect their eyes from the light. The sudden burst of light from the sun faded quickly to black and standing above the water was a being. A beautiful, terrifying being that’s power could be felt even where the three stood. They watched in morbid fascination as the angel and Simon spoke. Izzy’s hands clenched tight as her eyes focused on the boy she tried to convince herself she didn’t have feelings for. Feeling more instead of seeing, Maryse stepped closer to her daughter and placed her hands on Izzy’s shoulders.

The exchange between the vampire and Angel took no more than five minutes total even though all
would agree it felt like hours. By the time the angel returned to heaven, Simon was passed out on the wet sand. The moment he angel was gone Izzy was running down the path towards him. Magnus took a more leisurely time to get to the beach. Maryse had the look of someone who wanted to run down and make sure the young man was okay, contrary to popular believe she was motherly thank you, but also knew that Izzy would make sure he was okay or call for help. The two adults arrived as Izzy commented, “Your Mark is gone.” There was a frown to her face as she traced the smooth skin of his forehead.

“Yeah… Raziel took it in exchange for the sword.” He shifted a little to reveal a beautifully crafted blade that no one on earth could ever hope to replicate. “It’s the Archangel Michael’s sword. Raziel said its name is Glorious.”

“You really did it.” She smiled down at the boy who had become a close friend and even though she tried to deny it, maybe something a little more. “You got the sword.”

“Never say I didn’t do anything nice for Jace or Clary.”

“You’re going to hold this over their head aren’t you?” Magnus asked curiously even though he already knew the answer.

“Of course. Next time one of them tries to be all high and mighty I’ll be like ‘You remember that time I conversed with an Angel for you?’ It’ll be great.” He yawned into his hand and closed his eyes.

“You’re not cursed anymore,” Izzy whispered to him.

He smirked without opening his eyes. “I know.” He was happy. One less thing reminding him how supernatural his life had become. As he slipped into darkness, he swore he heard Magnus mutter, “Great I’m gunna have to carry him aren’t I?” He would have laughed if sleep hadn’t taken him.

Simon came too in the truck with his head resting on Izzy’s far shoulder and her arms wrapped around him. The hard surface of the truck’s door leaving imprints on the side of his leg. He could hear Maryse and Magnus talking softly while Izzy traced what he assumed was runes of his arm. As comfortable as he was, he could feel his head throbbing, his body ache, and his stomach clench in hunger. After everything, he was going to need to feed soon and feeling Izzy’s heart against back was not helping. Or smelling her, she did smell delicious. Upon that thought he silently cursed himself for thinking it. She was a friend, not food. Get it together!

While his internal scolding was occurring, he felt the familiar tug followed by Jace’s voice shouting into his head desperately. Relief followed by alarm washed over him.

Sebastian took my ring and I only just found it. There may not be much time, but I need to tell you. Sebastian has a second Mortal Cup. They plan to raise Lilith again and create a legion of dark Shadowhunters- ones aligned with the demonic world rather than Heaven.

“You gotta be kidding me.” He muttered with eyes still shut. It took him a few seconds to realize he said it out loud and finally cracked an eye open to see everyone staring at him.

“Everything alright there?” Maryse asked in concern.

“Not quite. It’s Jace, give me a minute.” He sat up and leaned on his knees concentrating on his connection rather than the truck around him.

“Everything alright there?” Maryse asked in concern.

“Not quite. It’s Jace, give me a minute.” He sat up and leaned on his knees concentrating on his connection rather than the truck around him. When are they going to do it?

Tonight. Soon. I’m not sure our current location but it’s 10pm here.
You’re about… five hours ahead of us. Are you in Europe?

I couldn’t tell you if I tried. Sebastian mentioned something called the Seventh Sacred Site. I know it sounds vaguely familiar, but I don’t know what that is. but I’ve managed to find some of his notes though. Apparently it’s an ancient tomb, I’d suggest talking to Magnus about it. I feel like he’d know. All I can tell you is I think it’s like an ancient doorway that demons can be summoned through.

That sounds wonderful.

Tell everyone as quickly as you can. Sebastian is planning on resurrecting Lilith. He wants a war, Simon, a total war against Shadowhunters. Right now he has about 40-50 dark shadowhunters ready to follow whatever he says. I don’t doubt they’ll be here tonight. By the Angel Simon, he wants to burn the world. We have to do something now!

We will, Jace, we will. If things are as dangerous as you say, you need to get out of there. Get out of there now.

There was a slight pause before her tired voice replied, I’m trying, but… but it might be too late. Simon clenched the hair by his temples vaguely aware that three sets of eyes were staring at him. At the moment he didn’t care, because Clary and Jace was in trouble and yet again the world was falling apart that their feel. Jace, listen. The story is too long tell right now, but know this: We have a weapon. A weapon that can sever Clary’s connection to Sebastian.

How? Are you sure.

Our source is very reliable. He said it would burn away anything demonic in nature on the person you use it on. If we use it on Sebastian, I’m guessing, we’ll burn away the bond and probably kill him since he’s got demon blood. I’m not hundred percent sure it’ll kill Sebastian, but at the very least it’ll destroy the bond. The blade’s called Glorious.

You’d use it on Sebastian? It’ll really burn the bond apart?

That’s the idea. I mean there is a chance it’ll kill him. ‘If he’s more Hell’s than Heaven’s’ he’ll die. I think that’s what the Angel said-

Angel? Simon what do you mean Angel? Simon could hear the alarm and slight disapproval in his voice. Simon what have you- Suddenly his voice cut off and Simon couldn’t reach him. As much as he cried out for him the communication remained silent.

“Dammit, he’s gone again.”

“What happened?” Maryse asked while Izzy demanded, “Is he alright? What’s going on?”

“I think we have less time than we thought.” He blew out a breath. His voice was as calm even as he felt panicked. “Magnus, pull over. I need to tell you something.” With very little warning, Magnus jerked the wheel to the side and slammed his breaks. Maryse threw her arm out to protect Izzy and to some degree Simon and her other hand went forward to brace herself against the dash. Izzy made a sound as her chest slammed into her mother’s arm before her seatbelt locked in place and Simon managed to brace himself right before his seatbelt also locked.

“By the Angels.” Maryse mutter. “Couldn’t you have stopped a little less forcefully?”

“Alright vampire, spill.” He looked over at Simon who was pretty sure if he was alive would have a bruise diagonally across his chest. It didn’t take long for Simon to recounter what Jace said about what Sebastian was planning.
“Did he say anything about being able to get him and Clary out before Sebastian's plan started?” Izzy asked.

Simon shook his head, “I don’t think he’s able too and Izzy… I don’t think Clary wants to get out. I think… I think the bond is making him want to be there.” Izzy crossed her arms physically trying to come to terms that her basically sister would want something so terrible.

Looking concern and a little stricken, Maryse asked, “What is the Seventh Sacred Site? I’ve never heard of it. Does he mean one of the Seven Wonders of the World?”

“No, the Seven Sacred Sites are more of an interest to Warlock than anyone else.” Magnus replied as he sat back and stared forward. “Each of the seven is a place where ley lines converge, for a matrix. A sort of… net within which magical spells are amplified. The seventh is a stone tomb in Ireland. Poll na mBrÓn, it means ‘the cavern of sorrows.’ Lucky for us its a bleak uninhabited area known as the Burren. An excellent place to raise a demon, if it’s a big one.” He ran a hand through his spiked hair. “This is bad, really bad.”

Biting his lip, Simon asked, “Do you think he could do it? Raise an army of dark shadowhunters?”

“Everything has an alliance, Simon. Our Nephilim friends here are on the side of the sereph, but if they were demonic, they would still be just as strong and as powerful as they are now. But instead of trying to protect mankind, they would be dedicated to its destruction. It would be very similar to The Fall.”

“We have to get there. We have to stop them.” There was a finalization in Izzy voice that surprised no one.

“You mean ‘him,’ Izzy. Sebastian.” Maryse tried to remind her daughter.

“I hate to break it to you Maryse,” Honestly Magnus really did. She’d lost one son already, to lose a second would be torture for her. And wherever Clary was, Jace would be there beside her. “But Clary is currently on Sebastian’s side. You’re going to have to accept that if you are to fight in this.” He gave her a sad look. “Ireland is five hours ahead of us and they’re planning on having the ceremony at midnight. This means we have an hour and a half, two at most, to stop them.”

“Then what are we waiting for?” Izzy set her jaw. “We should be going instead of sitting here-”

“Izzy, there is only four of us. There is no way for us to win. We don’t even know how many soldiers Sebastian-” As Maryse and Izzy had a little argument, Simon got Magnus’s attention.

“Magnus?” The warlock turned to look at him. “Why didn’t you portal us to the farmhouse? Wouldn’t that have been faster?”

“I was giving you a chance to change your mind.” He shrugged.

“So you could portal us from here, right?”

“Yes, but as Maryse pointed out it is us for against an unknown amount of enemies. It could be Sebastian and Clary against us or thirty dark shadowhunters. I’m considered a pretty powerful warlock, I wouldn’t be the High Warlock of Brooklyn if I wasn’t, but Sebastian is no ordinary shadowhunter and neither is Clary. If they succeed in raising Lilith, she’d be weak but she is still an Ancient demon.”

“But she’s dead, Simon killed her.” Izzy pointed out.
“She’s a Greater Demon and they don’t die unfortunately. When she hurt Simon and the mark ‘killed’ her, she was scattered between worlds. It’ll take time, but eventually she will be whole again and weak for years. Similar to how Sammael currently is except she probably won’t be able to separate her being from her corporeal body. Well, that is unless Sebastian manages to summon her. That’ll just accelerate the process.”

“We have Glorious. We can take out Sebastian which will take care of Clary trying to harm us. With you and Simon-”

“We don’t know if the sword will work though.” Maryse pointed out. “It won’t do us any good if we can’t make it to Sebastian and Simon is no longer protected as he was before.” Gently she reminded, “Simon can be killed like the rest of us now.”

“We still have to try.” Simon said with determination. “We may not know how many we will be up against and there is little time, but we can portal to grab reinforcements and try to stop Sebastian. We have to try. We can't abandon Clary or Jace.”

“Reinforcements from where though?” Izzy asked.

“I’ll grab Maia and Jordan, they’ll definitely help. Maybe Jordan can get help from the Praetor Lupus. Magnus, you go to where Luke is and see who you can enlist from the pack. Izzy and… Maryse,” It felt strange calling her by her first name. She was the mom of her friends she should be Mrs. Lightwood. “You-”

“So you’re plan is to split us up?” Izzy asked inscrutably. “What about using a fire-message instead? It’ll be faster.”

“It won’t work.” Magnus shook his head. “No one would believe a fire message about something this important. Besides that’s a shadowhunter thing. Do you really want to do that instead of personally talking to the Clave?”

“Fair enough.” She leaned down and handed Glorious to Simon.

“You're entrusting this to me?” He was startled by the gesture.

“You summoned the Angel and he gave it to you. You’ll be the one to carry it into battle.”

“Wonderful.” He could feel the crushing weight of the new found responsibility on his shoulders.

Within seconds the party started to mobilize. The truck and its inhabitants were portaled outside Magnus’s apartment with Izzy and Maryse disappearing towards the Institute. Magnus was already on his phone sending out a text to Maia about meeting him at the Jade Wolf.
Chapter Summary

Alec chose to not inform the Clave of Luke's attempt on Valentine's life and now he, and his family and friends, must deal with the consequences. The world isn't fair and trying to find someone who doesn't want to be found proves to be nearly impossible with the war that is brewing. Unlikely alliances form during times of darkness and realizing someone's importance may only be realized when suddenly they are gone.

Chapter Notes

And this is one of my favorite chapters because of Maryse. She makes me laugh and I honestly would love to see her in a fight. I really, really want to because I bet she is a complete bad ass.

We also meet another Warlock in this chapter ^_^ I hope you enjoyed this chapter and at times made you laugh. Cheers, Angels!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Within forty minutes werewolves, nephilim, Simon, and Magnus congregated together ready to portal to Ireland. With Maryse as point the small army silently made their way to where over a dozen shadowhunters stood not including Sebastian, Jace, and Clary. With skills many had forgotten the previous head of the New York Institute had, she climbed a stone dolmen, took aim, and let loose an arrow. Down below a Shadowhunter, who was reaching for the tainted Mortal Cup, let out a sharp cry upon an arrow imbedding itself into his neck. With a slight grin, she nock another arrow and let it loose as Shadowhunters, werewolves, Simon, and Magnus poured out onto the plain. First line was made up of werewolves in their lupin form howling as they ran towards the enemy. Followed by a line of marching Shadowhunters with Izzy, Simon, and Magnus close behind.

“Do you see Clary?” Izzy asked, a seraph dagger in hand instead of her whip. She kept her eyes sharp as they scanned the battle ground.

Simon was having a hard time focusing as the distinct scent of blood hit him. Some were tantalizing such as the werewolf and Shadowhunter, but others were nauseating to smell. He almost wanted to gag when demons and even Sebastian’s scent hit him. He rubbed his nose as he replied, “Yeah, Jace is pulling her behind him and the tainted shadowhunters.”

“We need to get to Sebastian. We’ll hack a path for you. You go straight for Sebastian and run him through. Once he’s down~”

“His followers will probably scatter.” Magnus finished as he sent a blue ball of magic at someone. “Or depending on how tied they are to him, they might die or collapse with him. We can hope for that at least.”

“Alright, Simon.” Izzy sheathed her blade and instead unwrapped her whip. “Ready to kill
Sebastian?” Her whip snapped out ready to taste its foe. The vampire looked out over the field as his body tightened. He could see the enemy lines in robes and gear of red and their weapons held tight in their hands. Some however, shouted with confused looks on their faces. He couldn’t help but grin at their luck. “What on earth are you smiling about?” Izzy could hardly believe this situation called for a smile.

“Theyir blades don’t work anymore.” He replied happily. “They’re confused as to why that is. Sebastian actually had to tell them to use different weapons.” He watched as one of Maryse’s arrows imbedded itself into a burly red robed Shadowhunter. He let out a pained cry as he fell, opening a break in their wall. Without a second thought, Simon darted towards the opening. The others quickly followed suit.

With Izzy on his right and Magnus protecting his left, Simon felt nearly invisible. It was almost like charging with the Mark of Cain still firmly marking him. They were a nearly unstoppable force with whip, magic, and Glorious working together to fell their foes. The feeling only dies when a dagger shot out with a speed unseen previously by a Shadowhunter’s hand. Although he felt it bite into his side, Simon continued on knowing that it would heal within seconds. Suddenly however, a familiar face to the trio stepped out in front. He nearly paused as the eyes of Amatis, one of Luke’s sisters, recognized him. He was confused as to why she was at the battle. Shouldn’t she still be in Idris? More reinforcements shouldn’t have arrived yet, it was too soon. Why was she here?

The answer came with her lashing out at him with a dark gleaming dagger. She was impossibly fast, almost vampire fast. His vamperic reflexes should have saved him, but instead he only survived his shocked state when Magnus jumped in front of him and pushed him away. He shot a blue flamed ball at the woman who somehow managed to not only dodge the attack but bring her corrupt dagger downward, slicing through the warlock’s armor. Magnus fell to his knees while Izzy cried out in concern. Although Simon tried to turn around and help his fallen friend, the crowd they had weaved themselves into, pushed him forward only enabling him to watch helplessly as Amatis bent over Magnus ready to deliver the killing blow.

As Simon continued to be pushed forward, Amatis was pushed back with such force she spun halfway around and face planted into the stoney ground; an arrow sticking out of her shoulder. Simon’s eyes flew to where Maryse stood atop the stone tomb, another arrow ready and murder burning in her dark eyes. Feeling Magnus was being taken care of he pushed forward to do his task.

The moment Amatis was down, Izzy was kneeling beside Magnus panicking. She’d never been great at field first aid, she knew the basics and was pretty damn good at autopsies but this was always Alec’s thing. If someone was hurt, go to Alec. She could apply an iratze like any other shadowhunter, it was basically second nature at this point, but since warlock’s couldn’t bare the rune she was lost. Feeling for a pulse, she found it weak but still there. She scanned his chest to watch it slowly rise and fall. He was too still, nothing like the Magnus she had come to know.

“Izzy.” The girl looked up to see her mother rushing over to her.

“He’s breathing, but losing a lot of blood.” She reported, moving over so her mother had access.

“Your dagger please.” Upon receiving the blade, Maryse cut through the armor’s bindings and the surprisingly bland shirt the man wore underneath. She could feel her heart beating in her ears as she prayed that the armor wasn’t the only thing holding the warlock together. “Izzy, I need you to guard the area for a moment while I make sure Magnus is okay. Can you do that?” Her brown eyes looked up at her daughter’s nearly black ones. The girl was pale in fear. “Izzy, focus. Guard us.” Frowning to herself, Izzy nodded and stood up. Her whip snapped as fear gave way to warrior.

With the area in safe hands, Maryse peeled the armor away to reveal a deep stab wound under the
warlock’s ribs on the right side. Her eyes scanned up to see that he was breathing without labor meaning his lungs hadn’t been punctured. He was very lucky. Pulling off her jacket, she balled it up and pressed it to the oozing wound.

Magnus jerked away with a groan. “Ouch. You don’t need to apply so much pressure.”

“By the Angel!” Maryse started. “You’re awake.” Then she frowned. “I thought we’d lost you.”

“I’m not that easy to kill. It was only a scratch.” Maryse gave him a disapproving look at his choice of words. “Alright, a deep scratch, like one from a panther or something.”

“We are going to have to have a conversation on the definition of a scratch.”

“I’m fine.” He wanted to roll his eyes but held back. “Amatis was aiming for my heart, but she didn’t hit anything vital. The only thing we needed to worry about was blood loss and look you’re already applying pressure and I’m clotting. I could heal myself…”

“But?”

“I would need a little more strength for that. I put a lot of magic into my fire balls to wipe out the little shits.” With a sigh, Maryse held out her hand expectantly. “You want a low five for giving me first aid and preventing blood loss?” Maryse just looked at him as if he was intentionally being an idiot. “Oh. OH. You don’t need to.”

“Just take it. The faster you heal, the faster we can rejoin the fight and you won’t die on me. Alec will be angry if you die on me.”

“I won’t die from this. But thank you, I guess.” He took her hand in his surprised by how rough they were. Sometimes it was easy to forget she was in fact a warrior and not some politic or scary protective mother of his boyfriend.

“This will also give me time to lecture you on how much of an idiot you were.”

“What?”

“Magnus, you are how old? Please don’t answer that. Anyway, you’ve been in a few battle I assume.”

“I guess.”

“You should know by now the best way to protect another without exposing yourself.”

“To be fair I don’t think anyone could have accounted for how fast she moved and I am weaponless thank you.”

“Nonetheless, there are ways to stay and not expose yourself after saving a fellow warrior. It was careless of you to allow such an opening. Do we need to teach you hand to weapon combat?”

“I’ve already been trained!” He cried, flinching a little at the tug on the healing wound.

“Have you now? I think you may need a refresher course. After this is all done we are having a chat about your defense and how to handle yourself and others in battle.”

“I don’t think we do.”

She glared down at him as if he was being a petulant child. “Do not argue with me mister.”
“I am three-”

“No arguing. Are you almost healed?” She could feel some fatigue starting to run over her. She might have to activate her stamina rune after Magnus was healed.

With a pout, he replied, “Few more seconds and I’ll be fine.”

“Would you like a weapon? I have the dagger Izzy gave me if you do.”

“No, I can still use magic.” Maryse nodded and looked at where the wound previously was once he let go of her hand. The skin was smooth and without any trace of it previously gushing blood.

“Are you okay to continue?”

“Yes. I’ll be fine.”

“I don’t quite believe you but we don’t have time to argue.” She stood up and offered her hand to Magnus. He took it, feeling like everything was surreal. When did this become his life? “Let’s go help Izzy.” She pulled out a broad sword that hung opposite the quiver on her back. Magnus looked at her with wide eyes as she grinned happily down at her favorite weapon. “What? I may know how to use a bow, but I much prefer the broadsword.”

Shaking his head, Magnus replied, “Let’s go before my head explodes.” He heard the woman chuckle as she jogged back into battle alongside her daughter.

By the time the trio made their way to where Simon was, they saw him kneeling beside Jace who in turn was kneeling over a supine Clary. “Jace!” Izzy called and darted towards her family. She stood there, wide eyes moving over Jace for a moment before shifting to Clary to take in any indication that she was alright. She was too still and Izzy couldn’t detect any breathing. Unable to face the dark haired girl, Jace looked away running his fingers through Clary’s hair. “Someone should go after Sebastian.”

“They’re looking for him now.” Maryse informed, slowly kneeling beside Jace and placing a hand on his shoulder. “Jace, let her go.”

“Leave him alone, mom.” Izzy snapped. Her hands were clenched in fists at her side as she glared at her fallen friend. No they couldn’t lose her too. They’ve already lost so much, there was no way Clary was dead. “Listen here you son of a bitch, you aren’t dead. You hear me!” Her voice was low and threatening.

Jace leaned over the red headed shadowhunter’s body, head resting over her heart. He could tell that Simon was talking to him, with a wrecked voice telling him to let her go. But he couldn’t, she couldn’t be dead. He did not just kill her. He muttered her name like a mantra. Like a magic spell that would remind her body to breathe again, for her heart to start beating. There. There. Tears started streaming down his face. “She’s alive.” Jace choked out. “She’s got a heartbeat.” Without a second thought, Maryse placed two fingers on her neck waiting. There.

“Oh Jace.” A watery smile crossed over her face as she felt Clary’s pulse become stronger with each beat.

Clary spent two days unconscious in the infirmary of the Institute. Another two being questioned by the Silent Brothers while they tried to figure out what happened and why she was glowing. While the Lightwoods and Jace helped Clary, Magnus continued his duty as High Warlock to the
Downworld and still trying to find Alec. Currently Sebastian was silent, waiting. The Clave was beginning to think he had gone off and died from the Heavenly Fire from Glorious burning him through the bond it severed. Some snorted and told them he was lying in wait plotting his next moves. He was Valentine’s son after all. He knew how to be patient if he so choose.

When the subject of Sebastian possibly lying in a ditch somewhere dead or his mission being over, Jace gave everyone a look and told them he would stop at nothing. He was determined to watch the world burn. While they waited for any inkling that Valentine’s son was still alive and kicking, they did their best to prepare.

Almost a month after the Battle at the Burrens, Magnus found himself wearing more layers than usual as he watched the snowfall over Brooklyn. Another birthday come and gone. Another party thrown just to feel normal and to fake a good time. The day after is where he found himself gazing out onto his balcony that had a small layer of white fluff accumulating on it. He didn’t feel like clearing it yet, it was soothing and too beautiful to ruin. A warm cup of tea held in his hands put him in a trance where for once he was at ease and not thinking about much. He could enjoy being in the moment instead of what possible future disaster needed to be prevented.

The tranquil atmosphere was shattered when a hesitant knock echoed through his apartment. Lazily turning his head towards the door in some annoyance, he fully turned while calling, “Who calls upon the High Warlock of Brooklyn?” He needed to change that up, it was becoming too monotonous to say. He needed to jazz it up soon. Upon opening his door he was startled to find a young girl standing before him. To his surprise she was barely dressed for the weather. She had a light knitted hat on top choppy short honey brown hair, no scarf, battered jeans, and more of a fall jacket than one made for a New York winter. Her pink lips were tinted a purple-blue and her normally caramel sun kissed skin was blotchy red from being out in the cold.

“How may I help you?” The girl’s slow drawl gave way to what Magnus suspected; she was definitely not from the north.

“I am. How may I help you?” He stepped aside, allowing her to enter.

She visibly relaxed, soaking in the warmth. “I was told you could help me.” He quirked an eyebrow. “I aint got nowhere to go, sir. My… My mama…” She looked down and away as her cognac eyes became wet.

“Let me have your jacket and we can talk by the couch. Would you like any tea or coffee?”

“Coffee, please. Black.” She passed her jacket to him and sat awkwardly on his couch.

“One moment.” He drifted into the kitchen where he made a fresh pot of coffee and then brought out two mugs. “How old are you, sweetheart?”

“Sixteen, two months ago.” The girl hummed into the warm cup as the hot liquid warmed her up inside. It was freezing out there.

“And your name?”

“Oh! How rude of me! My name is Daniella, most call me Dani.”

“A pleasure to meet you, Dani. Should I assume you’re from the Downworld if you know who I am?”

“Downworld?”
“Supernatural.”

“Oh… yeah.”

“May I ask what you are?” He knew she wasn’t going to harm him and had a feeling he knew what she was going to say. But he wanted to allow her to tell him, to trust him with that information.

“I don’t right know honestly. Magic is all I know. Mama loved me enough, but didn’t bring me up knowing much. We’s were good church goin’ folk, but I have a little extra.” Taking a minute with her sky blue chipped nail tapping the mug, she eventually scooted over so her once black sneakered foot gave way to a black hoof. “Joe calls me a demon when mama aint around.”

“Ah. Well, my dear you are a Warlock like myself.” He smiled gently at her. “There are many of us if you know where to look. You are not alone.”

For a few seconds she looked startled before letting out a happy laugh. “Thank God. I was beginnin’ think I was.”

“I don’t mean to pry too much, but why are you here with me now? Why do you need sanctuary?”

Biting her lip, she replied, “Mama died last month. She had a bout with cancer and it won. I was always a little… different than everyone else. When… when mama wasn’t around no more Joe became my guardian.”

“Who’s Joe, Dani?”

“Mama’s long time boyfriend. He aint liked me much. Never really had, but he was nice enough when mama was around. I only had two years before I’m off ta college, so I sucked it up. He made mama happy so I didn’ say nothin’. But with mama gone, he got real mean.” She stopped talking as she stared at her nearly gone coffee.

“Did he hurt you?” Magnus kept control on his tone even though he burned with anger.

“Tried. I got scared and he went sailin’. He called me a demon. Said he was goin’ call the church and have ‘em take care of me. I ran, sir. Right like a bat outta hell. I didn’t know what ta do by the time I stopped.”

“From your accent I can tell you’re from the south.”

“Texas, sir.”

“Please call me Magnus.” He frowned. “If you’re from Texas why didn’t you go to a Warlock there.”

“I didn’t know one.”

Right, she didn’t even know what she was until I told her. Cocking his head, he frowned and asked, “How did you know to come to me? I am well known, but someone from our world would have told you to go to someone closer.”

“I met a man and told me ta see you.”

“A man?” Do I have any contacts in Texas?

“Yessir. He was a funny one. Ta put me at ease he made a joke about my strange feet when I stepped on his foot.” She smiled a little as she remembered. “He asked me why I’s was runnin’ and
lookin’ lost. I told him I aint have nowhere ta go. He got this determined look on his face for a moment before he took out a post-it note and wrote down your address. Little map included so I didn’t get lost. Gave me strict instructions too. Not ta talk ta noone and head straight here once in New York City. And not ta tell no one anything about the Shadow world. That’s what he called it.”

Still baffled, the older Warlock asked, “What did he look like?”

“I didn’ get a good look, he was wearing a large hoodie but he was about late twenties early thirties. I could tell he had hair that was about to his chin and looked like it needed washin’. Oh and a scraggly beard. I woulda avoided him if I hadn’t almost crushed his foot, but he was nice enough. Went all brotherly on me or what I’d picture a brother to act if he was puttin’ his sister on a bus.”

“What color was his hair?” He was beginning to feel jittery. He didn’t want to hope because if it turned out to be some random stranger he would be crushed. Gut instinct however was telling him something different.

“Black or dark brown. Looked black though. His eyes are what I remember the most cos I remember thinkin’ I’d never see nothin’ like ‘em. They were… they were a startling blue.” By now Magnus was looking off. Alec. He finally had something on Alec. “He didn’t mention a name.”

“Nosir.” She shook her head. “He only smiled and wished me well. Said you’d take care of me. He sounded relieved when I told ’im I was outside your apartment.”

“What!” His eyes suddenly snapped to her. Jumping a little she repeated. “He was right relieved that I made it safely here.”

