Fructus Aroboris Veneato

by AelinSardothian

Summary

Takes place before the events of City of Bones. Clary never met Jace, therefore never found out about the Shadow World. In the war between Valentine and the Clave, Valentine wins, and with a demon army at his command and all of the Mortal Instruments at hand, every Shadowhunter must succumb to his will or be executed. The Circle is once more, and in a world of war, it's kill or be killed. Clary is thrust into the Shadow World as she and her mother are abducted by her father, self-proclaimed King of Idris and are taken to their home country by force. Taken from the only home she has ever known, Clary grows to despise her father... and her brother. But perhaps over time, she'll grow to love her new found family... or not.

**Co-written with Winniethewriter from fanfiction**
Clary knew from the moment she got home that something was wrong. The front door was completely torn off its hinges, pathetically lying on the floor of the family room. Nearly every piece of furniture was moved out of its place, the books on the shelves were littered on the wooden floor, the canvases with her mother's paintings were ripped and torn apart, shattered remains of vases and glass and mirrors lying haphazardly on the floor. Angry tears formed in her eyes. A break in.

"Mom?" She spoke hesitantly, her voice barely a whisper as she made her way through their tiny abode, careful not to step on any sharp shards. The kitchen was in similar conditions as the living room, pots and pans scattered across the linoleum. Suddenly, a hand covered her mouth and a large arm enclosed her, her arms trapped, leaving her defenseless against her attacker. Clary thrashed and kicked, but all her attempts of escape were futile as she was dragged away into her mother's room. Her screams were muffled by the hand, and she knew no one would come to her rescue. Upon entering the room, she noticed her mother was bound by a thick rope, duct tape covering her mouth, her gaze frantic as she watched Clary brought in. Also in the room, a man covered in black clothing and strange tattoos held bindings in his hands. He came up to her and helped her captor tie her and gag her so she wouldn't scream, letting her sit on the floor next to her mother. For robbers and possible killing rapists, they were surprisingly gentle and careful as they tied her and set her down. Clary looked at her mother for answers, but found none; only a strange courage she had never seen in her mother's eyes before.

"We were given strict orders not to hurt either of you, but to bring you by any means necessary. It'd be in your best interest to come with us willingly." Her captor said, and only then did she notice that he wore the same dark clothing and had the same tattoos that the other did. Jocelyn nodded, but made a motion indicating she wanted the tape on her mouth gone. Their captors looked at each other, pondering whether it would be a wise idea or not to let her speak. A few moments of silent conversation passed, and one of them moved forward to remove the tape from her mouth. Clary watched as her mother calmly licked her lips before speaking.

"Who has sent you?" She asked, her voice steady as she faced the men.

"Valentine."

The color from Jocelyn's face drained, "But he's been dead for sixteen years."

The man shook his head, "Valentine Morgenstern is very much alive, and has acquired each of the Mortal Instruments. He took down the Clave, killed each of its members and everyone else who opposed of him. He's made it his mission to purify the Blood, and rid the world of demons and Downworlders. But you aren't a fool to his plans, Jocelyn Morgenstern. You knew this would happen, one way or another, sixteen years ago or now. You were only foolish to believe he was dead in the first place."

Clary and her mother were taken to what Clary could only describe as a time warp - a blue rippling
thing that was reminiscent of water. The men, on either side of them, had them held by their upper arms as they all walked into the time warp. For a moment, Clary felt weightless- and then it was gone. The smell of blood and decay hit her hard, and she opened her eyes to a morbid sight. All around her, there were people on the streets cleaning. Scrubbing the pavement, washing away ash, or dragging away human corpses to pile at the very center of the street. If there hadn't been duct tape covering her mouth, she would've wretched. The smell was overwhelming, and worse was the scene. She was pushed, herded along with her mother and forced to walk on, staring at the people who stopped their work to watch them pass by, defeat written over their face and pity as they saw them tied and hauled forward. Whispers began, but Clary only caught a few words of it.

Morgenstern women, Jocelyn and Valentine's wife and daughter being the most prominent. Clary glared accusingly at her mother, who knew what was going on and didn't even bother to tell her why this was happening. If what the men said and the whispers of the people were true, her mother was wife of this man named Valentine, and she was his daughter. The thought was ridiculous, because her father had died in battle long ago and her mother never remarried, and to Clary's knowledge the only man she had ever married was her father. Jocelyn ignores Clary's glares, and addressed their captors.

"Where are you taking us?" demanded Jocelyn, turning her head slightly to give the men a glare of her own.

"To the Gard, Valentine's current residence since the war. You and your daughter will be living there from now and Jonathan will be pleased to have the both of you home."

Jocelyn paled, and for the first time since their abduction, genuinely looked afraid. "Jonathan?" Her voice shook.

"Aren't you excited to see your son again? He's grown into quite the young man, and looks just like his father."

Her mother did not respond, and Clary has had just about enough. She twists out of her captor's grasp, her foot coming up to kick his shins. But just as soon as it began, it ended as he grabbed a hold of her again and squeezed her tightly enough to bruise her. She silently screamed under the tape, a thousand questions running through her head, questions that no one would answer. Her mother shouted profanities, but they fell on deaf ears as he grabbed Clary by the hair and pulled at it roughly, his breath was hot against her ear as he sneered, "Next time you try to escape, I'll do worse than that, girl."

For the second time today, tears formed in her eyes, only this time she let them fall.

After a few minutes of walking, they reached the center of the city where a tall structure resembling a castle stood proudly. Clary and Jocelyn were pushed not too gently up the stone stairs leading to the grand entrance. The entrance was too large for a door- instead, there was a marble angel on either side of it, crossing their swords at the center. The foyer itself, however, was a disaster. Banners that once hung proudly were torn from its place, the once white walls covered in ash. The floors were slippery with blood, and a large crystal chandelier that had fallen from its place hanging from the ceiling at the center of it all, thousands of shattered glass crystals littering nearly every inch of the floor. There were more people cleaning up here; using brooms for the glass, mops for the blood, and paint for the ash. Clary had never felt more disoriented in her life. In just an hour, she was abducted from her home and realized that her mother never told her any of this shadow crap, or Valentine Morgenstern, or the Mortal Instruments. Even in their current situation, Clary couldn't help but feel betrayed over her mother keeping this from her. She wondered whether or not they'll ever return home. Would Simon realize they were kidnapped and call the police? But what good would the police do against these dangerous people? Clary shook her head as if to clear her thoughts. She didn't
They enter a particularly large throne room, complete with ornate walls and polished marble floors; the only room in the Gard that was in a much better condition than the rest of it. On the throne at the very end of the room, sits the man she assumes is Valentine himself, with a younger version of himself standing at his side. Jocelyn doesn't take his eyes off of the young Valentine, and Clary gathers that it is Jonathan, Valentine's son. Both have nearly similar features: white blond hair, prominent cheekbones and lean, muscular structures. Clary found that their only difference was Jonathan's hollow onyx eyes. He catches her staring, and smirks at her. She quickly looks away, trying to convince herself that did not just happen. As Valentine watches them enter, he stands, a grin settling upon his face. He raises his arms as if he were to embrace them, and said:

"My wife... My daughter."

Clary waits for her mother to deny it. She doesn't. All her life, she has known that her father was a deceased soldier who had died a couple of months after she was born. Now, not only to find that the man she had grown up to believe her father wasn't, but to find that her father was very much alive - and very much evil.

"I thought you were dead."

"I thought you loved me," he retorted, the smile now gone from his face, a grimace in its place. "You left me. You betrayed me."

Jocelyn's response was a whisper. "You left me no choice."

"You could've stayed!" He shouted, walking towards them. "You could've stayed, but you didn't!" He grabbed Jocelyn by the chin, forcing her to look up at him. "Instead, you went off with the Downworlder." He spat the word, as if it was a curse. Then, his face softened, his hand at Jocelyn's chin suddenly gentle. "Why didn't you stay?"

Clary watched a tear roll down her mother's cheek as she whispered, "You changed."

Valentine wiped away his wife's tear, lovingly, shaking his head. "None of it matters now. You're here, and that's all that matters."

Jocelyn's eyes harden, moving away her face from his grasp. "We are not staying."

Valentine smiles cruelly. "You have no choice in the matter, carissime."

He then shifted his attention to Clary, placing a hand on her shoulder. Clary flinches away, but his hold is hard and unrelenting. He ignores Jocelyn's protest, gently peeling off the tape from Clary's mouth. His touch is soft as he takes in her appearance, her skin, her eyes, her hair. His gaze is intimidating and she looks anywhere but his eyes. "My daughter... we finally meet."

Him addressing her as his daughter made the situation all too real, and she felt a pang of betrayal in her heart over her mother's lies.

"What is your name?"

"Clarissa Adele Fray."

"Well..." His fingers found her chin just like he had her mother's, "You are Clarissa Adele Morgenstern now. I am your father, Valentine Morgenstern, and this is your new home. You and your mother will stay here with me and Jonathan, your brother, and we will be a family. Do you want Simon involved in this. If this was her fate, so be it.
understand?"

She hesitantly nodded, shamelessly fearing his wrath had she told him otherwise.

Valentine smiled pleasantly. "Good."

Jocelyn spoke up. "If you think we are staying here, you really must be out of your mind." Clary watched as Valentine's face contorted from contentment to anger. His nostril flared as he turned to her mother and slapped her with the back of his hand with enough force to knock her to the ground. Clary slightly whimpered as she watched her mother fall, a searing hatred beginning to settle inside her over the man who claimed to be her father.

"You will learn that it is not wise to go against me. Do not forget I am the same man who dismembered the Clave and killed all of those who got in my way. Do not defy me, or you will not be safe off the consequences. I am confident that you will come to see it my way again someday." He gestured to the captors - Clary hadn't noticed they were still around - to take them. "Take them to their designated rooms."

Clary watched as one man hauled her mother to her feet, pushing her forward to the hall on the right. There were two halls, one on either side of the room. The other man pushed Clary to the hall on the left, and she looked back to spare one last glance at her mother. Clary didn't know how or when, but she would get them both out of this. She swore it.
Locked away for a week, Clary is left to ponder her plans for escape and what her new 'family' intends to do with her.

The room she was taken to was spacious and luxuriously decorated, complete with a King sized bed big enough to sleep four people comfortably. There were two doors on either side of it, one to a ridiculously large bathroom with a separate shower and bathtub, and thankfully, a toilet for her basic human needs. The other door led to an even larger room, a closet filled with clothes and shoes in her size. Clary grimaced, wondering how Valentine had gotten a hold of her measurements, but hadn't even known her name. She assumed that he had asked to be polite, but Clary knew there was nothing polite or even remotely sane about the man named Valentine. The look in his eyes when her mother defied him was frightening and unsettled her, promising herself to never anger the man who ordered their abduction. Clary was still not completely sure what was going on, and did not understand half of the things that were said. She couldn't help but hope that this was all a bad dream, and she would wake up in her bed back in New York. She thought about Simon and Luke. What would they do when they realized both her and her mother were gone? Would they look for them? Call the police? But what good would they do against a mad tyrant with a demon army? Demons. Monsters. All the stories were true.

She didn't believe it at first. It had been said, but it was difficult to believe in something you had been told all your life was not real. It was only when she actually saw them - the demons. They were there, outside of her window. Clary noticed that before the sun set, the people would scurry into their homes and deadbolt their doors. At the rise of the moon, demons flooded the streets, killing anyone unlucky enough to have been caught by the night. Demons of all shapes and sizes, disgustingly grotesque and mutilated, or surprisingly beautiful and deadly. Clary had begun to resent her mother from keeping this world of evil from her, but honestly couldn't blame her for trying. She could've lived her whole life and not know of any of it, and she would've been happy. But now knowing Valentine, she knew he would have eventually found them.

When she was first put in the room, Clary tried to look for any means of escape. Both the window and the door were locked. The only time her door opened was to bring her regular meals, and to take the plates away when she was done. For the past seven days and seven nights, she was sealed away in the room, not knowing when or if she would ever be let out. Her only company was a sketchbook with blank pages and pencils. Clary had found them on the desk in the room, a note attached to it that read: 'I hope my assumptions are correct that you are an artist just like your mother. - Father' Glaring at the word father, she crumpled up the note into a little ball and flushed it down the toilet in childish anger. She knew he was trying to get to her, trying to get her to love him. After the way he treated her mother, even if he was her father, she would never accept him into her life willingly. He was just as much of a monster as the ones outside her window, the monsters he controlled.

The days passed slowly. She made good use of the sketchbook, drawing several portraits of Simon and Luke, but mostly of her mother. Clary resembled her mother in her hair and her eyes, but she came to terms that she wasn't, and probably would never be as beautiful as her. Clary was small in stature and slim whereas she was tall and curvaceous. Her mother had long crimson waves, and she had carrot curls. Clary was often mistaken for younger than she was, and she didn't really have any
other friends except for Simon. She and her mother didn't get along very well because Jocelyn tended to be overprotective, and now Clary finally understood the reason why. She had been trying to keep her away from all of this, and Clary found herself wishing that she had succeeded. She wanted her normal life back, she wanted to go to school and watch anime with Simon and sneak out to parties like a normal girl her age. But as her time wore on in this room, in this ancient castle, in this city of glass, she knew deep in her heart that her life would never be normal again.

On the eighth morning, a knock sounded on her door. The maid who brought her meals never knocked, so it had to be someone else. She hoped for her mother, that she had escaped and had come to find her so they would finally leave this place, but she knew better than to expect the best.

Bracing herself for her father or her brother, she stood from her place on the bed and sarcastically said, "I can't exactly open the door for you." And prayed there would be no retribution for her insolence.

The lock clicked and the knob turned, and behind the opening door was Valentine. She noticed he wore nearly the same clothing every day, the same hooded cloak that trailed behind him as he walked, the same heavy combat boots that strangely made no sound, and as always, dressed in black fully from head to toe. On his face, he wore a pleasant smile along with a bruise on his cheekbone that could only have been product of her mother's violence, the only person brave enough to stand up and defy Valentine Morgenstern.

He entered the room with a commanding presence; silently closing the door behind him, and walked around, inspecting the slight changes his daughter had made to her room. On the walls by her bed, she had taped drawings of Jocelyn and with slight irritation, he noticed drawings of the Downworlder Lucian Graymark, as well as a boy Clarissa's age that Valentine hoped was only a friend. It wouldn't be any good to have his daughter be in love with a mundane when the purity of the Blood was on the line. He had come to explain the Shadow World to his daughter now that Jocelyn has proved to be impenetrable, he hoped that Clary would be more open to him. Jocelyn would eventually succumb one way or another, it was only a slight annoyance that she hasn't done so immediately. But Valentine knew that if he continued to keep Clary locked in a room, she would never grow to love him.

"Clarissa... I know you are confused, since you were raised as a mundane. It's time for you to know the truth."

Clary shrugged, torn between wanting to know and not having Valentine explain it to her. "I know about the demons and the Shadowhunters, but it seems to me that there hasn't been any hunting lately." Unconsciously, she looked at the window, thinking about the demons she had seen every night. "Is it your doing?"

"Yes," he responded confidently, lightly touching a portrait of her mother, running his fingers down the drawn cheek. "We, Shadowhunters, are half human, half angel. Our blood is that of the Angel Raziel, who created the first Shadowhunter centuries ago. We were created for one sole purpose: to kill evil. Demons, mostly. But there are other evils, such as the Downworlders. The deceptive Fae, the blood thirsty vampires, the repulsive warlocks, and the monstrous werewolves. We were at war with them once, but then The Accords were put in place. The Accords were peace negotiations signed between the Downworlders and the Clave. The Accords acted as amendments to the Covenant agreed to be taken as the law of the land by all of the Shadow World, a treaty that ordained how Shadowhunters and Downworlders interacted with mundanes-those who are completely human-and one another, as well as each group's rights, responsibilities, and restrictions; stating that as long as the rules were not broken, they can live in peace without bother and may have provided each other help when the need ever rose.
"But even though we did keep our side of The Accords, the Downworlders had not, because they are just as corrupt as the demons that spawned them. I have always known this since my younger years, and so did your mother, Lucian Graymark, and a few other of our allies. I formed the Circle, I recruited our peers when we went to school here, in Alicante. The year The Accords were to be signed, we infiltrated the Gard, and tried to overthrow the Clave and kill the Downworlders present. But your mother, who had been deceived by the turned Downworlder Lucian Greymark, had already informed them of our plan, and even though we managed to rid the world of a few, some of our brothers were killed as well. Because of your mother's treachery, she left me no choice than to stage my death, as well as your brother Jonathan's, and we lived in exile until now. I succeeded in overthrowing the Clave with the Mortal Instruments, the instruments that were given to us by Raziel. The Forsaken you see are controlled by me, and no harm will come to those who stand by me. Eventually as time wears on, those who oppose of me will eventually come to terms that I am the authority now, and those who are against me will burn.

"You are my daughter, Clarissa. A Shadowhunter. As such, you will begin training in the next few days. Jonathan will be your instructor, and he will teach you everything you need to know to survive. We have enemies, and now you are a target. You must learn how to protect yourself. Will you accept?"

As if he gave her much of a choice. Regardless, she saw the opportunity of freedom ahead, and nodded her head slowly, but surely, in agreement.

"I accept, father."
Chapter Summary

Jonathan causes mayhem in the Gard palace, and begins to make his claim on what belongs to him.

Jonathan knew from a very young age that he was not a Shadowhunter. Even as a child brought up as one, he was vicious and selfish and didn't particularly care for any life but his own and his father's. When spring came in Idris and the hares reproduced into the hundreds, he remembered catching them and would use a knife to cut an incision on its side to watch it bleed to death instead of mercifully snapping its neck. As time passed, his regard for his father's life had changed - he had grown to resent the man and everything he stood for. He was through going along with his father's pathetic obsession with the destruction of every Downworlder and his hypocrisy of keeping the Shadowhunter bloodline pure, considering the genetic alteration experiments he made on both his son and daughter. Jonathan planned on killing him soon, but at the right place and the right time, with the support of the right people. No, Jonathan was not a Shadowhunter - He was a demon. The blood of Lilith was vigorous and overpowered his lineage enough to make him a monster, but not enough to take away the fact that he was a man. When he first saw her, his instinct told him to claim her as his own, to fuck her against every surface of the Gard in 500 different positions. His sister came in bound like a slave, a slight thing with a messy head of crimson curls, porcelain skin, and tear streaked cheeks. She looked like a doll, and he couldn't wait to play with her. Of course, someone who is as nefarious as he would want to fuck his sister. To kiss her, to touch her, to sheath himself in her, to make her bleed. The demon caught her studying him, appraising him with wide emerald eyes, and he smirked. A flush of red stained her cheeks as she looked down, shielding her face from his view. At this, he frowned. Never should she hide from him. His sister was brought closer, and at this proximity he was able to study her more intently. She was petite and had the fairest skin, albeit dotted with freckles, perfectly smooth and seemingly soft as well. He watched his father remove the tape from her mouth, and was pleased to see a full pink pout underneath. Her purity was all but written on her face, and Jonathan decided he wanted to be the one to corrupt her, to see the light of innocence steadily depart her eyes over time, only leaving behind the signs of his wickedness. He would harden her, make her strong enough for a place by his side. Suddenly, Jonathan found himself realizing that there was another life he wanted to protect besides his own: his sister's.

Soror mea, he thought. You will be mine.

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Once his father was done terrorizing Jocelyn and sent both women to their rooms, Jonathan discretely followed the man who was taking Clarissa to her room and made a note of its coordinates for later. As the man locked the door to prevent her escape and walked down the corridor to his own quarters, the demon quietly stalked him and cornered him. He didn't put up much of a fight at all, but no one ever could against him. Jonathan made sure to hit him hard enough in the spine to immobilize him from the neck down and used a dagger to cut off his tongue, quieting any screams. He usually enjoyed hearing his victims beg for mercy, but he didn't want his father to know of his indiscretions. The more he thought about it, he decided to let the man slowly choke on his own blood rather than cut him all up. It would be too quick. His sister's captor was a hare, and Jonathan enjoyed watching hares bleed. He smiled, stepping back to relish his ministrations. A similar fate would befall on
anyone else that touched what was his.

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After quickly disposing the body of his victim, he made his way to Jocelyn Fairchild's residence. It wasn't difficult to find her, her screams and curses could be heard from every corner in the Gard. His father had been trying to "calm her down" for the past few hours, and Jonathan could see that his efforts were in vain. Valentine had to tie her down to the bed post to prevent her from further destroying her room in anger. When Jonathan entered, Jocelyn looked down, ashamed that even now her instincts denied that he was her son. Her heart had never acknowledged it when he was a baby, and now more so that he was a man. His eyes were cruel and unrelenting, and Jocelyn knew he was not here to reunite with his long lost mother.

"Why are you here?" she asked, looking away.

His smile was wide, but not pleasant. "Can I not visit my dearest mother, who has come to take her place in a family she never wanted?"

"I loved Valentine, and I loved you-"

"Quiet," Jonathan demanded, his smile now gone, replaced by his hatred for her. "I am not an ignorant boy, you cannot coddle me with sweet lies and expect me to forgive you for abandoning me. To be frank, father's infatuation of you is the only reason you are here. If it were up to me, I'd feed you to the demons that roam in the night. I recommend you started obeying him, or he just might take my suggestions into consideration." He smiled again, turning on his heels and began to exit out the door, but before he closed it he said, "I'll tell Clarissa you said hello."

His laughs echoed in the hallway as he locked the door, delighted by the sobs that could be heard from the other side.

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The only time that the door of her prison opened was when the maid brought her meals and took back the used dishes. The door opened six times a day: twice in the morning, once in the afternoon, and another two in the evening. Clary only ever looked upon this maid once out of curiosity, but she ended up wishing she hadn't. She had an appalling scar that ran from her forehead to her chin, a telltale sign of the war that had transpired not too long ago. The wound was fresh and jagged, several needles etched into it to hold her face together. After the sight, Clary couldn't stomach the food that was brought to her and did not eat that night. When the maid returned to pick up her dish, she avoided looking at her again, but failed. At seeing her untouched food, the maid smiled apologetically and left.

It brought Clary to tears.

Her father was a monster, and her brother just as well. They needed to escape soon, and she began to formulate a plan how. The desk where the maid placed her food was passed her bed. She would pretend to sleep, and just as the maid would set the food down Clary would make a run for the door, locking the maid in and then attempt to find her mother, which would be the most challenging part of it. She had no idea where her mother was, except that she was taken to the opposite hallway from hers, so she would let that lead her and from there she would check every room if she had to. They had to leave. Once found, her mother would know what to do next. She was probably waiting for Clary to make a move. There was no time to ponder over the possibility of getting caught, or of what they would do if they did.
When the morning came, Clary hid under the covers so the maid wouldn't notice her in full outerwear. Her heart pounded loudly as the door opened, and a figure emerged and crossed her room, gently placing the dish on the table.

It was now or never.

Clary flipped the covers off and ran to the door. It was so close, she went to grab the knob to pull the door open and-

She was grabbed by the shoulders and roughly pushed back against the very door she was trying to exit. Her head banged hard against the wood, disorienting her for a few moments before looking up.

Black clothes, a masculine chin, a wicked grin, defined cheekbones, and blond hair falling over bottomless onyx eyes.

Definitely not the maid.

"Hasn't anyone ever told you that it's not wise to bite the hand that feeds you?" her brother said, his large hands tightening around her tiny shoulders.

Clary winced at the contact, "I didn't know that hand would be you."

Jonathan laughed, his fingers gently rubbing her shoulders. She tried to maneuver out of his hold, but he was strong and she couldn't get away.

"No, I suppose you wouldn't."

"Will you tell father of my attempt to escape?" She asked, the fear of getting caught finally seeping in. Would the chain her up? Would they tie her to a chair? Would they put her in a cell? Her heart started to speed up again, and Clary was worried he would hear it. She forced herself to calm down, closing her eyes and taking deep breaths. If she were to be punished, she would do so with dignity and not like the frightened little girl she was when she first got here. She would be brave and strong, like her mother.

Jonathan seemed ponder it before finally deciding. "I won't tell him, but I expect a boon in return."

Clary narrowed her eyes at her brother. "What could you possibly want from me? I have nothing to offer you."

He villainously smirked, "A kiss on the lips, and nothing less."

She is revolted. Not only is he a merciless monster, but he wants his own sister to kiss him. There's only one answer to his request.

"Only when hell freezes over!"

His smile never faltered. "That day might come sooner than you think."

Clary sneered, "Never."

He shrugged nonchalantly and let her go. "Have it your way. I guess I'm just going to have to tell father of your betrayal. It's a shame, really. He was hoping he wouldn't have to chain you up just like your mother, thought you believed his cause to be just, and were willing to cooperate with us but... The world is full of disappointment," he smirked again, moving to open the door and leave, "Now that I think of it, I'd love to see you in chains..."
She paled, the prospect of being that helpless again scared her. Clary would never be able to escape this place. In a sudden burst of adrenaline and poor judgment, Clary grabbed him by the arm and pulled him towards her. She looked up at him, at his mouth, and instead of thinking about him as her brother, she thought about him as just another attractive boy. Taking his face in her hands and standing on the tips of her toes, she closed her eyes and met her lips with his. His mouth was like soft velvet against hers, and just when she was about to pull away, his hands found the back of her neck and the small of her back, thrusting her against him. Jonathan kissed her hard, his lips relentless and rigorous on hers. With his tempting lips and his toned body sensuously pressed against her softness, it was easy to forget that he was her brother, and that he was evil and manipulative and that she hated him. Clary had never kissed a boy before, and the feeling of it made her never want to stop. Heat pooled in her tummy, and she grew needy for more. She ran her hands up his chest, feeling the power of every muscle underneath her fingers, and brought them to entwine in his colorless hair, pulling at his locks viciously as he coaxed her mouth to open, his tongue invading her wet cavern and prodding at her own tongue with his. Clary gave in, their tongues fighting a battle that could never be won. Jonathan pushed her against the wall without releasing her lips, his legs moving to stand between hers, his thigh brushing against her center, a delicious friction that made Clary want to scream for more of it. But she couldn't have more of it, because he was her brother.

It was like a bucket of ice cold water had been thrown over her head.

Brother.

Her fingers left his hair and her hands braced themselves on his chest to push him away, but he was greedy and continued to kiss her, his tongue caressing hers. With no other option, Clary took his bottom lip between her teeth and bit down as hard as she could, the unfamiliar cooper taste of his blood on her tongue. Jonathan slowly released her then, running his thumb across his lip and staring down at the blood that stained it. She shrunk in fear of him striking her, but he licked the blood off his thumb and grinned at her. He had that naughty glint in his eyes again, and Clary suspected he was planning something evil.

"I hope I see that fierceness in training tomorrow, sister." Jonathan opened the door, the grin never falling off his face as he looked back at her, closing and locking Clary in her room.

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Walking down the hallway, he whistled a happy tune.

A garden locked is my sister, my bride; a garden locked, a fountain sealed.
Clary is tormented by her brother's actions as she begins to be integrated into Shadowhunter culture.

"Are you Lucian Graymark?"


The warlock smirked, his cat eyes flickering with amusement. "I'm guessing you wanted to leave behind your shitty Circle reputation?"

Luke bowed his head. Yes.

"I'm sure by now you are aware of the current situation?"

"Valentine has taken over Idris."

At the mention of the man, angry crimson sparks of demon magic hover over Magnus' hands.

"He has killed several, including someone who meant very much to me." The sparks ceased, but a shadow hung over the once vibrant Magnus Bane. Luke had never met him before, but Jocelyn had mentioned him a few times over the previous years. Although he was against it, Jocelyn insisted on protecting Clary from the past and keeping her mundane. With Magnus' help, Jocelyn had been able to blind Clary from the Sight. But the presumed dead Valentine was alive, and Luke knew that Jocelyn and Clary's disappearance was his doing. His love for Jocelyn was borderline obsessive, and he would never let one of his experiments slip from his grasp.

"He has Jocelyn and Clary."

"So I heard. Must be one big family reunion. I'm sure they're all very, very happy."

Sarcasm dripped from the warlock's voice. Despite the situation, Luke can't help but give him a sad smile.

"They went fighting. Their apartment is absolutely destroyed."

"And you are here because you want them back."

"Yes."

Magnus raises his hands nonchalantly. "How exactly do you plan to do so?"

"I'm going to kill Valentine Morgenstern."

"Get in line, wolf. There's a bounty on his head. Everyone wants to kill Valentine Morgenstern."
"I know of your rebel forces. I want to aid you."

Magnus scowled, "No one can keep a secret anymore. How upsetting."

"My pack and I will help you. The only thing I ask for is the safety of Jocelyn and Clary."

"They will not be harmed," He grinned, his hand coming down to rest on Luke's shoulder.

"Welcome to the team, Luke Garroway."

-Xxx-

All at once, he was everywhere. His lips on her skin, his hands at her hips, his being flushed against hers. He was faceless but familiar, her body pulsing at his every caress. Her heartbeat erratic and her breaths were heavy. He was the sun on a winter's day, she needed his warmth like she needed to breathe. He was a paradox in all ways: His touches were tender, but strong. His mouth was fire, quenching a thirst she never knew she had. His eyes met hers, and in his obsidian irises was her twisted reflection. She was wanton and greedy, and she couldn't get enough of Jonathan.

Clary woke with a start; gasping for breath, pressing a hand to her chest to calm the rapid beating of her heart.

It was just a dream, she tried convincing herself. It wasn't real.

