The war has come between the Fairies and the shadow hunters. All hope seemed lost but than Clary used the rune the angels sent her to save everyone. Except the fairies. Tapping in her true power to create runes she will now be undefeated.

5 years ago. The youngest and most promising shadow hunters revealed that Seelie Queen, the Queen of the fairies to conspiring with an enemy who only wanted destruction of the world. As a result she was forced off the throne and replaced by her handmaiden, the fairies than also had to sign a peace treaty. This wasn’t the end though, the fairies wanted revenge and they are immortal, which has taught them to be patient. They took their time assessing their enemy’s weaknesses and exploited them. They had the shadow hunters off guard and outnumbered. They will still fight, but they will die.

Now

Men and women with armour marched forward in waves to fight, dissipate no hope they had. It was like I was looking at my last fight and I couldn’t escape it. Even the animals knew to hide for the massacre to finish. The only advantages we had was that some of high had the high ground, not that will do any good if were all dead. The ground was already coted will blood of soldiers and innocents. Despite the angry yells as people hack at each other with swords and knives, I couldn’t help might notice the cries and screams of those who just wanted to protect their families. I wish I didn’t notice it. Blood destroyed the scent of trees and native in the air and clary doubted the smell will ever be gone once the fighting stoped.

Again her vision blurred with the symbol that she saw in her dreams, not knowing exactly what it did she didn’t want to risk using it. Although she don’t know what it means she can sense the power it comes with it, the kind that can corrupt even the kindest people. Cary remained within view of Jace at all times, making sure they were both were still standing, like with another war they fight in together. Although the shadow hunters were holder their own with few casualties, they could only fight for so long. Noticing the slow grain of ground the three opponents Jace had, she quickly through one of her small knifes strapped on her. It hit its target, stabbing through one of their necks.
He slowing hit the ground but not before blood sprayed out through the wound. This gave him the few extra seconds to slice through the other two and continue killing through the enemy’s army. By the time she had turned back to her attackers she noticed that there were more than she could handle, as they started to surround her, she felt a panic knowing that she couldn’t keep up. A fairies came at her stepping over their dead, as if they only had one thing on their minds, to kill her.

A ring in her ears was all that she could hear no longer aware of her surroundings as she felt a thick metal blade slide out of her stomach. The fairies amused she was dead or soon to be, they stepped over her, to find another target. Still in shock the only thing she could think about was that she was dead, there was nothing could change that. She felt a sticky liquid spread through her clothes and ground, she knew straight away it was her blood. Then suddenly the only thing she could think of was that rune. Its image burning in her head, with an undeniable feeling it needed to be used.

Reaching for her stele to make her last rune with the little life she had left, wanting. No. Needing to know what it did before she died. Marking her skin on top of her heart was it will have the most power, steam rose from her skin with a sizzle. She was so numb she couldn’t feel it, unlike every other time she got a new rune. As she made the final lines, her eyes got heavy, as she started to pass out due to blood loss, the last thing she saw was the piercing glow of her skin. All of a sudden she felt energised to the point where she could life a truck. Rising slowly to her feet as if it were her first time, she felt the power of a god or in her case a goddess. Every one stopped fighting, she realised why when her skin glowed as if a sun was trying to escape from her skin, they couldn’t even look at her anymore, they had to cover their eyes with both of their hands and the closer ones had to turn away completely.

She understood now. The rune meant angle. Using it made her become an angle. As all angles are she was a warrior and she will show no mercy to her enemies. The ground shook violently as she stood. Two stems grew out of her back, leaving a trail of blood. Wings unfolded it the air. They were white and proud, with a gold brown colour which only made the white more intense. No one dared to move shocked by the only one with true power on the battle field. Jace stared in wonder as did the other shadow hunters.

She still felt the wound completely heal. Clary was aware of everything as if she could see and touch without needing to do those things, like she just knew. She raised her hand ready to end this war. Her hand twisted sharply, alone with it every single fairy’s neck twisted. Their whole head was turned around, they fell to the ground seconds later, falling on by on top of each other like dominoes. Clary than turned to face the few shadow hunters left handing, raising her hands she started to bring the dead back to life. The dead shadow hunters started to rise once their wounds had healed and the hearts started to beat again. She took out all the knives and swords from there body using her powers, not needing to move from her place. Alone with then she brought back everyone she had lost. Two small figures had appeared, Max who was just a child stumble towards Jace, the closest familiar face, while Raphael still stood still not sure how to react. Clary’s light died, and she swayed form her stance, then collapsed on the ground.

Clary woke up in the infirmary at the shadow hunter institute two weeks later. Her coma she had been in was so that her body can change, become stronger and become her true form as an angel. Later after tedious dinner party events she was now the shadow hunter’s Queen. Not that she gave the Clave a choice in the matter. They were wise enough to comply.

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