“You talked to him?”

“Yessir.”

“May… May I see your phone please?”

“Sure.” She passed it to him unlocked.

When he tried to redial the number all that came back was: THE NUMBER YOU ARE TRYING TO REACH IS NO LONGER IN SERVICE OR OUT OF RANGE. PLEASE TRY AGAIN AT A LATER TIME. His heart fell. Alec was too smart for his own good.

“You alright, Mr. Magnus?”

“Yes, sorry.” He passed the phone back to her. “I haven’t spoken to him in a while and would have liked to.”

“Not to worry.”

“How long were you traveling for?”

“Almost two days. Would have gotten here faster but one of our buses broke down.”

“Well, you are safe now. Are you hungry? I was about to order something.”

She perked up. “Yessir. Thank you.”

“My pleasure.” I should be thanking you. Now I have something to go off of. Magnus snapped his
fingers calling up the coffee table full of Chinese food. Dani yipped at the sudden abundance of food. “My apologies, I’m used to company that’s not surprised.”

“Oh no! That was amazin’! Could you teach me?”

“Maybe some small things later. First we eat.” He swept his hand at the food and started picking his own plate. They were silent at first as both started to fill their stomachs for the first time that day.

“Say, Mr. Magnus?” She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. “Why do I have hooved feet while you have regular ones?”

“They are what is called the Warlock Mark.” He treaded carefully. “It’s a distinct mark or physical trait that every Warlock has. Everyone has a different one.”

“What’s yours?”

“Generally it is rude to ask.” He smiled when her eyes went wide. “Though many of our kind have distinguishing features that aren’t easy to hide. Usually we use glamour, similar to how you hid your hooves. I have cat eyes.”

“May… May I see them? You don’t have ta.” He debated a moment before slowly blinking revealing his gold irises with elongated pupils. “Woah… Those are kinda cooler than mine.”

Magnus let out a laugh. “Yours aren’t so bad. I knew someone who was absolutely green.”

“Really?”

“Yes. Wonderful Warlock. He was a bit of a grump though.”

“What happened ta him?”

He looked down sadly. “He unfortunately died recently. This world we live in can be dangerous, but we do our best to stay together.”

“I’m sorry your friend died.”

“Thank you.” They finished eating and cleaned up. Magnus found a beginner spell book that taught the very basics about control and simple spells. Parlor tricks really, but Dani was ready to learn anything. As she read, Magnus walked over to table all of his work on Alec was and stared. This wasn’t exactly useful information. He would have moved by now knowing Magnus would look for him. Around five, there came another knock at the door. “Door’s open. He called from where he was going through some moves with Dani that would help with centering.

“Hey, Magnus.” Izzy’s voice greeted. “I can come back later.”

“It’s fine.” He replied finishing the sequence. “Where are your shadows?”

“Jace and Clary?”

“And Simon.”

“The two lovebirds are with Jordan trying to practice meditation since Clary can’t get revved up.” She snickered. “It’s annoying her because she wants to train but that causes her to go supernova.” She plopped down one of the chairs, propping her stilettos up on the coffee table.

“Yes, we can’t have that. Isabelle, I’d like you to meet Dani. Dani this is Isabelle. She is a shadowhunter. They protect the world from demons and are part human, part angel.”
“Like a Nephilim?” The girl gazed at the beautiful woman as if she were seeing a right and true angel. “She is mighty beautiful. What’s with the tattoo?”

“Have you never seen a shadowhunter before?” Izzy sat up in wonderment.

As Dani shook her head, Magnus explained. “She has recently been introduced to the Downworld.”

“You sound like Clary.” She laughed.

“Who’s Clary?”

“Another Shadowhunter, but it wasn’t until a few months ago she even knew about us. Hell, Magnus here wiped her memory so she didn’t have the sight.”

“That’s rude of you.” The Texan looked at the Warlock disapprovingly.

“At the insistence of her mother. It was a unique circumstance.” The man pouted at being ganged up on.

“Miss Isabelle-” The girl began.

“Izzy. Very few actually call me Isabella.” She smiled, flicking her long hair back over her shoulder.

“What are your tattoos of?”

“Oh, they’re runes. Only Shadowhunters can use them and they help us. This one, is to make me soundless as I run around slaying demons. This one to heal myself if I get hurt. This one’s pretty cool, it helps me see in the dark.”

“They’re beautiful.” Izzy smiled, lounging back once again. Dani stared at the deflection rune on her neck. “That rune on your neck?”

“That’s a deflection rune.”

“Does it change color after it heals or when first applied?”

“No. This one stays black.”

“I think it was on the man that sent me here. But, it wasn’t black. It looked like a healed scar, like it was light but didn’t quite match his skin color.”

“Wait. You saw someone with this on his neck?” The girl flinched as Izzy demanded an answer.

“Isabelle.” Magnus warned as Dani replied, “I think so, but he was wearin’ a hoodie so I couldn’t really see it.”

“Where was he? What did he look like? Was he really tall, taller than Magnus with black hair and-”

“Isabelle.” Magnus interrupted in a commanding voice. Dani shrunked back while Izzy stood up and took a step at the warlock.

“Magnus, did you know Alec sent her?” Without allowing him to answer she marched up to him and glared, “He’s my brother, I deserve to know!”

“I am aware. I suspect that yes, Alec sent Dani to me however,” He looked down without flinching under her burning gaze. “I was going to tell you later, perhaps after I also asked Maryse and possibly
“Jace and Clary to come by.”

“If you know where she came from, we could have gone and get him!”

“Excuse us, Dani.” He gently took Izzy by her arm and pulled her towards his study. “She last saw him two days ago. He is long gone. He’s smart and would know that we would figure out that he sent her. He’s not there anymore, Izzy. I’m sorry.”

“Are you?” She crossed her arms. “It feels like you’re giving up on him.”

Anger flared up inside Magnus. The air suddenly became charged with magic. “Enough, I know you are hurt but that is no reason to take it out on me. Both your mother and I have hit dead ends. I want to find him as much as you do, but I also do not want to get my hopes up. We at least know he’s okay.”

She let out a frustrated noise before knocking a few books from his desk. “Why! Why did he have to leave?”

“I don’t know, Isabelle. I wish I could give you an answer.”

“He’ll come back right?” Her voice was desperate. Needing the confirmation. “He wouldn’t forget about us, right?”

“I highly doubt that Alexander could forget about any of you.”

“He better not or I’ll kill him.”

“Whenever we find him, you can inform him of his demise should he forget you.” She snickered, feeling less stabby and more in control.

“I should go. The demon activity has increased lately and we’re still doing patrols for Sebastian.” She sighed. “What are you going to do with your new Warlock friend?”

“Find a place for her. It’s too dangerous right now for her to stay here and I don’t have the time. Was there a reason you came by today?”

“Not really, I just wanted to say hi and get out of the Institute.” The pair headed out towards the door. Dani had wandered around to look at the various paintings on the wall. “It was nice meeting you, Dani. Have a good night.” Izzy waved before walking out the door.

“She was nice?” Dani cocked her head staring at where Izzy left from.

“She is if you’re on her good side.” Magnus agreed.

“Mr. Magnus, is that the man who sent me? Miss Izzy’s brother, Alec?”

Magnus looked to where she pointed at four pictures from the time he managed to get Alec into a photobooth. “Yes.”

"His runes are black here.”

“They were.”

“What happened?”

“If you do not mind, I’d rather not talk about it. Are you hungry?”
“Yessir, I could go for some burgers.” She smiled. “Or whatever’s easiest.”
“Burgers sound delicious.” After Dani’s arrival, Magnus started finding at least once a week a wayward downworlder at his door. They all had basically the same description of a tall man wearing baggy clothes with longish black hair, a beard, piercing blue eyes, and possibly runes but not really sure. They all came from different states that didn’t always follow a pattern. A few times Magnus thought he knew where Alec was going, but then a Downworlder would come from some out of the way state and he’d be back at square one. It was frustrating, but relieving to know Alec was okay.

It was the end of January when something finally happened. Magnus was talking with Jace and Clary, still trying to figure out what to do with the Heavenly Fire that coursed through Clary’s body. Jordan’s meditation sessions were helping but the young shadowhunter was getting frustrated. She was put on the sidelines until they could figure out how to let her fight without starting to glow. “So anything new on Alec?” He asked as he laid on the ground next to Clary who had her feet kicked up on the sofa.

“Nothing we didn’t know before, although the last vampire he sent our way described him a little differently. Apparently he shaved his beard at one point and looked less homeless.” Magnus replied as his eyes scanned a spellbook page. “Please get your demon blood covered boots off my couch.”

“I clean my boots after every mission… usually. Since I haven’t been on one in forever they’re extra clean thank you.” Shifting so her feet landed heavily on the ground she didn’t bother to get up.

“Good to hear Alec is taking care of himself. I tried picturing him with an unkept beard and long hair and… I can’t picture it. He’s always been put together as far as I’ve known him. He hated not shaving, I asked once and he said it was uncomfortable.” The warlock didn’t reply but listened nonetheless.

Jace groaned next to her and complained, “I’m bored. Entertain me.”

“You may be attractive, but I’m not interested.”

It took Jace a minute before making a disgust face. “Not like that! I need to do something. I’m getting antsy.”

“I don’t know what to tell you Jace. I don’t have much for you to do. You can try to look for Sebastian or something.”

“I’ve done tha-” Jace cut himself off when his phone vibrated in his pocket.

“Jace, where are you and Clary?” Izzy’s voice was tight and strained.

“At Magnus’s place. Why what’s up?”

“You need to come home now. Like drop whatever you’re doing and come right away.”

Jace sat up at the urgency in his sister’s voice. Magnus by now had paused his reading and stared at the shadowhunter before him. “What’s wrong? What happened?”

“Sebastian.”

Images started flashing before his eyes. Golden blood and white feathers now tainted scattered on a marbled floor. He remembered a dagger in hand as he stood in the apartment with Sebastian’s hand wrapped around his wrist. It suddenly felt like he couldn’t breathe. ‘I’m on my way.’ He pressed the END button with force and shoved his phone in his pocket. “I have to get back to the Institute. My wish has been granted, something happened.”

“What?”
“I don’t know yet, but it has to do with Sebastian so clearly the end is nigh. We’ll talk to you later.”

With barely a good-bye from his host, Jace and Clary darted out the door. As Jace pushed the heavy Institute doors open, a few shadowhunters still on guard in the main atrium, pointed him towards the library. There he found Lydia, three Silent Brothers, Izzy, and Maryse staring at one another, tense features set in place. Currently the library was more a war room than a place to relax and browse through books. The furniture was pushed aside to make way for a large marble top table with sturdy chairs around it. Jace now realized more were in attendance; Clave members. Right as he walked over to stand near Izzy.

Maryse was currently ticking off names Jace was quickly realizing were Institutes that had been attacked. “Berlin, No survivors. Bangkok, no survivors. Moscow, no survivors. Los Angeles, had a few survivors. Children who are currently in Idris under protection.”

“Helen.” Izzy whispered.

“Aline’s girlfriend?” Clary asked more for clarification than anything. Most of the Clave members looked at her with hostility. Jace rolled his eyes because of course they still looked at her that way. Even after everything she had done for them, hell she even killed Valentine, they still didn’t trust her. She would always be Valentine’s daughter. “Is she alright?”

Soothing some of the girl’s troubles, Maryse replied, “She was in Idris at the time of the attack with Aline. Her younger brothers and sisters survived, although there currently is a problem with the eldest brother, Mark.”

“What do you mean issue?” Jace asked. “What exactly is going on?”

“I don’t think we’ll know the whole story until we get to Idris but,” She straightened her alright pristine cropped jacket and continued, “There have been attacks, several over the course of these past two nights, on six Institutes. We’re not sure how the Institutes were breached, but we know-”

“It was Sebastian.” Clary finished with eyes looking far away. “It was him wasn’t it?”

“Yes… He had the endarkened with him.”

“Of course it was him.” Izzy straightened up with head held high. Her calm face masking the pure hatred she felt for the man. “He did warn us he would be coming and now he has.”

“We assumed he would attack Idris.” Lydia sighed. “We didn’t believe he would go after individual Institutes. None of the intelligence we have been gathering indicated such a plan.”

“So he did what he always does. Go after the people and places you least expect.” Jace commented with a tone that stated he wasn’t all that surprised. “That’s his MO at this point. Maybe the Clave should plan better for that.” His voice dropped so only Maryse could hear him. “I told you he’d be trying to make more soldiers.”

“I’m aware, Jace. This isn’t helping.” She replied.

“If he was to attack an Institute, I would think he’s attack here first.” Lydia said. “I mean Jace isn’t wrong in what he said. Everyone Sebastian loves and hates all exist within these walls.”

“He doesn’t love anyone.” Izzy glared at nothing in particular.

Clary had a look that was a mix between panic and relief. It was terrible what Sebastian was doing. He was easily breaking into places that should be one of the safest havens anyone would know. It was disconcerting, playing on fear that nowhere was safe anymore. Yet after a little over a month of waiting and watching, he was finally making his move. He was out again and they could make
plans. War was starting. “So what are we supposed to do now? Fortify the Institute? Hide?”

“The Clave has called for immediate evacuation.” Lydia replied. “Every Institute is to report to Idris. All Conclaves are to report to Alicante. They’re doubling the wards around Idris once everyone is back. No one is to leave or enter.”

“But—”

“I’m sorry, it is out of my hands.”

“When do we leave?” Izzy asked. No one liked the idea of abandoning the city.

Maryse and Lydia looked at each other, before the latter straightened up and replied, “We leave tonight. Go and pack, you have two hours.” The trio looked at each other before nodding and scurrying off.

“Should I tell Luke?” Clary asked once they were far enough away so no one could hear her. “I mean I technically live with him. I can’t suddenly disappear.”

“He’s an ex-shadowhunter, he would know the protocol. But for safe measure I would.” Jace replied. “Go back to his place and pack. Just be back by the time we leave. He’ll most likely find out soon enough anyway. Magnus would tell him since I’m assuming he will be the one to portal us. Also due to the Accords and since Downworlders are also threatened, I’m sure the representatives will be called for their input. Since Luke is still technically the rep for the werewolves, he’ll have to come to Alicante eventually.”

“I’d be surprised if Magnus does the portal.” Izzy commented off-handed.

“Why would you say that?” Clary asked.

“He’s not exactly the Clave’s biggest fan right now. He’s always been on the fence with them, only doing things for them because they’re willing to pay him the price he gives them.”

“But he’s been the go to—”

“Please, if it wasn’t for Alec, he never would have done half the things he did for us. Since they… Since Alec isn’t here and it’s their fault, he will snuff them any chance he gets. I’m split on whether or not he’ll show as the Warlock representative. On one hand why should he go? They were cruel and he was the one who had to watch what happened to Alec afterwards. But on the other, he could really have fun and influence. The Downworlders will listen to him more than really anyone else and the Clave will soon find out if he so chooses. I don’t think he’ll do anything like want to start a war, but he’ll push their buttons just to watch them squirm.”

“Luke would follow his lead to an extent…. I hope he does decide to show. I don’t know, I’d feel better if he was.”

“Same. I don’t really know many Warlocks. I only really trust Magnus to watch my back.” Jace commented. “Go, Clary. We don’t have much time.” With a nod, she departed their company to go and pack.

Simon arrived with a distinct memory of all this happening before. Of watching as the Lightwood family prepared themselves to walk through a portal to Alicante. They all wore the standard shadowhunter gear under what he assumed was the standard issued outerwear. It looked like a black velvety cloak with leather straps binding it in the front. He didn’t think looked practical in a fight but what did he know? It’s not like he felt the cold anymore.
What was strange this time around however, was Clary standing by Izzy ready to leave with them. With the Inquisitor back in Idris, Lydia allowed special permission for Luke to come and say good-bye since his daughter was leaving for an undetermined amount of time. The only other Downworlders present were Magnus and Catarina much to some of their surprise. The vampire saw earlier Jace slip Izzy something with an eye roll. Simon assumed they had a bet going on whether or not Magnus would show. Clearly Jace thought he wouldn’t. Simon would have been alongside Jace.

When it was time for the Shadowhunters to depart, Lydia thanked the warlocks for coming before leading the way through the portal. The rest of the Shadowhunters followed suit until only the Lightwoods and Clary were left. While the kids said bye to Simon, Maryse walked over to Magnus who was wearing his gaudiest outfit and Catarina who was in her scrubs ready for another day in the ER. “Thank you for coming. I know you probably had no desire to do so.”

“You’re right, I nearly didn’t.” Magnus replied.

“I convinced him.” Catarina rolled her eyes. “He would have shown up anyways to make sure you lot were alright. Why should I expend my magic right before I work when the very capable High Warlock could do it.” The shit eating grin she gave her friend foretold of countless arguments and a lifelong friendship.

“You are too kind to me.” He grinned back at her.

“Will you be representing the Warlocks when the Downworlders are called?” Maryse asked truly unsure if he would come.

“Yes.” Catarina replied.

Magnus shrugged. “I suppose. Maybe I’ll make a stipulation that they have to let Luke be the werewolf rep just to piss them off.”

“Please tread carefully, we are on high alert and even though you’ve been working with the Clave doesn’t mean they won’t dismiss you as representative.”

“And who else is willing to go in my stead? We Warlocks don’t particularly care for the Nephilim and are a nomadic bunch. We like to keep to ourselves.”

“I’m aware, just please be careful.” Her eyes scanned the area while her voice dropped a little, “Not that I don’t think they deserve whatever you throw at them.” Magnus let out a surprised snicker. “See you in a little while and thank you for your help… in everything.” She gave them a small smile before turning and disappearing through the portal.

“She’s growing on you.” Catarina commented, remembering on multiple occasions how he bitched about the different Nephilim families including the Lightwoods both past and present.

“We have a mutual goal and she is someone Alec loves therefore I am being cordial to her.” He replied stiffly.

“Right. And you didn’t sit through a twenty minute lecture on war defense and fighting only last week.”

“She pounced on me. Through the first three minutes I didn’t even know what was happening!”

“Right… I’ve got to go. Say farewell to your little group.”

“I’ll be seeing them in about a day, it’s not that vital.”
“A lot can happen in 24 hours. You know that better than most.” She patted his shoulder before leaving. Knowing she was right, he walked over to the shadowhunters who were about to leave and wished them well. Once only he and Simon were left, the pair stood quietly for a moment not saying anything.

“I should probably head back home. Mom wants to have a family dinner since Becky’s home from college.” Simon shuffled his feet a little already missing his friends.

“Raphael’s memory compulsion still holding?” Magnus was still weary on how long it would last. The vampire was good but it still could fail at any time.

“Yeah, still acts like nothing happened.”

“Go spend time with her. I know it hurts knowing how she reacted, but eventually you won’t be able to make these memories.”

“Because we’ll live forever and she’s a mundane.”

“That being the better option, or the world will burn.”

“Aren’t you an optimistic one.”

“Only on Thursdays.”

Simon frowned. “It’s Tuesday.”

“Exactly. Until later little vampire.” He waved his ring covered fingers that caught the fading sun’s light. As he headed towards his apartment, Luke fell into step with him. “Hello, Luke. What’s on your mind other than the obvious?”

“Do you think they’ll allow me to go to Idris as the werewolf representative?”

“Probably not. If you’ve been banned from the New York Institute then you most likely will not be allowed into Idris no matter how dire the situation. The Clave… You may want to prepare your second to take on the task.”

“Maia?” Asked Luke as if inquire if Magnus was joking. “She’s too young.”

“Is she? Maybe she shouldn’t be your Beta if you can’t trust her with your position.”


“Lucien.” Magnus parroted back. “The point of a Beta is to have someone you can trust not only with your back but also the pack. Someone you can trust with your job as Alpha if you are unable to do it for whatever reason. In this case you have been banned from the Institute and possibly Idris. Unless you trust someone else to go in your stead as rep of the Werewolves, you are going to have to get used to the idea Maia will be the new you for such meetings.”

“I don’t like it.”

“I don’t think anyone does. She is, as you said, young and becoming the rep in Idris puts her in danger.”

“Things sure have gotten complicated lately.”

“I can’t deny that.”
“Mr. Bane. Mr. Gallaway.” The pair turned to see Meliorn standing behind them dressed in his Seelie armor.

“Hello, Meliorn. How may we help you?” Magnus asked with a raised brow.

“As the representative of the Fair Folk, I would like to extend an invitation for supper the night before the Council meeting that we will inevitably have.” He pulled out two elaborate invitations from his satchel. “Shall I count you two in the arrangements?”

Both men looked at the invitations and then up at the Seelie. “I suppose I can write your dinner party in.” Magnus replied. It’s not like he had much else to do aside from torturing himself with trying to keep the Lightwoods and Clary safe and searching for Alec.

“I will have to get back to you. My second may be going in my place.” Luke replied.

“Then she too is invited should you not make it. Good night, I must speak with the Vampire representative.” He nodded his head and then quickly left towards the Hotel Dumort.

“Is it strange that he invited us to a dinner?” The werewolf looked over at his friend.

“Be weary I suppose. Warn Maia if she goes that Fairy food can be… dangerous. Have her sit next to me so I can warn her.”

“I will. Thanks, Magnus. I should go and prepare Maia just in case.” The two parted ways unaware that things were about to quickly turn bad for them and the world.

Chapter End Notes

I wanted to give a heads up and will probably remind you later, but starting next month I will be posting a chapter a day early. I am starting a program that meets one weekend a month for five months so on those weekends I’ll probably post a chapter on Thursday. All other weeks will be the usual Friday.
Chapter Summary

Alec chose to not inform the Clave of Luke's attempt on Valentine's life and now he, and his family and friends, must deal with the consequences. The world isn't fair and trying to find someone who doesn't want to be found proves to be nearly impossible with the war that is brewing. Unlikely alliances form during times of darkness and realizing someone's importance may only be realized when suddenly they are gone.

Chapter Notes

Lot's happening in this chapter which leads into some of my favorite ones because I love emotional pain apparently.

I hope everyone had a pleasant Valentine's Day. After work, I spent the day with my pup ^_^ It was lovely and it was a beautiful day.

In case it wasn't obvious I proof-read the chapters myself. If there is any mistakes I apologize. I try my best, but for those who write know proof-reading your own work can be tough because you know basically what is written and sometimes miss mistakes.

Cheers, Angels!

For lunch the next day and to wait for Maia, Catarina and Magnus found themselves at the Hunter’s Moon. The place was once an old speakeasy before prohibition was ended and a Downworlder bought the place. Several hand passes later, it was now the local bar Downworlders tended to frequent for a decent meal and some liquor. Primarily it was catered towards werewolves since the Galloway pack ran it, but many different supernatural beings could be found milling about. Even the occasional Shadowhunter would sit in for a drink. The last time Magnus stepped into the hallowed halls of the bar, everyone had been celebrating the death of Valentine and Sebastian. It was a great night of partying and for Magnus a night of reconciliation with Alec. A good memory tarnished with pain.

“Magnus, that’s the third time you’ve sighed. If you’re wondering who the new eye-candy is, his name’s Bat. New to the pack and the werewolf life.” Catarina took a sip from her Manhattan Iced Tea.

“I wasn’t eyeing him. He’s too young for me anyway.”

“Uhuh?”

“He is. He’s what, maybe 16? Besides I was thinking of other things.”

“Whatever it is, don’t do it. It’s most likely a bad idea.” Magnus eyed her as if he was offended which he was if asked. “I’ve known you long enough to know that your ideas are usually bad. I’m not allowing you to become a pirate again. Or pick up the weird instrument.”
“I never repeat my mistakes and the charango was not a mistake, I just need more practice.” He replied stiffly.

“Please don’t ever play in my presence. I’m pretty sure my ears bled the last time I heard you play it. Anyway, my point is you make terrible decisions so whatever you’re thinking about don’t.”

“You weren’t even there when I was learning. Anyway I was thinking about…”

“Alec?” Catarina finished. “How is the search for him going?”

“Terrible. I know where he’s been from the lost Downworders he’s been sending me, but aside from that he’s always gone before I can track him down. The spell Ragnor used on the amulet is still holding strong and he doesn’t appear to be staying in one place long.”

“I’d say he’s smart if he was being hunted, but he’s not.”

“I don’t understand either.”

“At least you know he’s okay.”

“Physically at least. Emotionally I’m not sure. For a while the description they would give me it sounded as though he wasn’t doing well at all. They basically said he was like a kind homeless man.”

“He kind of is homeless, Magnus.”

Looking down, his voice quieted. “He doesn’t have to be.”

“He’ll come back.”

“I’m beginning to doubt it. He’s hiding and taking too many precautions.”

“It’s only been what? Four months? He’s the type that won’t stay away. Family and loved ones mean too much to him.”

“Maybe that’s why he would stay away because he knows he won’t be able to stay away from his family.”

“I’ve seen the way he looks at you and you at him. He wouldn’t abandon you.”

“Hasn’t he already?”

“Magnus-” Catarina was cut off by Maia, Luke, Simon, and Jordan heading their way.


Magnus put on a bright smile. “No worries, I was catching up with Cat and having lunch. Do you need to eat before we head out?” He directed the question at Maia.

She bit her lip. “No, but when is this meeting? I said I’d go with Jordan to speak with the Praetors.”

Jordan waved his hand. “Don’t worry. Luke said he’d go with me to try and figure out if they know anything. He’ll know what type of questions to ask so we don’t waste our time. Simon’s welcomed too since he’s my ward.” He grinned at his vampire friend.

“Wish I could, but Raphael wants to speak with me before he arrives at Idris. I can only imagine what he wants to talk to me about.” Simon crossed his arms in annoyance.
“Maybe you’re being put in charge of the hive.” Maia teased.

“I hope not.” If he wasn’t already pale he would have gone deathly white. “The hive doesn’t even like me. They’re still pissed at me for… well everything. Particularly existing really.”

“Ah yes, our resident movie star.” Magnus got up from where he sat. “It was a pleasure seeing you Catarina. Keep saving lives.”

“Always will. Don’t do anything stupid, like cussing out the Clave or something.” She smirked, also sliding out of the booth. “Good luck.”

“Now.” Magnus clapped his hands. “Shall we?”

“I guess.” She turned to Luke and gave him an unheated glare. “Next time you get banned from anything Clave related don’t do it while we’re in the middle of a war.” He let out a laugh and pulled her into a hug. “I’ll see ya later and don’t let Bat burn this place down. I like my job.”

“Of course, I’ll keep a close eye on him.” Bending down a little, he whispered, “You’ll do fine. You have Magnus, Clary, Jace, and Izzy on your side.”

“Thanks.” She pulled away and hugged Jordan. “Keep an eye on Simon, trouble always finds him.”

“Hey! I find that offensive.” He glared.

“Am I lying? You’ve been kidnapped like seven times in the past three months. You need someone to babysit you.”

The vampire huffed as Jordan laughed, “Of course. Besides it’d look bad if my first ward got kidnapped or maimed. I take my job very seriously.”

“Yeah, I can tell.” She snickered.

“Stay… well you. Don’t let them boss you around.” Jordan winked as he pulled away.

“I’ll do my best.”

“Oh lord.” Luke groaned causing everyone to look at him. “I think we have the worst possible combination going into the Council meeting.”

“I take offense to that.” Magnus frowned.

“Really. You, Maia, and Raphael against the Clave. The sass and blatant disregard for authority will be strong with this Council.”

Perking up, Magnus looked at Maia with a spark in his eyes. “Oh, this may actually be entertaining. Shall we?”

“After you, Mr.Sparkle Pants.”

“It’s Sir Glitter Pants to you, Lady Sass A Lot.”

As Maia let out a laugh, Luke put a hand over his face as he muttered, “We’re doomed.” Jordan laughed as Simon patting the Alpha on the shoulder. “Instead of fighting Sebastian, they’re going to fight us. It’s happening.”

“Come on Luke, you know Maia and Magnus wouldn’t do that. Magnus is too protective of the
Downworld to cause a war with the Clave and Maia would do anything to protect the pack. I think we’re safe.” Simon smiled.

“I hope you’re right Simon.”