Childishly, she looked around the room for his presence, and was pleased when she found none. From the beneath the heavily draped windows, Clary could tell that it was the early hours of the morning. She was still drugged from sleep, but she knew she'd never be able to go back to sleep after that nightmare. Since her encounter with her brother yesterday, she simply couldn't keep her mind off of him. Just a week ago she never knew she had a brother, but it didn't change the fact that they were related and that they kissed. Fiercely. She was so stupid, what the hell was wrong with her? How could she have let it get so out of control? No matter how hard and long she brushed her mouth, she was not able to get the sweet taste of his mouth off her tongue, nor the bitter taste of his blood from her bite. Clary was utterly disgusted and horrified with herself, making a promise that something like that would never happened again. No matter how much he threatened, she would not give her brother the satisfaction to see her stoop so low, to see her so weak. After twisting and turning in her bed for the last five minutes, Clary decided that maybe a shower would help her cool her down and clear her thoughts.

She hoped off her unnecessarily ginormous bed, the hardwood floor cold against her bare feet. Making her way to the large glass incased stall, she turned on the head and stripped her nightgown off as she waited for the water to heat. The bathroom was made entirely of a dark green marble, and the color was so pretty and the texture was so fine that she found herself touching the tiles in appreciation. It had always been her and Jocelyn - they made a small income, and had always lived in tiny, but quaint, apartments. She was not used to luxury, and she could not help but notice the expensive details put into her living quarters. The mirror over the counter was large, and as she looked at herself she began to point out her flaws. She was very pale, and covered in freckles. Unlike her mother's porcelain skin and womanly body, Clary was short and her body was similar to that of a nine year old girl's. She always tried to avoid the reflective glass as often as possible, not really caring about her appearance and usually leaving her hair a tangled mess. Glancing over her figure, she noticed there were large, purple bruises on her hips - looking strangely like the imprints of fingertips.

Had he really groped me so hard? Scowling, Clary turned to the shower, stepping under the steaming water falling in streams from the showerhead.
There is nothing to grope. The sweet smell of the vanilla of her shampoo eased her troubles away, and for once in the past few days, she was at peace.

-XXX-

As soon as Clary had stepped out of the bathroom, she noticed the maid with the revolting scar on her face was standing beside her bed, seemingly admiring the black clothes that she had undoubtedly put there. She looked up to Clary, who shifted uncomfortably under her stare as she stood in all her naked glory in nothing but a fluffy white towel. The maid smiled at her, and Clary's heart sank to her feet. She realized that at some point, this woman had been very beautiful. Now noticing everything but the scar, the maid had a sweet smile. Her hair, although cropped short at her shoulders, was ebony and thick and Clary couldn't help but wonder what if would look like grown out. She was very much taller than her, and with curves to die for. If her face hadn't been so distorted, Clary would've been jealous of her appearance.

"Master Jonathan has requested I help you dress for your training session this morning." The maid said master with a spat, and Clary was comforted with the fact that at least she wasn't the only one to hate her brother.

She frowned. "I think I can dress myself."

"I just do what I am told, Mistress."

Even though she was angry at her brother for such a ridiculous request, she did not want to take it out on the maid, so Clary let the poor woman dress her without hassle. The clothes were a bit difficult to get in to, but with help she was able to get in to it without too much trouble. The "Shadowhunter gear", as the maid called it, was entirely black, and she noted it was similar to the ones Valentine and Jonathan wore. It had a bunch of pockets and hooks for weapons and other amenities. Clary thought she looked ridiculous in it, but the maid mentioned it was tailored for her to perfectly fit.

"Master Jonathan wants you to meet him in the training room shortly." Clary rolled her eyes, the calmness she had attained during her shower suddenly gone.

"And how exactly does he expect me to be there when I have absolutely no idea where it is?"

The maid pursed her lips, her expression thoughtful. "I can escort you if you'd like."

Translation: I will be taking you, just in case you have any funny ideas about escaping.

"Thank you..." The redhead turned, her expression apologetic. "I'm afraid you've never told me your name." Though Clary assumes she has been through torture and plenty of other horrors, another small smile graces the tall woman's lips. She was not much older than herself, but Clary could see a wisdom and determination in her sky blue eyes that she was sure she'd never be able to achieve in her lifetime.

"My name is Isabelle."

-XXX-

"You're late, sister."

Clary strode into the training room with her head held up high. Isabelle had dropped her off after getting a quick snack in the kitchen for breakfast, but she nearly stood outside the door for five minutes, trying to grow the guts to face Jonathan. He was crouched gracefully on a steel pole ten feet
high off the ground, sharpening a blade with another all while maintaining his balance on the tips of his toes. Clary crossed her fingers, hoping that he'd slip and fall to his death.

"You never gave a specific time." To look as menacing as possible, she crossed her arms and narrowed her eyes at him in a glare. "So are you going to teach me something, or are you just going to stand there playing with your toys?"

Jonathan grinned at her, suddenly stopping his ministrations. In the blink of an eye, he threw the blade at her head, missing her only by an inch. Clary stepped back in fear, her eyes widening and a silent scream choking her throat as the knife wheezed passed her.

"First rule: Don't taunt someone with a weapon in their hand."

"You missed!"

He raised a brow and jumped off his perch on the pole, making no sound as his feet touched the ground. "Sweetheart, if I had really wanted that to hit you, it would've."

Clary huffed, eyeing the knife that was lying on the floor a few feet away from her. She looked back at him, wondering how fact she'd have to be to grab the knife and throw it at his head and not miss-

"Second rule: Don't reach for a weapon when your opponent already has one at their disposal."

Exasperated, she threw her hands in the air. "Then how am I supposed to fight when I've lost my weapon?"

"Easy. Don't lose your weapon at all."

He nodded his head towards the knife he had thrown to the floor. "Get it and attack me."

She ran to the blade, picking it up and coming at him as fast as she could. For a quick death, Clary decided to aim for his throat to slice it open. She was so sure it was going to hit its mark, he was definitely not expecting her to attack him so strongly. But just before the sharp edge made contact with his throat, Jonathan grabbed her wrist to halt the moving weapon. She moved to punch him in the stomach, but his blade was coming down to hers before her fist could get to his. The butt of his knife drove into her gut harshly, making her bend over in pain. She supposed it was better than getting hit with the sharper edge, but that didn't make it hurt any less.

"Third rule: Never leave yourself undefended when launching an attack. Never give our enemy the window of opportunity to turn your attack into theirs." His tight grip on her wrist made her drop her knife, making a clang as it hit the ground. "That would've been a fatal blow, had I used the actual blade."

Recovering from his hit, she kicked hard at his shin. He released his hold on her, but he appeared unaffected by it. In fact, he looked quite bored with her.

She rubbed at her wrists, stepping back a few feet from him and looking anywhere else. The room was spacious and open, only a few contraptions stationed to train agility, strength, and balance. There was a long wooden narrow table on the side, filled with an array of different weapons ranging from the size of her to the size of her thumb. Every blade was unique in its own way, but there were some that stood out from the rest. Clear, jagged blades that looked even more deadly that the rest. They seemed to glow and thrum with a dull light, almost as if they were alive. She reached for one, amazed by the strange, intricate design they held. Tracing the mark on the sword's handle, Clary noted that the markings were similar to the ones on her father and brother's skin.
"Seraph blades." Jonathan stated, taking it from her hands. "Made from adamas crafted by the Iron Sisters. A blade used to destroy demons, emitting heavenly fire and effectively scorching anything that it comes into contact with. Each Seraph blade is given an Angel's name, and to activate the sword to its extent you must call its name." He put it back in its place, picking up a similar but smaller looking object made from the same material as the former. "This is a stele. It is used to draw powerful runes onto a Shadowhunter's flesh to protect them and make them stronger."

Jonathan held it out to Clary, and as she took it in her hand he grabbed his black shirt from the hem and quickly pulled it off his head. She fought the urge to close her eyes at his nudity, but then realized what he was trying to show her. The skin of his chest and arms was covered in the so called runes and several other scars, dipping all the way down to his pelvis. His fingers reached up and pointed to a grey rune over his heart.

"They fade after a while, some sooner than others. There are a few that never fade though. Runes can only be applied to Shadowhunters, if it were applied to anyone else, it would have dire after effects." He didn't bother putting his shirt back on, throwing it in a messy rump on the weapon table. Plucking the stele from her hand, Jonathan shoved it into his back pocket. "You're not ready to use it yet. Once you study them, you'll be able to Mark yourself, as well as others."

"Runes make you stronger?" Clary inquired, her persistent curiosity overpowering her hatred for him.

"Runes can give you any ability you wish to have, whether it be strength, agility, balance, speed, or silence."

Inwardly, she smiled. Perhaps she could use a stele to her advantage.

"Hodge will be your intellectual tutor. I am extremely impatient with books."

-Xxx-

After another similar sparring session that ended with her doubling over in pain, Jonathan decided that she had enough physical training for the day. He dropped her off at the library doors, explaining that she'd meet Hodge in a few minutes for the intellectual part of her training. Hodge Starkweather, he told her, was an old friend of her father's, and also knew her mother as well. They, including a few others, were part of the Circle. Jonathan didn't want to elaborate on what the group's activities consisted of, only mentioning that it was created by Valentine and its ideals centered around the dismemberment of the corrupt Clave and the execution of the Downworlders, which Valentine had already told her beforehand two days ago.

"You did well today, Clarissa. I was very impressed." His voice was sincere, but Clary swore she hinted an underline of mocking under it. Jonathan moved far too close to her for comfort, nearly brushing against her as he moved his hands to place on the wall on either sides of her head. Clary was pressed against the wall, with nowhere to go. Her heart began to race in fear as she realized she was in the same position that she was yesterday.

"I look forward to our next training session tomorrow."

And without so much as a slight touch, he left her, not once looking back. Shaking her head to clear the heaviness that settled over her mind, she shakily opened the door and stepped into the library, surprised that he didn't try to do anything. Except for his harsh training and small innuendos, he had been decent, and had not tried to touch her inappropriately in no way. Clary stopped herself when the thought of him being not so bad after all crossed her mind. No, he was a terrible person. He aided Valentine in the war, helping him kill hundreds and put fear into thousands more. She had been
forced by him, blackmailed into kissing him. Jonathan was evil, his father was evil, and Clary was a fool if she ever believed otherwise.

I am going to get my mother and me out of here, no matter what it takes.

-Xxx-

Hodge was over twenty minutes late.

Clary wandered off into the library, skimming over a few books as she waited impatiently for her tutor to show. She found a book that explained the origins of Shadowhunters, which she already knew. Eventually, Clary found the book she was searching for. The Gray Book recorded every rune that is accessible to Shadowhunters, a copy of the Book of the Covenant where Raziel had written the first runes. She flipped through the pages carefully, afraid the ancient book might accidentally tear or break. Being an artist, she easily examined each rune and its ability for a few minutes, burning its description in her memory for later use.

"I see you've already started studying without me."

Clary silently cursed at his terrible timing. Hodge Starkweather was not much of a man - only a few inches taller than her, with graying hair and a wrinkled face. She closed the book, standing from her place on a plush chair.

"I'm sorry."

Hodge shook his head lightly, smiling. "There's no need to apologize. I can appreciate someone who has the will to learn."

He didn't appear as bad as Valentine or Jonathan. Clary held out her hand, and he shook hers without question.

"I'm Clary, but you probably already knew that."

"Yes, of course. You're quite the popular subject around the Gard. Valentine is very eager to introduce you to the rest of his comrades."

She grimaced, hoping she'd be able to escape before that happened. "I'd rather not."

He nodded, as if he understood the position she was in. "You are still not accustomed, after living most of your life as a mundane."

Way to state the obvious.

"Well, let us start rectifying that, shall we?"

-Xxx-

They were in the library for an hour, studying mostly runes and some information about the abilities of the Downworlders. Hodge made her practice drawing different Marks for a good thirty minutes. Clary didn't mind, but her brain was tired from it all and she was dying to fall asleep, even if on the table she was studying on. Finally, Hodge dismissed her for the day and gave her permission to take the books to her room for further analysis later tonight. Isabelle was outside the entry of the library, waiting for her to finish to escort her to the room. She was utterly silent, not saying a word to her as they walked down the hall.
"Isabelle, were you a Shadowhunter before?"

She glared at Clary, a darkness befalling her usual gentle eyes. "I still am a Shadowhunter."

Clary cringed, regretting asking in the first place. Of course she was a Shadowhunter. "I'm sorry, Isabelle. I just assumed--"

"What, that because I am your maid I'm not one? Are they going to take that away from me too?" Her voice suddenly became very small, her eyes drifting to the floor.

Before she thought better of keeping quiet, Clary spoke up. "I'm sorry for assuming anything. I'm sorry for even asking. I won't be bothering you with it again."

Isabelle shook her head slightly, and didn't bother replying her.

-Xxx-

It was still early in the day, just a bit before supper. Her brain still hurt from all the tedious words she had to go over, but she enjoyed to look over the delicate designs of the runes. She had been laying in her bed for some time now, tracing her fingers over the Marks on the pages. Clary had asked Isabelle to stay with her and help her study, but she flat out refused and told her that she had better things to do. Disappointed in Isabelle's newfound hostility towards her, she tried her best to take a nap, but Clary had a hard time sleeping when the sun was still up, so she had occupied herself with looking over the Book of Gray one more time. There were a few pages she had not really gone over, descriptions of old runes that were no longer in use. But as she turned a page, she noticed there was something odd sticking out from the bindings. It was a small, folded piece of photography paper.

Opening up the folds to see the image, she was surprised to find herself looking at the happy faces of her mother and Valentine and Hodge and a few others she did not recognize. Upon further examination, another person stood out.


Chapter End Notes

First four chapters, I hope they get you guys hooked. This is to make up for Last Hope, as I'm now going to publish it as an original novel and might not post any more chapters.
Den of Lions

A harsh voice and unwelcome hands shook her from slumber. Reluctantly opening her eyes, Clary gazed up at Isabelle as she was dragged out of bed. Isabelle was spluttering some nonsense about it being dinner time, a bath, and getting ready. With clothes and all, she pushed the half asleep redhead under the cold running water of the shower, successfully waking up Clary.

"What the hell, Isabelle?" She wrapped her arms around herself to ward off the cold, seemingly impossibly with her clothes absolutely soaked. Clary didn't remember at what point she fell asleep - only that she had and she really wanted to get back to it. Her training session with Jonathan and tutoring with Hodge had unknowingly tired her out. Isabelle still looked angry with her, shoving soaps in her hands and closing the glass door of the shower.

"You'll have time to sleep after dinner. Your presence has been requested tonight." Isabelle snapped, her voice muffled by the glass between them. "I'll be back in five minutes, I've been told to dress you properly. Be ready by the time I get back." With that, she left, muttering something about getting her clothes.

Fully awake now, Clary peeled off her wet clothes and warmed the water. She worked quickly, scrubbing down her body with the soaps she had been giving. They didn't smell as nice as the vanilla ones she had use earlier, instead they reminded her of sultry spices. Clary could think of a million things better to do than sit through a dinner with Valentine and Jonathan, but ever since she got here, everything had been decided for her. True to her word, Isabelle appeared a few minutes later with a fluffy white towel in hand. She silently prepared her for what Clary could only refer to as dinner with the lions, combing through her hair and pinning her curls in a messy, but elegant updo. Isabelle started mumbling to herself as she started on her makeup, something about damn freckles and a perfect complexion. The female Shadowhunter did not put pounds of makeup on her face for which Clary was grateful, for she was never fond of the sticky stuff anyways. Instead, she mostly worked on Clary's eyes, using intimidating pencils and feathered wands. When she was done, Isabelle stepped back and smiled, forgetting she had been upset with Clary.

"See, you look pretty."

In Clary's opinion, the eye makeup was a bit much. It made her odd green irises pop out more than they should, giving her a striking appearance. Still, she couldn't help but agree with Isabelle that she really did look... Nice. Clary smiled back at her, words of gratitude on her tongue, but Isabelle interrupted her before she could thank her.

"I saw no need for foundation since your skin looks fine without it, and blush - your cheeks are always red half of the time anyways, so I figured it'd be best to go without. Now, come on. It's time to get you into your dress."

Clary frowned, blood rushing to her cheeks over Isabelle's words. "Dress?"

Leading Clary out of the bathroom, Isabelle walked over to the bed where a very small black dress lay. "Yes, dress. You've seen one before, yes?"

"Obviously, but a dress for a dinner? Look at that thing, I might be small but there is no way my thighs are going to fit in that."

"I guess it's the moment of truth now, isn't it?"
“Clary had been right about the dress being too small. It was tight everywhere, hugging curves she never knew she had and accentuating her tiny waist. She found herself trying to pull down the hem as much as she could, but it only came down to mid-thigh. The obsidian dress was silky, with thin straps and a low back. Wearing it certainly made her very uncomfortable, it would have been worn better on someone with much more confidence than she had - and a lot more assets. Still, it didn't look so bad on her, but she could've done without looking like an escort. To top it all off, Isabelle insisted on death traps for shoes, but even with heels on Clary was not much taller than Isabelle, who was without.

"I can't walk down the stairs in these things."

"You'll have to, you can't wear that dress without heels." The black haired girl rolled her eyes, smoothing over nonexistent wrinkles on the stupid dress.

"Then how about I not wear a dress at all?" Clary retorted, her fingers itching to pull at the zipper on the back.

"That can be arranged." A cold voice rang out, suddenly making his presence known. Clary jumped unconsciously, looking back to watch as her brother made his way into her room, his hands in his pockets and a smirk on his face. He was effortlessly dressed in an elegant white long sleeved button down paired with contrasting onyx pants tailored to perfection, his hair unruly and untamed as usual. "I'd rather have you without it."

"I guess it's staying on then." Clary huffed, crossing her arms across her chest in an effort to hide herself from him. "Will you get out?"

Jonathan grinned, amused by his sister's stubbornness and innocence. He shook his head, his feet bringing him closer to where his sister and her maid stood. "I've been asked to accompany you to dinner."

"Isabelle can take me."

At the mention of the girl, Jonathan's eyes narrowed at Isabelle, who flinched under his gaze. "Leave."

Without question and quite quickly, she scampered off, leaving Clary alone with her malevolent brother. Knowing when a battle was lost, she let Jonathan take her arm and lead her away. Clary said nothing, but internally she screamed in revolt over his touch. Even with the fabric of his shirt separating their skin, his closeness was like a searing brand that made her want to pull away and run as fast as she could in the opposite direction. Her mind betrayed her, the memory of their kiss suddenly coming back to her. She remembered his kiss, how hard his lips had been against hers, how she had wanted more. The wrongness of their proximity, his inappropriately lewd comments, and his seeming way of being pleased with himself, set her aflame. It made her want to slap him across the face, but she would be lying if she said she didn't fear the repercussions of it. She knew that he wanted her, but she also knew that she was not safe from his wrath. In fact, Jonathan might actually enjoy watching her pain, being the sadistic monster he is. Clary glared at his stupid grinning face, putting on her best I hate you face, but she didn't know what in the seven hells caused her to say what she said next.

"You will never have me."

Jonathan, who had been keeping his eyes focused in front of him, turned his eyes to her as he raised a brow. "What makes you so sure of that?"
"I despise you. You want me even though I am your sister, and it is disgusting. You will never have me, because I will never let you."

Jonathan kept on walking, while a smirk danced on his lips. "Considering how... responding you were the other day to my advances, you're all talk. I imagine it'll only be a couple of more days before you fall to my charms and land on my bed."

Clary halted, her heels screeching against the marble floor as she came to a stop. Then she did the thing she told herself she wouldn't do. She brought her hand up and slapped him across the face, hard and fast enough for him not to catch her beforehand. The sound of her palm striking his cheek was loud in the empty hall, his head snapping to the side as it made contact. The realization of what she had just done made her step back, preparing herself for a blow that never came. After several agonizing moments, instead of attacking her like she thought he would, Jonathan began to laugh. Carefully, she opened her eyes to find her brother doubled over in laughter, his usually sharp features softened. He wiped escaped tears away from his eyes, a red mark resembling her hand on his cheek a reminder of what she had done. Clary had assumed he would have been furious with her, instead - she didn't know what to think of it. He was happy she had hit him?

"Clarissa, my little freckled spitfire, what will I do with you?" Jonathan donned a sardonic smile, his arm encircling around her waist bringing them close with space enough only for a sheet of paper. He brought his hand to rest against her cheek, his finger absentmindedly tracing her freckles. "Why would you strike your poor brother so?"

Clary braced her hands against his chest, willing him to let go of her. "I've had it with your snarky ass comments, Jonathan. Now let me go."

A cruel glint crossed his eyes as he held her close, her soft body melding against his. "No, I don't think I will."

"So help me God, if you don't let go of me right now I will-"

"You'll what? Strike me again? You're hardly in the position to do so." She suddenly realized she was trapped, her hands resting against his chest and her arms allowed to only go as far as their bodies were - which was not very far at all.

"What will you do now, little one?" He said tauntingly, his face leaning in close to press his cheek against hers, his breath tickling her ear. "You've got yourself into quite the precarious situation."

She smiled to herself, remembering that her arms were not her only weapons. She silently thanked Isabelle from her insistence. "Not completely precarious."

Clary slammed her heel as hard as she could on Jonathan's leather clad foot. His arms released her, but he did not keel over in pain like she expected. Jonathan grimaced, but the expression was quickly replaced by anger. His fingers dug viciously into the soft flesh of her arm, pulling at her hard to lead her away again, steering her in the direction of the dining hall.

"We are late." Jonathan spoke through his teeth, and Clary reveled in this small triumph. This time, she had won. And she would make certain that it wasn't going to be the last.

-Xxx-

He was going to fucking kill her. No, really. It took every inch of his nonexistent self-control to not wrap his hands around her pretty little neck and suffocate her. The prospect of her death was not as endearing as it should be, which only made him angrier. This little girl practically skips into his life
and suddenly, all of his training to be absolutely emotionless goes to shit. What was it about his sister that he desperately wanted to keep? Her anger and her hatred of him made him only want her more. Her slap had been amusing, but he would not stand for defiance much longer. Jonathan was confident he would have her falling into his arms soon enough, but he was not sure if he wanted to wait so long for her resolve to crumble. He had no objections to taking her by force, but he thought it would be so much sweeter to have her wanton and needy under him. Regardless of his overbearing urge to protect his little sister, he was more than ready to fuck her. If he were to take her now, she would hate him, even more than she does now.

Perhaps, with time she would eventually grow the need to have him inside her, then she would come to him. Jonathan didn't think his poor cock could take it anymore, to not have something he so desperately wanted right in front of him with no one to stop him from taking it but himself. That little number she wore nearly made him explode in his pants. If it hadn't been for the maid, he probably would have ripped it off of Clary right then and there and fucked her until she was his whore. He shook his head to clear his thoughts - the last thing he needed was for the old fucks to see his raging hard on. As they entered the dining room, his father seemed to brighten as his eyes landed on Clarissa.

She was a vision, and like this she probably looked like Jocelyn had in her younger years. Valentine's smile instantly dropped as he noticed Jonathan's possessive arm wrapped around her. Jonathan knew his father was no fool to his intentions towards his sister, and knew better than to stop him from getting what he wanted. He smirked, relishing in the power he had over his father now. Valentine Morgenstern was a wanted man with a hefty bounty on his head, and he would need more than his demon army and the mortal instruments to protect him against more than a few majorly pissed off Downworlders. Jonathan was one of the very few that Valentine trusted - a poor mistake on his part, Jonathan supposed. He had grown tired of his father's rules, and although his father kept him pleased enough he would never forget his harsh beatings.

In some ways, he was glad for the marks on his back. They had made him stronger, and reminded him every day to put himself before all others. Regrettably, it would not just be himself, Clarissa, and Valentine this evening. His father occasionally gathered his council for meetings over dinner to discuss what was to be done of the rebel forces and how they were going to execute Valentine's plans for a reborn league of Shadowhunters. They had already begun the process of collecting mundanes to conduct experiments, keeping them in the cellars under the Gard like animals. Jonathan didn't particularly care though - to him, they might as well be.

"Clarissa, how kind of you to join us this evening."

His sister moved to sit beside her father and next to a member of the Circle, leaving Jonathan to sit on the other side across from her. He had hoped to sit next to her - certainly the prospect of his hands hidden beneath a table cloth to do as they pleased seemed appealing, but he would just have to improvise.

-Xxx-

Clary bit her tongue before mouthing off that she had no choice but to join them, and she'd rather be in a den of lions covered in meat sauce.

"I'm glad to be here, father."

The dining room was a spacious monstrosity - the wall adjacent to the giant table fit for fifty people held four nearly ceiling to floor windows in an antique setting. On the other side of the table was a grand fireplace large enough for a person to fit inside, with wood burning hot enough to warm the entire room. The view from the windows was quite impressive - the Gard overlooked a mountainous
terrain from the east side, the mountain peaks already snowcapped even though it was early autumn. In her studies, she had found out she was in a country called Idris - the Shadowhunter country that with the help of magic, was untraceable by humans. It was located between Germany and France, surrounded by mountains which can only be traversed during the high summer. Meaning there was no way she and her mother could escape without the help of someone who knew how to open a portal. Servants brought in their plates, which were filled with different cuts of meat and vegetables. The quiet chatter of the members ceased as they began to eat, and her father took this opportunity to put her in the spotlight.

"How are you faring with your training? I imagine Jonathan was not too harsh on you, was he?" Valentine inquired, a brow raising in speculation. Clary glanced at Jonathan where he sat across from her, but not far enough for her liking. Noticing her stare, Jonathan winked at her, cutting up the very bloody piece of meat on his plate. She subtly gave him the evil eye before turning to smile at her father.

"Not to worry, father. I know how to keep my brother in line." She looked back at Jonathan with a smirk, the grin on his face wiped off and replaced by a grim expression that told her she would pay for that later.

"That's quite a surprise. Jonathan is not easy to tame." Though she hated her brother, she couldn't help but think it was wrong to talk about Jonathan as if he were an animal. Of course, he had proven to her that he was a monster, but it was still rude to comment on it, nonetheless in front of company. Jonathan, however, seemed unscathed over his father's scrutiny, and Clary could only assume that this hadn't been the first time he'd said something of the sort and would not be the last.

"I'm not easy to tame, but that never stopped you from trying, father." Jonathan's cold voice sent chills down her spine and raised the hairs on her arms. She pushed the food in her plate around, suddenly losing her appetite.

"I never sought to tame you, but to discipline you. As what should be done with all children." Valentine looked expectantly at the other guests at the table, who nodded their heads in agreement to his statement. Jonathan cleared his throat, but resumed to cutting his meat. Their eyes met for a moment, but he looked down to concentrate on his food, clearly not in good humor anymore. Clary had been under the impression that Jonathan and Valentine shared a good relationship, since Jonathan was Valentine's right hand and his heir, but there was angry tension between the father and son duo. An unfamiliar voice to her right startled her out of her musings.

"So, Miss Morgenstern, have you been taken to see the Glass City?" The man who addressed her was as old as her father, with a smile that slightly unsettled her. He looked at her for too long, and she shifted uncomfortably under his gaze.

"Well, when I was brought I didn't get to see much of it since I was directly taken to here." Clary fiddled with her food again, pushing around her veggies like she used to when she was younger to avoid eating them.

"Perhaps, with your father's permission, I could take you with me to see it someday." 

"I think that would be a marvelous idea, Gerard. But please do not let her out of your sight, she is like a precious jewel that must be protected at all times." Valentine smiled pleasantly at her, tucking a stray curl behind her ear. She resisted the urge to shudder. "So would you like to go, Clarissa?"

Before she could respond, Jonathan spoke up. "I don't think that would be such a great idea, father. After all, Clary just got here the other day, she is not used to our customs, nor does she know how to defend herself properly. Anything could happen to her." His voice was resounding, as if the decision
for her not to go had already been made. Clary didn't particularly care - she was still a prisoner either way, whether she was inside the Gard or outside in the Glass City. Valentine thought over it a few moments, before nodding his head.

"You are right, Jonathan. Maybe another time you could take her Gerard, when she is ready. For now I think it'd be best for her to stay within the protection of the Gard."

The man named Gerard didn't seem too pleased, but had no other choice to agree. "Of course, Valentine. You know what is best, after all."

The rest of dinner passed without causality. Mostly the men spoke of things she didn't understand, so she kept to herself and even ate some of the food. Jonathan made no advances towards her, and she was grateful. Gerard did not speak to her again for the rest of the dinner, which she appreciated considering she had no interest in socializing with her father's followers. When supper ended, Isabelle came to collect her and escort her back to her room. She thought the whole thing ridiculous, she knew where her room was by now. But she'd rather have Isabelle take her away than Jonathan. When they neared her suite, Isabelle stopped and turned to her. Her scar still revolted Clary, but she became used to ignoring it and looking into her pretty sky blue eyes instead.

"Did you have fun tonight?"

Clary rolled her eyes. "Fun is not the best term."

"That bad, huh?" Isabelle grinned, pulling at a thread in her ridiculous maid uniform.

"It was absolutely terrible."

"Listen, Clary..." Isabelle started, her eyes dropping to the floor. "I'm sorry about snapping at you earlier today. You couldn't have possibly known I was a Shadowhunter before. I... Lost my family in the war against Valentine. My parents and my brothers. I was spared only because of my name. Every day I wish I would have died alongside my family in battle. An honorable death. But death now would be... Cowardice. I must live on, just to spite them." She smiled sadly, looking anywhere else but Clary. "I hate your father, and given the opportunity, I would kill him."

Clary bit her own lip, her eyes nervously flickering around for any signs of eavesdroppers. "I would too, Isabelle. You know I was brought her by force with my mother. I never wanted to be a part of this."

"But now that you are, what will you do?"

"I need to see my mother. I need to talk to her."

Isabelle suddenly grabbed her hand and led her down the hall.

"We must be quick then, we don't want to be caught." A mischievous grin graced Isabelle's lips. Clary couldn't help but grin back.