“Come on, give them some credit.”

“On that note, we should get going Luke.” Jordan looked at his phone. “You going to be okay Simon? We can stay and make sure Raphael doesn’t do anything unseemly to you.”

“I’m not some damsel. I’ve talked with Raphael before, I can handle him.” Simon replied.

“You sure, we can stay with you.” Luke offered. “Make him know he can’t mess with you.”

Waving his hand, Simon said, “Naw I’m good. Be gone.”

“Alright, call if you need anything.” Patting the young man on the shoulder, Luke headed out towards his truck with Jordan close on his heels. The ride wasn’t too bad. The two talked a little.

Luke was still weary of the young werewolf having prior knowledge as to what he was to Maia, but the two were on better grounds now. They were friends and Luke could live with that. Didn’t mean he wasn’t going to keep a close eye on the Lupis Praetor in training, but he would take a step back and let things happen.

The scenery to the headquarters was usually pretty, but currently it was damp and dark looking with dirty snow and leafless trees. They were in the middle of talking about Simon’s obsession with Star Wars when Jordan frowned. “Is it… Is it snowing?” It hadn’t been in the forecast.

Luke tensed, “No.” They watched as white flakes landed on the truck and the drifted to the ground. Stopping the truck they watched as the flakes accumulated on the windshield. Both rolled down their windows to catch a few flakes. At the same time they informed the other, “It’s Ash.” Within seconds both werewolves hearts escalated as Luke flicked the gearshift into drive and floored it the rest of the way. Instead of the beautiful golden mansion the headquarters was a smoldering black carcass of a building.

Screeching to a stop, Luke threw the truck into park and kicked his door open. Jordan was almost instantly next to him as he headed towards the building. Their main goal was to see if anyone was alive. They covered their mouths as ash continued to fall, the ash when inhaled burned their throats and noses. The smell was nauseating. With their heightened senses they could smell not only burning wood and metal, but also flesh, clothes, and hair from those who were unable to escape the fire. By the time they made it to the courtyard the pair looked around shocked and unnerved. “I don’t see-” Jordan began, but was quickly cut off.

“Wait, look.” Luke pointed at a shadowy figure not far off. He took off with Jordan scrambling to catch up. Now stood in the main body of the building, the pair was covered almost head to toe in ash, discoloring everything they wore until they could nearly blend in with their surroundings. They stared in horror at dozens of charred remains of werewolves, many of them young. The dead were almost perfectly laid out in a circle before the path leading to the water that butted the property. It was obvious that they had all come together for safety. A werewolf’s mentality was to gather and be close to those similar; to form a pack. That had been part of their downfall.

Luke walked down to where more bodies were near the body of water. He stared down at Praetor Scott laying face down surrounded by pink tainted liquid. Bending down to turn him over, Luke grimaced as the deceased werewolf stared unseeingly up at the sky with his throat slit. “Luke, don’t.” Jordan began but cut himself off with a gasp.
Luke looked up to see the young wolf with a sword through his chest, eyes wide in surprise.

“Jordan!” The Alpha stared at the blade protruding from the boy’s body. He recognized it. Black stars staring at him dripping red tears. Sebastian. Luke caught the werewolf when he fell forward unsheathing the sword. “Jordan, Jordan, you’re going to be okay.” He whispered before looking up with shining emerald eyes at a fair skinned, white gold haired boy with the offensive large sword. “Sebastian.” Luke growled.


The Alpha growled at Valentine’s son heavily resisting the urge to wolf out. “Luke.” Jordan gasped as blood soaked his clothes and the ash that had collected on him. His breathing heavily labored. “Ru...Run.”


“No he won’t.” Sebastian replied in a semi-bored tone. “He’s going to die.”

“Shut up, Demon.”

Temper flaring, Sebastian snapped. With a motion faster than he would have thought possible, Luke found the tip of the familiar sword against his throat. “Quiet Downworlder. Take a good look around you. How many are dead? Do you think I’d really hesitate to kill you?”

“You wouldn’t because if you did Clary would never side with you. I’m the only parent she has left and if you kill me she will never join you.”

“You may be right, but I can be very persuasive when I want to be. Or someone could find you and oh no you just happen to be at the wrong place at the wrong time. Hell, I don’t even have to be the one to do it. I could call in any of the Endarkend.”

“She still would never side with you if I was killed.”

“Then maybe I’ll take you as prisoner. I can work with you as leverage.” He smiled that was cold and held little emotion. “I’m adaptable like that.”

Luke looked at him in disgust as his hand pressed a little harder against Jordan’s wound to try and stop the bleeding. “Why did you do this? What does this place have to do with anything? I thought you were attacking Insti-”

“It’s a long annoying story.” Sebastian shrugged, drawing the tip of the sword up and down Luke’s throat a little. A small drop of blood slid down lazily his throat. “Suffice to say, the London Institute was annoyingly well protected so the Praetor paid the price for their transgressions. I mean, I was going to kill someone today, it just happens to be plan B. Like I said I’m flexible.”

“But why the Praetor? They have nothing to do with London or the Nephilim.”

“That is where you are wrong. They have quite the history, but that’s neither here nor there at the moment. You’re lucky Luke Galloway because I need you to do me a favor. I need you to get my message to the Nephilim.”

“What is it?” He asked through clenched teeth.

“Well aside from the obvious. I want them to remember their Shakespeare. *I’ll never pause again, never stand still, till either death hath closed these eyes of mine, or fortune given me measure of*
“revenge.” Again he smiled down at the werewolf. “I am at war with the Shadowhunters and anyone who allies themselves with them. I have no argument with your kind, but if you side with the Children of the Angels I will not hesitate to slaughter Downworlders. My blade will be fed by the Nephilim and those who align with them, Downworlder blood alike. My army’s blade will feast open their blood until every last one of you is died.” He pressed the tip a little harder into the tender flesh just below Luke’s Adam’s apple. “Think you can remember that, Alpha?”


“Good boy.” He chuckled. He looked down at the stilled body in Luke’s arms. “Your friend’s dead.” Then he abruptly pulled the sword away and sheathed it. With barely any further acknowledgment he turned and left. He departed with a grin as Luke let out a sorrowed howl that was mixed with rage. Sebastian nearly had a skip to his step as he thought This is turning out even better than I could have imagined…

While Jordan was dying and Luke conversed with Sebastian, Simon was thinking of twenty seven ways to get out of this painful conversation with Raphael. It truly was painful and quite repetitious of previous conversations. So far he had 20 ways he could get out of it, four of which would probably result in his actual untimely death. He was saving those as last resort options.

With irritation, Raphael snapped, “Dios, are you even listening?”

“Ah, yes.” Simon nodded slowly. “But you may want to repeat it just in case I wasn’t actually listening.”

“Simon!” The Daylighter was pretty sure now Raphael was creating a list on how to either get out himself or how to murder Simon without anyone suspecting him. “This is important. I want you to come with me to Idris.”

“Oh.” Simon cocked his head. “Wait, why?”

“If you had been listening, you would have heard the reason. I need you to come with me because even though I am the representative of the Vampires, they trust you. You have fought alongside them and the Lightwoods love you. Are you coming or not? Catarina is taking an early lunch to portal me so make up your mind.”

Simon wanted to automatically say yes. It was hard to stay behind while Izzy and Clary left through the portal and here was his chance. But it sounded like he would have to leave without notifying Luke and Jordan first. That wouldn’t end well. He’s done enough disappearing since being introduced to the Shadow world. He went to reply when he noticed Bat looking panicked. “Ah, Bat looks freaked out.”

“Good for him. I need an answer.” Raphael was getting grumpy and testy.

“Hold on, it looks like he’s looking for someone.” He got up while Raphael cursed under his breath. He pushed through the crowd receiving some growls in response. “Hey Bat, everything okay?”

“Oh thank God. No, Luke just called and said you should be here.”

“Well, I am. What’s up? What’s wrong with him? Wait, is Jordan okay?”

Bat shook his head. “No.”
“Was another Institute attacked?”

“No, not an Institute but the Praetor Lupus was. It was burned to the ground. He said at least a hundred werewolves were killed including…” He bit his lip. “Including Praetor Scott and Jordan. He said Sebastian has taken the fight to us or at least any of us who sides with the Shadowhunters. He said something about about Shakespeare and never pausing until he’s dead or been granted revenge. I don’t quite remember, I was never great at English when it came to plays. Oh and something creepy about his blade feasting on the Nephilim and their allies.”

For a moment Simon saw red. The bar went tense, werewolves ready to pounce on the vampire should he lose control. However, everyone, including Raphael who had stood in case a conflict did occur, was surprised when Simon replied in a eerily calm voice. “Wait here for Luke. He’ll know what to do here. Raphael.” His eyes turned to the other vampire who for once was mildly afraid of the Daylighter. “We’re leaving. Thanks for letting me know Bat. Sebastian won’t get away with this.” He stalked out of the bar only slowing to let Raphael lead him to the portal.

To his surprise, the portal was different in color. Instead of the usual purple that Magnus always conjured, it was more blue in nature. “You don’t look good.” Catarina commented as they approached her.

“The Praetor Lupus Headquarters was attacked. Sebastian has taken the fight to us. Keep an eye on the other Warlocks if they’re in the area.” Simon informed.

“Of course. Let Magnus and the others know immediately.”

“We will. Stay safe.” Then Simon was gone only to arrive in Alicante with Raphael seconds behind him.

“You should be careful, Daylighter. They’re expecting me, not you.” Raphael warned. “They’re on high alert. They’ll shoot first and ask question later.”


“They use it to convey messages. Gold for a marriage. Blue for the Accords. Red means magic and danger.” Raphael said. “Something is happening.”

“I need to get to the Guard, that’s where Clary, Izzy, and Jace will go.”

“This is Shadowhunter business, Simon. There is a house not too far away set aside for the Vampire representatives. We’ll go there.”

“Really? You want me to come. You don’t even like me.”

“It’s a large house. I’ll be in one wing, you’ll be in the other. We don’t even have to see each other unless we are at a Council meeting. Win-Win.”

As Simon thought about the offer, he really wouldn’t be able to help anyone right now, he saw a lone figure in the distance. She walked with her head down in a frustrated manner, her hair braided as it usually was when in battle, and her heels clicked against the cobblestone road. He could tell from here something was wrong. “You can head to the house if you want.”

Raphael turned his head to see what had distracted the Daylighter. “Ah, La belle Isabelle.” He frowned. “What is she doing here while the tower is red?”
“I don’t know.”

“So who are you going for Daylighter, the Shadowhunter or the werewolf. Because honestly neither will work.”

“Why, because I’m a vampire?”

“No.” The older vampire grinned. “Both are out of your league.”

“I’m going to stake you one of these days.”

“I’d like to see you try.” Raphael was the first to step out of the shadows and into the lamp light. Simon was close behind.

Izzy jerked her head up sensing moving only to stop for a second. “Simon? Raphael?” She picked up her pace to meet them halfway. “What are you doing here?”

“I am the vampire representative remember?” Raphael grinned.

“And he thinks the Clave will listen to me more since I’m friends with all of you.” Simon shrugged. “What’s going on?”

Izzy looked back at the tower scowling, “They found out where Sebastian is and sent an attack at him. Limited it to only fifty. The portals already been closed.”

“Wait you found Sebastian?” Suddenly remembering what happened only an hour before.

“Yes, he’s attacking the Citadel.” She shook her head. “Our people are going to get slaughtered. I don’t think they stopped those with family who’d been turned from going. It’s… It’s going to be a mess. Worse yet or maybe better, Clary and Jace managed to get through. I’m worried.”

“Yeah… Um, I have ah… Bad news.” Simon scratched the back of his head.

“Worse than this?”

“Yes? Sorta? I need to talk to Magnus and Maia.”

“I would listen to him, the Clave does not have the whole picture.” Raphael assured. “You two better go, I need to feed before this… Party tonight.” He rolled his eyes as if it was a great annoyance.

“What party?” The pair asked.

“The Seelies have decided to throw a dinner party for the Downworld Council members. I can only imagine how boring it is going to be.”

“Why go then?” Simon asked. “Am I require to go?”

“You never say no to a Seelie invitation. You should have learned that lesson by now, Daylighter.” His eyes went to the Mark he believed Simon still carried. “And to answer your other question, you do not.”

“Good, I’m tired of the Seelies. Well, you have fun, I have business to attend to.”

“Lucky you. Good night, Izzy.” He nodded at her respectfully before departing from their company.

As they walked, Izzy put a hand on Simon’s arm, “Be straight with me, is everything okay?”
His eyes looked at her from the corner of his eye before moving back. “No, it really isn’t. Sebastian’s plans are far bigger than I think we anticipated.” When they arrived at Warlock representative house, Simon pounded on the door. “Magnus. Maia. It’s Simon and Izzy, please open up.”

Not long after, Maia opened the door. “What are you doing here?” She directed the question more at Simon than Izzy.

“I have something I need to tell you and Magnus.” With a sweeping hand gesture, Maia stepped aside so the pair could enter. Magnus waltzed out of the kitchen with a drink in hand.

“You rang?” Magnus asked with a grin. “Aren’t you supposed to be in New York? And you at the Guard?”

“They apparently didn’t need me.” Izzy frowned in annoyance.

“They’re loss.”

“Raphael wanted me to come because he thinks I have sway with the shadowhunters.” Simon chimed in.

“You?” Magnus snickered. “No offense, but I’m pretty sure they dislike you more than most since you not only are a Daylighter, but also once bore the Mark of Cain. But whatever. What did you need to tell us?”

“You’re gunna want to sit down.” Suddenly he realized he was the bearer of bad news. The trio exchanged looks and slowly sat down staring at the Vampire. “The Citadel wasn’t the first place to be hit after Sebastian tried London and failed.” He approached the next part carefully. “Luke went to the Praetor Lupis Headquarters… By the time they got there Sebastian… Sebastian had killed everyone… Maia,” He looked at her sadly.

“Did something happen to Luke!” Her claws had grown and started tearing at the armrest.

“No.” He saw her let out a sigh of relief. “Maia, Sebastian killed Jordan.” The room froze, watching how Maia would react. They all knew she had been rebuilding her friendship with the boy. They had begun to heal old wounds that his sudden presence brought to the surface. Simon especially had watched her struggle with having him back in her life. They still had a long ways to go, but it was getting better. They were able to hang out without Maia wanting to rip him apart.

With burning green eyes and claws she growled. “He did what?”

“I’m sorry, Maia. I got the news second from Bat so I don’t know the details, but… Luke had a message from Sebastian.”

“Simon, what did he say?” Magnus urged.

“He wanted the Shadowhunters to remember their Shakespeare. If I remember Henry VI right the quote was, I’ll never pause again, never stand still, till either death hath closed these eyes of mine, or fortune given me measure of revenge. He also warned the Downworlders that he may be at war with the Shadowhunters but also anyone who allies themselves with them. He said he had no argument with our kind, but if we side with the Children of the Angels he will not hesitate to slaughter Downworlders. Then something creepy about his blade and his army’s blade feasting on our blood until every last one of us was dead.” He stared at Magnus now as Izzy tried to figure out how to calm Maia down a little.

Magnus’s cats eyes flashed with anger. “He’s brought the war to us.”
“He doesn’t honestly think we won’t fight with the Shadowhunters after what happened at the Praetor Lupis does he? I mean he attacked werewolves. Peaceful werewolves.”

“I doubt it. Some of the other Downworlders may step away, but ultimately no we will not stand for another species to be attacked. We know he won’t stop with just those who side with the Nephilim. He’s Valentine’s son, he’ll eventually decimate all.”

With a nod, Simon turned his attention back to Maia. “How are you doing?”

“Wonderful. My blood lust for a certain tainted Shadowhunter has peaked to new levels. The next time I see that prick, I’m going to rip him to shreds.”

“That’s the spirit.” Magnus raised his glass to her receiving a glare.

“Should I tell the Clave at the meeting?” Simon asked. He didn’t particularly want to but he would.

“No need. I’ll inform the Downworlders tonight at the dinner party.” Magnus rolled his eyes at the notion of going. He really hadn’t been in a party mood in months.

“What if they panic?” Izzy asked.

“They’ll find out eventually and I’d rather be the one to tell them instead of them finding out somewhere else and then realizing I knew. Besides my main concern is and always will be the Downworld Izzy. I’m worried about the Shadowhunters yes, but they are my main concern. They need to know and what has happened won’t be easily concealed. You will find out soon enough and react accordingly.”

“But what if they decide to stand down? I know Luke’s pack, you, and Simon possibly even Raphael will vote to fight, but that doesn’t mean everyone will agree. What will happen then?”

“I’m sorry Izzy, but the Downworlders have a right to not help.”

“But if they decide against aiding the Clave, they won’t forget! They won’t be forgiving to them.” Her voice was desperate. “What if… what if we are decimated without them?”

Magnus’s eyes grew sad. “There was a world before Shadowhunters and there will be a world without them again.”

“But a world we’ll survive in?” Maia asked. “Sebastian… He’s a piece of work. He wouldn’t hesitate to kill us.”

“I don’t know, but we can’t take the right to stand down away from the Downworlders. We don’t have that right to.”

“But-” Izzy cut herself off when her phone insistently vibrated in her pocket. MOM flashed across the screen causing her to instantly pick up. “Hello?… Are they okay?... We’ll be right there.” She hung up and stood. “Jace and Clary are back. Something isn’t right.”

“I’m coming with you.” Simon stepped forward without hesitation.

“No duh. Are you two?”

Magnus nodded his head. “I am, I don’t know if Maia wants to?”

The young werewolf’s face set in determination. “Yes. Let’s go.” Without further delay, the small group hurried their way towards the Guard. It didn’t take long as they all basically ran through the
crowded streets to their destination. Upon reaching the square they searched for their family and friends. “If they’re hurt they’ll be at the Basilias.” Izzy informed.

“You two check around here, they may not be hurt but shaken up. Maia with me, I’ll do more good in the hospital anyway.” Magnus started towards the Basilias without a second thought. He barely registered Maia with him as he weaved through the distressed shadowhunters that had gathered to find their family and friends.

“Magnus!” The warlock turned to see Maryse waving him down. “Thank the Angels you are here. Clary needs your help desperately.” The normally vibrant girl was lying motionless on the ground. Her fiery hair was sprawled around her clumped with dirt and blood. The Shadowhunter armor was bloody and torn showing that she had in fact been part of the battle if the fact she was laying down wounded had not registered. The most distressing part in all this was the color of her lips and skin. Instead of pink her mouth was a dark blueish purple that matched her fingertips wrapped around a sword stamped with five stars. Her skin was an unhealthy white.

Without speaking, Magnus knelt down and started moving in hands in a strange manner. Seconds later the hall erupted into a blue light that nearly blinded anyone looking his way. When the light subsided, he placed his hand on her cheek, blue magic still flowing through his fingers. His lips moved unheard, muttering in a language of healing. He put nearly everything he had into the girl that had stupidly depleted most of her energy. If he didn’t understand why she most likely had, he probably would have scolded her for being stupid. But he knew better. There were only two reasons Clary would waste so much energy to the point of almost death. Either she created a rune that decimated Sebastian and his legion (which mostly likely did not happen) or she was doing something to save Jace (most likely what happened). He couldn’t fault her for that, if he and Alec had been in a similar circumstance, Magnus would have done anything for the young man.

Simon, no.” The Warlock barked without much thought. The vampire was getting too close and Magnus needed to concentrate. The patterns he was tracing over the shadowhunter's face was intricate and complicated. One false movement and he would have to start all over again. “This is delicate- her energy is almost depleted.” He didn’t pay any attention as Simon talked to however was around, most likely Maryse. He only snapped at the vampire again when he heard his name again. “Simon, shut up.” If he continued to be interrupted he was going to mess up and the chance of Clary actually dying would increase exponentially.

An unknown amount of time later, well at least for the Warlock, he finally sat back tired. It had taken a while but eventually she hit a point in her energy level that she would no longer slip away. Now she was merely resting to recover. She would live to see another day. Damn he was good. With his head tilted backwards and eyes closed, Magnus commented, “She’ll be fine. You can bring her to wherever you want her to rest.”

“She’s going to be okay?” Simon’s voice still held panic.

“No, I spent all this time and energy to bring her just to the point where she could live or die. Russian Roulette with lives is always fun for me and my company.” He finally opened his eyes to stare at the gaping vampire. “Yes, you idiot. She’d going to be fine.” He watched Simon and everyone around his relax a little with relief. “Now, if you don’t need me for anything else I have to go change for the party tonight.”

“No, we should be fine. The Silent Brothers can take care of everyone else. Thank you, Magnus.” Maryse offered the clearly tired warlock a hand.

All Magnus could think about was how strange his life had gotten since the day Clary and the Lightwoods walked into his party and turned everything upside down. “Thank you. Now, Maia, are
“You ready?”

“I guess…” She didn’t look like she wanted to go to the party.

“Unfortunately, one of the many prices of being a Council Representative.”

“Wonderful.” She muttered. Then she turned and gave her friends hugs before joining his side again.

When they were out of earshot, Magnus asked, “And how are you doing, Lady Sass A Lot?”

“Honestly, I don’t know. With Jordan I can’t believe it. I mean, at one point I wanted him to die. I was just so angry at him, but… but now.” She looked down at her hands. “This wasn’t supposed to happen. He was supposed to look up information with Luke, maybe talk to a few of the Praetors and then go home to watch over Simon. He wasn’t supposed to get hurt.”

“No. Life is not fair.” He felt for her. He’d watched many good, innocent people die at the hands of ‘bad’ people. Been with many as they drew their last breath. There was no real comfort to give a person who was grieving except a shoulder to cry on. How cliche.

“It doesn’t feel real.”

“We’ll be here when it does.”

“Thanks. We better be going though. Don’t want to upset the Seelie rep.” She wiped under her eyes as she steeled herself for what was to come.

“In that?” Magnus inquired taking in her vintage band shirt, ripped jeans, and sneakers. “You need to dress a little nicer if you’re going to see the Fey. They don’t appreciate sloppiness and you’ll be the odd one out.”

“Aren’t I already? All of you are what? Fifty years or older? I’m 22 and really have no idea what I’m doing.” She crossed her arms and glared.

“All the more reason. Did you bring anything a little more business casual instead of grunge?”

“I’m surprised you know what that is.”

“Darling, I lived through that era in America. Although I tended more towards punk.”

“Really?” She turned a little to face him as her eyes sparkled with interest. No longer did she feel like she was being crushed by grief or worry about her friends. For now she could breathe and deal with Jordan’s loss and the world crumbling down around her when she didn’t need to put on a face for company.

“Indeed. Multicolored Mohawk and everything.” Magnus replied with pride as they approached the Warlock rep house.

“I hope there are pictures.” She laughed, stepping over the threshold. “I’ll be down in a minute.” As promised, a few minutes later she descended the stairs wearing a dark green button-up tank top with a black leather jacket over it, dark skinny jeans, and boots. She replaced her studs with gold hoops and large necklace looped twice hung around her neck. “Better?” She held out her arms and turned around for Magnus to inspect.

“Much better.” He himself, wore perfectly tailored navy blue pants, a plaid shirt, tie, and matching blue waist coat. His hair was stylishly spiked, a silver ear cuff decorated his left ear, and his makeup
was more subdued than usual. Even his nail polish had changed in the few minutes she had been gone.

“All right, you’re making me look bad. Is everyone going to be as fancy as you?” She was getting a little self-conscious. Maybe she should have gone a little nicer.

Magnus looked down at his attire. “This is relatively casual for me. Raphael might be dressed similarly but that is because that is our choice of fashion and how we were raised. You are fine. I wouldn’t be surprised if Meliorn wore his armor to dinner.”

“As long as you’re sure. I don’t want to upset the fairies or anything.”

“Try not to say anything too offensive and you’ll be fine. Oh and if I tap you, you probably shouldn’t eat whatever is in front of you. Don’t want to be magicked to dance from dawn to dusk.”

“We’re screwed.” Magnus laughed as he held the door open for her.
Discussions and Wine

Chapter Summary

Alec chose to not inform the Clave of Luke's attempt on Valentine's life and now he, and his family and friends, must deal with the consequences. The world isn't fair and trying to find someone who doesn't want to be found proves to be nearly impossible with the war that is brewing. Unlikely alliances form during times of darkness and realizing someone's importance may only be realized when suddenly they are gone.

Chapter Notes

***WARNING: Characters will be drugged in this chapter.**** Nothing sexual occurs, but drugs will be used against characters as seen in the book series.

Here's is a short extra chapter this week. I was going to do something on Valentine's Day, but ended up busy. Enjoy and Cheers, Angels!

The walk wasn’t too far, but it was enough time for Maia to start feeling anxious. She felt like she was going into the den of her enemy. If anyone had asked her, she wasn’t a fan of the Fey. They were too deceptive. Everyone in the Shadow World knew Faeries couldn’t lie, but that didn’t mean they wouldn’t twist truths. It was annoying and Maia liked to deal with things clean cut. Thus her personal philosophy of being blunt about everything. Manipulation wasn’t her thing and she thought it cowardly for someone to use it against her. Fight it out and be done with it.

When a tall dark haired Fey opened the door, he walked them to the sitting room. Meliorn was already in conversation with Raphael only nodding his acknowledgment so as not to be rude to the vampire. When the pair approached, they were both greeted politely by Meliorn while Raphael gave his usual hello. They spent a total of a half an hour conversing with each other; being polite. To the werewolf it felt a little forced. God she hated politics. Why did Luke think it was a smart idea to send her? She was going to screw this up. Maia was quite relieved when dinner was called. She could at least use eating as an excuse to be quiet.

To Magnus’s surprise the dinner was elegant. Instead of his usual experience when dining with the Fey, which was only a few times, the decor being naturalistic, today’s dinner was simple. Instead of tree-trunk tables, the cutlery being in the shape of branches, and plates filled with nuts and berries, the table was normal with a lace set on top. The plates were of the highest quality of polished mahogany, the decanter was crystal, and the cutlery made of delicate saplings in lieu of silver and iron. The Shadowhunters had gone out of their way to accommodate for the werewolves and Fey which mildly surprised the warlock. He could tell they were at least trying.

Faerie knights stood guard like statues which Magnus knew unsettled the werewolf next to him. Although she was used to being surrounded by fellow werewolves even if the event was an elegant
affair, it was still off putting to see the weapons. At least with werewolves you could pretend they were regular mundanes. The long white spears each knight held was quite intimidating especially with how shiny they apparently were. The light bounced off the polished wood giving a soft glow to the room. It was nice ambiance if it wasn’t for the fact those were weapons giving the soft light.

His mind started wandering to the one thing he didn’t really want to think about. Alec. With all that was happening he was both happy and scared for the ex-shadowhunter. He was glad he wasn’t a part of this world anymore. It scared him enough to know Clary, Izzy, and even Jace and Simon were preparing to battle. If Alec was still a part of this world, he knew the man would be in the thick of it protecting everyone’s back. Never thinking about himself. Willing to throw his life away if it meant protecting his family. Magnus wasn’t sure his heart could handle that stress. He was normally brave and accepting of the fates of others. He was immortal, he had to accept the mortality of others. But to think of Alec dying was too much. It hurt only thinking about it, if it actually occurred he would be a mess.

Then again, his boyfriend was still out there alone. He was traveling the United States with no real training on how to be a Mundane. With no real ability to protect himself from demons or anyone else out for Shadowhunters. If all their efforts were for naught, he would be in even more danger than before. Magnus might not even be alive to help him if he ever did find him. Worse, he could picture the runeless man picking up his bow and doing all the damage he could before an Endarkened killed him or even worse tried to turn him.

“Magnus?” Maia waved a hand in front of his glazed over eyes, “You paying attention?”

“What? Yes, of course I am.” He picked up his wineglass and took a sip. It really was good. “I one hundred percent agree.”

“Really?” She asked like she didn’t believe him for one second. “So you agree we, the Downworlders, shouldn’t fight with the Shadowhunters against Sebastian. That we should abandon them. Make it a Shadowhunter issue?”