-Xxx-

Her mother's room was very far from her own. When they had first arrived and had been taken to their separate living quarters, her mother was taken down one hallway and she to another. Isabelle took her down to the throne room, which she hadn't seen since her first day in the Gard, and led her down the hallway she saw her mother had been escorted. Clary knew the distance put between them was to minimize any chances of escape, but it would not deter her from her goal. So far, she had not hear anything about her mother from Valentine, which made her suspect he was not treating her so
kindly. A few days ago, before that incident with her brother, Jonathan had told her Valentine had to chain her mother. It made their escape much more difficult, and Clary didn't know where to start planning. She thought the help of runes would aid her, but they could only do so much for her trapped in this hell and watched all hours of the day. As they turned corners and walked down different corridors, Clary tried to engrave the way back to her room. The last thing she needed was to get lost and for someone to find her.

"Here we are," said Isabelle, using her master key to unlock the door. "I'll leave you two alone. Make sure to lock the door again on your way out."

Rudely, Clary didn't reply and sidestepped her to get inside. Her mother's room was much like her own, albeit a bit larger. For what purpose, she did not know, because she found her mother half asleep on the bed she was chained to.

"Clary?" Jocelyn's voice was hoarse, as if she hadn't had anything to drink in days, which was likely the case. Her natural glow was gone, leaving an ashen and seemingly sickly complexion.

"It's me, mom." Clary blinked away the tears that pooled in her eyes and rushed to her mother's side, pulling at the chains as if to break them. "What have they done to you?"

Despite the situation, Jocelyn smiled sadly. "Nothing I couldn't take."

"I have to get you out of here," Clary said, pulling at the heavy chains again.

"I've already tried." said Jocelyn, tiredly motioning to the gashes on her wrists from pulling her arms. "Idrian steel. Impossible to break, and can only be unlocked with a key. Please... Don't exert yourself." Her mother grimaced as if in pain, and that's when Clary noticed the bruises that covered nearly every inch of her mother's exposed flesh.

"Valentine did this to you." Clary accused, growing to hate the man more and more each second.

"I'm afraid he didn't take me leaving him very well."

"Mom... Why didn't you tell me? How could you keep this all from me?" Clary looked away, not wanting her mother see her cry. "How are we ever going to get out of here?"

Jocelyn stared at the door, her fear of Valentine coming in any second and catching Clary here growing. "Leave, Clary. Before Valentine... Please, go."

Clary shook her head stubbornly, clinging to her mother as if she was a small child again. "I won't leave you."

"You must." Implored Jocelyn, moving away from her daughter as much as she could wrapped in chains. "If they catch you here... Valentine will hurt you."

"But if I leave you here, he will hurt you again."

"It's only a matter of time before Luke finds us... He will get us out of here."

Clary suddenly remembered. Luke. "He's a Shadowhunter too?"

Jocelyn grinned weakly. "Not exactly..."

"Why didn't you tell me about any of this, mom? This whole entire world... What we are, what's out there...? How can you keep this from me?" Clary asked anxiously, picking at the hem of her dress.
Isn't it obvious? Valentine is a madman. The best thing I ever did was leave him. I don't... regret being with him, because it gave me you. The only thing I truly regret was not being able to save Jonathan in time." Jocelyn sighed, her eyes meeting Clary's. "While I was pregnant with Jonathan, Valentine fed me demon blood. The blood... changed Jonathan, so much that when he was born I couldn't even stand to hold him. It felt wrong. It felt like my child had died, leaving a demon in its place. Jonathan blames me for leaving him, for never loving him... but I thought he was dead. If I had any doubt that he wasn't, I would have looked for him. But now... It's too late." A few tears escaped Jocelyn's eyes. "He hates me."

Clary wiped away her mother's tears, not believing her ears. Her brother... A demon. It was certainly fitting, but never could she imagined it. Jonathan was part demon, and yet it explained so much. A feeling close to pity arose within Clary. Jonathan couldn't help being what he was. But still, it did not justify his words or his actions.

"It's not that much of a loss, mom. He's a monster."

"Only because Valentine made him one." Jocelyn spat the name Valentine like a curse. "I should have known he wasn't dead. Evil never dies easily."

"It has to." Clary said, kissing her mother gently on her forehead. "I'll be going now. I'll visit you again, I promise."

Words of goodbye were exchanged, and Clary walked away reluctantly. She tread carefully through the halls, listening for signs of anyone before turning a corner. Paranoid, she looked behind her every few seconds to make sure she wasn't being followed. Hopefully, nobody had noticed she hadn't been in her room when she was supposed to. If they had, she would have to come up with some sort of lie to not get Isabelle in trouble. The last thing she wanted was for anyone to get hurt because of her. She was close to her room now, having crossed the throne room without incident, when a pair of hard arms wrapped around her chest, entrapping her. Clary gasped but avoided screaming, knowing without having to look behind her that it was her brother. Turning to curse at him, she was appalled to find that it wasn't Jonathan at all.

"Always a pleasure to see you, Miss Morgenstern." Gerard's hand came to cover her mouth to prevent her crying out for help, his other going to fondle her breast. Clary screamed and thrashed, but his hold on her was too strong. "Perhaps if your brother hasn't been so insistent to keep you in his care, I could have had the chance to woo you first. Unfortunately, things will just have to be the hard way..."

His sloppy mouth left a trail of wet on her shoulder, and Clary thought she was going to retch. He turned her then, forcefully pushing her up against a near wall and trapping her with his own body.

"Now, be a good girl and don't scream. If you scream, I will kill you." Gerard grinned smugly, his hand like a hot poker on her breast, pinching at her nipple through the fabric of her dress. He removed his hand from her mouth carefully, expecting her to scream. And she did. She screamed the first name that came to her mind.

"Jonathan!"

Gerard backhanded her, pain radiating from her cheek all the way to her toes. He gripped at Clary's neck, slamming her head back into the wall hard enough for her to see white spots in her vision.

"Your brother won't save you, girl."

"This must be a surprise for you, then." Jonathan purred dangerously, standing only a few feet away from the scene, leaning against a pillar nearby. "Gerard, I've always known you were stupid, but I
never imagined you to have a death wish."

Gerard turned to Jonathan, an ugly sneer etched on his face. "You think you can take me, boy? I'll have your throat in seconds, and I won't even have to use a knife."

Jonathan grinned wickedly, waving his empty hands. "I wasn't intending on using any weapons either."

Gerard dropped her and moved towards the demon, and she landed on the floor quite hard on her bum. Desperate relief washed over her. Jonathan came to save her. Clary watched as Jonathan and Gerard circled each other like lions fighting over the last piece of meat. Gerard attacked first, which Jonathan easily dodged, landing a blow to Gerard instead. Fists flew so fast Clary couldn't follow or know who was winning and who was losing. Jonathan fought with a grin, delighted by the prospect of being able to kill. With a side sweep of his foot and a flick of his wrist, Jonathan had Gerard on the floor by his neck. Clary thought he was going to choke the man to death, but he did much worse. He dug his fingers into his neck, puncturing the flesh and quickly, but surely, removing the man's throat. Gerard's eyes stayed open as if in shock, but its unmoving glassy texture told that he was dead. At the sight of the blood, Clary heaved, turning her head to look away from it.

"I kill for you, and you look away. You should be delighted the man is dead." said Jonathan, and from her peripheral sight she saw him stand and throw away the throat of the man elsewhere. Jonathan moved towards her slowly, and fearfully, she backed up against the wall.

"You j-just killed s-someone..." Clary stuttered, her hands moving to cover her eyes from the gory scene.

"As I will kill all who dare touch you." Jonathan crouched next to her, removing her hands from her eyes and tucking a stray curl behind her ear, like Valentine had done earlier. Oddly, she didn't revolt at Jonathan's touch like she had Valentine's. Despite the fact that Jonathan killed Gerard, he did save her from the potential rapist. Clary looked up at him with wide eyes, trying to decide on whether or not she should thank him. Jonathan smirked, his arms picking her up gently from the floor and into his embrace.

"You are mine."
You are mine, the words were in her head like a mantra. He wouldn't allow someone else to have her, because he thought of her as his. His possession.

You are mine, he had said. Clary knew better than to argue with him as he carried her to her room. She was sore all over, and she was pretty sure she had a concussion from when Gerard had thrown her against the wall. Jonathan's touch used to repulse her, but now, she welcomed it. She told herself it was because she was injured, and she would have trouble making it to her suite on her own, but a very small part of her knew that it was because she was grateful he had saved her from rape and possibly death. Saving her had meant the death of another, and even though the hands that carried her were the hands of a merciless killer, she found herself not unsettled by the fact. Jonathan was no hero - that much she knew. He would expect something of her for his kindness, and Clary internally shuddered as she wondered what it would be. Would he try to kiss her again, or perhaps more? He would be no better than Gerard then, the same outcome with a different approach. Still, Jonathan was the lesser of two evils. Why would he save her from something he planned to do himself?

You are mine, the words were in her head like a mantra. He wouldn't allow someone else to have her, because he thought of her as his. His possession. The feminist in Clary was aghast, the prospect of being owned by anyone was an existence not worth living, especially if that anyone was her brother Jonathan. Noticing that he had gone quiet, she looked up at him through her lashes. Unlike most of the time, Jonathan's face was stoic - his mouth beheld no smirk, his eyes had no light. He did not look at her, only straight ahead, as if carrying her bothered him - which Clary knew wasn't true. She'd seen his strength and agility, and she weighed less than a feather due to her boyish figure, and she knew that if he hadn't wanted to carry her, he wouldn't have. If Clary was sure of anything, it was that Jonathan didn't do anything he didn't want to, and always did everything he wanted to. Nothing held him back from his desires, as if he had no moral code or fear of retribution. Obviously, this came from him being a demon. In the books she had read of demons, they'd said that demons were beings who held no emotions. Did Jonathan have emotions? Had she not seen the lust in his gaze as he looked upon her? Did she not see his anger, his rage, his hatred? Does he have fears, has he ever loved another? For the second time this day, Clary found herself pitying her brother. He had been raised by a cold blooded tyrant who only cared about wanting to rule and killing those who got in his way. If their roles were reversed, would Clary be like him? Without every knowing the warmth of her mother, the security of her home, the comfort of her friends? His upbringing didn't justify his actions, but Clary understood - to a certain extent - why he acted the way he did.

As they arrived at her room, Jonathan put her down to open the door, letting her lean against him. Once the door was open, he swept her into his arms again, walking into the room and closing the door with his foot. He settled her down on the bed, then disappeared into her bathroom, coming back with a bowl filled with what appeared to be water and a washcloth. Clary watched him as he sat down next to her, dipping the cloth into the bowl and with the gentleness Clary wasn't aware he was capable of, dabbed at the cuts on her face. He said nothing as the water turned pink with her blood, dipping it again and washing her dirty face delicately. Heavy lidded with exhaustion from the long day she had, Clary nodded off a few times, startling herself every time she came to. Jonathan's features softened as a small smirk graced his lips, nothing like the arrogant grin he usually donned.
"Why are you being so nice to me?" Asked Clary, toying with a stray thread from her comforter to avoid looking up at him.

"I told you already, you are mine. Those that I possess are under my care and protection." Jonathan undoubtedly said, standing up from the bed to place the bowl and wash cloth on her nightstand. He moved to remove her shoes, kneeling down beside her legs to patiently take off the death traps from her feet. His touches lingered far too long for her liking, but she was groggy and she found that she didn't particularly mind his gentle caresses. Clary felt his calloused palms brace themselves on her exposed thighs as he stood up with the gracefulness of a cat. She giggled as the thought crossed her mind. Jonathan, the feline demon.

"Dear sister, what are you giggling about?" Jonathan inquired, sitting beside her once more, a steady hand still placed on her thigh.

"You're a cat demon!" She answered, overcome with giggles. Clary felt lightheaded and happy, as if the events of tonight hadn't had any effect at all.

Jonathan looked at her oddly, narrowing his eyes at her suspiciously. "Cat demon?"

"Yes! You move like a cat! Cat demon!" Clary screamed with glee, throwing herself back onto her bed. Her comforter was so soft...

His palm inched higher on her thigh, slipping beneath her dress. His touch was searing. Clary placed her hand over his, stopping his ascent. "And what do you think you're going to do with that hand, dear brother?" She mocked his tone. She had always hated when he called her his dear sister.

"Taking advantage of your drugged self." Jonathan stated unashamed, his fingers curling along the inside of her thigh. Her breath faltered as his fingers found her center, gentle caressing her through her panties. All thoughts of decency fled out the window, along with her self-control. "Who told you I was a demon?" He asked her in a husky tone that made Clary warm where he was touching her.

"Um..." Clary thought for a few moments, but it was difficult with his fingers teasing her clit. She moved her hips, needy for the right friction. "Mom... Told me..."

"Ah, so that's why you were out of your room when I had found you." Jonathan grinned at her, his thumb rubbing circles around her bundle of nerves as a reward. Clary moaned despite herself, her eyes closing involuntarily as his fingers quickened their pace.

"Please..." She pleaded, grinding her hips against his hand again in request. Jonathan shifted to rise above her, moving her legs apart to kneel between them. As her legs parted, her dress rose well above her hips, exposing her completely to him. Clary thought she heard him growl. His digits slipped beneath her panties, and she whimpered as his fingers met her sensitive cunt.

Jonathan felt her up and down slowly, spreading her wetness. He groaned loudly, "My sister is all wet for me..." She gasped as he slipped a finger inside her, "And tight, too..." He thrust both his index and middle finger inside her pussy, rubbing her clit with his thumb. Clary bit the inside of her cheek to keep from screaming out, gripping at her sheets as he thrust his fingers in and out of her in a slow pace. Her body demanded faster, heat pooling at her tummy and wanting release. She felt her wetness drip from her as Jonathan continued his slow ministrations.

"Do you want to cum, baby?"

She nodded desperately, almost whimpered as his fingers slipped out of her completely. That was the opposite of what she had wanted!
Not a moment later, Jonathan tore off her panties, bending down and - she saw stars.

His tongue lapped up her juices, and she almost came right then. Her hands wound in his hair, her fingers entwining in his locks as she pressed him closer to her pussy. He moaned against her skin, and pleasure rolled over her like a tidal wave as his lips vibrated against her clit.

"You taste like strawberries," he mumbled against her, sucking her nub between his teeth and flicking it with his tongue. Clary exploded with a scream as his three fingers dipped into her again, hard and fast like her body craved all while he savagely sucked on her clit. She rode out her first orgasm, screaming his name over and over until it was done. Her hair had made it out of its updo, her curls fanning around her like a red halo. Clary breathed heavily from the aftershock of her orgasm, her hands untangling themselves from Jonathan's hair and moving to settle them tiredly besides her. The last thing she saw was his proudly grinning face arising from between her thighs.

-Xxx-

Luke was overwhelmed by the curses and cries of the angry Downworlders. Even though Magnus Bane's apartment in Brooklyn was far from small, the presence of several Downworlders who were still considered enemies made the room fold in itself, suffocating those who weren't involved in arguments. Magnus's expression was seemingly calm, almost enjoying the chaos unfold in front of him like a movie. Luke sat directly to his right at the head of the grand table, with Raphael Santiago, leader of the vampires, sitting directly across. Raphael was currently arguing with a representative of the Seelie Queen named Meliorn.

"Does your queen think us below her?" Raphael sneered in a heavy Spanish accent. "She thinks us unworthy to grace us with her presence?"

Meliorn was expressionless, no anger tracing his features or his voice as he replied calmly. "Her Majesty has other matters to attend to in her Court."

"More important than the take down of a maldito tyrant king hell bent on killing us all?" Raphael's palms landed angrily on the table, rattling it so hard Luke thought it would break in two. "Tell her Majesty to take her royal scepter and shove it up her royal ass!"

The fighting continued on, Luke's own werewolves arguing with a few other vampires and Nephilim arguing with all.

Out of thin air, Magnus produced a golden gavel encrusted with what appeared to be diamonds. The arguing ceased as he pounded the gavel loudly against the wooden table. Once everyone was silent, Magnus sighed. "Can't we put our differences aside for one day? Let's start dealing with the real problem here: Valentine Morgenstern must be taken down. Question is, how? Anyone have any suggestions?" Magnus looked around expectantly at his guests.

A small brunette vampire girl's arm shot up. "I say we drain him of all his blood!"

Every vampire flashed their fangs at the idea. Magnus sighed again in exasperation, running his hand through his glittery hair. "No, I meant how are we going to get close enough to kill him? He cowers behind a demon army. Unless we can get passed them, we can't get to him."

A Shadowhunter who appeared to be in his late thirties stood, his chair scraping against the floor. "Valentine has the Mortal Sword. If we were able to take it from him, his demon army would cease to exist."

"How exactly did Valentine get the Mortal Instruments?" Inquired one of Luke's werewolves.
'The Mortal Cup had been hidden for a while. Nobody knew of its whereabouts. In fact, everyone thought that Valentine was dead. We think one of the former Circle members held it in their care, until Valentine was ready to strike. Valentine took the Mortal Sword from the City of Bones here in New York, killing the majority of the Silent Brothers who had been protecting it. The Mortal Mirror's location was unknown to everyone, even the Clave, but Valentine found it and performed the ritual to raise Raziel. What transpired there, I do not know, but Valentine is planning on making a new league of stronger Shadowhunters with the abilities of Downworlders. After that, he plans to kill every Downworlder and make all Shadowhunters servants under his command," the Nephilim explained. "We lost many men in our war in Idris. I was one of the few lucky ones to get out alive with my free will intact."

"We need someone from the inside to get the Mortal Sword away from Valentine," said Luke suddenly. "If we could somehow get a message to Jocelyn, perhaps she'd be able to get it away from him long enough for us to attack."

Magnus pondered the idea for a while, turning the gavel around in his hand. "It seems like our only option..."

"There is strength in numbers." Raphael stated, "We storm the Gard, kill the demons, and have someone dispose of the serpiente."

Magnus shook his head brusquely. "Too messy. I'll send a message to Jocelyn at once. But if we cannot reach her... It is what we will have to do."

-Xxx-

Clary came to slowly, her body reluctant to awake and leave her cozy little haven of sheets. Her eyes fluttered open, and the first thing she noticed was her lack of underwear and the fact she was still in the tight black dress she had worn for dinner. Yawning, she stretched her arms above her head and made her way to the bathroom. Upon looking at her reflection in the mirror, she gasped. She looked like a prostitute! The black eye makeup Isabelle had created so beautifully had run down her face as if she had been crying, and her hair was in no better condition either. Her dress was crumpled, torn at some places and had ridden up while she had slept, the hem falling just below her ass. Turning on the sink's faucet, she let the warm water wash away her makeup and leave her face fresh. After she made sure she was clean, Clary walked to the closet to find something to wear. She had no idea what time it was, but she was tired and wanted to get back to bed. Clary put on the first thing her hands grabbed - a short red silk nightgown with matching robe. Just as she was heading to her bed again, she heard a loud thump, as if someone had fallen against a wall. Before she thought better of it, Clary rushed to her door, opened it - it was unlocked? - and looked around to find where the sound had come from. At the end of her hallway, Jonathan was slumped against a wall, pale as a sheet, sweating profusely and face scrunched up in pain. Clary ran to him, momentarily forgetting herself as he looked up at her. When she met his eyes, she faltered, suddenly remembering the events that led up to her falling asleep.

Gerard had tried to rape her, then Jonathan saved her and... Took advantage of her? Clary felt angry tears cloud her vision. Oh God, she nearly had sex with her brother! The embarrassment ate at her, and fully prepared to run back to her room and lock herself in there forever, she turned away from him.

"Wait-" Jonathan said suddenly, his voice cracking in the end. Clary had never seen him in that condition before, but she decided not to care. He was her brother, yet he took advantage of her.

Taking advantage of your drugged self, he had said.
Clary hadn't even noticed that Gerard had slipped something into her drink, probably to make raping her easier for him. Her arms wrapped around herself to keep from retching.

"Clary-" Jonathan started. Had that been the first time he called her by her nickname? "Would you-" before he could finish, he collapsed unconscious, landing on the hard marble floor. Clary looked back at him, and bit her tongue to keep from crying out. Across his back, were several lacerations that oozed dark blood. What had happened to him? Should she leave him there? Why shouldn't she? She stubbornly thought. He deserves pain. Her conscience nudged at her, screaming to help him. I'm doing this out of pity, Clary told herself. Yet, a part deep inside her that she denied, she knew that wasn't the only reason why.

Ten minutes later, she managed to drag him back to her room and place him on her bed diagonally. Glaring at the bleeding marks that stained her sheets, she knew she had to prevent them from getting infected and wrap them to keep him from bleeding out. Clary tried looking for alcohol in her bathroom, but the best she found was hydrogen peroxide. It'll have to do.

Hydrogen Peroxide and a towelette in hand, she knelt besides him and gently tried to clean away the blood. She cringed when his muscles flexed in pain every time she touched him. Karma had gotten the better of her, cleaning him up because he had cleaned her up. She promised herself that when he was better, she could scream and punch him however many times she wanted. Once his skin was free of all blood, she covered his back in the gauze she had found in the bathroom and used medical tape to make sure it would stay on his skin until his back was healed. Now done with his back, Clary disposed of the soiled towel and concentrated on his comfort. She should just leave him like he was, but she felt a guilty twitch in her heart and decided to at least clean his face of sweat and prop his head on a pillow. As she was cleaning his face with a moist towelette, Jonathan stirred, his breath quickening and his dark eyes snapping open. He looked up at her almost tiredly, and her ministrations stopped at once, her hand awkwardly hanging in the air.

"An angel has come to my rescue," Jonathan remarked cheekily, taking her hand in his and entwining their fingers, towel forgotten. Clary moved to remove her hand from his grasp, but even though he was currently injured and had lost a lot of blood, he was still stronger than her and did not let her go.

"Hardly," Clary snapped, her mind remembering what he had done, she was as desperate as ever for him to be as far away from her as possible. "I should've let you bled out on the floor." She said the words, but she knew she would have never done such a thing.

"You wound me so," said Jonathan sarcastically, rubbing his thumb in little circles around her knuckles. "Certainly you wouldn't after everything we've been through." He looked up at her through his long lashes, and Clary felt her heart stutter as she realized he was half naked. Brother, brother, brother, brother, brother!

"You mean after everything you've done to me!"

Jonathan grinned, propping his head on his hand. "Everything I've done to you, you've liked."

With trouble, she managed to pry her hand from his, standing from her bed to put some distance between them. Her brother was half naked on her bed.

"Leave, Jonathan." demanded Clary, opening the door and motioning to the threshold. "I've had enough of your shit for one day."

Pouting, Jonathan sat up and ran a hand through his disheveled ivory hair. "You're not going to make me walk all the way to my room, are you? After all, I barely made it here..."
Clary sighed in exasperation, angrily slamming the door closed. Wolf in sheep's clothing. "Fine, stay. But if you so much as lay a single finger on me, I'll cut it off."

He raised both his hands and wiggled his fingers mockingly. "I shall use none of these fingers to touch you."

"The same threat goes to your mouth, and..." Clary blushed, looking away from him. I'm not going to say it!

"Sister, on my honor I shall not use my fingers to touch you, or my lips to kiss you, or my tongue to taste you... But keeping my cock in my pants might be a problem."

-Xxx-

One tantrum and ten thrown objects later, Jonathan laid on the farthest side of her bed with his pants where they should be. Once she was done with her nightly ritual in the bathroom, Clary approached her bed cautiously. Tucking herself in and putting about five feet of space between her and Jonathan, she laid on her side with her back facing him.

"How did you get those marks?" She asked, no longer able to keep her curiosity in check. Who was brave enough to confront Jonathan and hurt him? After she saw him fight Gerard, she thought that Jonathan was pretty much invincible. Fitting, since he was part demon and he might as well have been raised by one.

Jonathan hesitated before finally stating: "Valentine."

"He didn't do this to you? Why?" Clary suddenly remembered the hostility between the father and son at dinner. It seemed like Valentine cared for no one but himself, and not even extended kindness to his own son. But this?

"He whipped me for killing Gerard. He didn't like it very much when he saw his friend without a throat and bleeding on the marble floor."

Clary turned to Jonathan to find him staring right back at her. "But he would've raped me if you hadn't killed him."

Her brother smiled - a real smile. Not a mocking grin or an arrogant smirk. A genuine smile that quickened Clary's heart.

"Valentine looks for any excuse to punish me. It's something I've grown used to."

Clary frowned, "He hit you when you were younger?"

Jonathan's only reply was a nearly silent snore. For the millionth time today, Clary found herself pitying him again. Jonathan hadn't been as lucky as she, to have been raised by such a loving and caring mother. Instead, his father had been cruel and unloving, training him to be a warrior who only looked after himself. Could Clary blame him, for acting the way he had with her? Just because she understood, doesn't mean it made his actions any less evil. But maybe, just maybe, if someone showed him just a bit of kindness, he would come to see things differently. After all, he had saved her and taken care of her after. Clary couldn't stay angry with him...

"Goodnight, Jonathan."

She closed her eyes and dreamt of her brother that night.
Since he was young, Jonathan had always been an early riser, waking the exact moment the sun started to peak out from the horizon. From behind the slightly opened drapes, sunshine seeped through, lighting the room enough for Jonathan to see the sleeping figure beside him. Overnight, his sister had scooted closer to him, wrapping her leg around one of his own, and he cursed the layer that kept their skin apart. In sleep, she looked like an angel more than ever - her eyelashes grazing her cheeks, her hair fanning around her like a halo, and her tender pink pout parted as if waiting for a kiss. Unlike the other times he had been whipped by his father, he had no nightmares last night. The peace of mind Clarissa gave him had shunned all else. She had taken care of him, despite how he had treated her. His sister was truly pure of heart, putting the needs of others above her own, selflessly acting without expecting anything in return. She was light and everything good, and he was dark and everything evil. Before, his attraction to her had been purely physical - the need to possess her body, take her innocence and mark her as his. Jonathan realized now that he wanted to possess her in every way - body, mind, and heart. He wanted to fuck her until she came undone under him, he wanted to be in her every thought, and he wanted her to love him more than anyone else. Jonathan had told her she was his and he meant it - those that touched her would suffer the most painful death he could deliver. If Clary hadn't been there when he confronted Gerard, he wouldn't have let the fight end so quickly. Jonathan was torn between hiding his true nature from her and letting her see the monster he actually was, forcing her to accept him the way he is. But he desperately wanted her, like the very air he needed to breathe. Only a monster would want her that way.

His hand moved on his own accord, his fingers moving to softly trace the freckles on her cheek. Jonathan had searched for a woman who was worthy enough to be called his. Pity that the woman he chose happened to be his sister. No matter - Egyptian royalty used to marry within the family to keep the bloodlines pure. Surely, Valentine would agree, since he was obsessed with creating a powerful new breed of Nephilim...

Clary stirred but did not wake, letting out a small sigh. He felt as if someone had pierced his heart, and he wondered if this is what love felt like. Did he love his sister? Looking at her, feeling her soft skin underneath his hand, Jonathan never wanted to leave her side. With her around, he felt more than he ever had living alone with Valentine. When he first saw her, he had felt lust. Lust was a common emotion for him - after all, he was still a man, and he frequently needed to fuck. Jonathan has considered himself patient, but his sister easily infuriated him. His need for her went beyond lust. She had taken care of him the night before, had cleaned his injures and bandaged him. Nobody had ever given him such kindness. With the absence of his mother and his estranged abusive father, Jonathan had learned to take care of himself, because nobody else would. Clary could be his everything, all that had been missing from his life - a mother, a sister, and a wife. Soon, once he'd rid himself of Valentine, he'll make her his queen as well. Oddly involuntary, he smiled at the prospect of their future together. Jonathan kissed her lips lightly, unable to help himself. He belonged to her, and she belonged to him.

-Xxx-

When Clary woke up the next morning, Jonathan was gone. Relief flooded her. He had messed up her night, but at least he's not around to mess up her morning. Now that the effects of the drug had worn off, the events of last night weighed heavily in her mind. She had been sexually assaulted and nearly raped, then her brother touched and kissed her between her legs - and she enjoyed it. Clary shook her head, blaming the drug. There was no way that she would enjoy having her brother molest her sober. Suddenly feeling dirty, she stood and walked to her bathroom, fully intending on enjoying
a nice long bubble bath. As she waited for the tub to fill, Clary removed her robe and negligee, assessing the damage done to her body. Ugly bruises covered her arms where she had been roughly grabbed, and her breasts were sore from the groping. Though Jonathan had wiped the blood from her face, the injury at her head was crusted with dry blood from when she had been thrown against the wall. Now that the tub was filled with water and sweet smelling bubbles, Clary submerged herself beneath the surface of the water, sighing as an overwhelming feeling of clean washed over her quite literally. Grabbing a loofa and squirting it with an unnecessary amount of body wash; she scrubbed at her skin, willing her bruises and cuts to disappear. She shampooed her scalp, conditioned the ends of her hair, and even shaved her legs. Just when she was about to get out from the cooling water, the door to her bathroom burst open, and through her mirror she saw the last person she wanted to see - Jonathan.

"What the hell? Get out!" Clary screeched, throwing a towel angrily at him. How dare he enter here while she was bathing!

Her brother grinned, catching the towel easily before it hit his face. "Sorry-" He didn't sound sorry. "It seems the plumbing in my bathroom isn't working. Would you mind terribly if I borrowed yours?" He didn't wait for her answer, striding towards her toilet and pulling down his zipper. She averted her eyes and prayed the bubbles covered her nudity.

"Actually, I would mind."

Done relieving himself, Jonathan flushed the toilet, pulled his zipper up and made his way towards her like a predator prowling towards his prey. "I assumed by now we'd be more comfortable around each other," he sat on the edge of her tub, cocking his head to the side innocently. "Considering how I kissed and licked your little cunt until you came, last night."

Clary turned red, squeezing her legs shut at the memory. Her first instinct was to run away and get as far from him as possible, but how could she move fast enough so that he wouldn't see her? Jonathan smirked, his hand dipping into the water and finding her knee. She jerked away from him quickly, accidentally splashing water outside the tub and spreading the bubbles farther out, thinning them. No, come back!