“Told you he was not paying attention.” Raphael smirked as he stuck his fork into his blood fondue which he was enjoying immensely.

“Technically, this is a Shadowhunter issue…” Magnus trained off with a sigh as he placed his glass down. The wine was stronger than he initially thought. He was getting a little light headed now. “Fine, I wasn’t listening. And no, of course I don’t believe that-”

“Shadowhunter lapdog.” Meliorn accused. Magnus wasn’t surprised he felt that way. The Fair Folk and Warlocks always had a difficult relationship. While the two usually had a common enemy, neither particularly liked Shadowhunters, the Fey were disgusted Warlocks would sell their magic to the highest bidder. On the other hand, Warlocks scorned the Fair Folk for their inability to lie, their stone written by the books always customs, and how they found joy in wreaking havoc on mundanes. “What reasons would you have to preserve your relationship with the Shadowhunters? Did they not cruelly torture one of their own, your lover? Tossed him away with nothing but the clothes on his back? And where is he now? The Shadowhunters surely don’t care.”

While Raphael looked quite amused at the turn of events, Maia had frozen with her wine halfway to her lips. With narrowed eyes, Magnus replied, “No one says lover anymore, Meliorn.”

“I don’t see why bringing Alec up would hinder our judgement? Yes, it was cruel but Sebastian is targeting everyone.” Maia commented. “Personal relationships aside he’s still evil.”

“Everything is about personal relationships.” Raphael corrected as he continued to eat his fondue.
“Why do you think we’re in this mess to begin with? Because Jonathan Morgenstern has sworn vengeance against the Shadowhunters. And why is that? Because he detests his father and mother so. He has a weird love hate with his sister and Jace Whatever-his-last-name-is. None of which are Downworlders.”

“But he has brought the war to Downworlders. You were there when Bat informed Simon that he had decimated the Praetor Lupis Headquarters.”

“But he also said he would only kill those who side with the Nephilim.”

“You know as well as I do, his word can’t be trusted.” Magnus looked at his friend. "And are you really going to put Izzy in harms way? You talk as if you haven't become... friendly with some of the New York Conclave."

“I may like Izzy and one or two of the New York Institution, but I have to think of my people, Magnus. Morgenstern was not the one who killed dozens of Downworlders.” The vampire stared at the Warlock everyone remembering that terrible day. The day Alec first told Magnus he loved him.

“That wasn’t the Shadowhunter's fault. They were trying to stop Valentine.”

“And yet it was a Shadowhunter who killed us.”

“To be fair, Jace thought he had demon blood and was willing to sacrifice himself to save everyone.” Maia pointed out, placing her glass on the table. Suddenly she was feeling a little woozy. Did she really have that much wine? Shaking it off, she continued. “And the Council has denounced Sebastian and his actions. They are actively at war with him and are asking for our help. Not just some, but all the races: Lycanthropes, Warlocks, Vampires, and the Fair Folk. Isn’t the purpose of the Accords to bring all the races together and do good to protect the world. To unite against those who do evil, regardless of bloodline?”

“That was a beautiful speech, Maia. Bravo.” Magnus placed a hand on her shoulder, but paused. His words were definitely slurring. Seriously, how strong was the wine? He never allowed himself to get this drunk at another’s party. He was always careful. “What kind of wine is this?”

Meliorn leaned back with a smirk on his lips. “Does the vintage not please you, Warlock?”

“Mag-” Maia cut herself off as her vision started to blur and her limbs felt heavy. “You son of a bitch, what have you done?” Her words were slightly slurred but the Faerie could still understand her. He merely laughed at her question. The sound was a painful musical note in her ears as she tried to push away and stand. However, when she attempted to do so she crumpled to the floor. The last thing she heard was someone shuffling past her.

Magnus watched hazily as his friend passed out. He looked over at Raphael, but found the man already face down on the table unmoving. Struggling to his feet, he lurched towards the door finding the room shifting around him. It was like being in a fun house except without the fun. To his horror when he pulled the door open, an Endarkened blocked his path. The person was dressed in the standard red armor, their face was blank and one Magnus didn’t recognize. He knew it was a Shadowhunter for their exposed neck was covered in runes. However, as his eyes focused on them he realized they were not Angelic in nature. They spoke different, they were of dissonance, spoke of the demonic realm.

When he tried to turn away, his legs finally gave out. He landed painfully to his knees, clearly his
head just enough to recognize Meliorn in his white armor kneeling before him. He grinned down at him. “Demon-fathered one. Did you really believe the Fair Folk were really with your kind? On the side of Angels?”

Feeling his peripheral field of vision darkening, tunneling, Magnus said, “The Fair Folk can’t lie.”

Meliorn laughed for a second before his voice dropped sympathetically. “Oh child, not to understand that the best deception is always in clear sight. Then again you are innocent after all. Believe the best in those around you.” The Fey could see the Warlock try to protest but the last of the drugs had finally kicked in. He swayed a little before dropping the rest of the way to the floor. It would be hours before he or any of them would wake. The Faerie stood and looked to the Endarkened. “Take them away.”
Chapter Summary

Alec chose to not inform the Clave of Luke's attempt on Valentine's life and now he, and his family and friends, must deal with the consequences. The world isn't fair and trying to find someone who doesn't want to be found proves to be nearly impossible with the war that is brewing. Unlikely alliances form during times of darkness and realizing someone's importance may only be realized when suddenly they are gone.

Chapter Notes

I don't have much to say. Hope you enjoyed this chapter and it has been fun twisting parts of the book to fit with how this story flowed. Have a great week, Angels!

By the time the three Downworlders came to Maia was laying on the overlapping granite flagstone of the circular cell. She wasn’t the first to wake, Raphael was walking the doorless room trying to get as much information out of it as possible. He looked angry. “I see you are finally awake.” He commented not looking away from one of the long, narrow slitted windows. They held no glass, but none of them would be able to fit through them even if they tried.

“What happened?” She stood feeling the room tilt for a second before settling. She realized there were benches protruding from the walls. At least there was a place to sit aside from the hard floor.

Finally the vampire looked at her as if she was being intentionally thick. “We were drugged by our Fey host.” He looked ready to murder someone.

“Of course. I was hoping that was a bad dream.” She walked over to Magnus, the only one chained and still passed out. “Is he alright?”

“He’s breathing, but hasn’t woken yet.” The vampire walked over to the chains. “Move.” Taking the thick chain in both hands he started pulling, using all of his vampire strength. The metal barely budged.

He didn’t let up even when Magnus muttered, “Please don’t rip off my hands. I like them. I need them.” His eyes opened tiredly and he didn’t try to stand or move. His friend made an annoyed noise at him before continuing his assault on the cuffs. “You may want to conserve your strength.”

“I’m only trying to help.” Raphael replied stiffly. He gave one last swift yank before dropping the metal and going to sit on a bench. No one really spoke, they were trying to assess the situation. They were imprisoned that much was obvious. The Fey were working with Sebastian so they could be anywhere. Lastly, it appeared the cell was virtually impossible to escape from.

As the hours slowly passed the trio spoke a little, but most of it was spent in their heads. Each one devising a plan even though they knew none would work. Two of them may be able to get away, but with Magnus currently chained like a dog he wasn’t going anywhere. At some point Maia found
herself looking out through one of the windows. She was still in her dinner outfit which made her skin crawl. Her body had a thin layer of dried perspiration that had collected dust particles. The bottom of her shirt and part of her pants had a rust colored stain from where Magnus’s wine had spilled across the table and splashed off the table onto her. The first time she had seen it she thought she had been hurt. However, nothing indicated such a thing and the scent was fruity.

The outside world was nothing like she had ever seen. It reminded her of old pictures before pollution laws were enacted. Where coal particles floated in the air giving a city a hazy look. Where the hell could they be?

Her thoughts were derailed when Magnus asked, “Do you see anything?” Raphael had gone back to trying to free him with little luck.

Looking back at him for a minute before watching the outside world again she replied, “Not really. Just fog out there. Grey-yellow in color. Kind of reminds me of those old picture of what cities looked like before the Clean Air Act. Or when the west has windstorms that toss up dirt. There might be a mountain in the distance, but it’s hard to tell.”

“Do you think we’re still in Idris?” Raphael asked before trying the chain that held Magnus’s right hand.

“No.” The Warlock replied unhappily. “We’re definitely not in Idris anymore. I can feel it in my blood.”

“Then where are we?” Maia’s stomach turned. She had a feeling she was not going to like the answer.

Magnus looked up at the ceiling. The place they were in was burning in his blood, prickling along his nerve endings, drying out his mouth, and giving him a sore throat. A fever was in the making. With finality, he answered, “Edom. We’re in a demon dimension.”

“You gotta be kidding me!”

“I wish I was.”

“I give up, I cannot free you.” Raphael dropped the chain as he swore in Spanish. “Why would Sebastian have the Endarken chain you, but not us? I don’t get it.”

“Have you ever seen Magnus perform magic?” Maia gave the vampire a look. As she did a bad imitation of the warlock. “Doesn’t he need them to do magic and all that jazz?”

With wide eyes, Raphael looked at Magnus in surprise. The Warlock actually chuckled. “Didn’t know that did you? I’m a little hurt, I thought you’d figure it out by now. You’ve been alive long enough.”

“Never made much business with your kind.” He shrugged. “Found no need to.”

Magnus raised a brow but didn’t call him out on the lie. “Not that these make much of a difference. If Sebastian had done his research, he would know I can’t do magic here. There honestly isn’t a need to shackle me.” He moved his arms so the chains clattered together. It reminded Maia of A Christmas Carol when the ghosts howled their sorrows and shook their chains.

“I take it this is where the little shit’s been hiding.” The werewolf looked outside again in disgust. “Why no one was able to track him.”
“Or left us to rot.” Raphael plopping down on a bench.

“I doubt it. If he wanted us dead, he’d have killed us. His plan is larger than we think. What though, I don’t know.” Magnus said.

“But why keep us alive?”

“Leverage? To have witnesses? Who knows.”

“Leverage for what? We aren’t exactly Shadowhunters or of particular worth to anyone other than our kind. Even then…”

“Clary. She cares about us.” When Raphael gave Magnus a disbelieving look he shrugged. “Well, she likes me and Maia. He might assume you are important too because of Simon who she cares about greatly.”

“But who really knows what goes on in that sicko’s head.” Maia shook her head and sat near the vampire. Werewolves and the vampires may not like each other, but at the moment his presence was a comfort. As the day wore on, Maia fell asleep with her head pillowed on her arm which rested on one of the benches.

Magnus didn’t even bother to move. He closed his eyes and drifted off dreams filled with blue eyes and black hair. For once they were welcomed. It was a nice diversion from the blood in streets and the whole world burning he’d been having lately. This dream was pleasant. They weren’t doing much. It was early morning with the sun lazily filtering in through the windows. He watched as Alec’s skin glowed in the sunlight bringing out the the black of his runes, eyelashes, and hair. All Magnus did for a while was watch him sleep. Not to sound creepy, but it was a calming pastime that settled him whenever things got too chaotic. “Morning.” The Shadowhunter groggily greets. A smile lazily forms over his lips seconds before brilliant blue eyes open to look at Magnus. It still surprised the Warlock as to how much love Alec could show through his eyes. He’d never had anyone look at him in such a way and it scared him.

His naked finger reaches out to brush away the hair that had fallen into Alec’s eyes while he slept. Then he cupped the man’s face, heart aching when Alec turned into the palm. Closing his eyes to revel in the touch. Magnus remembered how painful it was to watch Alec pull away from any touch he was given. How starved he looked but would never accept any caresses. “Oh how I miss you.”

For a few moments none of them spoke while Magnus continued to stroke Alec’s cheek and Alec enjoying the touch. Finally the Shadowhunter opened his eyes. His eyes were a little sad in understanding his boyfriend’s pain. “I miss you too.”

“I should have told you I loved you more.” Even to his ears, Magnus could hear his pain and regret. Alec reached up to hold the hand that stroked his cheek. “I already knew. Tell me when you see me again.”

“That may never happen. I can’t find you.”

“We always find our way back to each other.’ I said that once and I still believe it.”

This time it was Magnus’s turn to close his eyes. The dream was beginning to hurt again. All the heartache and guilt he felt always came out. He remembered why he preferred the Apocalyptic dreams over this one. He missed Alec, but the one before him wasn’t the man he loved. He was a figment of Magnus’s yearning. He didn’t want this, he wanted his Alec. “You left me.”
“I did.” The sorrow in dream Alec’s voice was painful. Magnus’s heart clenched at the sound and his stomach tightened. Even with his eyes closed he could see the sad blue eyes.

“Why?” A whisper. The question he’s never asked before.

“You’ll have to ask me when we meet again.”

He felt the hand that held his disappear only to stroke his cheek. It wasn’t fair. This wasn’t real. Opening his eyes, he stared at Alec before admitting, “I might not survive. I’m dying.”

Dream Alec smiled softly again. “You won’t. You’ll survive. I believe in you.”

“Believing in me won’t guarantee my survival.”

“Maybe not, but you’ve always survived the impossible and you’ll do it again.”

“Maybe not. Maybe not this time.”

“Please Magnus, don’t give up. Keep fighting.” There was desperation in the Shadowhunter’s voice.

“I don’t know if I can.”

“Magnus.” He hated that he put such sadness into Alec’s beautiful blue eyes. No more words were exchanged. They held each other in the glow of the morning sun until the dream world started to fade away to a dingy cell he was currently prisoner in. He turned his head to see Maia twitching where she slept. He wondered if it would do any good to wake her. To his surprise, he never had to make a choice. Suddenly haunted dark eyes stared through him. Shaking the dream off, Maia started to stretch off the night’s uncomfortable position.

When she stood up, her back popped and her stiff muscles started to move normally once again. The arm she had been sleeping on started to tingle with renewed blood flow and nerve activity. She winced as she shook it out. Looking out the window, she couldn’t really tell a difference except maybe it was a little lighter than before. When she leaned against the wall she noticed Raphael curled up with his arm as a pillow. It was strange to see him laying on the ground covered in dirt. He was usually regal in manner and held his head up with authority. It was a little jarring to have that perspective change.

“He needs to feed.” Maia’s head whipped towards Magnus who was still on the ground. Interestingly, he wasn’t looking at her but rather at the vampire. His eyes were softer and held a tense gentleness she never would have associated with the two. Picturing Raphael with friends, especially ones outside the Vampire species was hard to conjure up.

“I take it you know each other.” She was beginning to put the pieces together. She crossed her arms and legs, most of her weight pressed into the cell wall. Finally his eyes shifted to look at her. He raised a brow in a manner that stated she was stating the obvious. Giving him a look back she clarified, “I mean, you knew him before all this.”

“Before I got in with the likes of your small group of friends? I did have a life before all of you. Long before even Luke was born or the uprising or any of that.” His eyes settled back on his sleeping friend. “Fifty years ago.” He began. “There was a woman in New York that asked me to save her son from a vampire.”

“Raphael was the vampire I assume.”
“Careful you know what they say about assuming, pup.” Maia glared but remained silent. “Raphael was her son. I was too late though, he had already been Turned. The vampire that kidnapped him had killed his friends, but Turned him. I don’t know why. Perhaps the vampire saw him as beautiful, saw his strength, or maybe his will. I don’t know and I don’t think he does either. Regardless of the reason, he was Turned. Forever a young adult, a Caravaggio angel painted in blood.”

“He barely looks older than me or Jace. He still looks so young.” She couldn’t deny on the outside he looked like an angel, but one that had gone bad. Possibly a fallen that hadn’t become twisted in form.

“Not to me. I hope he survives this, the New York Hive needs him. He may be prickly, but he is good for the Vampires. He cares for them in a way Camille never did.”

“You really hope he survives?” The werewolf raised a brow. “And how many people has he killed over the years?”

Maia nearly stepped farther into the wall when cold eyes settled on her. “Who among us has not? Even you have blood on your hands, Maia.”

“Do you?”

“I’m old, if you live long enough you eventually end up with red hands.”

“Does Alec know?” Her voice changed to a gentler tone which grated on Magnus’s nerves. Everyone talked to him like that when Alec’s name was brought up.

“I’m sure he extrapolated that I do. His hands aren’t exactly clean and if it meant saving those he loved he would do anything to protect them. He’d follow them into Hell if he needed to.”

“Do you think he would have come here to save you?”

Magnus was quiet trying to not let his emotions get out of control. “Shadowhunter Alec? I would like to think he would, but if it meant choosing between saving one person and the world… He is a Shadowhunter and they always choose the world.”

“I think he would.” She slid down the wall, letting her legs stick straight out. “I mean, he protected Luke. If he knew you were here, he’d come hell or high waters for you.”

“We will never know.”

Maia cocked her head. “You said Shadowhunter Alec, you think our Alec wouldn’t come for you? Don’t you think he would now that he isn’t tied to the Clave and their laws?”

“I don’t know anymore. It’s been months since we last saw him and he was in bad shape the last time he was around. He has no way to protect himself. If he was smart he wouldn’t come.”

“Do you really think love is smart?”

“Definitely not.” His eyes returned to the ceiling, blinking back tears he knew threatened to fall whenever he thought of his wayward boyfriend. “I don’t know if I’d want him to. I’m selfish enough to want the one I love to choose me before anyone else, but he has no way to protect himself here. I don’t want him hurt or killed in the process.”

“I don’t think you’d have a choice. The Alec I’ve come to know would drop everything to save you.”
“Then perhaps it’s a good thing he doesn’t know what is going on.” The conversation dropped after that. Of course the dream and Maia had Magnus thinking once more about Alec. Would he have found a way to get into Edom for him? Would he really have risked everything for Magnus? It was a place no mortal or even immortal was supposed to traverse. It was a demon plane for a reason. The conditions were unforgiving and a place Magnus wouldn’t even wish on his worse enemy… Well Valentine maybe, but even then it would be pushing it.

He really didn’t want to fantasize about it. Part of him didn’t believe if Alec was still a Shadowhunter, he would risk himself and the lives on earth for Magnus. To save the many, he would do what was expected of him. He followed the rules, he upheld them. Breaking into Edom definitely would have broken a few Clave laws. It wouldn’t have been worth it for one Warlock. However, a deeper part of himself knew that to be a lie. Magnus was not only a loved one of the young man, but Alec was in love with him. Or at least had been. He would have done anything to save him. And that… that scared Magnus. Anything could have gone wrong between the decision to enter hell and actually escaping. Possibly even the same outcome that had been decided when he didn’t tell the Clave about Luke.

Thinking about possible outcomes, brought Magnus to what would happen if his Alec found out he was missing. Would he try to do anything? Would he be stupid enough to try and find him? Would he be stupid enough to try and save him? Magnus wanted to groan. Yes, if Alec still had feelings for him, he probably would. Please don’t find out. He drifted off praying Alec didn’t find out.

Minutes. Hours. Possibly days later, Maia found herself pacing. She was getting restless being confined to a single cell. She’d had problems with enclosed spaces for most of her life. It started with her brother and only got worse since being a wolf. The only distraction she received was an explosion of light outside. She startled back, nearly tripping over her feet before pressing herself against the window. Outside, like a blooming flower, was light that parted the darkness.

“What was that?” Raphael asked, sitting beside Magnus who looked to be sleeping. He was pale and appeared ill. Something was wrong.

Looking back at the Vampire she replied, “I’m not sure.” She saw more than heard Raphael sigh before getting up to join her. “Do you think it’s Sebastian?”

“No.” He squinted into the distance. “I can tell even from here, there is something holy about that fire.. There’s no way it can have anything to do with Sebastian. It’s similar to how God would appear to wanderers. ‘By day the Lord went ahead of them in a pillar of cloud to guide them on their way and by night in a pillar of fire to give them light, so that they could travel by day or night.’”

Upon seeing Maia’s disbelieving face, Raphael scowled, ”What? I grew up a good Christian boy before I was Turned. I do not think our friend Sebastian is going to like this.”

“Can you see anything else?” Maia knew vampire vision was superior even to werewolf heightened senses.

He hummed as he looked harder. “Something, looks like ruins. Like a city of Dead. The fire is dying. Look how it fades.”

Behind them they heard a soft murmur. Both Downworlders turned to see Magnus shift to try and get a more comfortable position. His hand was on his stomach as if he were in a great amount of pain. His eyes were open but dull. “Speaking of fading…”

Within a second, Raphael was by his side. “You must tell us, Warlock if there is anything we can do for you. All the years I have known you, I have never seen you sick.”
“Raphael,” The Warlock began as he brushed his sweaty hair off his forehead. “It’s my father, this is his realm.”

“Your father’s?”

“He’s a demon.” He shrugged. “Not a big surprise there. I’m not going into details but my health is his doing.”

“What does being in his realm have to do with your deteriorating health?” Maia inquired moving to sit near her friend.

“He’s trying to get me to call him.” With a little struggle, he propped himself up on his elbows. “I can’t do magic here therefore it is easy for him to reach me. He can choose to make me well or sick. He thinks if he makes me sick, I’ll be desperate enough to call on him.”

Biting her lip, she asked, “Will you?” Calling upon a demon did not seem like a good idea even if meant possibly getting Magnus better.

“It wouldn’t be worth the price. With any demon and especially my father, there is always a price.”

Maia frowned. She didn’t like the despair in his voice, it was so unlike the Magnus she had come to know. Raphael was the one to say what she was thinking. “But wouldn’t it be worth the price? Would you not pay it to live?”

Flopping back onto the stone floor, Magnus shook his head tiredly. “No. I may not be the one to pay the price.” When Maia opened her mouth to object, Raphael shook his head. During the conversation he had shifted his position closer to the Warlock’s head where he wrapped his arms around his knees. There were black protruding veins by his temples and throat which were clear signs he needed to feed; it’d been too long. Maia could help but think how they were an odd group thrown together: the starving vampire, the dying warlock, and the claustrophobic werewolf.

“You don’t know anything about his father.” Raphael glared at the girl when he caught her staring at him for too long. His voice was low to let his friend sleep.

“I suppose you know who Magnus’s mysterious father is?”

“Paid a lot of money for that knowledge.”

“But why? What good would knowing who his father was do for you?”

“I like knowing things.” Raphael shrugged at knowing his faults. “It keeps me safe. Magnus knew my mother; it was only fair I knew his father since his mother was long dead… He saved my life once. I was not much different than Simon. I wanted to die when I first Turned. I was very religious, I thought I was damned. Magnus saved me. Taught me to walk on Holy ground, say God’s name, wear a cross. It wasn’t magic he taught me, it was patience, but it save my life nonetheless.”

“So you feel you owe him?”

Without responding right away, he shrugged his outer jacket off and stuffed it under the sleeping Warlock’s head. “Think whatever you want. I will not tell you you his secrets. They are his to tell.”

“Then tell me one thing. Could his father help us?”

Raphael barked out a true laugh of amusement. “Go back to watching the outside world and pray he doesn’t decide he wants to help. He is a demon pup, nothing good ever comes from a demon.
Especially not one Magnus does not want to talk about.” Maia glared, but said nothing as she did what he suggested. It was better than sitting near him. She was beginning to remember once more why she didn’t like him.
Fading

Chapter Summary

Alec chose to not inform the Clave of Luke's attempt on Valentine's life and now he, and his family and friends, must deal with the consequences. The world isn't fair and trying to find someone who doesn't want to be found proves to be nearly impossible with the war that is brewing. Unlikely alliances form during times of darkness and realizing someone's importance may only be realized when suddenly they are gone.

Chapter Notes

Happy 3B Premier! In honor of it, I have decided to post an extra chapter this week. Another chapter on the shorter side, but it sets up for the next chapter. Enjoy, Angels!

Movement disturbed the quiet that had settled over the inhabitants of cell. Maia pushed off the wall she had been leaning on to stare outside, Raphael stood up from here he sat beside Magnus, and Magnus looked up and struggled onto his elbows. An Endarkened woman opened the door with a tray of food, a grey looking soup that was unappealing in presentation, for Magnus and Maia, with a bottle of blood for Raphael. She ditched it on the ground, shoved it across the floor with her boot, and then turned to leave. While Magnus and Maia made no move to entertain the idea of eating their meal, Raphael seized the bottle and chugged.

The vampire only paused when he heard, “Now, now Raphael.” The bottle dropped slowly from his mouth as he stared at Sebastian who stood just outside the door. It was creepy how similar he looked to his father. Magnus remembered meeting Valentine once in New York when he was about Sebastian’s age. The light blonde hair, the black eyes that was beautiful for its odd rare coloring, and the fanatic twitch of a smile.

“What do you want with us?” Maia demanded, taking a step forward.

“Don’t dog.” Sebastian stared but gave no indication whether he was entertained by the idea she would try to fight him or angry that she dared speak out of turn.

“I take it we’re hostages. Leverage because you want something from the Clave or more likely Clary and Jace. You care what your sister thinks and she cares about us. She and I are close.”

“Hardly.” He scoffed. “You just happen to be people she knows while also the representatives I could kidnap easily.”

“Then why kidnap us? I mean that looks like another attack on the Downworlders. They might decide to side with the Clave instead of you.”

“Maybe or maybe not. The Clave looks pretty silly and useless for not being able to watch and protect Downworld representatives. Why should they side with them if they cared about protect five representatives?”
“It’ll get out Meliorn was the one who did the kidnapping. They’ll realize pretty quickly the Fey are on your side.” Maia snapped.

“Will they? As far as everyone knows Meliorn was kidnapped with the rest of you.” Sebastian smiled, black eyes shining cruelly.

“No, they wouldn’t believe that.”

“You may trust the Clave, but majority don’t. They’ll believe whatever they want to not get in the middle of this fight.”

“They’ll wake up quickly and realize you plan on slaughtering them too.” Raphael finally chimed in.

“Ah, yes I almost forgot about you. Raphael Santiago, Leader of the New York City Hive. Well, are you? With Camille still alive are you actually the leader?” When he didn’t reply, Sebastian continued. “It appears to me that the New York vampires have been the most jilted by the Shadowhunters. I mean how long did you have to stand by Camille’s side as she broke the law, broke the Accords? And yet, the Manhattan shadowhunters did nothing to stop her allowing you to… not to sound like Trump, but make the vampire clan great again. One only needs to look at your situation and realize how ill treated you and your kin have been treated by those who are supposed to uphold the law.”

“Raphael.” Magnus tried to get his attention, but the vampire never looked away from the golden boy in front of him.

Crossing his arms, he replied, “I don’t see why you are telling me this.”

“Because unlike the Shadowhunters and your leader, I have not mistreated you. I’ve fed you.” He gestured to the blood around the vampire’s mouth. “I haven’t put you in a cage. You are intelligent man, you know I won’t lose. When I win, you Raphael Santiago will be the ruler of the New York Vampire clan, no better yet all vampires of North America. The only thing I need from you is to bring the Children of Night to my side. I already have the Fair Folk and we both know they always pick the winning side. What do you say?”

“Raphael?” Maia called, but the vampire said nothing instead assessed the situation and the person in front of him. At the rate everything was going, Sebastian was going to win and Raphael needed to protect his kind. He truly did care for his kin. They had grown on him over the years. He may have hated being a vampire in the beginning, but now they were his family. What was the smartest move? Could he betray everyone else? Say no to the one chance at surviving, but by doing so betray his friends?


“Alright.” He shrugged. “I’ll join you.”

“Raphael!” Maia cried appalled as Magnus narrowed his eyes, “Raphael, you have truly lived down to my lowest expectations of you.”

“Please, to get out of this cell and away from you two? I can only take so much whining.” He took a step towards his tentative new ally. “Oh I’m claustrophobic. Oh no I’m chained. Please, I’d do nearly anything to get out of here.”

“I should have have walked away when I had the chance.” Magnus muttered loud enough only for those with heightened hearing. The vampire flinched, it was barely there but enough for Sebastian to see.
With a smile, the shadowhunter pulled out a misericord. Suddenly doubting Sebastian’s intentions, Raphael took a step back. However, the man had no intention of harming the Vampire. Instead he flipped the blade so the hilt was facing Raphael. “Take it.” When he did in a loose grip, Sebastian explained, “To seal out agreement I need blood. Not your blood of course, but…” His eyes slid down to Magnus. “The Warlock’s. Kill him to show your loyalty.”

“Dios!” The blade dropped from Raphael’s hand as if it had bitten him. “I am not going to kill him. He’s dying anyway, why do you want me to kill him?”

“So I know you are my ally. He’s on the side of the Shadowhunters. If you can’t kill him how can I trust you to fight alongside me? I know you have a history with him and if you can cut that out then I know you are true. Think of it as insurance.”

Raphael glared at Sebastian. “I’ll use my teeth. Vampires don’t use daggers.”

“No, you’ll the dagger.” The man bent down, picked up the weapon, and pressed it into the vampire’s hand. “Teeth are messy. If you go for his throat something may go wrong. I don’t care how you do it, but you have to use the dagger.”

The hand around the misericord tightened as he stared at Magnus. “You saved my life many years ago. A life I never wanted.” He took a step towards the supine warlock. In the background Maia growled at him, eyes shining a brilliant green while Sebastian grinned triumphantly. “I have no soul… But I made a promise on my mother’s doorstep and she is the most sacred being to me.”

Suddenly Sebastian’s smirk dropped off and turned into fury. “Santiago-”

Raphael turned, “Chingate. I owe him a debt from many years ago. I will not kill him.” He dropped the blade and blocked Magnus from harm.

Sebastian’s face transformed once more, but this time into faux regret. “You disappoint me, Raphael.” He let out a sigh and picked up the blade. “You disappoint me greatly.” In a flash, the hunter embedded the knife into Raphael’s chest. “Now the Night Children will fall.” The vampire collapsed into a heap on the ground as Maia and Magnus called for him.

An Endarkened appeared behind Sebastian, whispered a few words and disappeared through the door she came from. “Looks like my guests are here.” He shook his head once at the dead vampire and left without another word. The door vanished once more entrapping the occupants.

“Raphael!” Magnus called receiving no movement from his friend. Maia moved over and pulled him onto his back. He was paler than usual. Blood seeping out of the wound around the dagger. She wasn’t sure how to make sure he was alright, it wasn’t like she could take his pulse.

“Oh God.” She cringed as she gripped the weapon and slid it out of his body. It made a slick sucking sound that made her want to puke. “That was gross.”

“And you’re supposed to be a werewolf.” Maia looked down with wide eyes at a weakly smiling Raphael Santiago.

“You’re not dead! Well, more dead.”

“Thank you for stating the obvious.” He groaned, his movements and speaking sluggish. “I won’t be long though.”

“Wonderful, I’m in a cell full of dying people. Just my luck. How can I help you?” Placing a hand over his wound, she made a face of disgust while he growled at the pain.
“I need blood.”

“Are you going to bleed me dry if I offer you some?” She asked suspiciously. He may be old, but that didn’t mean he could be responsible when nearly dry.

“I’ll try not to.”

“Awesome.” She replied sarcastically as she shrugged one arm out of her jacket. “Try to be somewhat conservative I’m the only who can fight right now and I don’t need to be woozy.”

“Cut your wrist, don’t want to drug you with my vampire venom. Then you’ll be especially useless.” Maia easily slid the blade so a pool of blood started to erupt. Moving her arm closer to his lips, Raphael grabbed on and started drinking. Since he wasn’t using his fangs to puncture her skin, there was very little euphoria experienced on her end. Instead she gritted her teeth at the pain of his lips being pressed to her tender wrist and the sucking.

Beginning to feel a little lightheaded, she commanded. “Alright, enough.” When he didn’t let go, she tore her arm away flashing her wolf eyes. “I said Enough!”

First instinct was to hiss at her while exposing his sharp fangs. Raphael calmed down quickly. “I apologize.”

“Yeah, yeah. How are you feeling?”

“Better, but I still need more. I can probably move myself, but I’ll lose in a fight.”

“Awesome. We’re totally getting out of here...”

“What was that?” Magnus suddenly asked. Maia stood up, wiped the blade on her pants, and flipped it in her hands ready to attack if she needed to. While she stood ready, Raphael shifted into a crouch. He may not be able to do much but he’ll definitely surprise them. The werewolf pressed herself against the wall and stared out the window.

“There’s a light.” She reported. “It’s coming from within the keep. It’s pouring out and... it looks like it’s burning the mist away. Some of the Endarkened are running around the plateau that’s below. I can’t see what’s causing it though.”

“Who do you think?” Magnus shifted, but by now he was basically beyond useless. His strength was severely waning. “Come on, you’re smart.”

“The Clave?”

The Warlock snorted. “The Clave? Maia, they don’t care about us enough to send people to rescue us. There’s only one group of Shadowhunters and a vampire that would do something this stupid to come rescue us.”

“You think... You think Clary and all them are here?” She paused and dropped her head to her chest. “Of course it’s them. Nevermind, I was being stupid.”

“We all have our moments.” He reassured. Just then the door burst open. Suddenly the cell was filled with voices he couldn’t discern. Too much was going on and he was too unfocused. When he opened his eyes again, dark hair swam in his vision. For a one precious happy moment he thought Alec had done the impossible weathered hell for him. Unfortunately for him, it wasn’t Alec.

“Magnus?” Maryse’s distress voiced called to him. “Magnus, come on talk to me. Are you hurt?”
Dark brown eyes looked down out him in fear and concern. While she focused on the Warlock, Simon went to Maia, while Isabelle knelt beside Raphael.

Looking down at the manacles binding Magnus, Maryse pulled out a seraph dagger. “Hold on.” She easily cut through the chains. “Magnus, I need you to talk to me.” She urged him as she slid an arm under him to help him sit up. He leaned heavily on her, breathing labored. His head lulled to her shoulder, warm forehead and sweaty hair brushing the side of her neck.

“Are you being chased?” He asked softly.

“Some of the Endarkened are looking for us, yes.” She replied carefully.

“They’ll be here any minute. We’ve gotta get out of here.” Izzy added, helping Raphael up.

“If we have two weak members of our group, we will easily be overpowered. I’m going to need some more blood. Not a lot, but enough to fight.” Raphael admitted begrudgingly.

“What are you waiting for then?” Izzy frowned, bringing her wrist up. The room froze.

“Isabelle, is that a good idea?” Simon asked carefully.

“Maybe I should.” Maryse offered not wanting her daughter to have to deal with that sort of temptation.

“Magnus needs you. I’ll be fine.” She set her head high and jaw set. There was no changing her mind.

“Isabelle-”

Maia broke in walking over with her current blade. “So you aren’t tempted.” She cut across the other woman’s forearm causing her to hiss.

“Could have warned me.” She snapped as she offered her arm to the vampire. With slight hesitation, Raphael began to feed without using his fangs.

“Could have. Should have. But didn’t.” The werewolf shrugged.

“Where’d you get the blade anyways?” Simon asked not thinking about the blood currently leaving Izzy’s body.

“Courtesy of Mr. Sebastian Morgenstern.” She flipped it in her hand. “Left it behind when he got a little stabby.”

“A little stabby.” Raphael snapped, pulling away and pushing the arm away so he wouldn’t be tempted anymore. “I almost died thank you.”

“But didn’t.” She frowned. “How the hell did you not die?”

“I shifted just enough for him not to hit my heart.” He looked down at the hole in his shirt. “Couple centimeters left and he would have hit my heart.”

“All right, enough talking we need to get out of here.” Maryse commanded. “Magnus, can you stand?” The warlock nodded and together they stood. However, Magnus’s legs gave out roughly ten seconds later causing the pair to nearly fall face first into the stone. It was Maryse’s Shadowhunter reflexes that managed to get them into a kneeling position. All the while, Magnus started hacking.
“You should-” He coughed into his hand for a second before finishing. “You should go without me. I’ll slow you down.”

“I don’t understand, what’s wrong?”

Maia answered as Magnus tried to catch his breath. “The demon realm is killing him. Something about it, his father is doing this?”

“Magnus?” Maryse asked, but the man only shook his head. “We need to have a talk about communicating important information, but right now.” She pinched the bridge of her nose before ordering, “Okay, Izzy, Simon, Maia, and Raphael, go ahead of us. We’ll meet you in the center of the keep. We won’t be far behind you.”

“But mom-” Izzy started to protest.

Maryse shook her head. “Go.”

Setting her jaw, Izzy nodded. “Let’s go.” She turned leading the others out the door. She crept along the corridor clearing the way for the last two members.

“Come on, I’m not leaving you behind. Alec would kill me.” She lifted the man this time prepared for him to put most of his weight on her. Magnus stumbled a bit, but the woman kept him steady. With his arm slung around her shoulders, and her supporting the middle of his trunk the two began the sluggish journey towards the rendezvous point.

As they struggled through the deserted halls, Magnus commented, “I see where your son gets his tenacity from.” Maryse let out a huff of a laugh. “Thank you.”

“Thank me when we actually get out of here.” She replied. “We’re probably walking into a trap.”

Magnus nodded. When they were halfway to their destination, he tapped Maryse’s shoulder. “The walls are closing in.”

“Everything’s fine,” Maryse reassured even though she had no idea where they were. With all the twisting and turning of the corridors, she had lost track of where they were long ago. However, there was no way she was admitting that to Magnus. He was fading fast, his head almost resting on her’s. She could hear how ragged and shallow his breathing was. It was distressing. “We only need to make it to—”

“Maryse,” Although weak beyond what he has ever been before, he stopped her in a firm voice. “I mean the walls are literally closing in on us. I’m not hallucinating because of my fever.”

Taking a better look at the her surroundings, Maryse found that Magnus was right. The floor was beginning to warp under them as the walls started to slide closer together. They both managed to trip on the uneven flooring. Although she tried to catch both of them, Magnus still slammed into one of the walls. “Magnus.” She quickly took hold of his arm and pulled him into her. Supporting him once again.

“Sebastian is doing this.”

“But how?” She inquired as panic started to pump through her veins. “Isn’t that impossible. He’s not magical and even this realm has physics, right? He doesn’t control everything.”

“He could…” Magnus paused as if realizing something horrific. “He could if the borders between worlds were sealed.” He pushed off of the SHadowhunter and with strength he didn’t realize he still
had, started running. “He could control this whole world.”

As he ran, he heard Maryse mutter “Futu-i!” as she dashed after him, easily catching up and keeping pace. Out of breath and closing in on a door, Magnus asked, “Did you just mutter Fuck in Romanian?”

She gave him an incredulous look. “You’re asking me at a time like this?”

“We may die and I’m curious. I’ve never heard you swear and Alec rarely does. Jace on the other hand…”

“I’m aware of his loose mouth.” A fifty yards from the door she admitted, “Yes. I couldn’t outright swear when the kids were younger. Alec was the only one who ever caught on to what I would say.”

“Unsurprising.” He gave a labored chuckle before the pair spilled into the room that was occupied by their friends, Amatis, some other Endarkened, Sebastian, and to their surprise Clary who sat on one of two thrones. The door behind them slammed shut as Sebastian stood their with a smile, one hand dripping with blood. The dark liquid started sizzling the moment it hit the floor of the room.
Is that a Seraph Blade or You Just Happy to See Me?

Chapter Summary

Alec chose to not inform the Clave of Luke's attempt on Valentine's life and now he, and his family and friends, must deal with the consequences. The world isn't fair and trying to find someone who doesn't want to be found proves to be nearly impossible with the war that is brewing. Unlikely alliances form during times of darkness and realizing someone's importance may only be realized when suddenly they are gone.

Chapter Notes

Still in Edom and Sebastian is still an asshole. What else is new? So I saw parts of the interview that Matt Daddario did and one question was about what he thought Alec would do if he spent a day as a mundane. At first he said Alec wouldn't because he wouldn't do anything mundane, but he eventually talked himself into changing his mind. He said something along the lines that Alec would probably like it. It made he chuckle since this fic is about Alec leading a mundane life (I promise, we will get to it!).

Next chapter was fun to write.

Cheers, Angels!

“Everyone’s here now.” Sebastian’s voice light with delight. “The party can begin.” He looked back at Clary before walking out towards the small group that had gathered. “Welcome new citizens of Edom. Welcome to your new world.” He gestured to the area around them. No one was impressed besides the Endarkened. The moment he stepped down from the dias, Maia’s nails shifted to claws as her eyes started to glow, Izzy began to rise from where she was, but surprisingly, although it shouldn’t have, it was Maryse who reacted the fastest. The broadsword she always carried into battle remained strapped to her back, to Magnus’s surprise she now held a bow and was reaching for an arrow. Before Clary could cry for her to stop, the arrow was released, aimed straight at Sebastian’s heart.

The arrow struck true, embedding itself in the man’s chest. The impacted caused him to stumble back a few steps but he managed to quickly regain balance. Looking down at the arrow sticking out of his chest, Sebastian pulled it out while glaring at Maryse. “Foolish Shadowhunter, do you really think you could hurt me here?” He chucked the useless arrow towards her feet. “No weapon from heaven can harm me.” Unconsciously Maryse flicked her eyes to her currently, passed out son. The action caused the man to chuckle. “Ah yes, your little Heavenly hero. Unfortunately, even his extra pure angel blood can’t save you and Clary burned all that Heavenly Fire out of herself when she attacked the demon I sent after you.” He cackled before snapping his finger causing a spark of ice blue to shoot out. Jace rose, easing himself out of where Izzy had her arms around him. “Welcome back, my future brother-in-law.”

Jace blinked in confusion. His face paling as he looked around to see the room filled with
Endarkened, his friends and family, and most of all Clary sitting on top a throne. Sebastian’s voice made him turn his gaze away from his girlfriend and to him. “Would you too like to try and kill me? There are many weapons for you to choose from. Empower them with your Heavenly fire and slay me. I promise not to fight back if you choose to do so.” His voice was kind in manner though his black eyes shined knowing Jace would do nothing.

For a while, or at least felt that way, the pair stared at each other. It was surreal to see them so close, almost mirror images of one another. They were the same height, their build almost matched, though where Jace was thicker with muscle from years of training, Sebastian was thinner and wiry. The real difference came in their presentation. While Sebastian looked elegant in his red gear, presentable even with his bloody dripping down his hand. Jace was his opposite, covered in filth and blood. His wrist adorned with a silver bracelet that was somehow the cleanest thing on him.

Taking notice, Sebastian commented, “You have my bracelet. I'm not surprised Clary gave it to you. *If I cannot reach heaven, I will raise hell. Befitting don’t you think?*” Pearly white teeth gleamed in the light.

“Jace, what are you doing?” Izzy hissed at him. “Stab him!” But Jace merely shook his head, eyes never leaving the man in front of him. Through their entire staring match, the Shadowhunter’s hand had been resting on his weapon’s belt. Now however, it dropped away to rest against his leg. Izzy clenched her fists, Simon shifted on his feet unsure, Raphael stood like a statue ready to snap into action at any moment, and while she supported Magnus, Maryse kept her eyes focused on her son watching him closely.

Seeing him do nothing and knowing he wouldn’t, Sebastian continued to grin. “I believe it is time for you to return what is rightfully mine, Jace. It is time to return to me what is mine, including my sister. Do you render her to my keep?”

Surprisingly, it was Maryse you objected, “Never!” Her eyes sparked with defiance. “Leave her out of this. Don’t drag her into your fantasy.”

“Silence!” He barked, dark eyes burning. His glamour faltered for a mere second, dropping his voice. “Or I’ll kill you.”

“I won’t let you have her.” He barked out a laugh, “She’s here by her own choosing.” Then his eyes snapped to Maryse’s. “You. All of you are only alive because Clarissa has requested I don’t kill you. Don’t you see? There is no reason for me to keep you alive, except my sister wants you to stay alive.”

“You told her you would allow us to live if she ascended, didn’t you?” Jace asked quietly breaking the glare off between Maryse and Sebastian. His eyes cast down not looking at anyone.

Sebastian looked up as if he was thinking about what he had offered. “Not really, I offered her something much more substantial. She added you lot as a clause. Quite the negotiator, isn’t she?”

“The ‘much more substantial’ offering was the world.” Magnus guessed. Although he stood with only a little help from Maryse, his voice was tired. Bone exhausted. “I can feel it, you’re sealing this world from ours. By doing so, you will rule here without having to split your power. That’s what the circle of runes is for, not only to protect you and Clary. All your power will now be focused here, you will be close to a Prince of Hell here. You will very much be nearly invincible.”

“Wait, if he seals this dimension from ours how will he get back to ours?” Izzy asked fearing what Magnus will say.
“Simply put, he won’t. Neither will we. We will be trapped here with him forever.”

“How perceptive of you, Warlock.” Sebastian tilted his head as he narrowed his eyes in thought. “That’s quite annoying.”

Gaping, Maryse cried, “Clary you can’t. What would your-”

“I have to.” Clary finally spoke. It was soft but commanding. Everyone in the room looked at her except Jace who was looking intently at the bracelet around his wrist. She sat up straight as she addressed her friends. “I have to, can’t you see? He’ll kill everyone if I don’t and I couldn’t live with that. Not if I had the chance to stop unnecessary bloodshed. If I said no, he would turn our world into this.” She gestured outside where the yellow-grey fog lazily floated across barren land. “It’ll be worth it. I’ll learn to love him and he won’t hurt me or any of you. I believe that.”

“You think you can change him? Turn him good because he is obsessed with his sister loving him?” Maryse questioned. “It doesn’t work, Clary. Trust me, I know. I was a part of the Circle. I knew your father and he was no different than Sebastian. You’ll-”

“You don’t know that. You’ve never held the world’s fate in your hands, Maryse.” The sorrow in her voice was champion to a deep tenderness she felt for her friends. “I choose this. I choose what he chooses. I accept the gift he gave me.”

Clary’s brilliant green eyes turned to watch Jace. The young man twirled the silver bracelet around his wrist once before slipping it off. With finality, he returned it to its original owner. “Clary is yours.” Still not looking away from the silver, he stepped back next to Izzy who was fuming.

With a clap of his hands, Sebastian boomed, “You’ve heard her. Now kneel to your new queen.” The Endarkened were the first to kneel. One by one, they got down on one knee and bowed their heads in fealty. The last of the warriors to kneel was Amatis, Sebastian’s most trusted soldier. She kneeled, but did not bow her head rather she turned her head and glared.

“Kneel, or I will kill you.” Her voice was vicious, a promise she had every intention of keeping.

To Clary’s surprise, Magnus was the first to take a knee. He was always full of pride that to kneel before her almost seemed like a joke. Yet she had an inkling that he did it out of spite because kneeling before her truly meant nothing to him. Thus he gracefully took a knee and even looked a little more comfortable in the position. Next to go down was Maryse, still close to Magnus in case he needed her support. They were an odd pairing, one Clary never thought would work well together. She knew the woman had been trying, but it was due to her love for her son rather than to know the Downworlder better. But here, now Clary could see the true concern in her features for the man that once meant nothing to her.

After Maryse, Izzy knelt down as graceful as a fluttering feather. Simon quickly followed her lead. Raphael took a knee with as much of his dignity intact as was possible. Clary suspected his kneeling was similar to Magnus’s; it meant nothing. Last to go down was Jace. He dropped to his knee with his head bent down. The moment the last knee dropped, the glass behind Clary shattered sealing Edom from their world forever. Instead of portals to Alicante, only a stone wall remained.
“So mote it be. The path between the two worlds are permanently closed.” Sebastian wasn’t quite smiling, but his mouth was pulled into a satisfied grin as he held his head high. He turned and regally stepped up the dias and held his hand out for Clary to take. She slipped her hand into his and let him draw her down the stairs towards her friends and family. Before reaching the bottom step he stopped her and then stood before her. “You accept it. You accept your choice as Queen?”

“I do.” She nodded. “I accept.” He grinned like a young boy as he kissed her knuckles.

Magnus looked up unimpressed by the display of Sebastian parading Clary down the stairs. Curiously however, Clary blushed bashfully as she muttered softly. The conversation was short, but the girl’s readable face let the warlock know she was frustrated with something. Piquing his interest further was how the siblings started to hug.

All Magnus could think was what the hell was going on? Something didn’t feel like. He knew her well enough to know she hated him to the point that hugging would not be an option. At least for a while. Until Stockholm syndrome kicked in or something. The next part happen too fast for Magnus’s dying body to catch what happened. All he knew was one minute the siblings were hugging and the next Clary was sheathing her sword through Sebastian’s heart.

For a brief moment he thought her silly. Sebastian had already proven nearly invulnerable to Heavenly weapons, but then there was a spark. Something red coming from the bloodless wound. In a clear voice Clary recited, “And I will give him the Morning Star.” It’s not the weapon that was made under Heaven. It was Heaven’s wrath; Heavenly Fire.” Sebastian scream echoed off the walls as he pulled the weapon from his chest. The moment his sword’s sibling was pulled out, he lit up like a Seraph blade. Magnus would never be underestimate that girl ever again.

“All right!” Simon called as the girl stumbled back, away from her blazing brother. She turned partly away and covered her face to protect herself. The group watched in stunned awe as Sebastian’s dark figured burned bright with white light. At one point the light was too bright and all had to look away from the glory of Heaven. The man continued to scream joined by the cries of the Endarkened and the torrent wind that had picked up. It held power, a promise once of a land where miracles were possible and common. Where God’s people had first experienced the Father as fire.

As quickly as the Fire ignited, it died away. Everyone still alive were jolted as the ground shook from a sudden impact onto it. Clary was the first to look up and see the step where the fire once was now blackened, no longer white and gold. In the middle of it was Sebastian on his back, still except for a slight movement of his head to look at her. The eyes that met her’s made her gasp. Like the ones in the dream world a Demon had placed her in when she first arrived, Sebastian’s eyes were the color of a Granny Smith apple. Her heart clenched at realizing the man looking back at her was her brother, not the half demon but the one that was untainted by their father’s experiments. His eyes were made brighter by his ever paling skin and white gold hair that was unborrowed.

With morbid fascination she watched him struggle. Finally he spoke one word, “You.” The pain he was experiencing was clearly written across his face by the black gaping hole in his chest. Clary couldn’t look away.

Simon was the next to uncover his eyes. His first reaction was to look over at Izzy and Maia to make sure they were unharmed. Aside from still covering their eyes, they were fine like him. Then the unsettling thought hit him, Did Heavenly Fire count as light? Raphael! Using his vampire reflexes, he shot up and scanned the area for the other vampire. He was nowhere to be seen. Panic was beginning to build in him until his eyes settled on the strange sight before him. Clary had shuffled her way over to where Sebastian laid. Yet he wasn’t quite the Sebastian they had come to know. His hair was lighter, even more white gold than before. His skin was paler but that could have been due to blood loss that now had a purer scent than Simon could ever recall coming from the shadowhunter.
Then there were his eyes. Similar to his best friend’s but a slightly different shade. There was also the fact that he didn’t have a demented, cold look to him anymore. Sebastian for once in his life, looked genuinely innocent.

“What’s going on?” Izzy asked beside him possibly more puzzled than him.

He felt more than saw Maia step up on his other side. Quietly he replied, “He’s telling her, his name is Jonathan not Sebastian.” From their right they heard a voice cry out for the Endarkened to go to Sebastian. To kill Clary. It was Amatis commanding them.

To everyone’s surprise, it was Sebastian that yelled, “No!” He sat up but not without struggling and using Clary for support. “Get back!” The soldiers who began advancing stopped to look at each other unsure what to do.

Simon pulled the girls behind him as Jace started to ascend the stairs to kneel next to the fallen Shadowhunter. Only a few feet away, Maryse was still kneeling with Magnus leaning into her. They watched cautiously as Jace slit a dead demon open and produced the dark Mortal Cup and then threw it. Amatis cried out, but it was all for naught as everyone watched it shatter. The moment it made contact with the ground, all the Endarkened cried out in unison before dropping. Never again would they rise from their permanent slumber. Those still alive looked up as a sharp mournful cry met their ears; the sound painful. Just loud enough for everyone to hear, Sebastian looked off into the distance explaining, “Lilith. She weeps for her dead children, the children of her blood. She weeps for them and me.”

“So they’re all dead now?” Simon questioned. “Even those who were stuck behind in our world?”

He let out a painful cough, “Yes, the Dark ones are dead.”

“Sebastian-” Maryse began.

“Jonathan, please. I am no longer him.”

Correcting herself, Maryse asked, “Jonathan, please tell us how to open the dimension gates? How do we get back to our world?”

Looking at her sadly, he informed, “I’m sorry, there is no way. I shattered the gateways. The path to the Seelie Court is closed; all the paths are sealed. It’s- It’s impossible. I’m sorry.” Everyone sat in shocked silence. Clary most of all despairing at knowing she had risked everything to save the world and yet everyone she loved was still doomed to die. Jonathan watched her. “Good, hate me. I want you to rejoice instead of feel grief.” Clary bent her head and started whispering to him. Those with heightened sense did their best not to listen, it was private and they deserved it. They watched as Jonathan gave a ghost of a smile before taking one last ragged breath and dying. They were truly on their own.

Finally, Clary got up and with a look of absolute devastation, she walked over to her friends and muttered, “Sebastian’s dead.” She like everyone was covered in dirt and grime, looking worse for wear. Jace didn’t hesitate however to move beside her and take her hand.

Always trust Simon to break the silence. “Jace was telling us what you did. How you were faking Sebastian out the entire time.”

“Not at the end.” She said. “Not when Sebastian was burned away leaving Jonathan behind.”

Recoiling her whip on her wrist, Izzy commented, “I really wish could would have told us. About your plan I mean. Didn’t you trust us?”
“I know, I’m sorry. I was afraid it wouldn’t work. I do trust you, I just… I just didn’t want to disappoint you if it fell through. Better for you to be mad at me than hope too much.”

“Biscuit, hope is all we have sometimes. Especially in dark times such as these.” A gentle reminder from Magnus had Clary shuffling her boots against the ground.

“I needed him to believe it… So I need all of you to believe it too. Your reactions had to be genuine to think he’d won.”

“But Jace knew.” Maryse concluded sounding neither angry nor accusatory. Magnus’s heart gave a twist. The way she said it reminded him of Alec.

Scratching at some dried icor on his arm, he replied, “I did, but from the time Clary took the throne to when she stabbed the bastard in the heart, I never looked at her. I couldn’t. I knew if I did, I would have given it away. Handing over the bracelet—” He froze and then looked at Clary apologetically.

“I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have said that. Sebastian was, but Jonathan… him at the end, he wasn’t the same person…”

“I know.” Clary whispered, haunted by the green eyes filled with pain and regret.

“I hate to ask this because you just lost your… Jonathan, but… Did he say anything about how to get out of this realm?” Maia asked. “I’d really like to get out now and I’m sure that goes for everyone.”

Clary shook her head, “No, there is no way. He said they were closed forever.”

“And before you ask, he wasn’t lying.” Magnus said. “It’s impossible for us to open the path back to Idris.”

“So we’re stuck here?” Izzy asked in disbelief. “There has to be a spell. Something.”

When Magnus didn’t reply the group stared at each other as it sunk it that there wasn’t a way to go back home. The demon realm was now their home. That is until Maryse looked at Magnus carefully. “No way for us?”

“That is what I said.” There was no inflection in the warlock’s voice, merely a statement. “The gates are sealed.”

“No, you said no way for us to open the gates. Meaning you know of someone who can.”

Magnus finally looked away from his support and stared at her unguarded; genuinely vulnerable. Stripped away was the usual distant look he gave her and everyone else in the world. He was simultaneously very, very old and very young. “There are worse things than death.” He finally supplied.

Giving him a hard look, she replied, “Maybe we should be the judge of that decision.”

He groaned as a hand ran down his face, leaving his dirty face streaked as if he had war paint on. “Dear Lord, Maryse. I have gone most of my very long life not to take this path save once. I learned my lesson then and don’t plan on repeating it. I also don’t want any of you to learn it.”

“But you survived it.” Clary pointed out. “You lived through the lesson.”

He gave a hollow laugh with an awful smile to match, “It wouldn’t have been of a lesson if I hadn’t survived now would it? But I was warned I wouldn’t be so lucky next time. Playing dice with my own life is one thing, but I wouldn’t play it with yours.”
“The game’s rigged anyways, we’ll die here anyway. Let us take our chances.” Jace argued.