"Get out… Please." Clary said through her teeth, wrapping her arms more tightly around herself to avoid his wandering eyes and ward off the chill from the cold liquid surrounding her. His hand found her knee again, now inching up towards her thigh.

"How can I leave when my sister is naked and wet? Tell me, is your body aching for my touch?" His hand moved higher, now dangerously close to her center. "Does your pussy quiver when you think about my tongue?"

She bit her lip to keep from screaming, stalling his hand with hers. "Stop, or I swear to God-"

"There is no God," he suddenly said. "Only monsters and men." Her brother removed his hand from her upper thigh, bringing it up to caress her cheek with his fingers.

"The only monster here is you!" Clary cried.

Jonathan shook his head, a wicked smile on his lips. "No, sister. You're just as much of a monster as I am."

Having had just about enough, Clary pushed him hard enough to make him topple of the edge. Using his fall as a distraction, she quickly grabbed a towel, wrapped it around her and stood, walking away and praying he hadn't seen anything. His mocking laughter behind her told her he had. Clary
ran into her closet, locking herself in and bracing herself on the door. Her heart beat erratically in her chest - every encounter with her brother ended the same. He would never let her be, never understand that she doesn't want his touch. Jonathan will never stop, she realized. Clary had to escape before he-

Pathetically, she choked on a sob. It was too much. Her imprisonment here, her brother practically molesting her at every opportunity. She told herself she wouldn't cry, that she wouldn't be that pathetic little girl anymore. Yet she cried until her eyes were red and her nose dripped with snot and her head felt like it had been hit with a hammer. Time wore on, and her hope for escape diminished every passing hour. She missed New York. She missed Simon and Luke. She missed her sketchbook and her comics. She missed home.

A soft knock vibrated the door Clary currently leaned on.

"Get dressed, father is expecting us down for breakfast in five minutes."

-Xxx-

Walking to the dining room felt a lot like walking to the noose. Unlike dinner, she skipped a dress and traded it for a pair of designer jeans and silk blouse that cost more than her rent. When she came out of the closet, Jonathan looked her over with an analyzing gaze.

"I was hoping to see you in another little dress, sister."

"I'm glad I wore jeans, then." Clary retorted, walking passed him and leaving him to trail behind her. "Let's just get this over with."

Tears now dry, she kept her head up high. She would not let them break her, never submit to their will. They could toy all they want with her, put her in fancy dresses and give her nice things, but she will never be their puppet. At the dining table, Valentine sat alone at the head with a mug of coffee in his hand. As they entered, his eyes landed on her, giving her the same analyzing gaze Jonathan had. For a moment, Clary thought she saw him sneer at her, but it was gone in a flash. Clary decided to sit next to Valentine. The man was horrid, but at least she wouldn't have to worry about him inappropriately touching her. Jonathan sat across from her, his smug expression never leaving his face. What was he up to?

Breakfast was a quiet affair. Valentine and Jonathan spoke amongst themselves, talking about things she didn't understand. She constantly felt out of the loop, never knowing exactly what was going on. Sure, she picked up a few words like Downworlders and experiments, and she wondered if Valentine had some evil top secret agenda, but his plans for Shadowhunters and Downworlders didn't concern her. All she wanted to do was leave this place with her virginity intact and her mother. Clary glared down at her disgusting eggs, poking at them with her fork. They made a squish sound on her plate. Gross.

"Considering the danger of a future revolution against the rebels, I thought it would be best." said Valentine. It took Clary a few moments to realize he had been directly speaking to her.

"What?"

"I said," Valentine raised a brow, the action reminding her of Jonathan. "That the rebel Shadowhunters have teamed up with the Downworlders, intent on dethroning me and most likely executing me as well. Do you understand?"

A probable war? Would she be treated as an accomplice, just because she was Valentine's daughter?
Or would they know the truth that she was being kept here against her will?

"What are you going to do?" Clary asked, her eyes cast downward. During the revolt, perhaps she would be able to escape with her mother, and Isabelle...

"My experiments are not ready. I cannot use them in the war, but I can use my demon army. In the unlikely case I were to fall, you are to leave with Jonathan and recreate the Morgenstern bloodline, continuing my work."

Shock paused her breathing. Recreate the Morgenstern bloodline...

"If the war is won, the end result will be the same. Your mother is reluctant to have more children, so I decided it would be practical that you and Jonathan marry at the end of the month, and let the inevitable happen." Valentine smiled when he finished speaking, like he had just told a good joke. "It was Jonathan's idea, really. I can't imagine why I didn't think of it before."

Clary thought she was going to lose her breakfast. "M-Marry? But he's my brother!"

"Mundane laws don't apply here. It's how the world began. Adam and Eve's children married each other, as did the Ancient rulers of Egypt to keep the bloodlines pure." The tone in her father's voice told her it was not up for discussion. "It will be a spectacle, of course. I'm calling in the city's best seamstress to measure you and make a gown. The ceremony will be held in the garden and there will be a grand ball afterwards in celebration. I know women enjoy wedding preparations, so I will allow you to participate in choosing the cut of your gown and decorations."

Clary stood abruptly, knocking back her chair. "I'm not going to marry anyone!"

Valentine sighed, his finger tracing the rim of his coffee mug. "Well, that's unfortunate. I was hoping you'd agree willingly..." He stood, Jonathan following in suit. Valentine grabbed her elbow, walking her out of the dining room. "You see, you and your mother are not the only ones I brought from New York. New York is very large in population, and I needed a large amount of mundanes for my experiments. The other day, I couldn't help but notice the drawing of a young boy, posted on your wall. Who is he to you?"

Clary struggled against his hold, willing him to let go, but his grip was strong. "Simon, my best friend. Now let me go!"

Valentine tsked, his hold on her tightening. He was taking her down a dark corridor, stopping at a hefty large door. "I recognized the face, you know. I realized he was one of the mundanes that were brought here for my experimenting."

Clary stopped struggling, his words were like ice, freezing her in place. "You're lying." She whimpered meekly. "Am I?" Valentine asked rhetorically, using a key to open the door, roughly pushing her inside. "See for yourself."

The room held minimal light, an ominous glow coming from the lit torches put against the stone walls. It was damp and hot, the sweltering heat seeping through her skin. Horror sunk in as she saw the cells, filled with sickly humans who looked like they hadn't been fed in days. They were locked in with bars, some of them chained like animals in cages. She walked forward, her feet dragging towards the cell at the very end of the room. As they noticed her presence, they began screaming, begging her for their freedom. Most of them were people her own age. They stuck their arms out through the bars, trying to grasp her. Help us, please.
For the second time today, Clary felt tears roll down her cheeks. Only a monster like Valentine could be capable of this. When she spotted familiar curls and glasses, she knew he hadn't been lying. She had been a fool to believe otherwise. Simon sat near the bars, his back resting against the cobblestone wall. His skin was slick with sweat and his glasses were crooked and cracked. Bruises and cuts covered him entirely, as if he had just come out of a cage match. His Made in Brooklyn shirt and jeans were torn and soiled with blood. He was the shadow of her best friend.

"Clary?" Simon's voice was hoarse, his throat parched from thirst. She knelt beside his cell, her hands reaching out for him from between the narrow steel bars. "You look... Different."

Clary couldn't help but smile sadly through her tears. "I'm going to get you out of here, okay?"

"Really?" His voice was hopeful. "That's great, the service here is terrible." He chuckled at his own morbid joke, before succumbing to a fit of coughing.

Clary felt Valentine's presence behind her. "Poor boy. Hasn't been fed in days. Unfortunately, the experiments can be rigorous and mundanes tend to be sick after they're injected. To preserve their dignity, we only feed them before their body starts to deteriorate from hunger."

"Please..." Clary never begged, even when she was first taken. She had told herself she wouldn't, never give them the pleasure. But this was Simon, her only friend, her real brother. She needed to save him. "Please, release him. Please."

Valentine smiled cruelly, leaning down to tuck a stray curl behind her ear, which he seemed to like doing. "I will release him on the terms that you marry Jonathan without complaint. Are we in agreement?"

She nodded slowly, like she had just made a deal with the devil, and she had sold her soul. Simon had no fault in this- he was here because of her. She needed to get him out of here, even if it meant her own unhappiness. Clary remembered how he was always there for her when no one else was, not even her mother. Sacrificing herself to her brother was the noble thing to do.

"I agree."

-Xxx-

Clary had lost track of time when Simon lost consciousness. Surprisingly, Valentine had left her in the dungeon. It wasn't like she could break out Simon without a key. From between the bars, she stroked his curls, like she always did when they were watching anime. Marrying Jonathan was a small price to pay for Simon's freedom, only hoping this supposed revolution happened before her wedding. Her tears ceased after a while. They would do her no good, or help her out of her situation. They only made her seem weak and frail. She needed to be strong - for her mother, for Simon. Her mother had told her Luke would come for them soon, she wished it true. Jonathan would take her to his bed their wedding night and would take her by force if he had to, just like Gerard had intended. It had been his plan all along since he first met her. She was so stupid to believe there was some actual good in him. He was a demon through and through, and he had only cared for her for his own gain. Jonathan was manipulative and cruel just like Valentine. The apple never falls far from the tree.

"Sister," she heard his voice from the far end of the room, entering through the door and making his way towards her. "You've been down here for hours."

"Leave me be," Clary mumbled, grabbing hold of the bars just in case he decided to pick her up and
carry her out.

"Enough of this," Jonathan demanded, looming over her with his arms crossed. "The mundane will be fine without you here."

Clary shook with anger. "Fine? Does he look fine to you?" Her fingers tightened around the bars. "I'm staying with him."

"Like hell you are." Jonathan's hands enclosed around her shoulders, prying her from the bars and making her stand. Clary struck out; frantically punching and slapping and kicking him wherever she could.

"Leave me alone!" She cried, landing a good hard punch to his jaw, his head snapping back at the force. "I hate you!"

Jonathan released her, letting her fall back against the bars of Simon's cell. He brought his hand to wipe the dark blood at his split lip, the amusement she had seen earlier today gone, replaced with a malevolent façade. For a moment, she trembled in fear as she waited for him to strike her, but he turned on his heel and walked away, slamming the door to the dungeon so hard it shook the wall. Once again, she was alone with the prisoners, who had quieted after they realized their pleading was not being heard, like those who stopped believing in God when their prayers were not answered. Jonathan had told her there was no God.

She was beginning to think he was right.
At night, the prisoners were silent. The cries of demons could be heard from outside, as well as the terrifying screams of the unlucky ones who had been caught with nightfall. Clary had once read somewhere that fear was the only true way to attain power and keep it. Valentine was a tyrant king who used his demon pets as a warning: disobey me, and death will come. Her father was an obsessive man; his need for control and power were what made him a monster. In the dim light of the dungeon, Clary watched as Simon's chest rose and fell in shallow breaths. She had only left his side once to retrieve food for him. The maids in the kitchens were opposed to the idea at first, fearing the retribution of their master, but the look Clary gave them promised more pain than Valentine could ever deliver. Gently, she had woken Simon up, feed him a warm piece of bread and poured water down his throat. His color returned, but he instantly went to sleep once more. After the earlier incident with Jonathan, no one bothered her. She did not regret saying what she had, because it was true. She hated Jonathan, she hated Valentine, and given the chance to ram a sword through their hearts, she would. Clary had never been a violent person - stubborn and determined, but never violent. Yet she found herself wanting to hurt them as much as they had hurt her mother, Simon, these children, and herself. Jonathan had told her she was just as much of a monster as he, and he was probably right. One who had such thoughts had to be. She dozed off once or twice as she watched over Simon, protecting him. The only thing between Simon and Valentine was her. Valentine had her in the palm of his hand, and there was nothing she could do with the lives of Simon and her mother at stake. By the end of the month, she would be Jonathan's wife. She would be in his bed to do with as he pleased, and eventually give him children and when Valentine passed away, she would be his queen. A prisoner, for as long as she lived. She would never see New York again, never see her little apartment, never go to university or have a career. A slave until she died. A little over a week ago, Clary had been just a normal girl. Now she was a half angel mutant who was engaged to her own brother, a demon. There was hope that the rebels would come and kill Valentine, but they wouldn't be able to kill Jonathan, and wherever she went, he would find her. She will always be his. How foolish she had been, to think that he may have some good in him. He was all evil, all monster, just like Valentine. But then, what would you expect of one who was raised by the devil himself? A nagging feeling pulled at her gut, her conscience wanting to blame Valentine for everything. It was Jonathan's misfortune to have been raised by him, to have been made into what he is. She couldn't bring herself to forget the way he had saved her the previous night, how he had tended to her wounds so gently. Still, he had touched her while she was incapable of defending herself, and that was something she could not, and would not forgive. To hell with both of them. She couldn't care less if they both died, and would be even better if she could deliver the blow herself. Eventually, Clary fell asleep with her face pressed against the bars of Simon's cell, holding her best friend's hand tightly in her own.

The demons sung their lullaby all night.

-Xxx-

Silk caressed her skin, wrapping her in softness and warmth. The wisps of her curls danced on her bare shoulders, making her shiver. She was sensitive all over, feeling even the air that surrounded her. Light clouded her vision, the blurred figures of several unidentifiable persons dancing around her. A crown settled heavily on her head, the weight of it causing her skull to ache. From across the room, she saw him, walking towards her. He was all white and gold, like an angel sent from heaven. Ironically, he was the opposite - a devil borne of an almost angel, the same who had given birth to her. He came to her, embracing her and holding her in his arms.

"Would you like to dance, sister?"
They did. He called her sister even after they were married, after she had their first child, after their father died and they assumed the throne. She never called him brother, only ever addressed him as he. Years later, she still hated him like the day she had first met him. He was not good to her - when she defied him, he would hit her and take her until she did. As the months passed, she stopped resisting. She no longer saw the point when she could do nothing to stop him. Her mother had told her that when she had held him, she felt like there was something wrong about him. It was the same way she had felt when she gave birth to their first son, whose humanity had been overridden by his angel mother and his demon father. He was a mutant collision of two things that should have never come together so sacredly and she hated him with every fiber of her being. How terrible she was to despise her own son. He had taken him away when he was a small boy, raising him in solitude just like his father before him. She tried to feel pity for the boy, her son, but she felt nothing. Over time, her heart had frozen over, the blood in her veins turning to ice. She did not feel, she did not cry. She was never happy, she was never sad.

She just was.

Clary woke suddenly, her heart thudding loudly enough to hear. She realized that nightmares like this would come often, considering it was the future that lay ahead. Through her window, she noticed it was the early hours of the morning. Overnight, she had been moved to her bed and her clothes had been taken off, leaving her only in a thin slip. Jonathan wouldn't want his bride to sleep on the stone cold floors of the dungeon. Disgusted, she tore off her sheets, making her way to the window and pulling away the curtains. Now daylight, the demons were gone, leaving the mangled corpses on their victims on the streets below. Clary would've cried if she hadn't run out of tears. She was mentally and physically exhausted from yesterday - she hadn't even eaten since breakfast, but she held no appetite and doubt she could stomach food. Clary yearned for the feel of her mother's arms around her, surrounding her with comfort and love. God only knows when she'd be able to see her again. Had Valentine already told her of her children's upcoming nuptials?

A knock sounded at her door. She already knew who it was.

"You know, it is impolite not to answer when someone calls on you." Jonathan sauntered into her room and locked the door behind him, striding towards where she stood by the window. He seemed in a better mood than when he had left her.

"We're far beyond courtesy, Jonathan." said Clary, closing the curtains and turning to look at him. He wore his standard battle gear, the black that stood out so starkly against his white hair and skin. In her dream, he had been dressed in all gold - the image of an angel, when he was actually the devil himself. His grin was wicked, picking the small bowl of fruit he held in his hand, popping a grape in his mouth with a satisfying squish.

"Of course, but that does not mean you should respect me any less. I am your future husband." He raised his hand to graze his knuckle against her angrily flushed cheek. "How is my bride this morning?"

"My morning was just fine until you came barging in here. Now please leave." Clary moved away from him, slapping away his hand from her face.

Jonathan tsked, shaking his head in disappointment. "Is that any way to treat the man who will be providing for you for the rest of your life? As the mundanes say, for better or for worse, right?"

"For worse until either of us die, I suppose."

He smiled, completely ignoring her comment. "Come now, I've brought you a snack. You must be hungry, you stayed with the mundane until the late hours of the night."
Her stomach growled at the strawberries she spied in the bowl. As she reached to take the bowl from him, he moved it away from her reach. "Give it to me."

"Ah-ah," Jonathan shook his head, grinning so widely the Cheshire Cat would be proud. "I will be feeding you." His arms quickly swept her off her feet, one arm grasping her shoulders and the other under her knees, all while balancing the bowl of fruit.

"I am perfectly capable of feeding myself," Clary complained as he moved her to the bed, gently setting her down and settling next to her. He held a strawberry to her mouth by the stem.

"Open up."

She reluctantly opened her lips and bit into the fruit, nearly moaning as the juice rolled on to her tongue. The pleasure of eating her favorite fruit was ruined as she caught Jonathan gazing intently at her lips innocently wrapping around the berry, no doubt thinking of vulgar things. Once she was done with the first, he eagerly brought another to her mouth. The juice accidentally slipped from her lips and a drop made its way down her chin. He watched in fascination as it moved down to her neck and disappeared into the valley between her breasts. Putting down the bowl, he wrapped his arms around her to bring her closer, his lips coming down to her cleavage to wipe away the trail of Joyce with his tongue. He made a slow descent up to her neck, nibbling at her skin, until he reached her mouth, where he kissed her softly and sucked her bottom lip between his. It felt so nice that she almost momentarily forgot he was her brother. Almost.

Clary pushed him away, a thousand profanities on her tongue. "What do you think you're doing?"

Jonathan sighed contentedly. "Kissing my wife."

"I'm not your wife." She sneered, backing away from him until her back hit the headboard.

He smirked, crawling up towards her and encasing her with his hands on either side of her head. His intense smell hit her like a thousand bricks. He smelled like pine on a cold winter day. She found herself inhaling his scent before realizing that he was still her brother and she definitely hated him. Clary never cursed, but fuck.

"Not yet," Jonathan looked down at her, brushing away a strand of red hair that had been resting on her cheek. She was in a vulnerable position; his arms encased her and his hips rested between her thighs, trapping her under him, at his mercy. Clary should be afraid, but for once, she wasn't. She refused to cower in fear before her brother anymore. "Soon, you'll be mine and I'll have you all to myself." He said proudly, closing the space between them, pressing his groin against her center. Heat shot up her like a fever, her body betraying her as his hardness pressed against her. The only thing separating them was his jeans and her thin panties. Clary tried to push him off of her, but he relentlessly pressed harder against her, rubbing his covered rigid member on her. Jonathan let out a low growl, closing his eyes in satisfaction. "Wet for me already, sister?"

She pushed harder, using her legs for support. "Get off of me!"

He chuckled darkly, his icy breath caressing her skin, sending shivers down her spine. His eyes were deep obsidian pits, the only distinction between the iris and the pupil was the glowing silver ring between them. "Don't worry, I shall not take you today." Jonathan winked, elegantly sliding off the bed and silently landing on his feet. "Finish eating and get dressed, meet me at the training room in ten minutes. Wear something easy to move in, we're practicing your sparing skills today."

With one last glance at her over his shoulder, he left her disheveled on her bed, making her wonder whether she was out of her mind or not.
Ten minutes later, Clary begrudgingly dragged her feet in the direction of where she thought the training room was. Without the guidance of Isabelle, she hated to admit that she couldn't find it. She had only been there once, and hadn't really been paying attention when she had been taken there. She was late and Jonathan would be pissed - not that she particularly cared. In fact, she hoped he would get upset at her. Maybe then he'd leave her alone. To her annoyance, she couldn't find 'something easy to move in'. Something easy to move in would've been sweatpants and a t-shirt, but she found none in her expansive closet filled with dresses and skirts and blouses. Instead, Clary had to wear tight leggings and a tank top with an uncomfortable amount of cleavage showing. Though she put a large sweatshirt over it, she knew Jonathan would make her take it off once they began sparring. The sound of pounding drew her to a specific door, which she recognized as the entrance to the training room. Opening the door, she saw that across the room, Jonathan was viciously hitting at a boxing bag with his bare fists. His scarred back to her, he had taken off his shirt, leaving on his low slung pants and a pair of combat boots. He hadn't noticed her entrance, and she approached him cautiously as if he would turn and attack her instead. Though he was rigorously training, not a drop of sweat marred his skin. He moved with deadly precision, each hit landing so hard she thought the boxing bag would eventually collapse from his vigor. This is what Valentine had made him to be - a cold blooded killer that excelled in battle and fought better than any other warrior.

"Admiring what's yours, sister?" Like in her dream, he called her sister, even though she was soon to be his wife. Jonathan turned to her with his eyebrow raised in question.

Clary felt heat stain her cheeks with red as she looked away from him. "You're not mine."

She felt her brother walks towards her, his heavy boots like thunder on the wooden floor, and she unconsciously inched away from him. Jonathan chuckled darkly, continuing his pursuit of her until she was back against a wall, trapped, like she always seemed to be around him.

"I belong to you, and you belong to me. We belong together." His voice was husky as his hand moved to her neck, his fingers sinking into her throat painfully. Suddenly, she remember how easily he had ripped out Gerard's throat. Clary struggled against the compromised position, but he held on to her tight, his hand wrapped around her neck and his hips pressed against hers. Jonathan's leg slipped between her own, his thigh grazing her center with delicious friction. The urging feeling to cry surfaced again, but she held it in. She would not let him see her weak ever again. Her breaths became short gasps as he caught off her air supply, and she dug her fingers into his hand to will him to release her. He let go before she thought she would pass out from lack of oxygen, his hand trailing down her throat to the curvature of her lower back.

"If you're going to kill me, do it now. I'd rather die than be your wife." Clary spat, her breaths heavy from the exertion of her mistreated esophagus.

Jonathan laughed, and he was so close to her she could feel the vibrations his chest made. "Kill you? I haven't even fucked you yet, dearest sister."

"And you never will!" She cried out angrily, thrashing about and managing to slip out from under him, putting distance between the two.

He grinned a smile the devil would be proud of. "We shall see."

Training went without incident. Surprisingly, Jonathan took it very seriously and didn't try to distract her with any sexual advances. Because of her small stature, he had decided it would be best for her
to train with daggers first before using seraph blades. Her aim was terrible, but he did not tease her about it, only pushed her into practicing until she got it right. He let her go after an hour, complaining he had meetings to attend with father and allowed her to leave. She eagerly did as she was told, wanting to be as far from her demon brother as possible. In her bedroom, Isabelle was waiting for her, a measuring tape in her hand.

"For your wedding dress," explained Isabelle. "Valentine ordered it custom made."

Begrudgingly, Clary let her measure her bust, waist, and hips. As uncomfortable as she was with Isabelle touching her, she'd rather have her do it than Valentine. Once done, Isabelle went and came back with a few heavy looking dresses in different colors.

"What are those for?" asked Clary, glaring at the vibrant fabrics.

"There will be an engagement gala in a couple of days in honor of your wedding. Every respectable Nephilim will attend. Valentine has allowed you to choose between these dresses."

After choosing the darkest one, a maroon gown that trailed to the floor with long sleeves and an open back, Isabelle left for good to continue her chores. Once Clary changed out of her work out clothes and freshened up, she decided to visit Simon, praying Valentine hadn't locked the dungeon's door. Surprisingly, he hadn't, only stationing a guard to make sure no prisoners escaped. With some convincing, the guard let her pass through, afraid the master's daughter could punish him for defiance. Although it was awful to use her father's power against others, she desperately needed to see Simon again to make sure he was alright. He still hadn't awoken, but Clary knew it was probably from the exertion his body had gone through. She knelt beside the bars and held his hand, telling him everything about the nightmare that had become her life, from the moment she arrived at the Gard to just a few minutes ago. She told him how much she missed him and loved him and how someday she'd get them out of this hell. He continued to sleep all the way through, and she left once the sun set on the horizon.
Before the Fire

Around the Gard, servants were bustling in preparation for the engagement gala. The Nephilim king demanded lavishness, nothing but the best for the celebration of his children's upcoming nuptials. The king himself was preoccupied with other things, such as his wife. Jocelyn was still as stubborn, if not worse, as she had been in her youth. No amount of coaxing or even torture could get her to submit to him. However, Valentine was not deterred. He visited her every day, and today he was to tell her of Jonathan and Clarissa's wedding. Hopeful he would want to attend the festivities, Valentine thought as he strode into her chambers with the dresses he had picked out for her. Jocelyn, as usual, sat huddled in a corner close to her bed, still shackled to the bed post. As he entered, she looked up for a brief moment but then looked away just as quickly.

"How is my darling wife doing today?" He asked quite cheerfully, tossing the dresses on the bed and giving Jocelyn a quick kiss on her forehead, which she flinched from.

Instead of replying to his question, she turned away from him. Slightly angered by this, Valentine grabbed her chin roughly and forced her to look up at him. His anger only intensified as he saw the stubbornness in his wife’s emerald eyes, the same shade she shared with his much more compliant daughter. At least he didn’t have to chain Clarissa to her bed - yet.

“I asked you a question Jocelyn,” he said sternly, his teeth clenched together. The dark blue bruise he’d left under her left eye was highlighted by the dim lights in the room. Even with the injuries he had inflicted upon her, she was still beautiful to him, even after all those years. Even after her betrayal.

She tried to wrench her chin away but he dug his nails in, holding her angry gaze on him.

“Terrible now that you’re here,” she snapped, her mouth curled in a sneer.

He snarled, making her cringe back to the wall, and her chains rattling with her movement. He released her chin, stepping away in fury. He took a deep breath, shoving down his animosity before turning back to his wife, now bunched in the shadows of her large bed.

“I came here to tell you the wonderful news…” He paused to see if Jocelyn would look at him, but she kept her face turned away from him. “Jonathan Christopher and Clarissa Adele are engaged to be married,” he said, deliberately drawling his words to see how his wife would react. Much to his satisfaction, Jocelyn reacted instantly, her head snapping over to look at him so fast her crimson hair flew out from her shoulders then fell back down in a thick red curtain. Horror was etched into her features as his words sunk into her.

“What?” She said in disbelief and the smirk grew on his face. He had her.

“Our children’s wedding,” Valentine repeated. “Since you refuse to create anymore heirs with me, I decided that joining our children’s blood would be the only way the Morgenstern line will stay pure.” He noticed Jocelyn cringe, perhaps blaming herself for this blasphemous event to occur.

“That’s incest!” She cried, finally standing from her crouched position on the floor. “Clary would never do such a thing!”

“You are unfortunately right, Jocelyn,” Valentine sighed, stepping closer to his wife once again. She didn’t flinch this time, her shoulders squared and her jaw set as she glared into his eyes. “I had to use a certain degree of persuasion to convince her that marrying her brother really is for the best,” he said.
maliciously, relishing the disgust and fear he could see in her eyes but also wishing that someday soon they would look upon him with love, just like they once did when they were newly married.

Rage flared in his wife’s green eyes. “What did you do to her?” she shouted, attempting to strike him but her chains pulled her back, slamming her back against the wall with their force.

Valentine stepped forward, caging his wife within his arms, his hands pressed flat against the wall behind her. “I would never lay a finger on her, Jocelyn. I’m hurt you would think I would harm my own daughter,” Valentine said, his voice sincere. He wouldn't harm her... as long as Clarissa did as she was told. If she rebels like her mother, he’ll be reduced to using force… and he’d hate to damage her pretty face before her wedding.

“You’ve harmed me,” she sneered, pressing her back against the wall, trying to escape the embrace of her menacing husband.

“Only because you refuse to take your place at my side,” he said calmly, running the backs of two fingers down her cheek lovingly before pulling back to scoop up the dresses from his wife’s bed, a bed he misses being invited into. He brushes the lonely thoughts aside, crushing the pathetic feelings before turning back to his wife with a smile as sharp as a razor blade. “But soon... you will. Now, what dress would you like to wear to the gala?”

-Xxx-

Jonathan used to imagine, on those silent, empty nights, what it would be like to have a woman all to himself. One whom he could watch sleep peacefully or touch her soft silky skin. He'd had no problem finding women to satisfy his libido, it was an easy task to go to a local pleasure house or seduce some drunk mundane girl off the street. He’d lay in bed some nights, staring at the cold, vacant side and wondered what it would be like to have a woman sleep beside him, through the night, a warm body to sheathe himself in when he needed or wanted it, or to draw up against him possessively to feel the silk of her skin pressed against him. For none of the women ever set foot in his own bedroom, it’d always been their place or the brothel. He’d never had one who solely belonged to him, nor had he ever found one he wanted to call his woman.

But as Jonathan looked on at the sleeping form of his sister, his bride curled up exhausted on her bed, his need to claim her for his own was overwhelming. He had grown extremely possessive of her and developed the need to have no one else to touch her but him, and would ensure any that did would end their days like Gerard had.

Against the bed post, sitting next to his soon-to-be wife, Jonathan had the deep seated need to crawl beneath the covers with her and go to sleep, as well as the constant screaming need to bend her over and fuck her until neither of them could walk. An odd sense of serenity had settled over him, watching his sister. There was no resistance, no tension; just the deep, even breathing of Clarissa in a much needed sleep.

He didn’t like that she spent so much time with the mundane in the dungeon, and didn’t understand why she would stay down there for hours on end to just keep the half dead mundane boy company. Why she would compromise her comfort and use her time to sit on a hard stone floor in the dark, repugnant midst of sick and dying humans, Jonathan would never understand. He hated the fact she would rather be down there than anywhere near him.

Leaning his back against the headboard, he contemplated how he would convince his stubborn sister to go riding with him today. Jonathan planned on taking her to the ruins of his childhood house, for it was never a home to him with his father’s teachings and general presence. He wanted to see if, maybe Clarissa saw what he went through, she’d be more compliant, more easily molded to his will,
but at the same time he didn’t want to reveal a weakness of any kind to anyone, not even his fiancée.

He was disappointed when she began to stir, rolling over on her back to face him, her hand outstretched across the mattress toward him, as though she wanted him to take it. Jonathan was tempted to, but kept his arms folded against his body. Her fingers started to twitch and a look of displeasure crossed her face as her eyes flew open. His cock jerked at the unguarded confusion and terror in her eyes before her defenses went up and she leaped from the bed.

Jonathan sat unmoving for a moment against the bedpost before standing as a look of fury and disgust crossed Clarissa’s face, immediately shooting down the serenity he’d felt a moment ago, replacing it with a dark thrill at the prospect of another day at playing his mental game with her. Though he’d never admit it aloud, a short burst of disappointment shot through him at the lost peace.

Her red curls were completely disheveled, making it look as though she just had a go around with him in bed, which in turn set off his fantasies. Half his mind in a different place, Jonathan looked down to see her indigo silk shorts still stuck to her thighs while the matching shirt was plastered to her front from sleeping on her stomach. His eyes settled on her nipples, pert and showing through the fabric before she brought her arms up to cover her chest.

Clary was glaring at him, a hint of blush creeping up her neck to her cheeks. About ten minutes earlier she had made these shorts sounds of pleasure, almost muffled moans escaping her pink pout, and he’d wondered what she was dreaming about. The light blush coloring her face answered his question, along with an elating sense of pride that she’d already begun dreaming of his touch.

“What do you want?” Clary snapped, and he knew she was trying to sound defensive and rude but her voice, groggy and quiet, only aroused him. Jonathan smirked.

“What makes you think you have a choice?”

No! He shoved away those thoughts. Jonathan didn’t need to be loved, only needed his sister by his side, only needed her submission, and nothing more. He wanted to see the innocence leave her eyes as his darkness consumes her.

“Did you know you moan in your sleep?” He asked blatantly, wanting to see her light pink blush turn to almost the same shade of her hair. He wasn’t disappointed.

She took a step back from him, trying in vain to cover herself from his gaze which sent a burst of anger through him. Clary shouldn’t hide from him, she should be pulling off her clothes and bearing herself to him! One of these days, not too far in the future, his sister would be the one pulling him into bed. Oh, and what a glorious day that will be. To feel wanted, to have a woman coax him to bed, instead of the other way around. To be loved…

“I came to tell you that we’re going riding today,” Jonathan said outright. He loves to see the resistance in her eyes, the fiery anger blazing in her green irises.

“There makes you think I’m coming with you?” Clary retorted and his grin grew, watching as her chin stuck out in defiance.

“What makes you think you have a choice?”

Her shoulders fell, apparently realizing the futility of fighting with him. Jonathan made a sound of satisfaction at her submission. “Go dress,” he ordered, tilting his head toward her closet. Clary gave him another glare, but began to walk towards her closet to get dressed. She stopped though, right
before the door. Maybe he’d been wrong that she’d been smart enough to realize fighting him wouldn’t get her anywhere; that or she just didn’t care.

He moved quickly, rounding the bed, crossing the room and backing her against the door. He liked playing this game of cat and mouse with her, playing a game of power to see whose will would win out. He just didn’t know what the score was.

“We could always stay here,” Jonathan said, his voice becoming sultry and suggestive. He delighted in seeing the tightening of her thighs and the faint blush returning to her cheeks. His hand crept down from the door where he’d braced it, lightly brushing over her bare thigh. Her body tensed and he could see a flicker of indecision in her eyes; that little spark of lust that he’d managed to instill in her before she seemed to mentally shake her head, grabbing his wrist and pushing his hand away.

“Fine,” Clary spat. “I’ll go on your stupid riding trip with you.” She shoved around him and he allowed her to struggle out from between him and the door so she could go dress. As he watched her disappear into the closet, the idea of staying here in her bedroom became more and more appealing.

-Xxx-

Three missed punches and one narrowly avoided coldcocking later, Jonathan had Clarissa up on a large black stallion. Although her arms crossed, shoulders hunched, and grumbling like a child, she was seated in front of him between his legs. The moment he took the reins in his hands, her entire body coiled deliciously, jerking back against his chest as he spurred the horse forward.

Jonathan had to resist the urge to bend his head and press his lips to her neck, not wanting to startle her into a fouler mood than she already was before they got to the ruins. He kicked the horse into a canter as they reached the edge of the city and his sister tensed impossibly, pressing back against him. He delighted in the feeling of her tight body along the length of his, wondering what it would feel like to have her tight body wrapped around him. He’s already seen her writhe beneath him in pleasure… he couldn’t wait to do it again.

Clary seemed completely oblivious to his body and his thoughts throughout most of the ride, outwardly focused on keeping her balance on the horse without touching him. Eventually he got tired of her lack of contact and tightened his arms around Clarissa. Jonathan brought his forearms together, backing Clarissa up into him as she moved to try and avoid the contact, his biceps pressing into her shoulders.

Her head spun around to glare up at him, a look he found very endearing as it was tinged with the fear of riding on the black stallion. He slowed the horse just a bit.

“Yes, sister?” Jonathan inquired, looking down at her as they neared the ruins.

“You’re touching me,” Clary quipped. “Stop.”

He smirked, seizing the opportunity to tease her. “Why? Am I not allowed…?” He bent his head down, whispering in her ear, “to touch my wife?”

Jonathan could feel her spine straighten, pressing along his hardened stomach, as her white knuckled grip on the saddle loosened then tightened again, as though itching to hit him. He gave her a taunting smile.

“You’re allowed, but seeing as I’m not your wife, keep your hands, feet and other body parts to yourself or I’ll be tempted to chop them off.”
He loved the little snap to her voice, the way it felt like a silk whip across his skin, unlike the demon metal whip his father would constantly use. This one caressed, even with its sharp edge lining the side. It electrified his body to feel the resistance and fire of his sister creep through his skin. Jonathan can’t wait to have that fire strapped down to a bed for him to play with, he could imagine her surging upward to meet his strokes even as she screamed and yelled at him.

“Well then, I’ll just have to wait till our wedding then, won’t I?” He said, urging the horse slightly faster.

“Even then, you’ll never have me,” she snapped. “I don’t care what stupid document I sign or what band of metal I’m wearing, I’ll never really be your wife.” She turned away then, her shoulders slouching, and he caught a look of sorrow sweeping across her face.

He scowled. Why would she be sad? But the look and the slouching shoulders were gone the next moment, replaced by avid anger and tense concentration as she looked warily at the stallion’s large black head.

“I’d beg to differ, little sister,” Jonathan said, still scowling at the back of her head. “You won’t be able to resist my touch. You barely manage it now,”

She huffed in defeat and he knew he’d won that argument. Clary would give in eventually but for now, he’d just have fun teasing her, restraining her and watching her inner struggle as she battled with herself over her attraction to him. This time she didn’t protest, though she squirmed, as he brought his arms closer around her, drawing her further back until she leaned against his chest.

Jonathan drew the stallion to a stop as they reached the ruins of his childhood house. The burned out husk of what used to be lay strewn through an overgrowth of greenery. The outline of the small cottage was pitiful and made the pit of his stomach curl in disgust as horrid memories danced across his mind in a horrible parade of blood, gore, and pain. Most of the house still stood, though blackened and charred. He slid down off the horse, pulling his sister off after him.

Clarissa immediately ripped out of his grasp. Jonathan growled low enough in his throat that she didn’t hear, but Clarissa still felt the displeasure rolling off of him in waves. Jonathan knew she was aware of it by the way her thighs drew taut, as though preparing to run, and the muscles lining her back could be seen through the thin t-shirt she’d picked out. He chuckled to himself at the thought of her out running him, because it was impossible.

Jonathan turned toward the two standing walls and the rubble of the rest of the one story cottage, sweeping his arm out in a grand gesture with a twisted grin on his face, turning to his sister.

“Welcome to my old home.”
Jonathan didn’t ever recall finding beauty in anything, ever. He’d always thought that everything was made up of matter and there was nothing more to it than the genetic makeup or the scientific explanation for it. Even in the Shadowhunter world, magic was just magic. It’s just there, normal for the world he lived in. He’d never looked past the fundamental meanings of anything, never found a reason to. Always disregarded the philosophical point of view as mindless ramblings from those who were too stupid to comprehend the real meanings of things. He’d never believed that beauty could soothe. At least until now.

He watched the way his bride moved through the ruins, her jeans pressing against her tightly corded thighs as a result of his few short training sessions with her. The way she stepped tentatively over rubble like a doe stepping through the tall grass, beautiful and graceful, tugged at some dark primal part of him. He was mesmerized by how her slim body looked before she stepped, placing her foot carefully among the rubble, hugging her elbows like the very walls would lash out at her. Her hair was wild, hanging around her face in a curtain and Jonathan kept catching himself trying to catch a glimpse of her eyes to gauge her reaction.

They eluded him though, she always managed to keep her eyes turned toward the ground, her hair between him and her eyes. He stood at the edge of the ruins, waiting as Clarissa explored; watching as realization sank in that this was where her long lost brother lived when he was a child.

After a while, not a word spoken between the two of them, Clarissa came to stand beside him, looking over the blackened ruins and not at him. The slight breeze blew back her mane of fiery curls, away from her face as he tilted his head to watch her out the corner of his eye.

“This is where you lived?” She questioned quietly, still not turning to face him, her gaze still trained on the horizon where the sun still had hours yet to take its place.

“Yes. If you could call my wretched childhood a life,” he said, bitterness tainting his voice as he recalled horrid memories of being shackled to a wall, face pressed against hard stone, hot, black blood pouring down his back.

“Was it really that bad?” She whispered and this time so quietly even he had to struggle to hear her. Anger rose up, unbidden in him, as he turned to his sister, snapping her out of her trance as she spun to face the blackening rage evident on his face. Memories flashed, skin burned, anger broiled and the need to take his sister all pushed at the edges of his control.

“What did you think, Clarissa? I lived in the lap of luxury because I’m part of some ‘magical’ world?” He snapped, taking a step toward her. “You having lived your life ignorantly and sheltered does not mean mine was lead the same way. I was beaten,” he snarled, taking another step forward, forcing Clarissa back toward one of the two remaining walls. “I was whipped.” Another step and the look in her eyes sent feral glee and primal need spiraling through him. “I was alone.” He’d backed her against the charred wall and the little gasp of breath sent his senses on a rampage.

He brought his arms up to cage her in, pressing her further against the north wall of his husk of an old house. Her arms were still crossed over her body, as though she could protect herself from him. He scanned down her body, catching the slightest tremor of fear course through her before snapping his feral gaze back to hers. What he saw halted his anger, bringing it to a screeching stop.

Tears, real tears brimmed in her beautiful green eyes, staring back at him with pain. He didn’t
release her from the wall but straightened his back, tilting his head to the side in curiosity. Had he truly scared her that much? Yes, others were supposed to fear him but seeing it on Clarissa’s delicate face sank a seed of absolute wrongness deep into his gut. He didn’t want Clarissa to be afraid of him, he wanted her throwing herself down at his feet to do with what he pleased.

“I’m sorry,” Clarissa said softly, shaking her head. “I didn’t—I didn’t know. No one should have to be alone through that or experience it at all but my life wasn’t all luxury,” she said and he had to admire how she never let her tears fall, her rising bravado sparking his lust. “My mother and I barely made rent every month. We lived off her paintings in a tiny brownstone, not an actual house. I had my life hidden from me!” She snapped and her sudden irritation made something dark raise its head inside him.

“Then I was ripped from the only life I did know by a mad man and his psychotic son who turned out to be my brother. My best friend is imprisoned and dying! And I’m being forced to marry a sociopathic murderer and—”

She never got the chance to finish, or maybe Jonathan just didn’t want her to but he’d cut her off by crushing his lips to hers, flattening her back against the wall. He could feel the heat between her legs flame, her fingers going to fist in his silvery curls at the nape of his neck. He growled low in his throat, a dark laugh, as he felt Clarissa thrusting her hips forward into the curve of his. Her breath blew hot and short against his cheek as he slid his hands down to her buttocks, lifting her up and pressing her against the wall.

His tongue stroked inside her mouth, tasting her, savoring her. He could feel his groin heating, growing tighter and his need to rip her jeans from her pale legs and take her in the midst of his handiwork grew right alongside it. He’d enjoyed burning this place to the ground and he would enjoy even more to corrupt his sister in this place. He could feel her arousal building, pushing her against him. He was pleasantly surprised as her leg came up almost in an unconscious gesture to wrap around his hip.

He pushed at her, crushed her to him as his hand wound in her fiery locks and clamped down on her hip, pushing up her shirt. His cock burned and ached, urging him forward as he pressed against her own growing heat. He wanted nothing more than to fuck her, right then and there but he believed that saving her for their wedding night would be so much more satisfying. The longer he built up the tension the sweeter the release would be. But the intense heat and feeling only lasted for a few moments before Clarissa’s entire demeanor changed, even as he growled and pinned her back against the wall.

She squirmed and he loosened his grip ever so slightly but she shoved him away, her face flushed pink and breathless. Her bright green eyes flared with rage but Jonathan could see the subtle hint of desire and arousal in their green depths. He smirked at her as she wiped her mouth with the back of her hand.

“Don’t ever touch me!” She snarled, anger flashing in her eyes but he could see the little spark of desire that she was trying to hide. “I should have known better than to feel sorry for someone like you!”

His smirk never faded, only grew as he once again backed her against the wall. Her hands shot out, trying to push him away again but this time he wouldn’t stand for it. He took her wrists and pinned them over her head, his form towering menacingly over Clarissa’s slight form. Looking down, he saw her breasts swell and he couldn’t resist stepping forward so they pressed against his chest.

“You should know better Clarissa,” he said darkly, relishing the fear in her eyes, the smell of arousal coming off her in waves. “I don’t stand for disobedience, especially from my wife,” he growled,
dipping his head to graze his nose along the column of her neck. He felt the muscles in her shoulders strain, attempting to yank her wrists from his grasp. He laughed at her attempt, loving to see his prey struggle. Though Clarissa, he wouldn’t be watching bleed out slowly anytime soon.

This one, he took a deep breath, the smell of her vanilla soaps tightening his groin, he would have writhe beneath him in pleasure.

“I’ll never truly be your wife and I’ll be dead before you can get me into your bed. You incestuous bastard!” Clarissa tried to use her legs to push him away. He grinned darkly at what he got to do next. He took his knee and firmly shoved it between her legs, moving her body up the wall so she stood on her tiptoes. He reveled in the feeling of her heat radiating onto his knee, doing nothing to hide her arousal.

“Oh, little sister, you really shouldn’t lie. I can smell your desire. You want me,” he said. Before she could do anything else he took a step back and flung her over his shoulder. She screeched, trying to fight him off as he carried her over to the horse. “Oh, hush now Clarissa. We need to get back so you can get fitted for your dress.”

-Xxx-

Clary eventually got Jonathan to put her down, sadly it was back in the Gard in her bedroom. The embarrassing part? Valentine, Isabelle, and three more women were standing in her room with white fabric and measuring tapes hanging around their necks as her brother carried her in over his shoulder.

Valentine smirked even as Clary’s face flamed red when she’d stopped kicking at her brother.

“Jonathan,” Valentine said. “I do believe the proper way to carry your bride is across your chest, not over your shoulder.”

“I’m aware father,” Jonathan said, flipping her down onto the bed where she braced herself on her elbows, glaring dagger at both silver haired men. “But Clarissa likes the view so much more over my shoulder.”

His black eyes cut to her, his smirk malevolent and lusty as she tried to back away from the two men. It took her a moment to figure out what Jonathan meant but when she did, she glared so furiously at him he arched an eyebrow.

Valentine, the sick man, only laughed. “Well, I suppose we should leave so Clarissa can get fitted for her dress.”

Clary hated them both. She let herself get played by her brother. For a moment she had actually pitied him only to be molested against the wall of his old home. He took advantage of any weak feeling she displayed and it only made her resent him even more.

She needed to get Simon and her mother out of here, only then would she be at ease. Instead, for all her struggles she felt terribly weak and useless. She couldn’t even keep her brother from kissing her… or the little rush of desire she felt flood her veins at the feel of his lips. She’d squelched the feeling immediately, or at least tried to but it’d lasted longer than she’d wanted it to.

And she could see it on her brother’s face that he knew of it as he walked out the door. She was still lying braced on her elbows when her brother and father vacated the room. She thought she had peace only to have Isabelle and the three woman descend on her with grimly perky smiles and white fabric and pins.

The women got Clary up on a small pedestal in front of the three faced mirror. From there she was,
strangled with fabric, poked, prodded and pushed to the ending point of her tolerance. But, acknowledging that these women were slaves to her father, only doing as they were told, she kept quiet, trying not to snap at her friend as pins were shoved into the dress and her skin.

As the hour wore on, she learned to block out the pinpricks only to have her mind turn to what this dreaded wedding meant for her. An eternity tied to her monster of a brother. Her brother! Her life was going to be a living hell. Her shoulders almost slumped at the thought that it was her fault Simon was locked up in the dungeons, her fault he was suffering and her own fault she was being bound to her brother.

She had to find a way out of this, she had to get her mother and Simon out before the wedding, before her brother had a chance to take her to bed. For if that day came Clary didn’t know if she’d be able to live with herself and the disgusting feeling she already felt coursing through her every time Jonathan touched her, the contempt of herself that her brother could elicit even the slightest drop of pleasure from her.

She would find a way out because if Jonathan bedded her, she’d be damned for the rest of eternity. Opening her eyes, not realizing they had closed, she turned to Isabelle, the scar on her cheek faint in the morning light, enough so that Clary could see how beautiful she had been before the accident. Her heart ached at her friend’s loss, sorry she hadn’t been there to help save her. She was completely focused on the dress but when Clary cleared her throat, Isabelle looked up with dark chocolate brown eyes.

“Isabelle,” Clary began, feeling hesitant at her sudden realization that her friend had suffered so much. Her heart ached for Isabelle. “Do you—do you think you could take care of my friend? He’s a mundane that’s being held prisoner here. He’s really sick and with the wedding drawing nearer I have a feeling Jonathan will not let me attend to him as much.”

Clary hated to admit that her brother exacted any degree of control over her but unfortunately, it was the truth. And she would die before she allowed him to make her his bed slave. She bent her head, embarrassed that she hadn’t found a way out for her mother, Simon and herself yet. Or having to ask for help.

Isabelle studied her carefully for a moment, her long, elegant fingers pausing over the whisper of fabric on Clary’s slim waist. The silence grew in length, crushing her chest in embarrassment. She nearly jumped when Isabelle snapped for the other three women to leave the room, saying that she could finish the dress herself.

As soon as the door closed, Isabelle stood, rounding the pedestal to stand in front of Clary. Her dark brown eyes deep, almost sad, reflective. “Of course Clary. I hate how Valentine uses mundanes for his experiments as though they are lesser than us. They are the ones we are to protect, not use as cattle,” Isabelle said, quietly, forlornly.

Clary wanted to console Isabelle but there was something so distant, as though a memory was creeping up on her, threatening to consume her, that Clary did not say anything, unsure how to give comfort to someone who seemed so… broken. Before Clary could decide to attempt to console Isabelle, the black haired girl turned, digging into a pocket of her dress and pulling out a small green bottle. Round and translucent, it was unmarked, smooth.

Isabelle took Clary’s hand gently, placing the bottle in her open palm. “What’s this?” Clary asked quietly, gently rubbing her thumb over the smooth surface.

“A preventative,” Isabelle whispered, as though the women could still hear them. “We all know Master Jonathan wishes to bed you and produce an heir. I couldn’t conceive that you would actually
want to provide the sick man with a child.”

Clary stared at the bottle, gratefulness and relief welling up in her throat. She bent down, careful of the pins stuck in her dress and to the dark haired girl’s utter shock, hugged her tightly. “Thank you, thank you so much, Isabelle.”

Isabelle only pulled back, nodding as though in shock and quickly finished the dress, taking away the final fitting to do touch ups. Clary collapsed on the bed, her hands holding the bottle of preventative to her heart, dread welling up at the inevitability of her brother forcing her to bed. Even if she did offer herself up, which she would never do, that wouldn’t stop the wedding. Jonathan would still go through with the wedding. He would want her to be his in every way possible.

Clary held the bottle against her heart, trying to think her way out of this. How was she going to get away? Get her mother and Simon out at least if not herself? How was she going to get away from the dark temptation that was her brother?

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Magnus tried to send the fire message a fifth time to no avail, the paper spit back out onto the floor, covered in soot. He turned sadly to the rest of the gathered Downworlders, a grim look on his glitter lined face.

“I cannot contact Jocelyn, Valentine has Idris too tightly secured for any message to get through,” Magnus said, his gaze sliding over the werewolf, Lucian, who clearly had a powerful affection for both kidnapped Morgenstern women.

Lucian stepped forward, turning toward his gathered pack and the other Downworlders. Raising his voice, he sounded like a king commanding his court. “Then we have no choice, we attack Idris and bring down Valentine. We’re freeing the Shadowhunters and bringing Clary and Jocelyn home.”

-Xxx-

The roar of the engagement gala for the two Morgenstern siblings could be heard throughout the GARD and city below. The extravagant string orchestra demanded by the Nephilim king played graceful, powerful music, flooding the senses, that was endless. Dancers, dark Nephilim, swept about the dance floor; some chattered excitedly at the prospect of seeing their future rulers, others curious to finally see the elusive siblings. They’d heard the girl, the king’s daughter, had become a growing problem but this marriage was meant to tie her down and provide heirs for the Morgenstern rule. The rest of the revelers huddled in corners or by the drinks table, disgusted at the incestuous union.

The girl, the princess, the Shadowhunters had begun calling her, was locked in her room, listening to the angry ravings of her brother, the prince, at her door. She was both terrified and stubborn, refusing to go to the ridiculous gala but really, she dreaded what the gala meant, her impending binding to her monster of a brother. The imminent possibility of carrying his child and living a dull, half-life as his bed slave. She was terrified of the demon inside him but what scared her even more was what she’d felt the last time he kissed her. She’d felt desire and worse yet, lust.

She’d slipped into the maroon gown before she withdrew into herself but after a few moments of staring at herself in the mirror, she’d locked her door and curled up in a corner, terrified of what the horrible gala meant. Her hair was done by Isabelle, half of it up in an intricate braid while the other half framed her face in large, red curls.

“Clarissa! Open this door!” She heard her brother shout from behind her locked door but Clary
didn’t answer, pressed up into the corner by the bed.

She heard a sigh of exasperation and the click of the lock before the door flew open. Before she could do anything her brother was looming over her, menacing, trapping her in the corner. His black eyes danced with malice and anger as he reached down and dragged her roughly up from the ground.

“When I give you an order I expect you to follow it,” he growled in her ear, hand locked like a vise around her arm.

“How’d you get in?” Clary asked, appalled to find her voice trembling.

“Do you seriously think, after keeping you locked in here for seven days, that I would allow you to have control over the lock?” Jonathan grit through his teeth, his mouth uncomfortably close to her ear. She caught the flash of metal as Jonathan slipped something into his pocket but then she was being dragged out of the room and down the hallway.

She didn’t bother to struggle against him, knowing it would only result in his anger and possible violence, but let him drag her along, her heels clacking aggravatingly loud on the tile floor. His grip around her wrist was iron clad, and after a moment, began to ache at the ferocity of the grip. Her brother was clearly angry.

There was no pause, no door or stop that gave Clary the chance to prepare herself for the chaos and noise of the horrid gala, already in full swing. One minute they were in a hallway, the next, they were in a sea of people, loud, well dressed, obnoxiously nosy people, craning their necks to get a look at her. A sudden chill ran down her spine and she instinctively sidled closer to her brother, who smirked down at her and slid his arm around her waist, stopping to speak eloquently with another Shadowhunter.

Clary immediately regretted recoiling from the gaze of the partygoers, preferring their intrusive stares to Jonathan’s muscled clamped around her waist, holding her prisoner against him, but small and petite as she was, she could do nothing against the honed, deadly muscle cording her brother’s body. She resigned herself to remaining stiff, uncomfortable and clearly ill at ease by her brother’s side. She tried to summon disgust and hatred, and she managed, but what petrified her was her inability to stamp out the small flame growing in her stomach at Jonathan’s touch, the feel of his toned body pressed against hers; and throughout the night, though Clary wouldn’t notice, she began to relax into his larger, stronger frame, but Jonathan did, and was extremely satisfied by the fact.

Jonathan practically had to drag her from group to group of people, for she refused to comply with any of her brother’s demands. She would not become Jonathan’s trophy wife, or wife period, so she would not fall into such habits before they were even married. Jonathan, still irate at her earlier disobedience, continually growled threats in her ear if she didn’t relax and do as she was told but Clary was struck with a sudden streak of courage and completely disregarded any of his demands, despite the threats her brother issued.

He wouldn’t do anything to her in front of all these people, some, from observation, who clearly still had doubts about putting Valentine Morgenstern and his ilk in power. He wouldn’t risk showing weakness in front of these people, and his own sister’s disobedience would be viewed as a weakness, that their family wasn’t completely rock solid. Which got Clary thinking as to where her mother was at that moment. Valentine would have surely forced her to come to this dreadful gala, as a show of a united front, him with his ‘wife’ and Jonathan with his bride-to-be/sister.

Clary strained her neck as she looked for the elegant, telltale crimson hair, so unlike Clary’s ugly carrot orange hair, that indicated her mother. She could see nothing in the sea of people, restricted...
even more so by her brother, holding her tightly to him, uncomfortably so. She wanted to snap at him, ruin his perfect façade of a loving family, of two people in love, ready to get married and continue their family bloodline, but something stopped her. Most likely the fact that if she botched this, Simon would die and her mother would be condemned to imprisonment. Not that she wasn’t headed straight for the latter but she would prefer the prisoner in this horrid place to be her rather than her mother and Simon.

She sank back down into herself, realizing how weak and useless she was; she hadn’t even tried or thought of a plan to get herself, her mother and Simon out of here. Why couldn’t she think of some way to get free of the two wicked Morgenstern men? She sure as hell had the incentive. Her mother chained to a bed post and beaten because she wouldn’t go to bed with Valentine; Simon locked in a rotting prison cell, an experiment, his condition worsening with each passing hour, barely clinging to life; and herself, forced to marry the demon of her brother and carry on the Morgenstern line, which meant, Clary shuddered, sex.

She hadn’t realized the enormity of this situation before but it hit her full force now. Valentine was forcing her to marry for an heir to the Morgenstern line because her mother refused to provide one. That meant, not only being married to her brother but having to have sex with him, most likely more than once. She’d have to carry this monster’s child for nine months, and birth it, most likely forced to provide more afterward.

Clary stopped in the middle of the floor, her brother attempting to pull her along to the next group, but her body turned to stone, her stomach rolling into knots. Sex, with her brother. It was incestuous, disgusting, amoral… and yet there was some flash of excitement flooding her veins, heating her blood and causing it to pool low. She nearly bent double to hurl all over the disgustingly pristine, polished tile floor. But she managed to contain herself, just as her father came out of the crowd, dragging Jocelyn beside him in much the same manner as Jonathan was doing so with her.

Jonathan tugged at her harshly, causing her to fall against him, unbalanced, while he supported her weight. “Jonathan, Clarissa,” he said, his voice deep and clear but Clary could hear the agitation underlying his tone. “So glad you could finally join us.”

“Apologies Father, Clarissa had a little difficulty getting into her dress,” Jonathan said, casting her a look that dared her to defy him in front of their father, a look that promised retaliation.

Tired with his threats, Clary only nodded but she could feel her skin begin to itch where he was touching her when she saw the concealed bruise on her mother’s face and bared arms. No one would see them if they weren’t looking but Clary was and hatred burned in her gut as she saw the defeated look in Jocelyn’s eyes. Had Valentine finally broken her? Did her mother consent to returning to bed with the monster is Valentine just to save her daughter?

Clary desperately hoped not. Even if her mother did take to bed with Valentine once more, Jonathan would find one way or another to marry her. She doesn’t want her mother taking the unnecessary punishment, let alone have to have sex with Valentine. She needed to get her mother alone to talk with her, but she seriously doubted the men were going to leave them alone at any time tonight, let alone together.

Clary tugged at Jonathan’s restraining arm, wrapped firmly around her waist but his nails dug into her skin, causing her to hiss in pain and glare at him. He was still talking to Valentine as though she, nor Jocelyn, didn’t exist, but he acutely was aware of her struggles against him. Her mother looked just as uncomfortable, tucked beneath Valentine’s shoulder like she might bolt at any moment. Good for her mother that Valentine still believes she’d fight, but not for their plans of escape.

The two men seemed very much aware of the women wanting to get away from them and all too
aware, for Clary’s liking, that the two women might get a chance to talk. In retaliation, they kept her and Jocelyn close to either’s body and a good two feet away from each other. Her skin started itching noticeably, a pressure was being applied to her skull, making her sick from Jonathan’s touch. She needed to get away, if not to talk to her mother then just to get away from Jonatan’s consuming, possessive touch. Clary looked up at her brother, hating her height that made her feel like a kindergartner asking a teacher something.

“Jonathan,” Clary said, tugging on his arm for emphasis. He turned his black, glinting eyes on her and for a moment, instead of the hatred she needed and wanted to feel, she felt a slow burn begin in her stomach at the intense, smoldering look in his gaze. She quickly pushed it away.

“Yes, sweet sister,” he asked, tugging her back to tuck under his shoulder. He seemed to have sensed her reaction to his gaze, which she hated but his attitude seemed to have softened from his earlier anger.

“I need to go to the ladies room,” she said, trying to sound sweet and innocent, making bile rise up in her throat.