Izzy crossed her arms, “I agree.” Simon, Maia, Clary, and Maryse nodded their agreement.

With a sign, Magnus said, “Majority vote I suppose. Did you know there is an old Downworlder saying about mad dogs and Nephilim never heeding warnings? Don't say I didn't warn you.”

With a sudden concerned expression, Maryse questioned, “Magnus-” But he merely shook his head at her and weakly drew himself to his feet. He swayed a little, but didn’t fall. Like everyone else, he looked a mess. He still wore the evening wear from the dinner party long ago. He was covered in dust, grime, and sweat from his fever. His styled hair now flopped around looking wet with grease and sweat. Surprisingly, his silver rings still gleamed in the dying light as he brought them up as if about to pray. That is exactly what he was doing in a sense.

“My father.” Everyone jerked their heads towards him with shock in their eyes. “My father, who art in hell, unhallowed be thy name..."
Demon Remember?

Chapter Summary

Alec chose to not inform the Clave of Luke's attempt on Valentine's life and now he, and his family and friends, must deal with the consequences. The world isn't fair and trying to find someone who doesn't want to be found proves to be nearly impossible with the war that is brewing. Unlikely alliances form during times of darkness and realizing someone's importance may only be realized when suddenly they are gone.

Chapter Notes

And we finally meet the one and only... Asmodeus. I did enjoy writing some of the diagolue in this chapter even if he is a big bag of dicks. And not good ones.

So this chapter has a... character death? It'll make more sense when you read it, but be aware we lose a character in this chapter. It made me sad because I do like this person, but alas it was necessary.

As always, I am my own Beta so hopefully I didn't miss anything. I hope you enjoy. Cheers Angels!

PS We are coming to the end of this. There aren't many chapters left but I haven't gone through to figure out exactly how many are left. Please be patient, Alec's time is coming.

With eyes closed and hands folded, Magnus chanted, “My father, who art in hell, unhallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, in Edom as it is in Hell. Forgive not my sins, for in that fire of fires there shall be neither loving kindness, nor compassion, nor redemption. My father, who makes war in high places and low, come to me now, I call you as your son, and incur upon myself the responsibility of your summoning.” Upon finishing, he opened his eyes without any expression; his face unreadable.

“By the Angel-” Izzy startled.

“Hardly.” A deep voice just beyond the group chuckled behind them. “Definitely not by your Angel.”

The group excluding Magnus, jumped to face the newcomer. At first there was nothing. No person who could have spoken to them. Then they there was noticed something off with the shadows. They appeared to shift, move and then suddenly a man stood before them. He was tall in stature, maybe taller than Alec, his suit pale liked sun bleached bones, and his cuff links gleamed; they were in the shape of flies. The face he wore was human with skin pulled tight over his sharp cheekbones. The oddest part of him was his hair, if you could call it that. Simon noted that it looked more like barbed wire. The only similarity between him and his son was the golden-green cat eyes and Asian complexion.
“Father. You came.” Magnus’s face didn’t change, but the words were held with sorrow.

“Did you doubt?” He smiled, pearly white feline teeth greeted the party. “My son, it has been a long time since we last saw each other. You never call. You never write. I was beginning to despair you never would.”

“That was my intent.” Magnus replied dryly. “Unintentionally calling upon you as a child was enough.”

“How you wound me.” He placed a hand over where his heart should have been before facing the others. “Greetings, I am Asmodeus.” He gave an exaggerated bow. “One of the Nine Princes of Hell. You may have heard of me.” Someone let out a small muffled noise that died quickly, but that didn’t stop the demon from his introduction. “I was one of the Seraphim once, part of the innumerable company. Then there was The War and I followed my brother the Light-Bringer, for I was one of his advisers.” He looked at the group as if letting them in on a privileged secret, before continuing. “I followed the Morning Star when he fell, thus I fell as well. He raised me up in Hell, bequeathing me on of the nine dimensions of Hell.” He turned his head a little and leaned forward as if to tell them a secret. “In case you were wondering it is far better to rule a part of Hell than serve Heaven. I should know, I’ve done both.” Giving a wink, he straightened himself up, pleased.

Narrowing her eyes, Maryse asked, “He’s your father?”

“Unfortunately.” Magnus replied. “I know.”

“Does Alec know?”

“No.”

“I feel this is pertinent information he should know.”

Before Magnus could reply, Asmodeus cut in. “I don’t see what the big fuss is. I’ve fathered many Warlocks though Magnus does me the most proud.” He gave a mischievous grin at Magnus.

“Wait, you have siblings?” Simon asked find that piece of information… strange. With how much Magnus seems to value those he comes to love, not being near ‘family’ doesn’t seem to fit.

“He also doesn’t tell you that most of them are dead.” Mangus’s eyes went up to his father’s for a mere second before averting them back to the ground.

“Wait, when you said one of the dimensions of Hell, that means Edom is your realm? You are the Prince of Edom?” Jace asked. “So you’re responsible for what happens here?”

“Yes, it’s true Edom is my realm. Although I’m rarely here.” Asmodeus shrugged. “It was once an exciting place. The Nephilim of this realm put up quite the fight, I even believed they would win. When the skeptron was created, I thought they’d come back as the underdogs. However, this realms Jonathan Shadowhunter was a divider instead of a uniter much like your Clave, thus they lost. They destroyed themselves. We demons usually get blamed for that, but really it's all you we just give you the little push.”

Glaring at the demon, Magnus snapped, “Don’t excuse yourself, you as much as murdered my mother—”

“I can assure you son, she was a willing participant.” Asmodeus’s grin widened upon seeing Magnus’s cheeks glow red. It surprised the party at seeing someone actually embarrass the Warlock. It wasn’t often, especially with how open he was about everything. It sent a pang through Clary’s
heart to know the one thing that caused the man shock was a dig at his family.

Trying to shake the stab off, Magnus said, “Let’s cut to the chase. You can open the gates from here to our world, correct? To send us back to Idris?”

“Would you like a demonstration?” Asmodeus winked before snapping his fingers.

For a second no one knew what happened until Clary cried out, “Where’s Sebastian?” While Izzy called, “Simon! Maia!” For a brief moment there was a shimmer in the air like a broken mirror or a rippling lake. Inside was what looked like Idris, more specifically the Accords Halls. Within the halls were hundreds of unknown faces and two confused bodies. Then they were gone. The tear in the fabric between dimensions sewn back together. “What have you done!” Clary glared.

“What you asked. You should be thanking me, now your friends are back where they belong, free of charge. The rest of you however,” His his eyes widened a little as if excited at the prospect of sending the rest of the party back. “Is going to cost you. I mean, I’m a demon we don’t do anything for free.” Shaking his head in disappointment. “What do they teach you Nephilim these days?”

“I already know what you want.” Magnus interrupted Asmodeus’s monologue. “And you can have it. But you have to swear it by the Morning Star that you’ll send my friends back to Idris. All of them and never bother them again. They,” He pointed to them. “Will owe you nothing.”

“Hold on.” Maryse put her hand on Magnus’s arm. “What do you mean you know what he wants?”

“Yeah, you’re talking as if you aren’t coming with us.” Izzy stepped forward staring at her friend.

Asmodeus answered their question with, “There is a time in every child’s life when they must return to their father’s house. Now is Magnus’s time.”

Jace looked paled as his wide heterochromic eyes stared at Magnus in understanding although he didn’t want it to be true. “Magnus, you can’t mean- He doesn’t want to take you back with him? Back to-“

“Hell? Not quite.” With a flick of his wrist, his hand held a glass of red liquid. Jace hoped it was wine. “As my son said, Edom is my kingdom. Granted I shared it with Lilith and for a time my brother and her lover, Sammael. But her brat went and tried to take it over and in the process laid waste to my keep. Destroyed the ground we stand on. Hell, you lot killed half the populace with the Skrrypton. Although impressed, I’m quite annoyed. Who am I to rule over now with most dead.”

Taking a sip, he rolled his other wrist as if bored. “But I digress. It takes a lot of energy to fuel a realm, we draw energy from what was left behind. Specifically Pandemonium, the fire to which we fell to, but even we need a life on occasion.” His eyes shifted to Mangus. “An immortal’s life is the best of all.”

“You can’t be serious?” Clary looked at him with a heart wrenching numbness. Her heart was beginning to beat faster as what Asmodeus wanted was becoming a reality. She moved in front of Magnus, a tiny fiery barrier between the Prince and the Warlock. “You want to take his life? That’s… That’s stupid and cruel, eve for a demon. He’s your son!”

“Demon.” Asmodeus pointed to himself. “I have killed others before him, not all of my children have died because of untimely deaths. Some were stupid enough to try and swindle me.”

“But he hasn’t. Why? I don’t-“

“Partly because he’s the most powerful child I ever had.” Clary’s mouth opened and closed but no words came out. She was too disturbed by his nonchalant behavior. “Magnus, look at them. How
these children love and want to protect you. Who would have thought!” He let out a laugh that could shatter glass. “On your tomb I will make sure to put: Magnus Bane, beloved of Nephilim.”

“Like hell you will.” Izzy snarled. “You’re not going to touch him.” She took her place beside Clary. Her stance shifting, ready to defend. “Maybe you’ve forgotten Demon, but this is what we Nephilim do. We kill your kind even if you are a Prince of Hell.”

“Oh I am well aware. You lot leave dead demons in your wake. My kinsmen Abbadon and Azazel and our princess Lilith you shattered to the wind. Granted she will return one day, but for now she is dust in the void. But when she returns she always has a place in Edom. Honestly, she’s the only reason I allowed her son to do as he pleased, although even I didn’t know what a mess he would leave behind.” He rolled his eyes. “Besides my little half-angels, I don’t plan on killing my son. That would be too messy and boring. What I want is his life freely given because the life of an immortal is great power almost beyond compare. I need that to help fuel my kingdom.”

Maryse looked over at Magnus, “He wants to take your immortality?” The Warlock could see her trying to work out how that would be a bad thing. In one respect it would make the relationship between him and her son a little better to handle. Aside from him being hundreds of years older than Alec, the immortality was a bit disconcerting. It was also beginning to dawn on her how much it would hurt Magnus to lose Alec one day if their relationship remained. He was beginning to grow on her and she felt concerned for him.

“Yes,” Magnus replied simply.

“What are we not understanding from this arrangement? Wouldn’t you survive as a mortal?” She was being careful knowing there was vital information she was missing that would make the deal a terrible one.

Not breaking eye contact, he said, “I would lose my immortality. When that happens all the years I’ve lived will catch up with me all at once. I would be be unable to survive it. Almost four hundred years of life is quite a lot to take on at once. Even if I do moisturize regularly.”

“No.” Izzy said firmly with a slight plea. “He said ‘life given freely.’ Say no.”

Magnus didn’t reply right away, instead looked at the girl with a sad loving smile that shattered her heart. As much as he wanted to curse the day Clary and her entourage walked into the party with an item Magnus couldn’t say no to, he couldn’t be angry or regret any of it. With the tipping of that domino, he met some annoyingly wonderful people that he had come to care for. A feisty red head that ended up in places she shouldn’t be so she could protect those she loved. A narcissistic blonde with a heart of gold and sharp wit. A girl that at first reminded him of shadowhunters long dead that he disliked greatly, but proved to be loyal beyond measure and the best wingwoman the Warlock could ever hope for. A nerdy boy that stumbled about and got kidnapped more times than anyone Magnus had ever known and yet would go through hell (quite literally) to make sure his friends are safe. And lastly, through them he met the love of his life. The young man that stayed in the shadows, never thought of himself, and would burn down the world to make sure he corrected all wrongs. His only regret was never telling Alec how much he loved him as often as possible. Of being scared to say those three words first.

“I can’t say no, Isabelle. If I do, we’ll all remain here and I can’t allow that. We’ll all die. We’ll starve, our ashes will turn to dust and plague this land for all eternity. I can’t have that.”

“Fine.” Izzy narrowed her eyes. “There isn’t any one of us who would give your life for ours.” The small party nodded.
“She’s not wrong.” Maryse looked daring, Magnus to challenge her. As much as a part of him wanted to, to question why she suddenly was against his death, but he knew. Too much had changed for them not to have a strange friendship and respect between them. His eyes shifted to take in his friends. Each one was dirty, exhausted, brutalized, and despairing. It suddenly hit him that they really wouldn’t trade him for their return. They weren’t willing to give up one to save the many. It suddenly became hard to breathe with the crushing feeling in his chest.

“I’ve lived a long time.” He reminded them. “So many years, and no it doesn’t feel like enough, but as much as I want to live I can’t let you give up your chance to go home because of me.”

“We get it you’re old, but that doesn’t mean we are willing to trade your life for ours.” Izzy argued. “How would Alec feel if he found out we let you die? How would he feel if he found out you gave up?”

With a flinch, Magnus said, “I’m not giving up, I’m allowing you passage home. How would he feel if none of us returned?”

“Don’t pull that bullshit with me.” Some tears welled up in her eyes. “I’m not going to be the one to tell him you’re dead. There’s already been too much death, we won’t let you die.”

“We already are.” He pointed out.

“Can we get on with this?” By now the wineglass had long been replaced with a nail file. “I haven’t got all eternity to wait and neither do you.”

For a moment it looked as though Izzy’s dark eyes could either burn a hole right through the Prince or she was going to tell him to F off. “No.” Was all she said as her glare fixed on the Warlock.

But it wasn’t fair for him to ask them to stay and die a slow death of starvation. He could save them. He could return them to their world where they will do good and hopefully find Alec. To give him back everything that had been ripped from him. He leaned closely to Maryse and whispered, “Tell Alec I’m sorry and I love him.” Before she could say anything, he looked at Asmodeus. With his head held high he said, “Alright. Take me. I give you my life freely. I am-”

He was suddenly cut off by someone saying, “I am willing.”

Everyone’s head, including Asmodeus’s, turned to find Raphael slowly walking towards them. “You’re still alive?” Jace exclaimed.

“Evidently, stupedo.” The vampire rolled his eyes. “I too am immortal. Magnus isn’t the only one and you can have mine.”

“Raphael, no!” Magnus protested.

“Shut up. I’m only 75, I’ll survive the process unlike you. Remember Warlock, I never wanted this. Now I can be rid of it.”

“You won’t live out the rest of your life.” Izzy cried out with panic in her eyes. “If Asmodeus takes your immortality, you’ll die. You’re undead, Raphael.”

Rolling his eyes, Asmodeus replied in a condescending tone, “You’re being stupid girl. I am a Prince of Hell, do you really think I can build worlds and destroy them, but not keep his body alive if I take his Vampirism? That I can’t make his heart beat again? Please, that’s child’s play.”

“But why would you do that?” Clary asked. “Why let him live? As you’ve made it quite evident you
“You’re right, I don’t care and honestly right now I find no need to accept his offer. His immortality isn’t as sweet as my son’s.”

“I may not have Magnus’s years, but I have something unique even to vampires.” Raphael raised a brow at the demon appearing unaffected by making a deal with a demon. “Oh and what could be so fascinating about you?”

“My Vampiric lineage is old. My sire was created by an original; by one that was in the court of Vlad III. I’m a rarity, only two generations from a child of Hecate.”

Suddenly intrigued, Asmodeus questioned, “And how do I know this to be true? A Greater Demon’s child would be an interesting… life to have.”

“You can’t feel it?” The sass in his voice made the others look at the Prince in slight fear. Was Raphael really speaking to the ruler of this realm in such a manner? They really shouldn’t have been surprised.

“I thought it was the Daylighter talking to me, but you do radiate a certain… Power. Well, your blood does. Alright I’m intrigued enough to consider… if you sweeten the pot.”

“Oh and what could be so fascinating about you?”

“Of course.” Magnus grumbled, “What do you want?”

“I also want…” He paused for dramatics though it only caused more annoyance than anything. “Your little vampire’s memories.”

“Alright, I’m going to reiterate Simon’s question, what is with demon’s demanding memories?” Jace asked. “Every demon we’ve summoned so far has demanded one.”

“Quite simply, human memories, when freely given, are sustenance for us. On a daily basis we demons live off the cries and agony of those damned to Hell. Now imagine, how nice it would be to be given a happy memory. Think of it as… a Thanksgiving meal instead of eating pasta every day.”

His eyes sparkled merely thinking about feasting on Raphael’s memories. “Mix the torment and happiness together and you get a delicious mixture of sweet and sour. I can already tell that despite his fascade, your vampire has many happy memories to go with what his vampirism will add.”

Raphael narrowed his eyes, “But who will I be if you take my memories? I mean-”

“I could take all your memories…. But where’s the fun in that?” The demon twirled the nail file in his hand. “Memories of a drooling baby is dull. The real question is, what would be the most fun? Happy memories are delicious, but pain,” He hummed in delight. “Pain, has a unique taste all on its own. What would cause the most pain for those around you? Those who care about you? A painful reminder to all of you of the power and fear of demons.” He tapped the nail against his lips.

“I offered you my immortality, not my memories.” He snapped. “And as you said they must be ‘freely given.’ That-”

Raphael was really getting angry with how much Asmodeus was cutting him off. “That to sweeten the pot or my son is mine.” He looked over towards the wall as it started shimmering. “There is the gateway back to your world. Either way I get what I want. You may be shadowhunters and a vampire, but you could never defeat a Prince of Hell in his realm. Not even if you have a little extra angel in you Jace Herondale and Clarissa Fairchild. Choose.” The wall shifted and moved, showing Endarkened bodies piled on the ground. Shadowhunters ran, stumbled, and hugged congratulating the victory of winning the battle. Simon and Maia stood around, protecting Jonathan’s body yet to be
noticed by anybody.

“There it is, everything you could ever want.” He gestured. “All I ask for in return from you
Vampire, is your immortality and all your memories of the Shadow World. All the memories of your
friends and clan, everything you’ve learned, of all you have been. That’s my only fee for returning
you all home.”

“Raphael don’t!” Magnus begged looking even weaker and dying than before. ‘It’s the trick of the
game, the one all demons have.’

Izzy looked over at Magnus. “He wants him to forget about us?” The heartbreak in Izzy’s dark eyes
made the Warlock want to cringe.

“There you and even knew you.” The Prince clarified. “But, because I’m a generous being, I offer
this in exchange: he will live. He will live a completely mundane life as if that’s all he ever knew. He
will have his sister back, his nieces and nephews will fawn over him. Et cetra, et cetra.”

Izzy looked at Raphael desperately. He glared as he always did when he didn’t like something. She
watched as his jaw clenched and unclenched, his fangs just barely visible. All she wanted to do was
help him, but she was at a loss as to what exactly to do. She didn’t want him to forget anything.
Honestly, she didn’t want him to forget about her.

Magnus snapped, “Absolutely not.”

Asmodeus merely shrugged, he was going to win either way. “Fine, then all of you will die here,
ever to see you friends or loved ones again. What are memories compared to a great cost of life?”

“But you’re not just talking about taking his immortality, you’re talking about taking who he is!
You’re talking about taking him away from us.”

“And isn’t it delightful!”

“This is ridiculous.” Clary crossed her arms while glaring, “Let’s say you do take his memories.
What’s to stop us from tracking him down and talking to him about the Shadow World?”

“First off, would you really do that to an old man, because remember that is what he’s going to be?”
Asmodeus pointed out. “Secondly, he will only retain memories from before. Before he met any of
you. Before he knew my son. You’ll be strangers to him.” He changed his voice to a stereotypical
old man. “Young whipper snappers bothering an old man and ruining his front lawn.” His voice
returned to normal as he continued, “Besides, Covenant Law prohibits you from telling a mundane
about the Shadow Realm. The Children of Angels will uphold it. You only got away with telling
your other Vampire because it was special circumstances, but they won’t allow it again. They’ll strip
you of your runes like they did you dark haired blue eyed Nephilim.”

“You shut the hell up!” Jace snapped, for once his eyes glowing gold for a reason other than to
protect Clary.

“Too soon?” Asmodeus cooed.

As all the Nephilim went to their belts for their Seraph blades, Magnus cut in even if he was as
infuriated as them. “The Clave won’t be happy if you carelessly toss a mundane back into his life
when everyone knows he was a vampire. Even if they won’t say anything, we know his family
suspects. He visits his sister. It’ll be brought up one way or another. If his family doesn’t, his hive
will.”
Looking displeased, the Demon conceded, “That does complicate things. Perhaps I should take your immortality after all. This is getting too compli-”

“No.” Raphael snapped, looking as pissed off at the world as usual.

“Raphael, will you just shut up.” Magnus turned his attention back on the Prince. “Take me. I’m-”

“I’ll take the vampire with his lineage.” Asmodeus declared. “You never understood Magnus, what it means to be a demon, have you? To merely feed on pain? But what exactly is pain? A physical torment, now that is dull. Any run of the mill demon can do that. But to be an artist of pain, to blacken the soul, to turn love to lust to hate, to turn a source of joy to torture, now that… that is what we demons exist for!” His voice boomed through the small space. “Now if the blue eyed boy was here, I might have taken you. Or better yet maybe him. I can feel the pain already whenever I speak his name come from all but one of you. That would have been true artistry. Steal a mother’s cherished son, a sister’s best friend and older brother, a Parabatai’s other half, a girl’s friend, and better yet my son’s most beloved. Even mortal, the residual pain would have been delicious; a delicacy. But no matter, that’s neither here nor there. I shall go into your world and strip every memory from those close to him. They will only know him to be a mortal. They will never remember meeting the other vampire or the raven haired girl.”

“No!” Izzy cried desperately. “You… you can’t take our memories, we’re Nephilim it would be tantamount to an attack. The Clave-”

“Oh, your memories you get to keep.” Asmodeus was back to grinning. “I break no rules if you remember and besides… you remembering will greatly entertain me. The torment you will experience seeing him, but being able to do nothing? It’ll only double my pleasure.” He leaned in a little to stare a furious Izzy in the eyes. “It shall rip a hole in your world and everytime you think about your little vampire, you will remember me. Remember!” He shouted and then within less than a second the Demon was standing behind Raphael. His arm slid up the vampire’s chest until it rested over his unbeating heart. “We begin here, son of Hecate.” Although Raphael looked like he was ready to punch his fist through the Demon’s ribcage, he stood still accepting his fate.

“No, you can’t!” Clary cried. She may have never gotten along with Raphael, but she still would not wish this fate on anyone.

“Oh I can and will. I’m a Demon child, it’s what I do.”

“Don’t touch him.” Izzy’s whip snapped out, sparking where it licked the ground. “Do you think we really fear you? You may be a Prince of Hell, but we’ve killed another before and we’ll do it again. If you touch Raphael, I will hunt-”

“Izzy, stop.” Her mother called her softly, yet there was a firm note that caused her daughter to stop and look at her.

“As much as I hate this, it’s his choice.” Jace looked sympathetically at his sister before his eyes went back to Raphael’s. “We have to honor his wishes.” They weren’t fans of each other, more often than not they clashed about everything. But over the course of a few weeks when Alec ran a weekly to biweekly meetings, Jace had gotten to know the Vampire better. He learned to tolerate the man for both Alec and Izzy, who still had a soft spot for him.

The Vampire nodded at him for understanding. His eyes scanned the people that had tried to defend his undead life. The hardest to look at were Izzy and Magnus. The girl he wanted to explore his feelings for and the man that cared for him; that thought of him as family.
“Well, get on with it.” Raphael demanded in the tone he used when he was impatient with someone.

Asmodeus snorted, unoffended by the vampire being rude. “So eager to end this life. Good, I was beginning to think you wanted to say good-bye and I hate that.” Tightening his grip on Raphael, the Vampire gasped while his hand flew to his heart. Shapes began to form in the red and white mist that encompassed the Vampire. Barely decipherable moments in time flashing into being before disappearing. From when he entered the Hotel Demorte for the first time to endless lessons from Magnus to talking with Ragnor to bring Simon onto holy ground for his rebirth to lazily lying on the couch with Izzy to wandering the cell in Edom. All his memories pouring out of him. His dark eyes clouding over with loss.

Jace and Clary held Izzy tight as tears flowed down her face. Each one watching as the Raphael they had come to know disappear before their eyes. Their own memories being dug up as they recognized the moments of them he was losing. Maryse placed a hand on Magnus’s shoulder as the man watched helplessly his friend forget him. Another immortal friend lost in war. Another member of his family gone, yet not. His face open and vulnerable. It nearly killed the older shadowhunter to watch a man who, usually appeared invincible crumble before her.

Before anyone registered what was happening, they all experienced a floating sensation. Then they were whisked away, the stone floor shrinking into the distance as they sailed at a speed that made them nauseated. They were ripped apart from each other from the winds that whipped around them. Then suddenly the Accord Hall’s marbled floor appeared ready to receive them. Most of them gracefully landed in a crouched position from years of training. Clary rolled, and then slid the rest of the way to the Mermaid fountain on her back, while Magnus too stopped in a similar position but due more to extreme exhaustion than from less train. Maryse was beside him, making sure he was alright, while Jace was only a few feet from his girlfriend looking relieved that they had been returned to Idris. Izzy however, was already on her feet scanning the area only to look downtrodden.

Looking at her brother and friend, she admitted quietly, “He’s gone. Raphael didn’t return with us.” She moved closer to Jace and Clary before dropping down next to them heartbroken. The trio was soon joined by Magnus and Maryse, they huddled together as Maia, Simon, Robert, Max, Lydia, the Consul Jia Penhallow, Aline the Consul’s daughter and friend of the Lightwoods, Helen Aline’s girlfriend, and Emma Castiar all ran to offer aid and hugs.
Chapter Summary

Alec chose to not inform the Clave of Luke's attempt on Valentine's life and now he, and his family and friends, must deal with the consequences. The world isn't fair and trying to find someone who doesn't want to be found proves to be nearly impossible with the war that is brewing. Unlikely alliances form during times of darkness and realizing someone's importance may only be realized when suddenly they are gone.

Chapter Notes

If you haven't notice we finally have how many chapters are left. 19. this part has 19 chapters before it ends and the next part of the journey begins. I hope you enjoy this chapter and we've hit the homestretch guys. Cheers, Angels!

PS. I don't know if i need any WARNINGS!!!!!!! but this chapter is awful. Like racism and people being straight up assholes. They kinda make Asmodeus look okay. Sorry.

The next couple of days proved to be surreal for not only those who fought in Alicante, but especially the ones who returned from Edom. Izzy took the loss of Raphael harder than most thought. A part of her still had feelings for the vampire. Although their relationship didn’t quite start on the right footing, she still cared for him. The sudden loss with most not remembering him didn’t help her in coping. Her father, Lydia, and Jia all looked at her questioningly when she asked if they had seen the man. It hurt not only her but most of the group to know he was forgotten. Most wondered who was now the representative if Raphael was no longer a part of the Shadow World. Simon, Clary, and Jace mainly stayed by Izzy’s side while Idris picked itself back up from the wrecks of war.

Magnus as soon as he was cleared enough to be moved, was rushed to the Basilias to recover. He objected at first trying to tell them he was only exhausted and could recover at home. To many of those who hadn’t been on the constant journey of Team Good (dubbed by Izzy), Maryse was the one to finally convince him to be at least looked at. With the best parenting face Maryse had perfected over the years, Magnus finally relented and went to see his friend. Catarina was in the city to help heal those who had been injured during the siege. Unsurprisingly, he only spent three nights in the recovery ward before being released for more urgent patients. Most of that time was due to the quarantine the Clave put on anyone who had crossed over into the Demon realm. On his way out he gave Maryse a smirk to which she merely raised a brow before going off to help where she was needed.

It took four days for the bodies to be laid out for a mass funeral. As the Silent Brothers prepared the dead, those who were old enough joined together in the Hall of the Accords for a trial. Although it was decorated in blue banners the color of the sky with a golden rune for Triumph, no one was rejoicing. With the death of Inquisitor Herondale during the fight, Jia sat alone as representative of
the Nephilim at the long table on the dais. Joining her were Maia for the Werewolves, Lily, Raphael’s second and now the leader of the New York Clan, and of course, Magnus Bane for the Warlocks. On top of the table was a cloth of sky blue and gold with massive golden candlesticks. The only seat empty, aside from the Inquisitors was that of the Seelie representative who now sat in the crowd waiting to be called.