He smirked. “Nice try, but no,” he said, turning back to Valentine.

She tried again. “Jonathan, I’m not kidding. I need to go,” she said, sounding to her own ears like a whining child.

“Go ahead Jonathan,” Valentine chimed in, his hold tightening noticeably on her mother who winced as though in pain. She restrained the fire that was sure to have snapped in her green eyes. “The place is well guarded and Clarissa will be perfectly safe.”

She could hear the entendre in her father’s words. The place is locked up, she won’t be getting out. Jonathan sighed and released her, much to her relief. The itching stopped and so did the headache but she still felt nauseated at how utterly possessive her brother’s touch was. She sent her mother a look, hoping she could find a way to slip away from Valentine to speak with her but her fall back plan was just to speak with her in her suite, that is if she could find time to slip away from Jonathan, who was sure to get extra clingy and protective the closer they grew to the wedding date. The closer they got, the more eager Jonathan grew and he saw the more anxious and flighty Clary became.

She slipped away in the crowd, heading toward the side wall, toward a shadowed alcove after weaving around to be sure Jonathan lost sight of her. Cool air washed over her as shadows blanketed her body in the alcove. Pressing her forehead against the cool wall, she tried to even her breathing which had become ragged and stressed with emotion. Why couldn’t she only hate her brother? Why did he have to elicit a response, even a small one, from her body?

She managed to quell the fire building in her stomach just as a warm hand settled over her bare shoulder. She jumped and spun around, fully expecting Jonathan or Valentine but was relieved to find Jocelyn’s warm smile. She nearly sobbed with relief as she wrapped her arms around her mother, holding her close but conscious of her bruises.

Clary tried to restrain herself but the words came pouring out. “Mom, I’m so glad you’re okay. I missed you so much. I hate this, I hate Jonathan, I hate Valentine, I hate this palace. We need to get out,” Clary sobbed then pulled back from her. “We are leaving, we have to find a way out. Valentine has Simon locked up, he’s forcing me to marry Jonathan! My brother! What kind of—”

Jocelyn held a finger to her daughter’s lips to silence her, her warm smile still in place, but now it was tinged with sadness. “Sweetheart, I’m so sorry,” Jocelyn said. “I’m so sorry I didn’t tell you about all this. I never meant for any of this to happen. I was trying to protect you and keep you safe
but now you’re only being forced to marry a demon. We’ll find a way, I promise.”

“But how?” Clary stressed. “How, mother? Jonathan has me on lock down and keeps closer watch over me the closer we get to the wedding and Valentine has you chained to your bed most of the time. Then there’s still Simon, locked in the prison cell in the dungeon. With all the guards and Jonathan and Valentine, how are we supposed to get out?”

Jocelyn pulled her into another hug, stroking the mass of somewhat tamed red curls. “We’ll find a way, I promise. We need to—“

Before Jocelyn had a chance to finish telling Clary what she needed to do, a darker shadow, two actually, loomed over them. The two women immediately broke apart, Clary pressing her back against the wall but pulling her mother back into the alcove to shield her from Valentine. Jocelyn of course had nothing of this and stepped beside Clary.

Jonathan smirked down at Clary and reached into the alcove to circle her arm with his iron grip, drawing her out and into his body while Valentine blocked the other half of the alcove exit. His other hand settled over the small of her back, pressing her pelvis forward toward the bulge in his slacks. Clary had been glaring at him but when she felt the specific part of his male anatomy, she had to duck her face to hide the blush and sudden crash of fire in her stomach that she utterly hated.

Jonathan bent his head, so his mouth, his soft mouth, the only soft part of him, brushed against her ear so only she could hear. “If you were looking for a dark place to scurry off to, you could have just asked. I would have made it much more enjoyable.”

Clary was glad her fall of russet hair was between her and her brother’s sight because it hid the furious blush creeping over her cheeks. Jonathan just chuckled at her resistance, kissing her cheek with those warm, soft lips before pulling back to sweep her under his shoulder. Clary couldn’t bear to look at her mother, shame coloring her face, at both her reaction to and her affiliation with her brother but she heard Valentine speak.

“What were you two trouble makers speaking about?” He said well naturedly and Clary could hear the clack of heels indicating Valentine had pulled Jocelyn out of the shadows of the dark alcove.

“Nothing that would interest you, Valentine,” Jocelyn practically spat and Clary longed for that kind of freedom but if she struck out against Jonathan or Valentine, Simon would be punished and she wasn’t willing to risk Simon just for a snappy retort.

“What about me, mother? Anything I would be interested in?” Jonathan questioned, his hand slipping down from her back to caress her back side, as though deliberately trying to inflame the stupid little fire in her stomach. He moved his hand even lower, down her thigh, like he knew she was beginning to become bothered by his touch.

“You even less so Jonathan,” Jocelyn snapped before Clary heard a whimper of pain and Clary’s head snapped up to see Jocelyn pinned against the wall by her throat, Valentine’s hand spanning her mother’s neck. Clary jumped forward but Jonathan whipped her back against his chest, his hand spanning her own throat, his fingers gently caressing the skin but still tight enough to get his threat across.

“Don’t interfere Clarissa, it’s rude,” Jonathan purred in her ear, his fingers playing against her skin, distracting her. But Clary managed to pull her thoughts away from what should have been Jonathan’s sickening touch.

“Don’t you touch her!” Clary hissed, pulling against her brother, only to have him tighten his fingers
around her throat until she was forced to back up against Jonathan so as not to choke.

“I told you to be quiet Clarissa. Do not make me punish you,” Jonathan said in her ear, his voice not changing but she could hear the threat dripping from his words.

She was nearly on her tiptoes, pressed back against her brother, trying not to have her throat crushed and the worst part, she could feel his arousal through his slacks, pressing into her back. She heard Valentine whispering to Jocelyn, so quietly she couldn’t hear him but the entire time Jonathan continued to rub his nose up and down her neck, his hand trailing possessively over her body.

She leaned her head back against Jonathan’s broad chest, snapping her eyes shut as she attempted to block out the terrible fire his fingers were leaving all over her body and focus on Valentine, his hand over her mother’s throat. She whimpered helplessly, trying to thrash against her brother but his hand only tightened over her throat before finally she heard her mother’s gasp as Valentine drew away from her and Jocelyn gulped air into her lungs, massaging her bruised throat. Clary managed to open her eyes, barely able to see her mother when Jonathan had tilted her chin practically to the ceiling. She shuddered involuntarily when Jonathan nipped the side of her neck.

“Well now,” Valentine said, straightening his suit coat. “I believe we should all get back to the party. Jonathan!” Valentine snapped.

Jonathan slowly drew his lips away from Clary’s neck, where his teeth had been grazing roughly. His canines were sharp and Clary wondered if he would have bitten her. He certainly was a soul sucking demon, Clary wouldn’t doubt it if he were a bloodsucker as well. Jonathan’s black gaze narrowed on his father, arms still wrapped around Clary like giant steel bands or deadly anacondas, ready to squeeze the life from her.

“Save that for after the wedding, please.” Valentine sniffed, as if something amused him. “Or at least until after the gala. Come along Jocelyn,” he said, wrapping her in his arms and dragging her away, most likely to lock her back in her room now that she’d become a problem.

Jonathan hummed in Clary’s ear, making her jump. Now that Valentine was gone, Clary could feel the crushing weight of her brother’s presence and she had to fight not to tremble at what he would do, now they were alone.

“What am I to do with you, Clarissa?” He whispered, lips touching her cheek.

“Let me go,” Clary replied, tugging against his arms.

“I don’t think I ever will”

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The rest of the gala passed in a blur, dancing, champagne—lots of glasses for Clary to drown out the contempt building in her stomach—people, cheering, music and Clary couldn’t tell anymore if Jonathan was groping her or just holding her hips as he swung her around to the music. Her mother was nowhere to be seen after the little exploit in the alcove but with the amount of champagne in her system, Clary couldn’t conjure the worry enough to try and pursue her mother’s whereabouts. At some point Clary realized it was probably not the smartest idea to have consumed an exuberant amount of alcohol in her brother’s company but it was too late.

Jonathan had already guided them back to her bedroom, the door shutting behind her with an ominous and somewhat exciting creak. Like being trapped in a room with her brother sent a wave of adrenaline through her.
She felt light headed and like a laugh was bubbling up in her throat but she had no idea why. She jumped approximately two feet in the air when she felt Jonathan’s arms snaking around her waist and tugging her over to the bed. He dropped her on the bed, her body practically naked in the skin tight, maroon sheath dress, to Jonathan’s eyes. He looked down at her, male amusement glittering in his eyes.

“Well isn’t this familiar?” He said, crouching down in front of her, running his hands up her legs, under her dress as he slipped off her torture devices Isabelle had called shoes.

Clary immediately sat up, pushing her brother away. “What do you mean?”

He smirked up at her, circling her ankle with his hand and drawing her leg up, forcing her to fall back on the bed. Standing now, her foot propped on his shoulder, he kissed his way up her calf, sliding the dress up as he went. Once he passed her knee, Clary began to shiver, his mouth streaking fire up to her core.

“You are once again intoxicated, little sister, in a tight little dress, in your dark little bedroom with my hands all over you,” he whispered huskily, lips still pressed to her inner thigh, getting higher and higher.

She quickly withdrew her leg, scrambling as far from him on the bed as possible, her brain slow and groggy, remembering what happened the last time she was intoxicated, in a tight dress, in her bedroom with her brother. It was not something she wanted to happen again, and yet there was that little voice, that little spark begging her to let his lips caress her again, to make her convulse with pleasure.

She couldn’t shut out those thoughts and felt like moaning just at the memory, watching as Jonathan climbed onto the bed and made his way to her, stalking her like a jungle cat. She pressed her hand to her mouth to stifle the giggle, she was remembering how she’d called him a cat demon. The morning after it hadn’t been so funny but now that laughter that had bubbled in her chest wanted to burst out in laughing shrieks.

Jonathan clearly noticed the smile she was trying in vain to hide and dragged her beneath him by her ankle, her dress catching on the sheets and riding up her body to bare her hips and panties to him. He was so big! He completely blanketed her and his hand was moving up her thigh, just like last time. She lifted her hips in anticipation.

“There you go again, dear sister. Giggling and smiling.” He leaned down, his silvery hair tickling her nose. She had to put her hands on his chest, wanting to push him away, but his fingers reached her core before she could do anything. “Do you still believe me to be a cat demon?” He asked playfully, mouth by her ear.

Clary nodded frantically, more to encourage his fingers than to acknowledge his question, which were beginning to rub her clit. She let out a small moan, grinding her hips down upon his hand shamelessly. Her whole body throbbed as Jonathan slid his fingers over her panties, hiking her dress up around her ribs, dangerously close to revealing her breasts. She bit her lip, shifting her hips as she tried to get more friction.

“What was it you were saying earlier? About how I’d never get you into bed?” He growled in her ear. His fingers pushed past her panties and she bunched her hands in the sheets. “Well now look at you, all wet for me.”

Clary whimpered, her body screaming for friction, for the release that was so unfairly being withheld from her. Jonathan stroked her slit before plunging two fingers inside her, rubbing her clit with his
thumb. Her back arched against the bed, Jonathan’s body caging her in. He parted her legs further with his free hand, pushing her dress well above her breasts, her strapless bra defenseless against Jonathan’s free hand.

His fingers slowed, almost pulling away and Clary made a sound of protest. His free hand trailed lightly over her bra before releasing the front catch, fingers sliding over her nipples and making goose bumps race along her skin. “What shall I do with you, my indecisive little Clarissa? You tell me you hate me and I only find you wet and ready for me.”

She moaned, her body on fire, when she felt his nose nuzzle her stomach. His hot breath blew across her quivering abdominal muscles as he moved lower and lower, lower still… just like last time. Her hips pushed against his hand, his chin as he brushed it against her panties. A shiver went through her as he opened his mouth and grazed his teeth over the skin along her waistband.

She nearly choked when Jonathan’s teeth pulled down her panties, his hand taking them from his mouth and sticking them in his pocket. A show of possession. Her body and her belongings were his to do with what he pleased. His velvet tongue rasped over her clit, causing her to cry out, arching off the bed.

Fire burned her skin, shooting sparks through her veins at Jonathan’s touch. Something in the back of her mind nagged at her, about something important, but it was wiped away when Jonathan dipped his tongue inside her, sliding over her sweet spot to send a wave of pleasure coursing through her body. Clary was vaguely aware of her quiet, whimpering moans as Jonathan continued to lick and suckle to his black heart’s content.

He suckled her clit, tugging until she was dizzying with ecstasy, or maybe that was the champagne, Clary couldn’t tell but what she could tell was how amazing Jonathan’s mouth on her felt. She nearly screamed as she burst, calling out her brother’s name, riding the waves of pleasure hard. Her entire body shook as she watched her brother’s grinning face rise from between her thighs through falling eyelids, growing heavier by the second. He kissed up her shaky stomach to her neck, touching his lips to hers before she collapsed in utter exhaustion below him, his body once again sheltering hers with delicious heat and muscle.

Only, her last thought was that her brother wasn’t supposed to make her feel that way.
The day was bright, sun blazing through the Gard like a cleansing beam as it peaked over the mountains. Only, in the Gard, no one slept, bustling about and rushing to finish last minute preparations for the ceremony, the wedding. Banners were hung throughout the main hall along with olive and ivory, gossamer curtains decorating the pillars. Reflective gold dust had been sewn into every bit of fabric. The seats were draped in charcoal and pale olive, the carpet of the aisle pure charcoal. The soft gray arbor that had been erected at the end of the aisle was beautifully decorated in black roses, twining their way up and around the rounded structure. Hangings from the ceiling contained dried olives and soft white roses, the elegant counterpart of the black ones taking the centerpiece of the aisle. Dark green flowers had been set around the room for the occasional accent. But now, the hall was empty, patiently waiting for its occupants to fill it up with noise and chatter and the union that was to take place today. The maids were rushing, cleaning rooms and setting the dining hall along with the butlers for the banquet afterwards. The guests residing in the City of Glass were just rising with the sun, whereas the servants had been up long before the sun had shown its face in the sky. Most were filled with chatter and excitement at the news of a wedding but some, those who saw the amoral and incestuous ways were disgruntled and sympathetic towards the girl forced into wedded union today as they donned their suits and dresses.

Those within the Gard, unlike the city where negative feelings were a minority, were divided in feelings and ambitions towards the union taking place. The son strode happily, or as happily as one such as himself could get, through the blazing corridors, clad in his dark black suit, painted in golden outlines and runes. The son showed no emotion on his face though, striding past the servants without even a sneer in their direction. He was satisfied with himself, eagerly awaiting the moment when his sister would be bound to him and the sweet, long hours of this night he would spend bending her to his will. He smirked, oh yes he was looking forward to that.

The daughter, dragged from her intoxicated sleep, was swamped by maids, unhappily standing in the midst of chatty maids and servants, forcing her into a dress of ivory and gold metal work that hugged her breasts and small waist. It dipped in a sleeveless, sweetheart neckline, the sewn in push up bra putting her breasts and a healthy amount of cleavage on display as silk ties were secured around her neck to hold the dress up. A golden sash wrapped around her waist while the draped skirt swept down her legs until it swept back up and cinched on her right hip. The skirt was inlaid with threads of bendable, thin wires of golden metal that made swirling designs and revealed the occasional rune within the pattern if one were to look hard enough. She was not happy at all, terrified and furious maybe, but not at all happy. She constantly reminded herself it was for her imprisoned friend, for her mother but it never soothed the burning blush coloring her cheeks in hatred or the trembling of her body. Not even her dark haired friend could soothe her, not when she knew what would do tonight, when the lights were off and the partygoers were gone, when she was alone with him.

The mother, much like the daughter, had been dragged from her bed at dawn. Her husband had overseen her dressing, sitting with a satisfied smile in the corner while her hands were bound in thin cuffs behind her back and her open backed, sleeveless forest green dress was forced up from her legs to settle around her chest. She cursed and spat at Valentine but really she was terrified for her daughter and what she would suffer by the end of the day. She wanted desperately to escape with her daughter, wholly intact. It was wrong to make the two siblings marry and even worse, fornicate. She continued struggling until she saw it was a waste of energy and ceased. Her ex-husband smirked before rising from his place of shadows. One way or another, she would have his head roll that much she was sure of.
The husband was overjoyed to have his family back, his family uniting with one another. Now only if his wife wouldn’t resist him any longer, everything would be perfect. But she continually forced him to bind her and weaken her. He was satisfied when she stopped struggling finally. He watched the way her breasts heaved against the tight dress, remembering the long nights in bed they used to spend together. Maybe, much like his son, he could bed a certain redhead by the end of the night.

-Xxx-

Everything was perfect, Jonathan thought as he saw the doors at the end of the charcoal laden aisle open. Jonathan wasn’t an emotional man, he doubted he even had emotion, but when he saw Clarissa standing there, decked in ivory and golden, green eyes blazing with what he lacked, framed by her curled red hair, his breath was sucked from him, his body growing hard. Her dress, sleeveless and revealing, hugged her breasts, pushing them up for his view. The metal work around her chest was golden and drew his eyes to her breasts before traveling up to her lit green eyes, and that half-panicked, half-infuriated face. Her small waist was clasped in a gold sash, trailing down her draped, ivory skirt. She was a vision of ivory light, the perfect contrast to his darkened charcoal, the molten golden in both tying the two together.

Her eyes caught at his, raging at him with thousands of curses and hidden pleas, begging him not to let this go through. As she walked up the aisle, soft music playing in the background, he saw that anger and fury drain away with every step, leaving behind the fear and pleading. He reveled in the look, couldn’t wait to make the silent pleas into loud cries and shouts of pleasure, all disguised as his name. She reached the foot of the dais and began to climb the few steps toward him with a look from her mother.

He wasn’t going to stop, Clary thought as she reached the top of the stairs. Jonathan really was going to bind her to him, make her his wife for the rest of her life. She almost gagged on the word *wife* as he took her hand, placing a long metal object in her other hand. She didn’t dare look into his eyes, for fear she would fall in the deep abyss of their darkness, just as she had the night previous. Before she’d woken up alone in bed to pokes and prods from the multitude of maids and Isabelle. Isabelle mostly.

She stared deftly at the long metal object in her palm, remembering what her tutor Hodge had drilled into her. She had to draw two runes, identical to each other on Jonathan’s arm and chest while reciting a passage from *The Song of Solomon*. The metal was iridescent and wrapped in gold that matched the metal work on her dress. She swallowed hard. Her kohl outlined eyes itched as she looked up at Jonathan’s black eyes with panic.

She didn’t want this, she couldn’t let him chain her to him, force her to have his children. She shuddered. That would mean being bedded by him, having his hands all over her, his body inside hers, violating her and staining her soul. She shuddered, and along with the inevitable disgust came the growing wave of pleasure Jonathan had been cultivated these past few days. She hated that he’d even managed to instill anything but hatred and anger towards him inside her. She could feel his hands now, all over her, tightening on her waist, his tongue and fingers between her legs as her fuzzy head let him have free reign of her body. She shook her head slowly, a finite gesture only Jonathan could see.

“Jonathan, please.” She hated the desperation in her voice, but what else would he respond to aside from her begging on her knees? Even then that would probably only turn him on. “Please don’t make me do this.”

Jonathan watched her eyes, the pleading and terror, the intrigue that had blazed only a moment ago. There was a small twinge in his chest, almost as though her rejection of him hurt. He was starting to
respond to her, and not in the way he wanted. He believed that he had actually started caring, if only
finitely, about her emotional state, her happiness. He frowned, brushing the thoughts aside and
focusing on how stunning she looked before him, how the bodice of the dress hugged her breasts,
how much he wanted to bury his face in her neck, on her lips, between her breasts, and how much
he wanted to wipe the innocence from her eyes. He closed her fingers over the stele and leaned
down to whisper in her ear.

“Draw them properly and say the words,” he whispered, nipping her ear before he pulled away and
bared his arm to her.

Her mouth opened and it looked like she was on the verge of tears, though she hid it from the crowd
with the fall of her hair, as she bent over his wrist. He hissed at the stinging burn of the stele, only he
didn’t care about the pain, he felt… wrong and hurt that she didn’t want to be with him. He shook
the thought away, enraged that he would be thinking so weakly, as he unbuttoned his shirt so she
could duplicate the rune on his chest as she muttered the words shakily.

Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm: for love is strong as death; jealousy is
cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame.

She seemed to choke out the words, barely holding back tears and he had the sudden urge to lean
down and wrap her up in strong arms, rock her back and forth while whispering in her ear. He
brushed the thought away, of course he was growing to care somewhat about Clarissa, she was
going to be his wife after all and he wanted her to come to him for everything, but that didn’t mean
her feelings for him mattered to him, all he needed was her lust and loyalty. He only wanted to
possess her and as he took up the stele to draw the rune on her wrist and her chest, repeating the
words as the inky black runes formed in stark contrast to her pale, freckled skin. Her skin was soft
and supple to the touch, just as it had been lest night and shuddered at the thought of her velvet
muscles wrapped tightly around him. She shivered as his fingers brushed the curve of her breast. As
he finished the last of the rune, he couldn’t help but want Clarissa to be looking at him with those
multifaceted emerald eyes.

The ones that were bowed to the ground. Once he was finished, he slipped the ceremonial stele into
his pocket before crooking his finger under her chin, bringing her eyes up to meet his.

Clary trembled at Jonathan’s touch; she felt the burning runes branded into her skin, marking her as
his property for the rest of time. Her eyes were torn from the ground, where Jonathan’s immaculate
shoes rested not even centimeters from hers. She could have sworn she heard her mother sobbing
but when her eyes jumped to hers, apologetic and pleading, Jocelyn sat stoically beside her father,
her hand locked inside Valentine’s much larger one.

“Look at me,” she heard Jonathan murmur and for the first time, she heard something other than
anger or smugness in his tone. It wasn’t his quietly whispered command that drew her attention, it
was the slip of raw emotion, true emotion she heard in her brother’s voice.

She turned to look at him, his black, black eyes cracked with something other than hatred or cruelty
for one fleeting moment as he looked at her before he resumed his typical self-satisfied persona. His
other hand slid down her chest around her waist, pulling her up against him before he bent his head
and claimed her lips for his own.

Jonathan took his sister’s mouth with a passion, determined to drive out whatever he’d been feeling
when he saw the look of pure devastation on Clarissa’s face as she’d turned to her mother. His arm
slid around her waist to lock her to him as he kissed her for everyone to see, for everyone to know
that Clarissa was his property. He nearly lifted her off her feet as he slipped his tongue inside her
mouth, making her gasp and clutch his suit jacket. Then he pulled away, breathing raggedly as he
watched Clarissa’s eyes flit away from his.

Some part of him registered victory, he’d finally gotten her to submit to him, at least for now, but another was angered that she hadn't returned the kiss, hadn't done anything other than endure it. No matter, by tonight he’d have her begging for his touch.

Clary trembled as Jonathan led them down the steps and back up the aisle. Her eyes flitted around nervously, finding her mother for a moment before the crowd and Valentine’s large frame swallowed her up. She heard music and cheers, people reaching out to pat her shoulder in congrats only to be warned off by a deadly look in Jonathan’s eyes. He led her into a small antechamber where they would wait for the guests to seat themselves at the tables in the dining room before they walked out, smiling and waving like a normal married couple.

Clary’s breath caught, nearly suffocating her as she wrenched away from Jonathan once the door was closed. Anger was a living thing inside her chest, right along with the sheer terror Jonathan could surely see. She hated him for this, hated him and her father for ever daring to touch her and her mother’s lives in New York. They’d been perfectly fine! It wasn’t paradise, as she’d regrettably admitted to Jonathan, but it was better than having Simon locked in a dungeon, dying and being used as leverage to coerce her into marrying her homicidal, demon, sociopathic brother.

She could feel him, feel his gaze boring a hole into her back, the entire length of exposed flesh right down to the small of her back. She felt naked in the damned dress and she wanted to slap Jonathan, or kick him in an unsavory place, might save her the horror that was to come tonight if he was too sore down there, and not in a good way. Maybe if she kicked hard enough…

Jonathan watched the length of Clarissa’s back tremble and turn red with a blush. He wondered absently what she was thinking, why she'd ripped away from him. Then again, he had a well educated guess already lined up. He knew she hated him and had been dreading this union since the moment it was announced but he saw past the green fire in her eyes. There was more to her feelings than just hatred and disgust. There was lust, and he fully intended to capitalize on it.

Her fiery head was bent, back to him and arms wrapped around herself like she could protect herself from him as he slid up behind her. He reached out and slid his fingers down the silky expanse of her back. A wicked smile slipped over his face at the sudden shiver that went down her spine before she spun around, knocking his hand away.

“Keep your filthy hands off me,” she snarled, stepping away from him.

He tsked, closing the distance she had just gained.

“Now why would I want to do that?” Jonathan purred, tracing his finger over the inky black wedding rune on Clarissa’s chest.

Clary smacked his hand away, hating how sultry his stare had become… and how enticing it had become for her. His mere touch should elicit disgust, not desire. She trembled with the knowledge that he’d actually penetrated her defenses. She knew tears shone in her eyes but she refused to let them fall.

“Because you’re a despicable demon that shouldn’t ever be in contact with humans,” Clary spat, forcing cutting conviction into her eyes, pushing down the tears.

Something flickered across his face then, too quick to identify but Clary turned away from him, fully intending to leave the room, wedding and building. Possibly go throw herself out the window or lock herself into a cell with Simon, she might as well be in a cell now she was truly a prisoner of far
worse circumstances. Her heels clicked loudly on the tile floor before she was pulled to a halt.

Jonathan’s iron grip was wrapped around her arm, holding tight enough to leave a bruise.

“Clarissa.” Clary froze at the way her name rolled off his tongue in a gentle purr that seemed to slide down her spine. “Aren’t you weary of the game yet? Why not just relax and enjoy the party? It is not like I can do much to you in front of a crowd. Nothing I want to anyway.” His last words were murmured to himself but his voice was so molten and liquid that she practically melted on the spot.

He couldn’t imagine how tired she was, how weary she grew of this violent back and forth that sucked up her energy but for everything that was moral, she couldn’t stop fighting him. That would make her… wrong. Wouldn’t it? She sighed, dipping her head. Maybe she could indulge herself in the party to try and regain some energy for tonight. She shuddered with disgust, at least she hoped it was all disgust, and gingerly tugged on her arm, asking for release.

To her surprise, the man behind her let her go but his body crowded hers, the warmth pouring off him onto her exposed skin, heating her blood. She flinched as his hand slipped inside hers before he led her out into the dining room, where all the nosy, loud, overbearing guests were seated. Everyone stood and applauded as Jonathan walked her out.

Jonathan managed not to sneer as the guests, mostly Dark Shadowhunters, stood and cheered as he seated himself and Clarissa at the head table with Valentine and Jocelyn. His sister had seemed to withdraw into herself, acting like a quiet and docile wife. He frowned, inwardly, finding himself missing the usual fire she conducted herself with.

Jonathan stood, Clarissa with him, a soft smile playing across her lips that had him wanting to kiss it away, to make a dreary but obligatory speech. He caught the edge of bitterness seep into his sister’s smile out of the corner of his eye before he sat back down. Valentine stood in his place. Before he started to speak though, Jonathan reached over and tugged Clarissa’s chair up beside his.

“My son and daughter, one I’ve raised with my own two hands and the other I’ve just barely met,” Valentine began, holding his champagne flute idly.

Clary tried not to glare down the table at the man. The way Valentine put it, one could almost believe that she wasn’t his daughter by blood and she hadn’t just been forced to marry her sick brother. A normal couple. She felt a knot of hatred coil in her chest, even as Jonathan’s heat rolled off him as he slid an arm around her waist. She bit her lip to keep from snapping at him.

“But I love her already, with all my heart.” That was a lie, Valentine didn’t have a heart. “And along with her, my beautiful wife returned to me,” Valentine spoke and his voice echoed through the cavernous room without any lost sound. He swept an arm to gesture towards Jocelyn who sat broodingly to his side, not even making an effort to appear happy and content. She looked heartbroken and hateful.

“Now I won’t take up much time, because we all know we’re looking forward to seeing the happy couple cut the cake and have their first dance.” Valentine paused. “Removing the garter.”

A few wolf whistles and whoops of approval sounded from the crowd. Clary noticed Jonathan’s arm tightening fractionally as dread settled in her stomach. She’d forgotten about the garter. Valentine had insisted on some mundane traditions, despite this being a Shadowhunter wedding. He’d wanted to give it a ‘comforting’ and ‘familiar’ feeling since she’d been raised as a mundane.

Jonathan let out a soft purr of appreciation for the one mundane tradition he could appreciate. It gave him an excuse to get under Clarissa’s skirts. He traced his fingers over Clarissa’s hip in
contemplation. A smirk slipped across his lips as he thought about the full body blush that would creep over Clarissa as his hand slid up her leg, her thigh to where the thin ivory-gold band sat around her supple skin. He dipped his head, so the crowd before him couldn’t see the lust blazing up in his eyes.

“A mundane tradition I’m sure my son will enjoy. But I would just love to say that I’m overjoyed to have my family reunited again and that my son and daughter are now joined closer than ever.” He raised his glass. “To the happy couple and the many heirs they’ll have.”

A collective murmur ran through the crowd, repeated ‘happy couple’s as they raised their own glasses. Jonathan picked up his champagne flute by the stem, raising it like the rest of them. He noticed Clarissa didn’t touch the alcohol and had a fleeting disappointment wing through his chest that she wouldn’t be giggly and tipsy by tonight. He liked hearing her giggle. It was soothing and caressing, as though sweeping him away from his past and the pain. Something told him he should be shying away from that sort of thought but he took so little joy in anything else that he thought to allow himself this one peaceful sound, echoing through his mind.