Consul Jia called the hall to attention before asking, “Who stands to represent the Faerie Court?”

A second later a tall caramel skinned woman stood. The Seelie’s ice blue hair flowed down her back like a waterfall in ringlets, her eyes a solid cobalt blue, ears pointed, and silver vine tattoos decorated down the side of her face and disappearing beneath her dress. With a musical confident voice, she replied, “I am Ceana Watercrest. I will stand for the Seelie Court.”

“But not the Unseelie Court?” Jia asked. She stared at the woman without judgment in her eyes, her hand poised over parchment paper.

With a shake of her head, Ceana replied, “No.” A hushed murmur spread throughout the courtroom. Currently the front row was taken up by the Blackthorns who were old enough to attend such a meeting, Maryse, Robert, Izzy, and Simon. Both Clary and Jace were absent.

Jia nodded, “The Unseelie Court has declined representation.” She noted the decline and then looked back up. “What word do you bring us from the Seelie Court? Do they agree to our terms?” Ceana took a step forward to address the Consul, but was stopped. “From here on you must ask permission before approaching the table. Currently, you are denied permission, we can hear you fine from there.”

Magnus looked over at the Consul a little annoyed. He understood better than anyone the anger they felt towards the Seelies. He was kidnapped by them and imprisoned in the realm of his father, but that didn’t mean all Seelies were as cruel as their queen. Most did as they were told for fear of the consequences. It was like any other society. Many followed what the leaders decreed even if they did not agree. An acidic feeling turned in his gut knowing that this did not bode well for the Seelie’s or the future for the Nephilim.

As Magnus’s eyes settled back on the Fey representative, Ceana froze where she was as she clasped her fingers in front of her. “The Faerie Court asks for your mercy. The terms you have set down are too harsh. The faeries have always had their own sovereignty, our own kings and queens. We have always had warriors. We are an ancient people. What you ask for will crush us completely.” And it would, Magnus knew what the Shadowhunters asked for was unfair even if it was deserved after what the Queen had done. As proud as the Fey woman was, the Warlock could see her eyes begging for the Consul to see reason.

As the room filled with angry murmurs, Jia ignored the noise to pick up the paper next to her. “Your queen has betrayed the Clave twice. Once with aiding Valentine and once with his son. Shall we review our terms? First we ask the Faerie Courts to accept all responsibility for the loss of life and damage sustained by Shadowhunters and Downworlders in the Dark Wars. Second, the Fair Folk shall be responsible for the costs of rebuilding broken wards, for the reestablishment of the Praetor Lupus on Long Island, and the rebuilding of what in Alicante has been destroyed. Third, you will spend your own riches upon it. As for the Shadowhunters taken from us-”

Ceana interrupted much to the annoyance of many present. “If you mean Mark Blackthorn, he was taken by the Wild Hunt. You know as well as I, that it is out of our jurisdiction. You will have to negotiate with them yourselves, though we have no intention to prevent it.”

“He was not the only one taken from us.” Jia said. “Those who were lost in battle, both Shadowhunters and Lycanthropes, those who were torn from us by the Infernal Cup-”
“That was done by Sebastian Morgenstern.” The Fey objected. “He was a Shadowhunter not a Fair Folk.”

The feeling Magnus’s stomach churned again as Jia replied, “And that is why we are not punishing you with battle. One you would inevitably lose.” Her voice was cold. “Rather, we have decided upon an alternative in which your armies are disbanded and no more Fair Folk warriors. You may no longer bear arms. If any Fey are seen with a weapon without written dispensation from the Clave, they will be killed on sight.”

“That is too harsh!” Ceanna cried. “The Fair Folk cannot abide by these rules. We would not be able to defend ourselves if we are weaponless. Who is to say we will not be overthrown or eviscerated?”

“We will put it to a vote then.” The Consul sat up straight to address the room. “Will anyone not in favor of the terms set down for The Fair Folk please speak now?”

The room was silent, if someone dropped a feather its soft landing could have been heard. Helen Blackthorn, a Shadowhunter who had Faerie blood in her veins, looked around anxiously only for her eyes to stop. A lone figure stood, his chair scraping loud through the room. Magnus had seen this and read about this kind of treatment too many times. It never ended well for either side of the punishment.

Everyone looked at him in slight shock. Although he was released from the recovery ward, he still looked paler than normal. Instead of his usual ensemble of stylish clothes that no one would think would look fashionable, he wore simple black slacks, a button up cobalt blue shirt with a black vest, and his hair was simply styled. Even though he didn’t physically look his best, his dark eyes burned with determination. Standing up tall he talked to the jury, hoping he would succeed as he had never before. To convince them that mercy was needed, not harsh punishment. “I know that mundane history is not of enormous interest to most Shadowhunters, but there was a time before the Nephilim. A time when Rome battled the city of Carthage, and over the course of many wars Carthage was made to pay them tribute, Carthage was required to abandon their army, and that the land be sowed with salt. The historian Tacitus said of the Romans that ‘they make a desert and call it peace.’” He then turned to Jia with pleading eyes. “The Carthaginians never forgot. Their hatred for Rome sparked another war in the end, and that was ended in death and slavery. That was not peace. This is not peace.”

Upon him finishing the room was filled with shouts. Most saying something along the lines of “Perhaps we don’t want peace, Warlock!” Or “What’s your solution then!” Demanding to know what he would do. Would he betray them? Was he on their side?

Not being deterred, he answered, “Leniency. The Fair Folk have long hated the Nephilim for their harshness. Show them something other than that, and you will receive something other than that in return.”

More noise burst towards him in disagreement. The assembly was angry and hurt. So many had been lost. They were forced to kill their loved ones. All this was possible because the Seelie Court had sided with Sebastian. How could they forgive such a transgression?

Jia held a hand up, silencing the room. “Does anyone side with the Warlock Representative? Please stand.” The room remained silent and seated as Magnus took his seat. He looked towards his fellow Downworlders for support. They should know better than anyone what could happen. They couldn’t turn on each other now. To his surprise none stood. Lily smirked as she filed her nails. The Vampires really never had any dealings with the Seelie’s and therefore didn’t find a need to help them out. Maia stared down at her lap with her arms crossed and a glare. She above most had every reason to hate not only Sebastian but the Seelies for what they had done and yet there was a part of her that
knew discrimination better than anyone. Had been on the receiving end more times than her fingers could count.

Quietly so only she could hear yet in the silence still seemed to echo, Magnus begged, “Maia, please-”

“Don’t ask this of me, Magnus.” She shook her head not looking up. “The Praetors were slaughtered. Jordan was murdered. As me and the Representative of the Werewolves I can’t. If I did, the others would turn against the Clave, and nothing would get accomplished. I’m sorry.”

Magnus looked helplessly at the girl knowing he couldn’t blame her. It was a lot to ask a young woman who was thrown into the position. Suddenly a small ripple of gasps hit his ears. The table looked up to see Maryse stand. With her head held high and Robert trying to get her to sit, she said in a clear voice, “I support Representative Bane.” She knew her vote carried very little, but she feared what was to come if the Seelies did enact revenge. She may never see the consequences, but Izzy? Max? Jace? They might and if she could possibly stop it, she would. She had to protect her children even if that meant her own people would hate her.

Izzy was the next to shoot up next to her mother. With narrowed eyes, she mirrored her mother’s stance. “I’m in agreement with what Magnus suggested.”

A little slower, Simon stood. “Yeah, I know my history enough to know this won’t end well. Germany didn’t take too kindly to the same punishments and they started WWII. I agree with Magnus.” Someone shouted how Simon wasn’t even a Shadowhunter. He ignored it, he was used to it by now. Or at least that’s what he kept telling himself anyway.

Magnus watched as Aline restrained Helen from standing. A part of him understood why the young woman did that, Helen was part Seelie and less eyes on her the better. However, a part of him still wanted the girl to stand, to have one more person to agree, one more person to possibly sway others. Unfortunately, maybe two other people stood before Jia nodded. “There it is, then.” Her eyes moved back to the Seelie Representative as the ones who stood sat back down. “Speak, Ceana Watercrest. Will you agree to the terms, or will there be war?”

Bowing her head so her hair cascaded around her, she replied, “We agree to your terms.” Magnus’s heart sank, this would not end well. Unable to look at the populous, he rested his elbows on the table and hid his face in them.

The assembly started clapping, cheers for the ‘win.’ The only ones who did not celebrate were the representatives, the Blackthorns, and the Lightwoods. Lifting his head just enough, Magnus’s eyes fixated on the Seelie girl who sat with her head bowed. Although she looked submissive, he could see the rage on her face. This was not the end. The Nephilim had not won.

Jia once again settled the room with her hand. “So it is done. Now we shall move on to the sub-”

“Hold on.” Someone from the assembly called out. “What of Mark and Helen Blackthorn?”

Hearts stopped at the names. Those who had objected and some who had not knew what was coming. Jia had hoped to glance over this, hoped it would be forgotten so they could move on, but apparently not. Looking out into the crowd at the man who had spoken, she asked, “What of them, Balogh?”

“They are of the Fair Folk. We all know it was too easy for Sebastian and his followers to enter the Los Angeles Institute. We know the boy’s already joined the Hunt is beyond us, but the girl shouldn’t be among us. It is indecent.”
Helen placed her face in her hands as her girlfriend shot up in anger. “That’s ridiculous!” She was seeing red and wanted nothing more than to punch the man. “Helen’s a Shadowhunter just like any of us. She’s always been one of us! Like all of us she has the blood of the Angel in her- you can’t turn your back on her”

Ah but they can. They already have... Magnus thought as the man argued, “And she has the blood of the Faeries in her! She can lie, we’ve already been tricked by one like her. I say we strip her Mar-”

Lightwoods all straightened up, ready to object when Magnus slammed his hand on the table. His cat eyes sparked to life for a mere second as he snapped, “The girl’s done nothing. You can’t punish her for an accident of birth. Over something she had no control over.”

“Accident of birth is what makes us all what we are.” Balogh said stubbornly. “You can’t deny the Faerie blood in her. You can’t deny she can lie. If it comes down to a war again, where will her loyalties stand?”

“Any of us can lie, what makes her being able to lie so special? Besides you’ve already turned your back on one of your own, are you willing to do it again after such a loss to your kind?” Magnus was no longer pulling punches. Months of pent up anger was finally being released. This was personal both as a half breed and someone who loved a Shadowhunter that had been turned on. The hall went deathly silent as the Lightwoods stared in shock as he verbalized what had gone through their heads at least once during the argument.

To try and diffuse the tempers, Helen stood. “Where they stood this time.” She answered the man’s question. “I fought at the Burren, at the Citadel, and in Alicante, to protect my family and fellow Nephilim. I’ve never given anyone reason to question my loyalty.”

“This is how it happens. Can’t you see, this is how it begins again?” Magnus leaned back in his chair pinching the bridge of his nose. “She’s your kin.”

“Helen is right.” Said Jia. “She has done no wrong and has fought alongside us.”

Another shadowhunter stood. She was a pretty thing with dark brown hair piled on top her head. With a slight bow, she said, “I beg your pardon Consul, but you aren’t exactly objective in this. Everyone knows your daughter is dating the Faerie girl. I believe you should remove yourself from this discussion.” She back peddled a little so as not to make an offense. “Just so everyone knows the ruling is objective of course.”

Magnus was about to stand up and object and snipe back that the current crowd wasn’t exactly unbiased either when another stood outraged at what was being discussed. “We need Helen Blackthorn, Mrs. Sedgewick. Not only have her parents been murdered, but she has five siblings-”

“She is not needed!” Mrs. Sedgewick snapped. “We are planning to reopen the academy. The children can go there, or they can be split up among the dif-”

“Absolutely not!” Helen shouted. “Jia, you mustn’t-”

Meeting Helen’s eyes, she nodded and called in a commanding voice, “Arthur Blackthorn please stand.” As they discussed what to do with poor Helen, Magnus once again rested his head in his hand. This was preposterous. The girl had done nothing and yet was being punished. He felt for her, knowing how unfair it was. No matter how much good a person does, others will look upon their blood, upon their parentage and deem you a traitor. They will renounce you the moment they fear you will betray them. Hell, he’s had first hand experience in knowing they would do it even if the person was full blooded as them. As Magnus watched the unfoldings of Helen’s sentence for merely
being born half Faerie and half Shadowhunter, a part of him was glad Alec no longer had to deal with this. As much as he knew the man would have done great things to change the Clave for the better, he was still thankful Alec never had to witness the cruelty of his people anymore.

Finally it was decided, Helen would spend an indefinite amount of time on Wrangle Island studying the wards. Not exiled, but still thousands of miles from her family. It was terrible, but at least she had a chance to see her family some day. Aline would follow her, there was no question there. She was still a Shadowhunter, they could be grateful for that.

More trouble came however, when Balogh continued his tirade. Magnus really disliked this man as he demanded what the Clave planned to do about Mark Blackthorn who was currently lost to the Wild Hunt. Jia and the Council were confused as to what was the problem. They would figure out what to do if they were able to negotiate his release. Balogh had the audacity to suggest they don’t try to bring him back. Saying the problem would take care of itself if he remained with the Hunt. Arthur Blackthorn, the uncle of the orphaned children and new guardian, objected immediately. Helen watched in horror as people nodded in agreement to abandoning her brother.

Mrs. Sedgewick agreed with Balogh saying by leaving Mark with the Wild Hunt, they were protecting the children from future betrayal. That in the end, Mark and Helen would choose the Court over the Clave. She put the motion of permanently abandoning Mark to vote where majority shouted Aye, with a few softer Nays.

Magnus had enough, his disgust with most of the Nephilim finally made him snap. “How could you abandon your own? You keep saying that they should ‘be with their kind.’ Have you forgotten their father was one of you; a Shadowhunter?” He stood with his hands planted on the table, staring Balogh and Sedgewick down in particular. “I find for ones who pride themselves so much for being the Angel’s own, you are quite easily swayed to throw your kin out in the cold.”

The assembly gaped as Jia glared, “Magnus Bane, enough.”

“Why, because I speak the truth? First, you strip the Head of the New York Institute who was doing more in public relations with Downworlders than the entire Clave had done in a hundred years over trying to keep said relations from being destroyed. Now you all but exile a young woman thousands of miles away from her siblings after being orphaned and to top it all off you abandoned her brother because they have Faerie blood. Tell me,” His eyes swept over the crowd seeing a watery smile on Izzy’s lips and Simon grinning at him. Even Maryse’s eyes were glistening with unshed tears. “How are you above all of us Downworlders if you can easily throw away those loyal to you? Who have trained and fought beside you?”

“That is enough, Representative Bane. Not another word.” Jia was angry as were most of the crowd.

“Or what?” He dared.

“You’ll be removed from the Accords Hall.”

“Why is he here anyway?” Balogh shouted. “Didn’t he side with the Seelies?” Cries of agreement joined his protest, demanding what would happen to him.

Magnus rolled his eyes. “I may have sided with the Court in the beginning, but am I not here now? Have I not fought alongside you throughout this war with Sebastian?” Under his breath he muttered, “Not that it apparently matters.” They wouldn’t hear any of it. They were angry. Angry at the loss of their loved ones. Angry at being deceived by the Seelies. Angry that their faults were being pointed out.
“You don’t belong here, demon!” The man shouted.

“Half-demon.” He pointed his finger.

“Silence!” Jia’s voice rang through the hall. Those shouting stopped, sitting down with grim faces. “The court is adjourned. Clear out. Council members with me, please.” Her eyes staring particularly at Magnus before standing and leaving the area. Once in her office, she turned to glare at him. “What do you think you are doing?”

“Standing up for two Shadowhunters that deserve better.” He snapped.

She raised a brow. “Standing up for them or finding an excuse to show your disapproval over what happened to Mr. Lightwood.”

“Both, majority the children though. I know better than anyone what it’s like to be judged for the blood that runs through your veins. They did not deserve the punishment they were given. That was unconscionably cruel.”

The Consul sighed as she rubbed her brow. “I know. I’m more than aware, you don’t think I know what I did to my daughter? But letting Helen stay… You saw the hatred in the eyes of my own Shadowhunters. I was afraid for her. I’m afraid for Mark if he ever returns to us.”

“It will be a devastating blow to the children to lose her.”

“Children are resilient.”

“I know better than most, but they’ve already lost so much. First their parents and then Mark to the Hunt. To take away another family member only to be raised by an Uncle they do not know…”

“Arthur is a good man, they’ll come to know him. Diana Wayburn has also requested to be their tutor, I’m inclined to let her. She was impressed by how brave they were.”

“You know as well as I do, it’s not the same. They need Helen and Helen needs them.”

“I’m worried about them too, believe me I am. We are Nephilim, we have always had orphans. It’s a part of our life. As for the Carstairs girl, she will be brought to Idris; I’m worried she will be-” And at that precise moment, Emma, the girl in question, and Julian, one of the Blackthorn children, burst in. It was slight chaos after that with Emma demanding to know why they weren’t going to look for Mark after promising. It was not Jia’s night. Magnus watched as the young girl of twelve demanded to stay with the Blackthorns. When Jia tried to convince her to stay and attend the Academy, Emma informed the Consul that her and Julian were to be Parabatai. Magnus raised his brows, and pointed out that once it was decided you couldn’t split the two. His mind flashed back to Alec and Jace. His heart suddenly hurt knowing that the pair were now separated forever. He remembered Alec’s cries for his brother as he bolted upright from a nightmare. The loss of the bond had killed a part of him; a part that Magnus could never reach.

Once Emma’s place was sorted, Magnus turned to leave. He was tired, still recovering his strength from spending so long in his father’s domain. He was about to open the door to leave when Jia called him, “Magnus?” He turned to look at her. “I know you are angry, but you must hold your temper. You are the Representative, you must try to be impartial.”

“That is impossible, Consul. I am to represent the Warlocks, I can never be impartial. I must do what is best for them. Even if it means angering your Nephilim. I can’t stand by and watch injustice. That’s not how I work. I’m too old to care what a few of your people think.”
“Then perhaps you should not be the representative.” Her voice wasn’t unkind, but he could hear the warning.

“And who would want this position? You rarely ask any other Warlock for help and we are solitary beings. We don’t exactly come together, we aren’t like the Vampires with their hives, the Werewolves with their packs, or the Shadowhunters with their Institutes. We have the Labyrinth, but even then we are solitary to the world.”

“Perhaps Catarina or Tessa Gray would want to.”

Magnus chuckled, “Cat is too busy saving mundane lives to care for your politics and now has a little girl to look after. She would refuse, change into scrubs, and go about her day job. Tessa on the other hand would be worse than me. She’ll be far more critical of you than I would ever be. I may be in a relationship with an ex-Shadowhunter, but she… she was married to one, raised two children, and lived as one. She would never bow down and she will cut you at your heart. Remember that. Have a good evening, Consul.” He left and wandered out.

Chapter End Notes

Small side note, I know we only have about 2 chapters left but would anyone be in favor of me making a banner for this? Or if anyone wants to make one I'll possibly post it once I figure out how? Let me know your thoughts. Cheers!
Chapter Summary

Alec chose to not inform the Clave of Luke's attempt on Valentine's life and now he, and his family and friends, must deal with the consequences. The world isn't fair and trying to find someone who doesn't want to be found proves to be nearly impossible with the war that is brewing. Unlikely alliances form during times of darkness and realizing someone's importance may only be realized when suddenly they are gone.

Chapter Notes

To answer some questions I have received, although Alec was quite a big part of the events that happened in the books, his absence had a different effect. Him disappearing brought the group together in a different way that also included adding Maryse to the mix instead of Alec. Like Lucifer said in Supernatural, "Whatever choices you make, whatever details you alter, we will always end up... here." Magnus, Clary, Jace, and Simon would always end up in Edom where Magnus almost gave up his life for his friends. It was just how this story was going to unfold, partly because when I wrote it we didn't know where the show was going. I quite enjoyed figuring out ways to lead the group to Edom with some of the changes that would have occurred.

Thank you for sticking with the story thus far. Only one more chapter and then we get a different perspective. Cheers my dear Angels and enjoy!

Later that night, Magnus found himself dressed in formal attire for the funeral of those who died. His hair was spiked up with streaks of dark blue, a white shirt with a black and grey silk vest, and black slacks. When he entered the square, he hung back to watch as the Silent Brothers lit the pyres on fire. The light reflected off his glamoured eyes, giving anyone paying attention the realization that his dark brown irises weren’t truly his. But no one was looking at the lone Warlock, everyone was too busy mourning those they had loved and given their lives. The square was crowded with rows of Shadowhunters dressed in all white, the color of mourning. They watched as the warriors burned and released their essence into the world adding to the wards to protect Idris from future attacks.

Turning from the crowd, the Warlock moved away to look out towards the outlands of Idris. Miles away more warriors were laying on the their own pyres waiting to be released back into the world. They were the ones who had been tainted during the war; Endarkened. Out in the fields, Clary stood with Jace and Luke, whom had been allowed special permission to attend the funeral, to pay respect for their siblings. Although Jonathan had been a mass killer and a monster, at the end he had simply been her brother. The Heavenly Fire had burned away his demonic nature and left the possibility of what he could have been. The white blonde hair, green eyed young man that could have grown beside her and been good. Now however, he was a body that everyone hated and would help protect future Shadowhunters from future demonic attacks.

While Jace attended the outland funeral because of Clary, Luke stood silently beside them staring at
his sister’s body. Although she had never wanted to be an Endarkened, she had still been forced to drink from the Dark Cup and become one of them. Not just one of the warriors, but Jonathan’s right hand. She had killed and turned more than any other Endarkened. As he watched, his insides turned in anger and sorrow. He was the last of the Garroways. He looked at the girl he thought of as a daughter and her boyfriend realizing the three of them were the last of their names. It was a sobering feeling.

As Magnus watched the fires in the distance light up the sky, he felt a familiar presence next to him. Without turning, he greeted, “Hello.”

“Hello, Magnus.” Not expecting an actual verbal reply, Magnus spun around to find Brother Zachariah behind him. For a few second he stared at his friend as his brain tried to process what was going on. The man chuckled. No longer was he garbed in parchment brown robes, but rather dressed like the rest of the Shadowhunters in white. His dark eyes held amusement as his black hair streak with strands of silver blew in the gentle wind.

“When did this happen? Are you no longer a Silent Brother?” What had Magnus missed in his time as a prisoner?

“After Clary returned from the Burrens, I went to help her and the Heaven Fire that coursed through her burned away the last of the Yen Fen in my body. I was freed of both the poison and apparently the obligation of the Silent Brothers. I am now merely a Shadowhunter once more.” He held his hands out as if to show that all he said was true; he was reborn in a way.

Letting out a low whistle Bane said, “That’s quite impressive. Does Tessa know?”

Blushing and scratching the rune on his cheek, he replied, “Not yet… With everything going on and trying to protect both Jace and Emma I thought it best to wait. I also do not know what to say.”

With a grin, Magnus slung an around around his friend’s shoulders. “Tell her how you feel. I doubt her feelings have changed. You’re usual meeting has already passed hasn’t it?” Zachariah nodded. “I could always invite her to my apartment and you can be there or come later. Whatever you need, I’ll gladly help. Besides, I haven’t seen her in ages. I could use some of her and your company.”

“We shall see. Thank you for the offer.”

“Anytime. So should I continue with Brother Zachariah or can I call you Jem again?”

“For now Zachariah. Both Jace and Emma do not know who I am to them only that I have sworn to protect the last Herondale and Castiar.”

Looking at him solemnly, Magnus nodded. “I understand.”

“How are you doing, Magnus? I was quite worried when I found out you had been kidnapped.”

Letting out a breath, the Warlock’s eyes found their way back to the burning pyres. “I’ve been better and I have been worse. Raphael, a Vampire I cared for who gave his immortal life for me, is gone and I want to go check up on him. I know Izzy is torn apart at his departure and the loss of his memory. I thought I was going to die, I was ready to die and yet… My friends surprised me. Even Maryse was putting up a fight for me.”

“How astonishing!” Zachariah matched his tone though Magnus could tell he was teasing.

“It is!” Magnus pouted. “She’s always hated me. Back when she was part of the Circle and then when Alexander broke off the wedding. I know she tried to be civil because of Alexander, but she
willingly protested my sacrifice for them to live.”

“You do have a tendency to win people over. Even mothers of sons who are not only their eldest but hundreds of years your junior.”

“My age has never been a problem for Alexander… Well, briefly but that was because he found out I had dated many before him.”

Raising a dark brow, the Nephilim said, “You told him how many others you dated before him? I am surprised he did not run.”

“We were having a very open conversation about dating histories… or lack thereof.”

“Not surprising you are his first. Shadowhunters are not too kind to those who are different.” The pair started walking to nowhere in general.

“No, no they are not.” There was a hint of anger in his voice. Zachariah placed a hand on Magnus’s shoulder offering him silent support. The pair talked a little more before Zachariah split off and Magnus met up with Izzy, Max, Maryse, and Simon. Maia had returned home to New York, not wanting to be in Idris any longer than she had to. She offered her condolences, but wished to return so she could mourn.

After the funeral, Magnus returned to the Warlock Representative house to sleep before getting ready to return home. He didn’t want to stay longer than he had to. Most Shadowhunters were angry and hurt by the massacre and betrayal that had occurred during the war. Finding no point in trying to argue when only a small handful would listen, the next morning he said goodbye to his friends and portaled home. He didn’t want to stay longer than he had to. Most Shadowhunters were angry and hurt by the massacre and betrayal that had occurred during the war. Finding no point in trying to argue when only a small handful would listen, the next morning he said goodbye to his friends and portaled home. He had more important things to do than argue. To his surprise Chairman Meow and the cats that he had accumulated over the years were still returning and didn’t look half starved. To further his bewilderment, when he contacted both Catarina and Luke about feeding them they denied having anything to do with it. Catarina replying she was too busy to think about feeding strays while Luke said he was a little busy to be thinking about cats.

Picking up the Chairman, he muttered, “Who has been feeding you?” while rubbing the cat’s fur to his cheek. Receiving only purring, Magnus continued to walk around restless in his own home. Memories of Edom were slowly seeping into his mind as the quiet settled over him. Needing to do anything, he settled the Chairman on the back of his couch and picked up Alec’s arrow. Taking a calming breath, he focused on finding him. To his surprise, he found the block the closest it’s ever been. Still hundreds of miles away, but considerably closer than the last time he checked. He opened his eyes to stare at the arrow in his hands. He twisted it between his fingers wishing the man would come home. Alec had always had a soothing way about him, a calming balm to Magnus’s constant energy that buzzed through him. Even in the last month they spent together where they fought daily, at the end of the day Magnus would take the traumatized man over him being gone. He missed him. Longed for him. He hoped Alec found whatever he was looking for and would return home soon.

Replacing the arrow back in its designated spot, Magnus collapsed on the couch. He shouldn’t be as tired as he was, but he could barely keep his eyes open. Reasoning that he has had some trying days and he deserved a true restful sleep. As he drifted off he felt his cat climb onto his chest, curl up, and nap with him. He hoped the nap would be dreamless.

It wasn’t of course, but luckily it wasn’t wrought with pain or fear. It was more a memory than anything. The time he became a pirate with Ragnor. It had been a crazy adventure, the type he felt like he hadn’t been on in a while. A carefree series of events that didn’t really put his life in danger. The kind that were great to tell later on and entertaining while happening. A part of him missed those type of adventures, but he also felt no real draw to randomly go on one. The dream continued until it
faded to nothing and Magnus found himself staring at his ceiling. He needed to do something. He had only been back a few hours and he was already going mad.

Gently shoving Chairman Meow off his chest, he grabbed his coat and headed to the Hunter’s Moon. Unsurprisingly, the bar was nicely packed where it was great business but he could still find a seat. Many were celebrating the death of Valentine and Sebastian. Glad to finally be rid of those who threatened to wipe out not only them but the world. He observed the beings around him as he waited to be served. An outsider watching the world around him move forward while he was stuck in place.