The feast began then, and Clary was disgusted at the gluttony displayed before her while the prisoners downstairs were starving to death. Clary sipped from her champagne flute, which she had filled with water after taking one look at the alcohol, sitting innocent and bubbly inside, and then proceeding to dump it in the closest potted plant that had been brought in for the wedding. People around her devoured the food offered up, not like animals or pigs, but finely trained dogs that had been starved for sustenance, terrified of upsetting their masters, they ate slowly but greedily. She barely touched the food given, while Jonathan only ate one or two servings. Clary ended up, as the feast lasted for a good hour or two, swirling her tasteless water in her glass, staring, empty eyed and apathetic, at the guests consuming their obsession to please their master.

Jonathan managed to hide the sneer with a charming smile as the Dark Shadowhunters indulged themselves in their lord’s hospitality. What lap dogs, looking to please and obey. Fools. Jonathan took a swig of champagne, glancing idly at his new wife beside him. He saw her discreetly dump the champagne into the olive plant and smiled, admiring her subtly, for any other wouldn’t have seen the action, but he did. He could see the disdain written across her fine, regal features but was relieved not to have it directed at him, as well as pleased that they shared a common view on the people spread before them like a chess board. Her elegant profile intrigued him, his eyes floating from her straight nose to the swell of her lips, lips he very much wanted to kiss at the moment but he was having too much fun watching her without her seeming to notice.

His eyes followed the drape of her hair down her bare shoulder, noticing how she’d moved it just so that it covered the rune on her chest. He sighed his exasperation quietly. Eventually she would give in to him, even if not tonight, he wouldn’t release her from his bed till she did and he had the utmost confidence in himself that he could do wicked things to her that would make her submit. He shuddered at the thought, taking another sip of champagne to heighten the buzz in his veins. Oh, yes, he could practically feel her writhing beneath him now, screaming his name, mewling like a kitten as he tortured her relentlessly with his body. He also looked forward to the imminent challenge of getting her into the bed sober, he always liked a challenge.

Clary could feel her brother’s eyes on her, his heated gaze travelling over her face and down to her chest, where she’d covered the rune with her fall of red hair. He’d removed his arm some time ago to eat, which had surprised her. A demon like him, she would suspect he lived off the damned souls of others, not human food, but no he ate, and Clary touched scant few things. Only eating enough to sate what little appetite she had as she watched the sun in the windows move from late morning to early afternoon. She could barely see her mother down the table, blocked by both Jonathan and Valentine but what little she did see of her, Jocelyn was acting much like her daughter. Refusing to
touch neither alcohol nor food.

Soon, too soon, the plates were swept away and the removing of the garter was taking place. An orchestral set, playing from somewhere unseen, started up as Valentine stood and announced the ceremony was to begin. Clary stared in horror at the empty dance floor, a lone chair being brought in. She snuck a glance at Jonathan, who was outwardly grinning, like a little boy on Christmas morning. He stood first, extending his hand toward her like a proper gentleman. She snorted inwardly, Jonathan a gentleman, the very idea was laughable.

She reluctantly took his hand, letting him pull her up and guide her over to the chair in the middle of the dance floor. She felt Jonathan’s hand like an iron shackle around her wrist as he set her down on the chair. A slight tremble had set into her body as she looked up at her brother. His eyes were a bright, vivid black as he knelt down. Before he could start, Valentine called for attention at the front table. Clary, slightly relieved by the delay, turned towards him, well aware of Jonathan’s hands resting on her knees.

“Now, I’ve never understood why removing the garter was part of mundane tradition,” Valentine began. “But as I look now on the newlyweds, I can see that it is to display the bond and love between them as the bride allows the groom to remove a piece of her clothing. Since none of us are very familiar with this type of ceremony, allow me to explain what happens. In light of being an ancient race, us Shadowhunters, we thought to go about this tradition the old fashioned way. The groom, my son, will remove the garter, under the bride’s skirts, with his teeth and then proceed to throw it into the crowd of single men we have here tonight. This custom, in mundane culture, is meant to signify luck for the single man who catches the garter. Whoever catches it is said to be the next married.”

With that, Valentine sat down with a satisfied smirk as all the males seemed to perk up their ears like ravenous hyenas. She heard Jonathan’s quiet growl and couldn’t tell if it was from the prospect of retrieving her garter with his teeth or in disapproval of throwing her garter to other men, being the possessive man he was. But he let his hands drift down her legs as cat calls rang out. Clary wanted to pull back, wanted to stop him but something about the look in his eyes, about the way his hands caressed her calves, lifting her skirts held her still. Before Jonathan was enveloped in her skirts, he looked up at her with a wolfish grin that sent shivers down her spine.

Jonathan was near giddy as he felt Clarissa’s skirts settle over his back and he was met with a dimly illuminated tent made by her skirts. Soft light filtered through the ivory fabric, making a gold sheen coat Clarissa’s delicate, trembling legs. He grinned, trailing his fingertips down her soft skin. He felt her shudder as his fingers closed around her ankle, straightening her tightly clenched legs. He pressed a kiss to her ankle, hearing a soft sigh from her, he grinned against her skin. He drew his tongue over her shin, getting closer to the garter sitting high on her thigh.

He reveled in the heat coming off her thighs, the soft, breathy gasps and sighs only he could hear. He saw the lacy panties covering her hidden treasure. He placed slow, scorching kisses on her leg, swirling his tongue over the skin. She gasped, trying to pull her leg away but his hand tightened around her ankle. He nipped her in reprimand. His teeth closed around the thin strip of fabric, dragging it down her leg. Her muscles clenched and he groaned, as though he could feel those muscles wrapping around him in ecstasy.

Clary was drawn tight, stiff as Jonathan emerged from her skirts, garter hanging triumphantly from his mouth, reminding her when he had removed her underwear the night previous. He stood and threw the garter into the crowd before sweeping her up and kissing her passionately. She heard a din of shouts and cheers as Jonathan held her close. Pressed against Jonathan’s chest, his lips scorching hers, she had to melt and sink into him, remembering to conserve her energy, remembering that if she
didn’t cooperate, Simon would die.

Jonathan set her on her feet but didn’t relinquish his hold on her waist, or her lips. She was forced to endure it, letting him mold his mouth to hers before she finally had to push him back to come up for air. Panting, she rested her head on Jonathan’s chest, closing her eyes as she tried not to scream in frustration. Why did he conjure such a wild fire in her body when he was her brother, a demon? She hated him for it, hated him for taking her hostage and obsessing over her like some sick puppy dog.

Damn, she cursed herself. She shouldn’t be comparing her brother to anything as remotely cute or loving as a puppy. Jonathan was a ruthless killer with his own agenda and no regard for others’ feelings or lives. That’s just the way it was and Clary refused to live like this. She had to find a way out, she had to escape with her mother and Simon, but now Jonathan had officially tied the knot of the noose around her neck, he’d know she’d be even more of a flight risk. And there was no way he was letting her out of his sight before he got what he wanted in the bed tonight. She shivered and held back tears as the music started.

She was vaguely aware that Valentine had announced the first dance.

Jonathan inhaled, taking the scent of his new wife into his lungs as his hand settled over the small of her back. He pressed her to him, smelling the faint scent of arousal wafting off her. He smiled into her hair, her forehead still pressed against his chest. He couldn’t wait to get her in bed. He felt the way her body trembled against his as he swept her around the dance floor and, amazingly, felt a pang in his chest as he realized she was quietly sobbing. He held her tightly, making sure his body blocked any possible view of her tears and was struck that he would want no one else to her see her like this, to see her weakness and vulnerability. Those were things only meant for his eyes.

Clary hated how good Jonathan smelled, like dark spices and pine, it was utterly intoxicating. Not to mention the way he was holding her, arm cradling her body to his, tucking her neatly beneath his shoulder as he swayed to the music with her. She wanted to slap him for showing some shred of tenderness hours before he was to throw her in a bedroom and violate her. She bit her lip, stifling the quiet sob from coming to her lips and cutting her tears short. She kept her head pressed to his chest, even as the song changed and more guests flowed out onto the floor, spinning their partners around while Jonathan seemed determined to keep her pressed against him.

Some time passed before Jonathan leaned down, breaking the blissful silence she had fallen into, almost believing that she was in the arms of someone who didn’t plan on ruining her life further, or that she was dancing with poor Simon. Her heart hurt to think about him, but she did it anyway to distract from the panic and screams building inside her.

“You’re awfully quiet,” Jonathan commented.

“Don’t ruin it or I might have to smack you in front of everyone.” Clary drew back to look him in the eyes. “You wouldn’t want that now would you?” She challenged.

Jonathan grinned wolfishly, tugging her closer. “You have no idea what I want,” he murmured, his voice sultry and low, causing her to shiver. Okay, wrong thing to say, Clary thought.

Jonathan felt the next hours drag by as the sun began to set outside and the dancing continued. He pulled Clary off the side a few times, Valentine occasionally coming over to speak with them as the cake was served and consumed, neither of them ate very much of it. Jonathan always watched closely when Jocelyn and Clarissa huddled together beside them, whispering in undertones, nibbling on the sugary desserts, so quiet Jonathan could barely hear but from what he did catch, they were talking of nothing of consequence. The one thing that did catch his ear, and made him immediately
draw Clarissa away into his body was when he heard her speak of how much she missed the mundane locked in the dungeon, of wanting to free him and leave.

His fingers dug into her side as she tried to shoulder her way out of his grasp, causing her to gasp. He slid his hand up her waist, fingers brushing her corseted breasts. She smacked his fingers away, skin making a loud crack against his knuckles. The action sparked something in him and his body blazed. Her fire was back, after what seemed like such a dampened little Clarissa for the majority of the wedding. Now she was fiery and angry, Angel, he couldn’t wait to taste the hatred and lust on her lips later tonight. He looked up at the clock, hanging like a big silver platter above the main doors. He grinned.

Or maybe in just a few minutes. He nearly jumped from his seat like a giddy little boy as Valentine stood to announce the departure of the bride and groom. The moment Valentine finished, Jonathan jumped up from his seat, tugging Clary with him and sweeping her up into his arms. He ignored the cheers, the look of dread and disgust on Jocelyn’s face, Valentine’s smug look of approval, all he could focus on was Clarissa’s small whimper and her tight, trembling body.

He was out of the ball room and in the hall before anyone could blink. Grinning like an idiot he closed the bedroom door behind them, locking it with a heavy metal key and shoving the key into his pocket. He gently set Clarissa on her feet, making sure his smile was gone, replaced with a sultry stare that did his raging body no justice. It was dark, dark enough that he knew only he could see at the moment. Smirking, he thought to take advantage of this situation.

He slid off his suit coat, throwing it to the corner of the room while moving around the still Clarissa. She gasped softly, her head swinging around toward the noise. Just for the fun of it, Jonathan laid his fingers over Clarissa’s spine and his body flamed at the sound of her quiet yelp as she jumped forward, away from his fingers.

“Jonathan?” His name was a whispered plea in the dark, one that he fully intended to act upon. She really was terrible at hiding her feelings. Though he may have been confusing a plea to stop with a plea to continue. In Clarissa’s silky voice it was very easy to confuse the two. He wanted to play with his prey, much like he’d slowly watched the rabbits bleed out, dragging out the enjoyment he got from it, he would drag out this scared, gentle Clarissa as long as possible. For when she came to the realization, or assumption really, that she was in real danger, she’d become that fiery leopard that he wanted to play with. He wanted the bruises and scratches marking his body as a tale to their rough play. He wanted her marks all over him and he wanted his marks all over her.

Jonathan leaned down, watching the dim green of her irises spark in the darkness. He blew a hot breath across her cheek, drawing a breathy gasp and a turned cheek from her. She backed away, one careful step at a time. He could see the muscles coiling, the delicious tension that he would unravel beneath his fingers. He loved teasing her, loved getting a rise out of her, making her lose control and that beautiful red blush that covered her body when she regained it.

His hand slipped up to cup her cheek, sliding beneath her silky hair that would soon be tousled and messy. She tried to back away but his fingers curled around the back of her neck. She pressed back against his hand, trying to flee but he took a step forward, feet on either side of hers as his body curved over hers, so much taller. He feathered his lips across her forehead, her cheek, her jaw before she finally reacted with a strangled moan, yanking away from him.

“Jonathan,” she said and this time the conviction in her hard voice slid down his spine like delicious fingers. He resisted the urge to lean his head back and groan. She was winding tighter.

“I like the way my name slides over your lips,” he murmured, taking a step forward to close the space she’d opened.
Fear skittered down Clary’s spine, her body aflame and flickering between that blue, ice cold fire and the red hot inferno Jonathan had set off in her body with those tender, gentle kisses he’d brushed over her skin. It was wrong, utterly wrong for him to be doing this. Why did he even want her? Did he really need to have the only woman nature forbade him to have? Her heart stopped as a thought passed across her mind, even as Jonathan’s looming, hard figure brushed up against hers.

She felt sorry for him. Sorry he’d been so deprived as a child that he would sink to the level of desiring his own sister. She couldn’t imagine what kind of childhood one had to suffer through to think this was okay. Then again, she’d seen a glimpse of it in the burned out husk of a home when he’d taken her riding. She’d seen the hurt and pain flashing in his dark black eyes before they’d burned like hellfire, spinning on her and scorching over her. Though, what kind of person was she? To allow herself to be drawn in even in the slightest by his teasing and coaxing. When had she even begun to react to his actions? Her thoughts went back and forth in a tennis match like that, frantic, desperate, terrified and sympathetic, so distracting that she hadn’t realized she’d melted into one of Jonathan’s kisses.

His mouth was warm, deceptively welcoming as his tongue danced over her lips and teeth, coaxing a low moan from her throat. Encouraged by the sound, Jonathan’s fingers tunneled a little deeper into her hair. His body a hard line pressing against her soft breasts, forced against his chest. He was hard in all the places she was soft and she hated it. Hated how her body molded to the firm line of his. She made a sound, placing her hands on his chest and pushing him away. Only, he didn’t budge, more like she propelled herself backward.

When she looked up, all she could see, now that her eyes had adjusted to the moonlit room, was the glint of Jonathan’s white gold hair, flashing like gems, and the hard gleam of his oh, so black eyes. Nothing else, aside from his large, consuming outline, backlit by the moon spilling its light in through the only window, could be seen. She didn’t recognize this room, she thought, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand. It was smaller than the prison cell of a room she’d been held in these past weeks. But smaller in a good way, cozier, and she dreaded to think she’d be locked in here with him for the Angel knew how long. From what she could see of the bed, in was low to the ground, coming to her mid-thigh, which was still fairly low considering how short she was, swathed in black silks and piled with pillows, protected by transparent curtains pinned to ornately carved bed posts.

By the time she looked back, he was in front of her, crowding her, making her body vibrate with fear and that damned heat, spreading like wildfire through her body. She wanted to hit him. She did. Only before her hand could connect with his jaw, he caught her wrist in a grip, much like an iron shackle. Funny really, how she was now shackled to him in both figurative and literal worlds. His soft lips, and Clary despised how they were so soft when he himself was so sharp and hard, came down over her exposed wrist. He nipped her pulse, causing electric jolts to jump through her. His teeth scraping made her closed fist open, revealing the tender palm within, like a flower reluctantly and confusedly blooming in the middle of winter. Only what the bloom was met with certainly wasn’t the icy bite of winter wind or freezing touch of snow but warm, caressing breezes and searing, liquid heat as Jonathan slowly licked over her palm, breath blowing over her skin as he went.

“Hitting isn’t nice Clarissa,” he reprimanded, acting as though the incessant tugging of her arm from his grip was nothing but the tickle of a feather, pleasant but annoying. But she had to keep fighting him because if she didn’t keep up her anger and disgust, she feared her knees might buckle and she just might succumb to him, which horrified her. Especially as he took one of her fingers into his mouth, sucking on it until he forced a soft mewl of protest to slip from her lips.

Clary was immediately mortified of the sound, trying desperately now to draw back, to get away, to run out of this room, snatch up her mother and Simon and disappear. But Jonathan was like
Alcatraz, inescapable and dangerous, only he didn’t simply use pain and threats and imprisonment but the archetype to all of those. He used pleasure to get what he wanted, and tears welled at the thought that Clary was actually succumbing to him. Or at least dangerously close to.

“But your little sounds are,” he said around her fingers, scraping over flesh with his teeth. He sucked, his deep voice reminding her of when his low timbre had vibrated through her body from down there. She couldn’t help the shudder that ran through her. “I wonder what kind of sounds you’ll make—” Jonathan released her fingers but not her wrist, “—when I have you beneath me. I already know the sounds you make when I’m eating you out.” He tugged on her wrist, causing her to stumble forward and land against his chest.

His crass language should have snapped her out of her stupor, into which she’d fallen, for she never normally liked those kinds of terms but with him, the way his deep voice echoed through her mind and her body, made her legs almost turn to jelly. This weak, breathy moan escaped from her lips, to Clary’s utter chagrin, and Jonathan’s apparent satisfaction. A wide smirk slowly trailed over his lips. No, no, no, she was supposed to be fighting and kicking and screaming, not melting under his touch.

She yanked her wrist as hard as she could, knowing it would bruise at least, but she didn’t care as she bolted for the door. She didn’t know it was locked, for she hadn’t heard her brother lock it, lost in her fear upon entering. So when she tried to tear the door open, she was only slammed back against it by the force with which she’d pulled it. She was dizzy and her arm ached. She couldn’t hear Jonathan either, and that terrified her, she couldn’t see him, she couldn’t hear him. And that lacking knowledge is what caused her to scream as two hands slammed onto the door on either side of her with a loud, resounding crack.

She felt his breath along her neck, hot like that of a predator gearing up to devour his prey. And Clary was his prey.

Jonathan kept his arms caged around the petite woman, shivering against the door as he smiled down her back, the long, naked expanse of her back. He couldn’t wait to taste every inch of her skin.

“Where do you think you’re going? We haven’t even started,” he whispered devilishly, his body growing hard at the mere idea of what torment he was going to bestow upon her next. He leaned down, pressing his lips to the nape of her neck after swiping her hair over her shoulder. He continued his open mouthed, scorching kisses down the line of her spine. Clarissa was practically trembling as his hands left the door and came around her hips, flattening over her stomach as he had to go to his knees, the short little thing she was.

On his knees, somewhere he’d never thought he’d be, but was oddly satisfied with this position, his hands slid down the front of her silky dress, down her thighs, the taut muscles tensing before he moved them down her shins, his mouth pressed and working against the small of her back, right above the curve of her tight little ass. His hands finally reached their destination, the hem of her long skirted dress before they slipped under, pulling the skirt up to reveal her pale but corded legs. He was glad he was able to get in training with her before the wedding, already stealing some of the softness from her and replacing it with velvety steel muscles.

Clarissa gave a shocked gasp as he lifted the skirt over his head, finding the soft, ivory panties she’d been made to wear. Hands curved around the front of her thighs, two long, skilled fingers hooked in the waist band of the delicate panties and began to pull. Clarissa’s hands came around her hips to stop him but he growled like an unsatisfied wolf before nipping her harshly on the back of her thigh in reprimand.

“Leave it,” he rumbled.
“Jonathan.” His name brushed past her lips. “I’m not—I’m not your dog,” Clarissa murmured, trying to sidestep his strong hands but he held her in place. He didn’t listen, he was too mesmerized by the soft skin now bared to his mouth. Her panties were around her ankles, catching on her shoes and making it impossible for her to take a step away from him without tripping. He licked the curve of her bottom slowly, letting the sensation wash over him.

He felt her knees trembling beneath his hands as they slid back up her legs, settling over her hips. The slight squeak from her lips only enticed him further. His own lips moved farther down her bottom as he yanked her back against him, away from the door. His lips found that liquid heat, the desire for him, between her legs and there was no way she could deny her wanting him, at least physically but for now that was enough as parted her legs slightly to latch his lips to her core. The answering jump of shock and the soft cry of pleasure and protest made his body harden.

He growled at her taste, so rich and enticing as he suckled on her, listening to the breathy moans and feeling the sudden jerks as she tried to pull away from him. None of it could stop him though, he continued plundering the soft, tense bounty between his bride’s thighs. He speared his tongue deep into her heat, flattening his tongue as he pulled out to give a rough lick over her slit. As much as he enjoyed tormenting her with his mouth, he wanted to be inside her, with her beneath him and writhing in pleasure.

He nibbled on her, using his sharp canines to make her jump. He loved to make her jump, her high, delicate squeaks along with them made his body ache. The sounds she made varied so much and he wanted to hear all of them as he forced her to succumb to him. To submit. He noticed that she’d given up trying to get away from his mouth, her cheek pressed against the door as if she were listening for someone in the hall to come and stop him. Well, no one would stop him, not when he was getting what he wanted. He’d easily kill anyone who came between him and his desires.

Clary had to bite her lip, hard enough to draw blood, to stop the majority of her moans and sighs. Her body was as taut as a thin string weighed down with a hundred pound stone. She couldn’t imagine worse torture. The only thing that was getting her through this now were thoughts of Simon. How as soon as Jonathan was done with her tonight, she could go release him from the dungeon. She turned her face into the door she was clinging to desperately as Jonathan’s tongue slid inside her with heated ease once more, and she had to repress a low moan.

Her stomach roiled as an unpleasant thought disturbed the assault of sensation Jonathan was forcing on her. At least she’d taken the preventative Isabelle had given her and if it worked, she wouldn’t become pregnant with this monster’s child, at least this time. She couldn’t imagine having to carry his spawn around inside her for nine months. Having to birth the thing and hold it in her arms. If Jonathan was like this what would his child be like? She’d never be able to live with herself if she allowed Jonathan to procreate. He was a cruel and manipulative bastard that didn’t deserve to be alive.

Clary’s hands curled into fists as one of Jonathan’s hands slid down from her hip to cup her mound, fingers playing in the tight little curls before slipping down to tease her bundle of nerves as his mouth worked on her from behind, slowly weakening her defenses. She’d stopped struggling, not knowing what his retaliation would be if she fought him, but she wanted to, desperately. A moan broke from her lips to echo in the otherwise silent room; a smile was pressed against her core. Something tugged at her memory then, as the smile held even as he continued pleasing her, though she wanted it to be untrue.

Valentine was the one who poisoned Jonathan’s blood. He’d had no choice in becoming what he was. His father had damned him from before the moment he was born. In a sense, it wasn’t Jonathan’s fault he was like this but then again, he had the choice to become a better person, he
could have chosen not to stand by his father’s side and take his sister to bed, allow his mother to be chained up and beaten. Her heart cried out for a moment, both in pleasure and sorrow, cried out for a lost brother and a lost life, even as that brother, sick as he was, used his mouth to do wicked things brother’s should never do to her.

She released the breath she hadn’t realized she was holding when Jonathan pulled away, fingers curling around her thighs. He tugged her skirt from over his head before he licked up her spine, sending shivers over her back. Then he stopped, just stopped his movements, his body still and relaxed, as though he were absorbing the moment. Clary stood, frightened to death of what he might do next but what he did do next scared her more than she thought possible. He pressed his hot forehead against the small of her back, his breath ghosting over her skin as his arms circled her waist, hugging her to him like she was something precious.

“Take off your shoes,” he said. He was still on his knees, still holding her hostage against his body and it scared her, how he could go from an uncaring monster, bent on taking what wasn’t his to a tender, quiet man, speaking in soft tones a matter of seconds. Like a tiger, hunting and ferocious one moment only to fall to the ground and roll over for a belly rub, mewling like a kitten instead of the great ferocious beast he really was. She had the urge to listen, to do what he wanted to see a genuine smile on his face. She didn’t know why she wanted to see him smile, or to even please him but he’d seen so little happiness and enjoyment in his life, at least from what Clary had been told, that maybe he did deserve at least some satisfaction.

Out of curiosity, she toed off the short heels, stepping to the ground, now shorter than before, Jonathan’s nose grazing her lower back instead of the small of it now. He let out this sound that was sort of like a sigh but not really, nuzzling his face against her back. Clary didn’t want her heart to melt, if only a little at the sound, but it did. His gentle touch was even more painful than the harsh one because when he was being cruel and severe, Clary could summon the will to hate him and resist him but when he was gentle, she only saw the abused little boy that she’d glimpsed in the ruins of his house.

To stop herself from falling even farther into that dangerous abyss, she yanked away from him, having to step out of her panties as she turned to find him still on his knees, staring up at her. His black eyes were slightly different from before but only for a moment. They, almost immediately, turned lusty and hard. He rose to his feet, towering over her so that she cringed back into the door. There was no escape now, the one moment of tenderness was gone and Clary couldn’t see it coming back. She was damned now, a prisoner about to be violated.

“No more fun and games Clarissa,” he whispered, stepping towards her to pin her back against the door. “I want what I earned.”

Those words washed away the last of any tender or sympathetic feelings she’d had for him a moment ago, replacing her open mouth and soft eyes with a scowl and disgust.

“You didn’t earn a damned thing,” she hissed. “You stole and manipulated. You pillaged and burned my rights without a thought to me or my family.”

His smile was cruel and sharp as he lunged forward, swiping at her legs so she went down, right into Jonathan’s arms. He strode across the space between the door and the bed and threw her down onto the surprisingly plush mattress. She didn’t have the nerve to get up or even raise herself to her elbows as she saw the malicious glint in his eye.

“Oh but I did Clarissa. I went through so much to convince that old tyrant having you marry me was for the betterment of the bloodline when all I really wanted was you. All to myself. It took time to convince the old bastard that he saw the sketch of that filthy mundane in your room and that he
thought of using him against you to make you marry me. I think I well-earned what I worked for.”

Clary felt hatred blaze in her chest as she tried to kick out at him, but he only caught her ankle, raising her leg to make her skirt fall down her leg. A furious blush crept over her cheeks as she remembered Jonathan had removed her underwear and could probably see where she was most vulnerable.

“Don’t you dare say a thing against Simon!” She snapped, yanking on her foot, which he surprisingly let go.

“I can say and do what I damn well please,” Jonathan said though not in the snap of anger that belonged with those words but a whisper of satisfaction. He reached up to loosen his tie before undoing it. He left it hanging around his neck as he went to unbutton his dress shirt. “And what will please me is you.”

Clary trembled as she tried to scramble back on the bed, away from the hungry predator stalking toward her. Jonathan undid the last of his buttons, his shirt hanging open to reveal pale, rune carved and rigid muscle. Somehow, it shocked her that beneath his clothes Jonathan was physically beautiful. By the way he’s acted and been, it would have been easier if he were horribly disfigured or out of shape but no, he had to be painfully beautiful when he wasn’t looking at her like he was now, he had to be perfectly sculpted and all hard.

If he wasn’t her brother, she would’ve have loved to have his body pressed against hers, would have accepted it willingly and melted beneath him. But he was and he was about to dominate her. She watched in horror as he shrugged out of his shirt, tie still hanging loosely around his neck.

“Don’t look so shocked Clarissa. It’s nothing you haven’t seen before in training,” Jonathan chittered, hands going to the button of his slacks. Clary had to look away when he tugged his pants down, stepping out of his shoes. “But this, I would hope this is a first, if not I think I’d have to track the man down and kill him.”

Jonathan loved how innocent she was, that she couldn’t even look at him in his boxers, that brilliant red blush creeping through her body. His eyes followed it down to her breasts, where the wedded union rune stuck out like ink on parchment. He wanted to see where else the blush went. Climbing on the bed, he kneeled over her, his black boxers a sudden hindrance that he wanted gone, but he wanted Clarissa completely naked first.

He leaned down, pressing his chest over her heaving breasts and he was satisfied to find them swollen, waiting for his attention. The metalwork on her dress was cool to the touch but soon heated with his fire. Her head was still turned away, refusing to look at him. He loved that he could make her change between fiery leopard to mewling little kitten in a matter of seconds. He’d seen the change in her when he’d begun unbuttoning his shirt. All her fight and anger over the mundane boy had left her with embarrassment and red cheeks. At the moment, she seemed in some type of paralysis, unmoving and refusing to look at him. She didn’t even move as his hands slipped beneath her shoulders to slowly untie the laces at the nape of her neck, the only thing holding the dress up as the thin silk ties slipped from her skin. She seemed resigned to remain motionless as his hands came around her front. He went to peel the dress down her slim body but her hands stopped him as she held the dress to her chest, her hands clamped over her dress.

“Don’t,” she said, her voice low and mean before she turned to look at him, fire blazing in her eyes. “Get off me,” she hissed and that’s when she moved. Jonathan, being relaxed and overly confident he could take any fight she put up, wasn’t prepared for the knee to his stomach. It didn’t move him but his breath left in a gust of air. It even stung a little.
He whipped the tie from around his neck, grabbing her hands before she could hit him. “Now that was certainly not nice Clarissa,” he growled, wrapping the tie around her wrists. He yanked on it harshly for her punishment, listening to the soft yelp of pain as her wrists were forced together. He pulled it tight with his teeth, glaring down at her. He held the strip of remaining fabric in his fist, tugging it up to straighten her arms above her. “This is your punishment now, you won’t get to use your hands because you play foully.”

He looked down at her and was surprised to see tears glimmering in her eyes. He lowered her bound hands until they rested on her stomach, between his thighs.

“Please don’t do this Jonathan, I’ll do anything, anything but this. Please let me go. Don’t do this,” she whimpered, tugging on her arms, wanting him to release her. He frowned.

“Why would I do that, when I have you exactly where I want you?” Jonathan asked, honestly confused.

Clarissa apparently had no answer and turned away, but he caught the glistening track of tears down her cheeks. Jonathan sighed, leaning down to kiss the tears away. “I’ll wipe those tears from your eyes soon enough,” he whispered, tilting his head to kiss her full lips. She didn’t fight him for once but seemed to sink into the kiss, resigned and withdrawn, having apparently realized she could do nothing to stop this. He tasted blood on her lips, that sweet, coppery tang of blood that he knew was from the nervous wearing of her lip throughout the entire wedding ceremony and feast.