His thoughts were interrupted by a familiar voice, “What can I get my favorite customer?” He turned in his seat to see Maia smiling at him.

“Ah, my favorite bartender. How are you? I’ll have a martini please.” He smiled back, honestly happy to see her.

“Coming right up.” She quickly got the materials to make his drink and as she mixed replied, “I’m… alright I suppose. It’s been a little difficult reacclimating to this life. I’ve always had claustrophobia and being locked in the cell didn’t help. Before that we were constantly waiting for Sebastian or Valentine to do something… but now it’s over. Now we can live our lives and deal with the petty stuff like before. It’s just hard to revert back to.”

Taking a sip from his freshly made drink, Magnus debated warning her to be ready. To not fully relax because the Seelies would strike when everyone least expected it. “I understand what you mean, but you’ll settle in a few weeks. Do me a favor,” He touched her hand gently. “I know you are angry with the Seelie Court and you have every right to be, but don’t go out of your way to be cruel to them. They have long memories, they will remember every cruelty towards them. Just be careful, please.”

“I’ll do my best.” She answered honestly, “But I can’t guarantee I won’t do something to piss one of them off.”

“Try is all I ask. I do worry about your safety.”

“Aw, look at me being under Magnus Bane’s protective umbrella. I feel honored.” She placed a hand over her heart as if she were touched by his words. Secretly, a part of her was.

“You should, I don’t feel protective of merely anyone.” He raised his glass to her before taking a sip. As Maia went to fill more orders, Magnus watched the night crowd. He didn’t last long in the bar and ended up having an early night. As he laid in bed he repeated to himself that he would settle soon. Just as he promised his werewolf friend, being hyperaware of the silence would fade and he would be able to fall asleep easily once more.

To his surprise, less than a week later Luke asked if he could meet Magnus in his loft. Seeing no reason to say ‘no,’ the Warlock agreed and waited in silk night pants and a t-shirt with sequins on it. The knock came while he read an Italian novel and stroking his cat’s back. With a wave of his hand he let the wolf in without looking up from his book. “You wanted to talk?”

“Yes, I have news for you and the Lightwoods.” Luke answered crossing the floor in only a few strides.

Magus’s head shot up not only because Luke mentioned the Lightwoods, but also from hearing heels on his floor. “If I’d known I would be hosting everyone, I would have gotten dressed.”

“I think we’re friendly enough to let it slide that you don’t wear vests 24/7.” Izzy smirked as she
plopped down across from him and resting her stilettos on his coffee table.

“Oh no, my illusion is shattered. Whatever will I do?” He deadpanned, placing his book down and sitting up straight. “You wanted to tell us something.” Luke remained standing as Maryse took a seat on the other chair and Clary and Jace sat on the loveseat.

“I do.” He rubbed his hands together. “When you’d been kidnapped and you four went to Edom, Alec sent another lost Downworlder. A Werewolf this time. When he couldn’t get an answer from you, he came to the Jade Wolf. Apparently I’m second on the go-to list.” He shifted on his feet. “Anyway, he came through the doors talking on the phone and asked if anyone knew where you were,” He nodded towards Magnus. “Since you tend to be the one who receives them. We took care of him, he’s actually part of the pack now, but that’s not what I wanted to talk to you about… I talked to Alec.”

Maryse shot up. “What?” Everyone else leaned forward as if ready to go and stalk him down. “Is… Is he okay? Where was he?”

Putting up his hands to calm her, he replied, “It was brief. I didn’t get much from where he was other than it was crowded. Possibly a diner or something, but he sounded okay. Tired maybe, but he was more concerned about the werewolf and Magnus’s kidnapping. The call didn’t last long and at the time we didn’t know where you were.” By now Izzy was sitting next to Maryse as she tried not to sob. Clary was rubbing Jace’s back as it started to sink in that someone had talked to him. The possibility of finding him renewed.

“That’s not all. I was going to tell you this earlier but with everything it’s been crazy around here. Two days ago, Rory, our new pack member, he got a phone call for me. Alec somehow found out that something changed and wanted to check in. He knows all of you are okay. The anxiety in his voice when he asked… he knows you’re fine. I’m sorry I couldn’t have him talk to any of you but the call lasted maybe a minute before he hung up.”

“Did you try to call him back? Did Rory get his number?” Clary asked.

Shaking his head, Luke replied, “I tried redialing but it was a payphone. There’s no way to trace it.”

“Couldn’t you find out what city the payphone was in?”

“He could.” Magnus was the one to answer as his eyes stared at nothing. “But Alexander would have left as soon as that phone call was finished.”

“Do you think he’ll call Rory again?” There was hope in Izzy’s voice although her face was one that didn’t believe he would.

“I highly doubt it.” Maryse composed herself wiping away the tears that had fallen. “He knows we are safe and that Luke would pass this information to us. Unless he wants to be found, he won’t contact Rory again.”

“Why did he have to excel at being a Shadowhunter!” Jace groaned as he flopped back.

“Because his goal in our group was to protect our backs and that usually meant creeping around in the shadows to shoot demons.” Izzy pointed out.

“Not Helping, Iz.”

“Just saying. Besides he has always been more into learning than going out to party.”
“So I like fun, nothing wrong with that.”

“No, but even you can be hard to find if you so decide to disappear. Shall we revisit all the times you’ve disappeared in the last five months?”

“That’s different.”

“Is it?”

“Shut up.”

“Nice come back.” In retaliation, Jace threw a pillow at her. She easily caught it and threw it back.

While Jace and Izzy bickered, Magnus thought back to when he had first returned to his apartment. How something felt off. Even though everything was where it was supposed to be and where he left it, there was a feeling as if he was missing something. Then there was also someone feeding the cats when no Shadowhunter was in the city and his friends were too preoccupied to care about his darling strays. He stroked the Omamori charm Alec had given what felt like an eternity ago. Could Alec have been in the city not long ago? Had he come looking for him? If he had, why didn’t he stay? Why is he still running away? What was he running away from?

He received no answer while the small party sat together both happy to know Alec was okay, but upset he never reached out to them. “What do we do now?” Izzy finally asked.

“We wait for him.” Maryse stroked her thumb over her daughter’s hand. “He’ll return.” He loved his family too much to stay away forever. He would never fully disappear.

Twenty minutes later, Magnus was alone in his apartment once more. He walked around aimlessly deciding what to do next. What was the next step? Nothing is what came to mind. His business although always in need, had slowed since ‘peace’ had settled over the Downworld. With nothing more pressing to do at the moment, he went for a walk. The weather was cold with the sharp scent of snow heavy in the air. Second only to sandalwood (and Alec), Magnus enjoyed the sharp smell of the cold. When it started to snow, he paused and looked up. The flakes lazily fell salting his coat and hair. The world around him bustled, but Magnus didn’t care. He had long learned to take things slowly even when everything else around him demanded him to quicken his pace.

Continuing on towards the park, he ended up sitting on a bench watching the snow accumulate on the brown grass. Many residents hurried through to get to a warmer location. They were bundled up in heavy coats, scarf, hats, and gloves. Then there were the few like Magnus who stopped to enjoy the snow. Teenagers ran, chasing each other and trying to throw the cold powder at each other. Shrieking and laughing, carefree and oblivious to the Shadow World just beyond their sight. Of course there were also the couples that walked hand in hand leaning in close to share warmth. Magnus began to wonder what it would have been like to walk the park with Alec. A small smile spread across his lips as he thought about the young man bundled up with a red nose and cheeks. Wearing a heavy peacoat or maybe the standard Shadowhunter cloak. A scarf that matched his eyes and hat with ear flaps. Twin string dangling that would make it easier for Magnus to pull his boyfriend down to kiss him. He could easily picture Alec grinning into the kiss before letting out a laugh. The sound like music to Magnus’s ears.

Rubbing his hands together, he wondered if they would have held hands or if he would have to initiate it. He could picture it easily, the two of them walking through the park talking. Magnus probably gesturing as he told Alec some wild adventure while the young man held his hands clap behind his back. Only when Magnus actively sought out his hand would their fingers intertwine, causing the smile he loved seeing spread across his boyfriend’s face. The one that lit up his face and
first caused Magnus to pause and realize he was in more trouble than he originally thought.

Then again, since openly accepting that he not only liked men but had feelings for Magnus, Alec never was uncomfortable to show affection. He could be a little clueless about relationship etiquette, but Magnus knew he was trying. The man never actively pulled away because another Shadowhunter came around. He tried to act professional when acting as the Head of the Institute but even then there was a smirk on his lips and softness in his eyes. Knowing Alec he would have threaded their hands together the moment they started walking. The contact starved man was basking and taking every opportunity to touch. Magnus loved it.

The Warlock let out a puff of breath as he corrected himself. Alec had been basking. Currently he was bouncing around the contiguous United States avoiding the Shadow World like the plague… except when sending lost Downworlders to him. With a groan, Magnus muttered, “Alec where are you? What happened to: don’t pull away when something’s bothering you?” His voice dropped to poorly imitate Alec’s vocal range.

“Are you trying to sound like Alec because I’m pretty sure that’s not what he sounds like?” Catarina grinned as she plopped down next to her friend. She blew into her hands even though her magic could keep her fingers from freezing.

“I thought I did a wonderful impression of him.” He defended stiffly.

Snorting, Catarina said, “Yeah, sure. What are you doing out here freezing?”

“I was enjoying the snow. It hasn’t snowed much this year and I haven’t had much to do lately thus I figured why not go for a walk? It’s been lovely.”

“Too cold though. Why did we decide New York was a wonderful place to reside? Peru was always lovely.”

“Considering I’m not allowed back in Peru, New York was the next best thing.”

“California would have been nice. High Warlock of San Francisco or Los Angeles. Both have nice rings to them and tend to not experience -100 degrees with windchill.”

He gave her a side glance. “You are always welcomed to go. Ragnor enjoyed Europe, but I like it here.”

“You know I won’t leave. Especially not now.”

“How is the little sweet pea?”

“Misses her Nana, but is happy. Loves the park even when it’s freezing out.”

“I’ll teach her how to make a proper snowman.”

“You do that. I’ll hide where it’s warm.” The pair were quiet as the light finally faded away and the snow fell harder. “We should probably go before we get sick.”

“I think I’m going to stay a little longer. It’s quiet and peaceful.”

Catarina looked at Magnus hard. Something was going on in his head. “Alright, what’s on your mind?”

It took him a minute to answer. His eyes focused on the park in front of him as the snow danced in
the breeze. “Alexander was here.”

“When?”

“When I was kidnapped. I’m sure of it.” Catarina didn’t press for more information knowing Magnus would divulge the details soon enough. “Luke informed us that he talked to Alec on the phone when one of his wayward Downworlders couldn’t find me. After we were found and returned to Idris, he called again to make sure we were alright though Luke said it sounded like he already knew. When I came back all my cats had been fed including the Chairman who rarely goes outside when I’m not home… The Loft felt different too. Like I was missing something. After Luke told us it just made sense, but he’s gone now. Hundreds of miles away.”

The female Warlock placed a comforting hand on her friend’s shoulder. “Clearly he can’t stay away. He’ll come back.”

“Everyone keeps saying that, but-”

“Nope, you’re not allowed to think that way. Tessa has already gone through something like this and look what happened. Her and Will lived happily for decades. He’ll come back. I’ll threaten him. Everyone who cares about you and the Lightwoods will threaten him. Then there will be tears and emotions and all will be right in the world.”

“When did you become the optimist?”

“Someone has to when you’re Mr. Mopey.”

“Rude.” She gave him a look causing him to shrug. “Alright, I’m moping. I miss him.”

“I know you do. Now you go home, put on some pajamas, and watch some feel-good movies. Tomorrow you can restart your search on the boy. I’ll go home, warm up, spend time with Madzie, and then sleep so I can get to work tomorrow and not almost kill someone.”

“Always the practical one. Thank you.”

She waved her hand. “Come on, I’m cold.” The pair walked together until their paths diverged. When Magnus returned to his loft he did as Catarina said. He put on comfortable pajamas, made himself tea, put on a movie, and laid down with Chairman Meow curled up on his stomach.
Chapter Summary

Alec chose to not inform the Clave of Luke's attempt on Valentine's life and now he, and his family and friends, must deal with the consequences. The world isn't fair and trying to find someone who doesn't want to be found proves to be nearly impossible with the war that is brewing. Unlikely alliances form during times of darkness and realizing someone's importance may only be realized when suddenly they are gone.

Chapter Notes

It's finally happened... The first part has come to a close. The highs and lows of Magnus's time without Alec has come to an end and now we enter a time where Alec must figure out Mundane life without his family and friends. Thank you everyone for reading this part of the tale. I hope you enjoyed it and are excited for the next part. Cheers, my Angels.

Credit of pictures used to the photographers. Most I do not know because I found them ages ago, but did my best to cite. Hopefully it came out. Also, I have no idea why the pictures are so big. If i knew how to resize them I would.
Although Magnus and the Lightwoods never gave up on their search, it didn’t stop time from passing slowly. With the ending of Winter, the negotiations between the Downworld and the Seelies finally came to a close. They were still unable to carry weapons without going through the Clave first, their armies were disbanded, and the Clave was keeping a close eye on the Queen. To many of the Shadowhunters dismay, Magnus did manage to convince the Council to at least let the Fair Folk have a representative at meetings to keep them updated on the workings of the Shadow World. Ceana was elected to attend the meetings held at the New York Institute. With the end of the Dark War, Maryse took it upon herself to start up the meetings once more. Trying to overcome her prejudice against Downworlders and to keep Alec’s movement going forward, she held council twice a month or more depending on if there was a need. She even convinced Consul Jia to lift Luke’s banishment from the Institute while he ‘trained’ Maia. It was an unspoken rule Luke would show up until either the Clave finally put a stop to it or he and Maia decided he was not needed. Until that day, the meetings always consisted of two werewolf, one to two vampire, one Warlock, one Seelie, and one or two Shadowhunter representatives.

Currently the meeting was going smoothly. There wasn’t much to report other than a few shady Downworlders doing sketchy deals, but that was mostly normal. Each Downworlder representative was tasked with finding out anything about black market dealings. The way the deals were working out it appeared that someone from each species had a hand in it. It really was getting annoying. They were easily covering their tracks. Only once did the small group almost get caught but someone had interfered. A mundane caused the three werewolves who tried to end a shady Downworlder dealing
to stop so the Shadow World wouldn’t be exposed. Then the culprits disappeared for a few weeks only to pop up and vanish. It’d been going on on like that now for months. They’d show up, do some sort of illegal deal, and then they were gone as if they never existed. It was clear that a warlock was involved to some degree. The surge of energy needed for a portal permeated the air, but to where no one was sure. Not even Magnus could trace where its final destination was.

Surprisingly, the Seelies were especially interested in the task of finding the shady characters. Magnus suspected in had to do in part with those Fey a part of the shady dealings most likely had weapons on them. If they were caught by the Clave, it was possible all of the Fair Folk would get in trouble. They made it look as if the Queen was unable to properly rule over her subjects and all that jazz. Thus the Seelies were the most adamant at finding the troublemakers and making them stop.

With another meeting at an end, the Seelies and Vampires quickly departed while Luke, Maia, and Magnus stuck around. Clary and Izzy talked with the werewolves and exchanged updates about their lives, Magnus leaned on the table as Maryse picked up her notes. Crossing his arms, he asked with a quirked eyebrow, “How are you and everyone doing with Robert officially becoming the new Inquisitor?”

The woman straightened her stack of papers with a sigh, “I am fine with it. He has always wanted the position and with the lift of our exile he is finally able to fulfill his dream.”

“How are you and everyone doing with Robert officially becoming the new Inquisitor?”

“I will only say that I am not complaining with the arrangements. However, Max is having a hard time with the family being separated.” She looked down at her papers before leaving them on the table and then leaning her hip against the edge. “I don’t think Izzy quite knows how to handle the situation so she delves into training Max and going on missions. I think it’s been the toughest on Max though. I don’t want him mad at Robert. I may have strong negative feelings for the man, but he is a good father and I don’t want to ruin that.” Magnus nodded. “I should get going. I have a feeling Max is about to set something on fire or not training as he should be.”

“He does have a knack for pyrotechnics and skulking around. He will have no trouble sneaking up on demons.”

“That should reassure me, but for some reason it doesn’t.” She chuckled.

“Isabelle, Jace, and Clary will teach him not to be careless.” Maryse gave him a disbelieving look. “Okay, Isabelle and you will teach him not to be.”

“I love Jace dearly, but he is the very definition of careless and Clary although getting better has a habit of jumping into situations without thinking of the consequences.”

“They are getting better?” His voice trailed off at the end unintentionally.

With a smirk, she looked at him as if catching him in a lie. “A little I suppose. Have a great day, Magnus.” She touched his arm before turning and leaving to check on her youngest son. He stayed for a few moments longer before heading back to his loft to prepare for some customers. He had two corporations and a private individual coming for some spellwork or charms.

It was a slow overcast day in early January in Brooklyn when Magnus’s phone rang. Izzy and Simon were over for whatever reason the Warlock had no idea about, but he found no need to kick them out. They were currently trying to play Go even though neither really knew what they were doing. Shaking his head, Magnus greeted happily, “Hello, Tessa. Long time no see. How are you?”
“Quite well, thank you.” She greeted with a smile on her lips. “I have a question for you.”

“I may have an answer.”

“Is the last name Trueblood significant to the Lightwood family?”

Frowning, he replied, “I’m not sure, why?”

“Curious.”

“You called me to ask this because of curiosity? I feel like there is more to this than you are saying. Does this have to do with Cecily?”

With a sigh, Tessa said, “If you could ask one of the Lightwood’s that would be lovely, please.”

“You are lucky one just happens to be within asking range. Hold on.” He turned to face his friends. “Izzy, does the surname Trueblood have any significance to you?”

Looking up from her black pieces, she answered, “That was mom’s maiden name. I’m a little surprised she hasn’t gone back to it since her and dad got divorced.”

“I’m sorry to hear that.” Izzy waved her hand as she focused back on the game. Although upset at first, the young woman was finding the divorce was for the best. “Isabelle says that was her mother’s name before she married. Now, may I know why you ask?”

“Turn to page 26.” Was all she answered as a magazine appeared on the kitchen table. Tessa waited patiently as Magnus slowly picked up the glossy book. His insides fluttered having a slight inclination of what might be inside. She wouldn’t have called him asking about the Lightwood’s if it didn’t hold vital information.

Flipping through the new pages, he found the page without looking at who was on it. At first all he saw was cracked concrete ground with a painted brick wall and a fence. Then his eyes moved over to the dark words in the corner that informed the reader of the model(s), clothing items, and prices of said items. He only read the first line before his eyes shot up to the main picture.
Alex Trueblood.

And there Alec was. His black hair messily styled, a beard perfectly groomed, the black wool coat...
slightly bellowing out behind him, perfectly tailored dark blue jeans with smooth ivory hands jammed into them, and a black v-neck shirt hugging his torso. Although he did not smile, the man was breathtaking as china blue eyes stared at Magnus as if solely focused on him. They finally found him. After over a year of searching, Tessa had finally found him.

Her gentle voice broke through the turmoil in his head. “It is him, isn’t it? It is your Alec.”

He didn’t answer right away too focused on the picture before him. He cradled the phone between his shoulder and ear as one hand held the magazine and the other stroked the page. Alec was okay. “Yes. That’s him. How did you find this?”

“Funny enough, it was Jem.” Magnus frowned in confusion, Jem wasn’t exactly the type to look at fashion magazines. “He was waiting for me as I got my hair trimmed and picked up the magazine by hapchance. He said he only recognized Alec because of the photo booth picture in your living room.”

“Tell Jem I am forever in his debt.”

Tessa laughed, “Think nothing of it.” She dropped her voice to a softer tone. “Go find him, Magnus. He is a beautiful model, but his eyes foretell of longing. He is missing you.”

“Thank you. Good-bye, Tessa.” His gratitude evident in his voice.

“Anytime. Until next time.” She hung up with a beep.

Magnus didn’t return to the living room right away. Instead he leaned on the table and stared. It was a bizarre feeling to have finally found him. To have Alec stare at him. He was apparently back in New York and no one knew. How had he hidden himself from the wolves, himself, and the few Shadowhunters secretly in search of him?

Bookmarking the page with one finger, he pushed off the kitchen table and returned to the living room. A deep frown etched on his face. Looking up, Simon asked, “What’s wrong? Did the Clave decided something without talking to Downworlders? Again?”

“No, nothing of that nature.” He sat down near the pair, raking his fingers through his carefully styled hair. “Actually, I just received great news.”

“Then why the frown?”

“Shock?” Magnus was pretty sure he was in emotional shock. “Isabelle, I have excellent news for you.” The dark haired girl’s eyes snapped to her friend. “Alexander is alive and apparently doing quite well.” With the magazine now open he handed it to her. She stared with wide eyes and mouth ajar. Like Magnus, her mind was slow to process that the man in front of her was her lost brother.

Simon sat up and leaned over the table to look at the picture. “Holy shit, Alec is a model? I thought he disliked that sort of attention and people? Especially mundanes.”

“Yes, he’s a model.” Magnus was now on his cellphone googling the model Alex Trueblood. “Apparently, a well liked model.” On the first page alone there were majority of him sporting outfits ranging from casual to wedding attire. Many were repeats, but it was evident that different companies were noticing his attractiveness that the model hadn’t seemed to notice when he was a Shadowhunter. Yet there he was, posing before a camera wearing outfits that made Magnus drool. In most pictures, Alec didn’t smile while his eyes bore into you as if looking into the lookers soul. The few photos that did have him smiling, it was a knowing smirk that he never once saw his boyfriend make. It was different yet familiar. Where had he seen the upturn of lips like that before?
“Are you sure this is Alec, I mean it looks like him but…” Simon trailed off. It was strange to see the eldest Lightwood in clothes that weren’t practical. Although Magnus had slowly started influencing the monochrome wardrobe of his boyfriend, it had never quite gone to what the man was wearing in the photos.

“It’s him. I would know my brother anywhere and just because he’s posing in these outfits doesn’t mean he’d wear them.” Izzy replied her dark eyes still locked on the picture. “We found him.” The last statement was whispered.

Magnus placed a hand on Izzy’s shoulder. “We did. Now to actually finding him. My quick google search tells me nothing other than they know how to dress him.”

“Magnus, are we going to need to find a mop?” Simon asked.

The Warlock glared at the Vampire before continuing, “But aside from the pictures there isn’t much else. He doesn’t have a facebook, twitter, instagram, or any other social medias. There isn’t an address for him. His manager has kept his life quite private.”

“So what does that mean?” Izzy looked up from the magazine. “What’s our next step?”

“Now, we ask for an illegal favor.” Closing out of the internet, Magnus called Luke.

“Hi Magnus, can I-” Magnus cut the Alpha off with, “Luke, I need you to abuse your police status.”

With a sigh, the man replied, “Magnus, whatever it is I’m no-”

“We found Alexander and now we need to locate him. His modeling alias is Aex Trueblood.”

“Wait, Alec models?”

“Not important right now, but yes. Now abuse your power for the greater good!”

“Alright, I’ll get back to you soon.” He hung up to continue on a case he was currently working.

“Bye to you too.” Magnus rolled his eyes. “Luke is on it. Now we wait.”

“I hate waiting.” Izzy grumbled. “We should tell mom, Jace, Max, and Clary.” She was already pulling out her cellphone to send out a mass text to meet at the Loft.

“I’ll make coffee.” Standing up, Magnus retreated to the kitchen to make the drinks but also to take a minute. He finally had a breakthrough. He was finally going to be able to find Alexander and bring him home… But did the young man want to come home? What would they do if Alec decided he wanted nothing to do with them anymore?

The meeting commenced with not a few tears being shed at the happy news. They only had to wait a week before Luke called the group to the Jade Wolf. In the back of the restaurant, five Shadowhunters, a Vampire, and Warlock waited impatiently for the Alpha. Rory, one of the newest werewolves of the pack, asked if they wanted anything to eat before scampering off to restock anything the cooks needed. The group didn’t have to wait long before Luke walked through the front door and straight to them.

“Hey Everyone. Sorry it took so long, there’s been some trouble we’ve had to deal with which made the search difficult to do under the radar. Here’s what I found.” He pulled out a manilla folder with a few dozen papers in it and a couple pictures. “There isn’t an Alexander Lightwood or Trueblood in New York,” He watched as the party’s faces fell at the news. “However there appears to be one in
New jersey. The description of the person is the closest I could find, but he’s managed to cover his tracks well. The young man is approximately 26, dark hair, doesn’t have a place of residency before this apartment.” He places a picture of a cute bakery on the table. “Which is above an Italian Bakery, and lives with one other person. Doesn’t say who the person is, only that two people reside in the apartment. It’s the same address that is put down for the model Alex Trueblood which was classified and I had to not so legally obtain. The manager Alec has has to be pretty protective of him if his information is this private.”

Maryse picked up the photo. The building was all brick except for the light yellow siding on the front of Piro Familia Italian Bakery. There was a red and dirty white awning right below the big cursive sign that probably had been hanging since the opening of the store. There were two windows above the store that she realized were Alec’s. They gave no indication that anyone lived above the store, but inside she knew her son lived in there. Him and someone else. She hoped his roommate was nice. Alec deserved a friend.

“The person has lived in the apartment since about March/April of last year. Without calling or digging deeper with more time, that’s all I could find out. I’m pretty sure the resident of this apartment is Alec. The timeline fits and Magnus you said the block hasn’t moved in months correct and feels pretty close?”

“Yes.” The Warlock replied in a far off voice. “Although the last couple of months it’s like the necklace has been given an extra spell or something. I should have realized he was a state away, but all I could tell was he was in the northeast. I knew something was off about it, but I still don’t know what it is.”

“Great. Let’s go find him.” Jace started pushing Izzy and Simon out of the booth much to their annoyance.

“Wait. You don’t even know if he’s home or it’s actually him. You may want to confirm it’s him before four Shadowhunters, a Vampire, and a Warlock barge in and scare a poor Mundane.” Luke tried to reason.

“But you just-”

“I said it’s most likely him. Trust me, make sure it’s him before you go.”

“Besides.” Maryse was looking at her phone. “The Institute needs us. We’ll come up with a plan later tonight or tomorrow.” She slid out of the bench. “Thank you Luke for everything.”


She gave him a smile before looking at her kids. “Let’s go. See you later, Magnus.” She nodded to him and then headed out. Izzy, Jace, Max, and Clary followed after her although the first two scowled at having to put off looking for their brother. Even Max looked annoyed, but didn’t say anything. In the end it was Magnus, Jace, Izzy, Simon, and Clary were the ones who went to New Jersey to find the wayward Lightwood and bring him home.

The jittery energy coursing through the group as the appeared on the other side of the portal was palpable. The group looked up at the brick building all in various states of eagerness and anxiousness. One of two things would happen today. Either they would find a random Mundane that had an eerily similar description as Alec or the man they had been searching for since his abrupt departure would stand before them. Either possibility was quite terrifying. With a nod from everyone the group glamoured themselves and with the help of the handy-dandy Unlocking Rune on the door leading into the alleyway, the group silently made their way up the stairs. The hallway they ended up
in was simple with old yellowing wallpaper that really needed to be changed. Izzy and Magnus shared a look knowing they were thinking the same thing. Without further ado the group stepped up to the lone door in the middle of the hallway. Taking a deep breath, Izzy raised her fist and started banging on the door that hopefully would reunite them with Alec.

End Notes

Due to this story being primarily written before Season 3 came out many of the events are from the book. I would like to incorporate some of the changes from the show but I'm not sure if they'll make it. If not they might come through in different ways later in the series.

I will also give warning that in this story Alec has blues eyes. I love Matthew Daddario's hazel ones, but for this tale and later events blue is used.

In this world, based on the book because we didn't know anything about stripped Shadowhunters, Alec isn't technically allowed to see his family unlike Maryse in the show. Thanks and enjoy.

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