She didn’t respond, only laid there, taking it like it didn’t set her body on fire. He growled, biting her lip hard enough to create a fresh rush of blood. She seemed to understand the warning as she turned her head to him and kissed him back, albeit weakly. He’d get her to scream his name by the end of the night, her unresponsiveness would not last for long.

Clary felt something black and heavy pile inside her chest as she kissed her brother back, some part enjoying what he was doing to her while the other screamed and raged in protest. He’d bound her up, just as she knew he would. She couldn’t get away from him, just as she knew she wouldn’t be able to. She couldn’t stop him, just as she knew she couldn’t. But she wanted to fight him, wanted to stop him but Simon kept floating to the forefront of her mind. What would they do to him if Jonathan didn’t get what he wanted?

She tugged on the tie securing her wrists to see how firm it was. Her wrists didn’t budge but the movement caused her hands to jerk up, grazing Jonathan’s erection. She pulled her hands away as if she’d been burned and placed them on his chest, trying to push him away but he wouldn’t move, he was like a brick wall. His skin hot and hard, sculpted in all the right places and she closed her eyes for a moment imagining that this was someone who loved her and cared about her. Not some psychotic brother bent on possessing and defiling her. She curled her fingers against the bare skin, giving herself, just for a second, to the feel of his soft lips so she wouldn’t go insane with fear.

Jonathan took this as encouragement, hands slipping back to her dress, silk ties hanging undone around her neck for him to pull down, hands bunching in the silky fabric before he began to tug the dress down her body with care, apparently not wanting to rip it. She almost snorted at the thought he was being gentle with her dress like he wanted to preserve it, like he actually had a sense of sentimentality. But once the dress was past her hips she began to tremble and really struggle beneath him. Jonathan slipped the dress off the rest of the way, breaking the kiss for a moment to drape the dress over the nightstand before coming back to her.

She tried to kick out at him but he only sat on her thighs, making it impossible to move them. It was like having a ton of bricks piled on her legs in the form of a hard, curved bottom. She shuddered at the thought he would most likely be naked in a few moments. He grabbed the stray strip of fabric
hanging from the tie around her wrists, tugging her arms straight once more. He bent his head down, pressing an almost tender kiss to the insides of either of her wrists.

“I’ll give you some options on how the rest of this night can go Clarissa,” he murmured against her skin, seeming to enjoy the feel of her skin against his face like a cat would enjoy rubbing itself upon its owner. Only at the moment, the roles were reversed and this cat owned her. She tried to pull her wrists away, which as expected was useless. She knew she was naked, completely naked, but he wasn’t and he didn’t seem to be scrutinizing her. His eyes were closed, cheek pressed against her forearms.

“One, if you keep struggling against me, which I would enjoy very much, I will be forced to tie your hands to the headboard. Which would be very unfortunate because eventually you are going to want to have your hands all over me one way or another. Two.” He licked her pulse, soothing the aching bruise forming on her wrist, eyes still closed in reverie. “You can be a good little girl and I’ll untie your hands if you behave and play rough with me, but cooperate. Or three, I can flip you over, give you a firm spanking then proceed to tie you to the bed to do with as I please, you struggling or submitting either way wouldn’t matter for that option. I might just end up spanking you anyway, tied or untied.”

He shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly.

“Any way, I will be having you tonight but it’s up to you how much freedom you get while I do it.”

Clary stared up at him, horrified, shocked and awed, still distracted by the sheer intensity of his masculine beauty. He looked to be genuinely enjoying himself, rubbing against her skin like it was a silk sheet. He was actually giving her a choice? Was this some kind of trick? Would he completely disregard the option she chose, even though all sounded sickening and traumatizing to her, and do whatever he pleased? That was the kind of man she knew him to be, so did he like playing games of dominance and submission with her? Or did he genuinely want to know what she wanted? The lesser of evils one would say because she knew she wasn’t getting the option she truly did want, to be home away from him with her mother and Simon.

“You—you’re letting me choose?” Her voice was shaky and cracked from the small tears Jonathan had kissed away earlier. He leaned down, pressing his cheek against her chest. She thought she almost heard him purr.

“Of course I am Clarissa, my goal tonight, aside from taking you, is drowning you in pleasure. I want to know which option sounds the most pleasurable to you. Some of the conditions though will be based on your behavior, unless you find being restrained pleasing, then that benefits me all the same. So what will it be?” His voice had turned from that hard, piercing quality to that cool, watery tone that washed over her skin like a healing salve, making her feel calm and delighted, which it absolutely should not.

He was really making her choose how he would rape her? She cringed, both physically and mentally at that abhorrent word but that was what this was. One way or another, he was raping her because she didn’t consent, even if she’d been made to do this through coercion. She began shaking her head, even though Jonathan couldn’t see it. How could she choose? She didn’t want to be restrained, tied down and vulnerable to any and everything Jonathan did to her. She did not want to be spanked, certainly not, but there wasn’t much she could do on that account if he really wanted to do it, which is what it sounded like he wanted to do. Did she want to see him as he stole her innocence? If she was on her back when he took her, she’d be able to see every demeaning moment up until he deflowered her. On her stomach, she wouldn’t see it coming, which was scary in and of itself but at least she wouldn’t see it and the disgusting look of satisfaction and glee on her brother’s
face as he penetrated her.

She choked on her next words, tears swelling in her throat. “I’ll play, but do it from behind. And untie me.” She tried to use her most authoritative voice, though it wavered a bit. She heard Jonathan’s half chuckle, half groan of approval as he raised himself up from her chest. She felt sick to her stomach, like she’d just consented to have sex with him by deciding how they were going to do it. She felt dirty and unclean as Jonathan’s hands slid up her arms to his tie.

“You have to promise not to hit anymore Clarissa,” he said, his voice low and gravelly as he began to undo the intricate knot he’d made.

“How can you trust my word that I won’t?”

“Because I’ll punish you if you don’t,” Jonathan said immediately, unhesitating, his voice low and serious. Which was how she knew he wasn’t kidding and he wasn’t meaning the pleasurable sort of punishment. She could tell by the pitch of his voice, he meant literal, physical punishment if she struck out at him again.

“I—I give you my word I won’t hit you again,” Clary mumbled, taking her hands back as soon as he’d removed the tie.

“You can use your legs though,” Jonathan murmured, rolling her over and she tensed her bottom, feeling exposed yet more covered than she had been before. At least her breasts and the thatch of curls between her legs were covered though she had no doubt Jonathan was lavish attention on them later. “I’ll have fun with your legs.”

She pressed her face into the pillows, arms braced beneath her body. She felt useless, like she should have put up more of a fight but the parts of her body where Jonathan had bitten her in reprimand throbbed, her arm and shoulder ached from trying to yank open the door, her wrist hurt. Fighting against him would be an utter waste of energy. There was a six inch thick door of solid wood standing between her and the hall, locked and the key she didn’t know where. There was a killer in here with her, faster, stronger and altogether crueler than her. He was willing to punish her, hurt her. If she didn’t do as he wanted either tonight, Simon would get hurt, or worse killed. Fighting would be wasting her energy, pointless when this was inescapable. She wasn’t willing to sacrifice Simon’s life and she knew she couldn’t best Jonathan, and would only injure herself in the process.

Her body shook with silent sobs, attempting to block out the noise of Jonathan removing his boxers. She jumped, tensed, when she felt his warm hands on either side of her spine. He pressed his thumbs into the taut muscles and immediately she moaned at the delicious sensation. He ran his thumbs up her back, reaching her shoulders before he began kneading the knotted muscles with his strong hands. Almost all the tension drained out of her at his skilled touch. Another forced moan escaped as she turned her head. He wasn’t supposed to be making her feel good. It was wrong.

“What are you—ah—are you doing?” Clary stuttered as he continued massaging the tension from her shoulders, her shoulder blades, her spine and back.

“I’m getting you loose and relaxed for me. You’re so tight as it is,” he whispered in her ear and she hadn’t realized he’d leaned down so close to her. The thought made her shudder. He dipped his head and captured her parted lips. He worked absolute magic on her lips as one hand slid from her back down between her legs. Her eyes flew open at the touch, shocked and completely unprepared after his intoxicating rub down. She pulled her lips away from Jonathan’s and jumped, bumping into his hard body hovering over hers. She tried to move away from his seeking, hot fingers but he was inescapable, the massaging hand on her back moving between her shoulder blades and pressing down, holding her almost immobile on the bed.
“Don’t move,” he chided, slipping two long fingers inside her surprisingly sensitive core. She gasped, trying once more to pull away or move but his hand on her back kept her pinned down long enough for pleasure to build. Jonathan allowed the pleasure to become her binding and released his hand from her back, blanketing her body with his as he pressed his mouth along her shoulder blade, hot, wet and dizzying.

Her body tensed as his fingers slid in and out of her with ease, stretching her body no doubt to accommodate his large size. Warmth built in her belly, pooling low as he continued pleasuring her. The ecstatic paralysis had her moaning like a wanton woman, causing a blush to creep over her cheeks. She couldn’t stop the sensations from building, from suffocating any conscience or protests bubbling up in her mind. And she thought that was how Jonathan wanted it. He’d said he wanted to drown her in pleasure and she hated how good of a job he was doing.

His mouth moved over her skin, hypnotizing and slow, swamping her with sensations and making it feel as though he were stuffing warm cotton balls in her head. The heat between her legs built even as his fingers moved faster, pulling more moans and a sigh from her. It wasn’t long before she had to bury her face in the pillows as an orgasm swept over her. She almost cried out at the sensation, wanting to cry as well that her brother could do this to her. She didn’t want it to be possible but it was his fingers inside her, his body pinning her and his mouth all over her skin, soon to be his body inside her. She shuddered uncontrollably as wave after wave of pleasure rolled over her, living up to what Jonathan had promised.

“That wasn’t even the fun part little Clarissa,” Jonathan whispered in her ear. She could feel his arms, braced on either side of her, lift until she knew he was kneeling. He grabbed her hips and dragged her up to her knees. She didn’t want to be on her knees, it made her breasts sway in the air if she braced herself on her elbows and opened her to him even more if she pressed her upper body to the mattress but Jonathan gave her no choice as his hand slid up her back and cupped her neck, pressing her cheek to the mattress. She whimpered, almost screamed in terror as she felt him press against her bottom.

She was still shivering in the aftershocks of the last orgasm. It all felt so fuzzy yet so sharp now she wasn’t drunk or drugged during these orgasms, she was experiencing the full height of each and each shiver and moan would be burned into her sharp sober mind for the rest of time.

“Oh relax Clarissa. You’re going to enjoy this and you know it,” Jonathan practically groaned. He felt the heat of her exposed core bared to him over his hand and erection. He looked up the small expanse of Clarissa’s pale back, at his hand holding her cheek to the silk swathed mattress. He might have been panting, his head was certainly buzzing with the ecstasy he’d given Clarissa, the moans and sighs and wiggle of her hips he’d gotten. His knee slipped between her legs and spread them farther.

He pressed the head of his erection to her core and caught the half sob, half moan from her mouth. Pushing through the tight folds of her body almost brought him to orgasm alone. To finally have her wrapped around him, vulnerable and exposed, submitting to him. He was practically drunk on the satisfaction and ecstasy of it. And he fully intended to return the favor. He pushed forward until he came to her thin little barrier, a flimsy protection against him but his ultimate goal was not even a millimeter away now. He heard the sharp intake of breath from Clarissa even as he leaned his head back in a groan as he broke through her virginity, stealing something from her for himself that she would never be able to get back.

He felt the hot rush of blood, heard Clarissa’s shocked cry of pain before he halted his progress, leaning down and slipping a hand around her front, burying his fingers against her clit to distract her from the pain until it subsided and he could really do something. Her cries turned to soft gasps
which was all the signal he needed to begin moving his body inside hers. He felt the one spot, where all her pleasure emanated from and adjusted her hips so he could rub himself against it, stimulating his own pleasure.

Clary couldn’t see through the pain as Jonathan finally succeeded in deflowering her, destroying her innocence. But not long after he’d broken through, he’d stopped, letting her body acclimate to him. And what shocked her even more was when his hand slid down her belly to tease her clit, distracting her from the pain until it was gone. It astonished her really that Jonathan took her pain into consideration and even acted upon it, trying to relieve it. She didn’t see what was pleasurable about sex, it felt uncomfortable and foreign to have a man’s body inside hers. But when he moved, those thoughts were wiped away as his erection rubbed against a spot she didn’t even know existed. She wanted to sob even more now that she knew he could produce such a powerful reaction, such a good feeling.

His hands, warm and firm had wrapped around her hips, moving her until she was panting, gasping at the sensations he was forcing through her body. She wanted to shake her head, to pull away but his grip wouldn’t allow it. She felt the warmth turn to burning lava, slowly making its way through her bloodstream until her body was boiling with heat. She could feel his throbbing body inside her, the throbbing echoing through her body like a heartbeat until she swore her own heart matched its rhythm.

Jonathan actually moaned as he set a medium pace, wanting to savor this but not go so slow he’d drive himself as well as Clarissa mad. Leaning down, he pressed his lips to the base of her spine, feeling the shudders run through her body as he drove into her. Her tight folds felt phenomenal, unlike any of the other women he’d bedded, Clarissa’s felt right somehow. Her muscles clamped down on him as she went into another orgasm, trying in vain to muffle her cry with the pillows. He pressed his chest to her back, hands slipping beneath her as he continued to stroke into her hot, tight body.

Clary shuddered as his body pressed against hers, skin on skin. She had to reach a hand back, as though she could stop him, stop the assault of unwanted pleasure but it was useless. His pace was maddening, too slow and too fast all at the same time. Thoughts were spinning through her head, confusing her, pleading with her to make him stop, to make him go faster. She wanted to sob. She didn’t want this, she never did, she didn’t want to be his bed slave, his wife or even his sister. She wanted to leave, go home, take care of Simon but instead she was here, being dominated by a man who now possessed her. It was like the Dark Ages all over again, when a woman was powerless against a man, once their names were sealed together in marriage, the man owned everything.

Jonathan’s hands found the two swollen, welcoming breasts she’d tried to hide within the pile of pillows. He could hear and feel her panting, skin slick with sweat as a squeak of surprise and protest passed her lips, his hands cupping her small, perfect breasts. She tried to push him away, remove his hands from her chest by grabbing his forearms but they only acted as a brace for her as he slid deep inside her with a practiced ease.

Clary didn’t want his hands on her breasts, didn’t want him violating her even more than he already was but she couldn’t stop him. He was too strong, built like a freaking tiger, holding onto his prey with a death grip and refusing to let go. She turned, looking back at him, tears in her eyes, even as another wave of pleasure shot through her. She saw his silvery blond head bent over her shoulder blade, felt his mouth doing wonderful things that should be illegal to her. She didn’t want to admit it, but when she took away the disgust and hatred and shock, sex with him actually felt good now that he’d begun moving. She wasn’t prepared for it to feel good and it made her crumble beneath his touch.
He was so odd and confusing, one minute harsh and commanding, demanding she get on her knees before him but the next, when he did take her, the quality of his touch belied his words. The touch was caring, tender, as though he really did care about her pleasure and he wanted her to feel good. It wasn’t right that if he didn’t speak, which he wasn’t now, he was like a man worshipping her, lost in her body, caring and tender and loving even though he was anything but. If he didn’t say anything, she would be lost to him and she didn’t want to be lost, she wanted to run away from him, not sink into the sensations he was giving her. It was cruel and unusual torture. And she froze as his black eyes looked up, locking with hers, mouth still pressed to her skin. His eyes were a mix of pleasure and satisfaction, no malice, no dark glee and it broke her heart that he actually looked happy. It broke her heart to know that she was the only one able to bring him happiness and that he genuinely seemed to be enjoying himself, no ulterior motive or sick intentions. He was happy.

Jonathan looked up for a moment from the soft, slick expanse of Clarissa’s back to see her head turned, emerald eyes fixed on him for a moment. The swirling green was a mix of despair and hatred, lust and ecstasy. And for a moment he caught the oddest hint of sorrow. Her cheeks were still tear stained from earlier and he didn’t realize that he was panting as well. He took a moment to analyze the sensation of a tight chest, heaving lungs as he watched Clarissa turn away from him, burying her face back in the pillows. Every other time he’d had sex with a woman, he’d never felt over exerted, never felt it had been an effort but never had he felt the satisfying feeling of a chest tight with ecstasy and lust. The sensation was new but after a moment, very welcome. He could get used to being out of breath when he and Clarissa had sex.

He moved up her back, forcing her hips forward as he pressed his lips to her cheek, skin hot and damp beneath his lips. He could feel her muscles quivering beneath him in anticipation of another orgasm. His hands teased her nipples, pinching and pulling, Clarissa’s nails digging into his forearms with a ferocity that made him growl. His own muscles grew taut, even as he rolled over, forcing Clarissa to lay on his chest. Forcing her to expose herself as he tore her away from what little shelter the mattress and pillows had provided for her.

She yelped in shock, tried to pull away from him, to get his body out of hers but his hands moved from her breasts to lock around her hips, holding her against him as his hips surged upward. He almost yelped in pain as Clarissa, now having more freedom to move as well, closed her legs, pinching him inside her body. His nails dug into her skin, hard enough to draw blood as he hooked his ankles inside her and forced her legs apart. Clarissa let out a sob, even as it turned to a moan when his hips surged upward, burying him deep inside her once more.

Her hand slid up his chest, fingers twisting in his ivory curls and fisted there, holding on desperately as he continued his relentless pace. Her face was turned into the bicep by her cheek, muffling the sweet symphony of sounds he was pulling from her. He buried his mouth in the exposed junction of her shoulder and neck, suckling until she groaned. He wanted to mark her, have his possession all over her body. Later, after she would fall asleep, he’d probably spend hours tracing the marks he’d left all over her body, admiring how he finally had a woman of his own, someone to warm his bed at night, someone he could hold close when the nightmares bombarded him...

He shook those thoughts away, now was not the time to be thinking of those kinds of things, not when he was enveloped in the velvet heat of Clarissa. He began circling his hips as he went deeper, wanting to hear her scream his name. His fingers left her hips as she began to meet his strokes, hips moving and circling, unable to stop themselves as he drove into her. He felt the warm liquid beneath his fingers, which meant he had drawn blood, as he drew them up her body, most likely drawing red streaks up her sides until he came to her chest once more.

This time she didn’t try to stop him, apparently lost in the ecstasy, too far gone to fight him anymore, as his hands closed around the soft mounds of flesh. His fingers played and squeezed and pinched
until she was pressing her head back against his chest, mewling like a lovesick kitten and exposing a long expanse of throat for him to nibble on. His teeth scraped, she groaned; his hips surged, she moaned; his hands squeezed, she mewed; and he couldn’t get enough. He’d lost control of his body, lost in the sea of pleasure and satisfaction, as his hips surged wildly, Clarissa meeting him every time. He did something with his hips this time that had her whispering his name, over and over.

But he wanted her to scream it. One hand left her breasts, one remained to continue teasing, and slid down her flat stomach to where their bodies met. Two fingers was all he used, two fingers and two minutes of continued assault was all it took to get her to scream his name. He teased her clit, making her gasp, before his name was torn from her throat like she was desperate to breathe and his name was air. Her orgasm, and his that came shortly after her shout, tore through him. He threw his head back against the pillows, moaning Clarissa’s name as his body released itself inside her.

After, he lay silent, hands laying relaxed on Clarissa’s stomach, staring up at the dark ceiling and the only sound their heavy breathing, Clarissa’s occasional gasp as an aftershock caused her body to spasm. She released his hair, hand falling to the bed as Jonathan slowly pulled out of her, which in turn set off a whole new wave of aftershocks. He knew he needed to change the sheets, covered in blood and seed, but he was too achy and sore, too satisfied to move other than to allow Clarissa to slide from his chest, collapsing exhausted onto the bed beside him. She was still trying to get her breathing under control but once she did, she seemed to melt into the mattress, exhausted and most likely just as sore as him.

Clary curled in on herself, unable to believe how good her body felt. It shouldn’t feel good, she had to keep telling herself that. He was her brother, this was wrong, this was wrong, this was wrong. But she felt so satisfied, so achy that she could barely move. She didn’t move actually, for a long time, long enough that Jonathan probably thought she was now asleep, now her body had stopped quivering with pleasure and her breathing had calmed. She felt Jonathan shift beside her, fingers grazing over her hip. She resisted the urge to shudder, or sob as he pulled the silk sheet and heavy comforter over them.

Many places on her body throbbed painfully, the eight crescent shaped marks on her hips, the spot on the back of her thigh where he’d bitten her, the mark on her neck, the fingerprints on her breasts, her shoulder and her wrist. His mark was everywhere on her, just like he said. She sighed, reserving herself to sob or break down in private, away from Jonathan. She needed to sleep now. She was so tired…

Jonathan knew the exact moment when Clarissa finally drifted to sleep. Her heart beat slowed and her breathing evened. She’d been still for a while but he knew she was still awake, not anymore though. He gently wrapped an arm around her waist, pulling her across the soft silk bed to tuck into his chest. She was so small it amazed him. But she had stamina, she hadn’t completely collapsed after her second orgasm, which he’d expected, her being a virgin.

He buried his nose in her wild red hair, reveling in the warmth of her body. He could definitely get used to this. But now that he’d actually taken away her innocence, had gained her body, he wanted something more. He’d already completed his goal, and he always held himself to a high standard. He felt fulfilled yet empty at the same time. He enjoyed the peace sleeping beside her brought though, and this time they were both naked, sated and she wasn’t pushing him away.

He wanted to continue like this, but he also wanted something other than Clarissa fighting him, even though he enjoyed it. He wanted her to give back everything that he was giving her. He wanted her to lure him to bed. Hell, he even wanted her in the driver’s seat, but he’d have to work at that and he
knew it would take time for her to completely and utterly submit to him. She was still holding out, only doing what needed to be done to get through the night and when he’d first seen her, first started playing the game of cat and mouse with her, he was fine with that.

But now? He knew it was a game of predator against predator, though where he was physically dominate, he got the feeling she was just as cunning as him. That she could and had played the game just as easily as he had. Two predators, a prowling tiger and a smaller, faster leopard, both dominate in their own realms but thrown together and told to compete against each other, it was a fight for dominance. And Jonathan wanted to win this one, more than he’d ever wanted something. This small, cunning and proud little leopard had claws in this game and he fully intended to play with claws of his own.

He just didn’t know what would happen when either of them won.
The room was silent, peaceful even, if one didn’t know what had transpired the night previous. Soft, early morning light drifted lazily in through the singular window high on the wall, lighting the room in a soft glow. The floor on which the square of sunlight fell was littered with men’s clothes, tossed haphazardly as though he was in a great rush. A sock here, a pair of pants there, a discarded tie caught on the bed post even. All that could be heard was the soft breathing of a sleeping pair, curled up, naked, on the plush bed. Though if one looked closely, they would see this was no ordinary couple. Drops of dark blood staining the even darker black silk sheets could be seen. If one were to take only a passing glance at the sleeping woman, they would know not only from the bruised shoulder and wrist, the eight crescent marks on her hips, but the way she slept, uncomfortably and with a frown, they would be able to tell she was a prisoner.

The woman, not surprisingly, with all the pain she must’ve been in, was the first to stir from her incredibly light sleep. Her hands twitched, clenched as though to test their maneuverability. Before she even opened her eyes, she was aware of where she was, what had befallen her the night before. She pulled her legs closer to her chest, grimacing as pain shot through her body but also a sore, achy wave, consuming her thoughts for a moment. She forced herself to relax, movement in general seeming to hurt and it was only then she felt the heavy weight pressing down on her hip.

Clary turned her head slowly, not wanting to wake Jonathan who was sleeping quite heavily behind her. She would have expected a scowl or grimace to be set on his face in sleep, especially with the whip scars he bore, most likely still at least sore from his latest whipping, but all she found were slightly parted lips and a serene look on his face. He looked achingly beautiful in sleep, Clary had to admit. His regal, sharp features were softened in sleep, making him seem younger. His usually high cheekbones seemed less severe and she could almost imagine him smiling at her, a genuine smile. Like the one she’d seen last night.

She turned away from her brother, shuddering with the memory of what they’d done last night. Bile rose in her throat as she pushed the pain away and slipped from the bed, making an effort not to wake Jonathan. She raced to the bathroom, her stomach roiling, before she collapsed in front of the toilet. Only to her disappointment, for she felt she would feel better if only she heave-hoed, nothing came out. But her body was shaking, cold sweat breaking out across her skin as the full force of last night hit her like a subway train.

She’d slept with her brother. Her brother. She felt dirty, unclean and violated. She stood from the toilet on wobbly legs and stumbled to the shower. She turned it on, full blast, hottest setting. The burning water almost gave her the illusion she was clean as she scrubbed furiously at her skin, washing and re-washing every part of her. And she meant every part. She couldn’t even feel the pain anymore as it felt her brain was rioting, coherent and moral thought packing their bags and taking a vacation to the Bahamas. She wanted to scream her head off and break down sobbing at the same time. She did actually, break down sobbing that is.

She fell to her knees, hugging them to her chest as she rocked back and forth, her mind still trying to come to terms with being violated by her sociopathic brother. She rocked back and forth, the hot water pelting her skin like liquid hot magma, though to her it felt like ice water. Her body, not to her knowledge though, was on fire, from pain, from denial, but also from the hormones and reactions rising up at thoughts of last night. She couldn’t get what Jonathan did to her out of her head. It was like the images were branded in her brain, the feelings scarring the backs of her eyelids in a gruesome mural.
She didn’t know when the tears stopped but when she noticed they did, she felt hollow, still unclean, the shower having done nothing to assuage her violation. She stumbled out, finding solace in the foggy bathroom as she reached for a towel to wrap herself in. With the steam obliterating her view she could almost imagine she had just gotten done showering in her own bathroom in her brownstone in New York. She let that thought comfort her as she towed off, the dark blue masking the red blood dripping from the wounds she’d reopened in the shower.

The towel fell from her hands, fluttering to the floor as she caught sight of a flash of unnatural color in the foggy mirror. She reached up and wiped the steam away, revealing a slim oval in which she could make out a warped reflection of herself. Her fingers, trembling, touched the greenish bruise covering her shoulder. Eyes flicking up she found another, darker mark, laying on her neck. A dark blue-black blotch that sat starkly against her pale skin. She touched it, remembering Jonathan’s mouth on that exact spot, sucking and pulling.

A small sound of despair escaped as her hand and eyes slipped down to her breasts, where a few black smudges were in evidence. His fingerprints. She looked down her flat stomach to the eight, thin rivulets of blood dripping down from the eight crescent marks on her hips. He’d marked her, marked her like he said he wanted to. She didn’t know how long it would take for these to heal, the bruises, but she knew she would have faint scars on her hips from the bite of Jonathan’s nails. He’d violated her and written his claim all over her body.

Her chest tightened, tears welling in her eyes as last night flashed through her head like a nightmare once more. His touch, his hands wandering all over her. His mouth doing wonderful and wicked things to her body. Him, inside her, pressing against places she wasn’t aware existed, making her feel pleasure she didn’t want. A sob escaped her lips as her mind came back to itself enough to register the collective throb of all her bruises and cuts. The aching pain, atop the soreness between her legs, atop the horror and guilt of last night had her knees buckling like they were paper.

She wanted to crumple to the floor, wanted to lay there and curl up for the rest of her life but strong hands caught her around the waist, pulling her back against a damp, naked chest. Her skin brushed against the fluffy material of a towel, teasing her skin to the point that she shivered. A hand swept the hair from her neck before warm lips pressed against her shoulder.

“Fainting at the sight of me already?” Jonathan murmured against her skin, the rumble of his deep voice could be felt all the way down to her toes.

Her body grew stiff, began trembling even harder at his proximity, the level of nakedness he had. Even though he had a towel wrapped around his waist, she was completely naked, naked and vulnerable to her monstrous brother. Clary tried to still her heart rate, her breathing that was fluctuating radically so that it seemed her chest was going to collapse in on itself. She couldn’t stop the close of her throat, the wild thundering of her heart. She clutched at the arm wrapped around the underside of her breasts, trying to wrench it away as her lungs shut down.

His hands on her the night before could be felt, crawling over her skin like ghosts coming to haunt her. The pain of being deflowered shot through her body, tears pricking her eyes as her nails dug into his forearms. The feeling of him pinning her to the bed, of him moving inside her ricocheted through her hollow body, shaking the very foundations of who she was.

She couldn’t breathe now, the edges of her vision growing black. She thought she would pass out from a panic attack, one she hadn’t had since her childhood, but Jonathan spun her around, his dark eyes piercing through her, the black of his eyes seeming to drive away the black in her vision. His hands settled around her shoulders.

“Clarissa,” he said, his voice commanding and calm. “You are not going to have a panic attack on
me. Do you understand? You’re going to slow your breathing by watching mine and matching it.”

Jonathan spoke with the utter most confidence, like it was impossible and illogical to ignore his advice. Seeing as Clary, despite her mounting fear and panic, didn’t want to pass out naked and vulnerable at the feet of her equally and essentially naked brother, she made herself step away from herself. She shut out the thoughts causing her such a panic and looked down at Jonathan’s chest, rising and falling with the easy flow of his breath.

She watched his disgustingly beautiful chest move with each breath, hating every perfect curve of muscle and charmingly scarred skin. Scars, both rune and battle, should not have been charming to her, they should have made her repulsed by the sight of him but somehow those damn scars endeared him to her. It told her that he’d faced his share of horrors and only brought up thoughts of Jonathan’s sadly lacking childhood.

As soon as she had an inkling of control over her heart and breathing, she wrenched away from the oddly comforting hands on her shoulders. She stormed out of the bathroom to soft chuckles behind her before she wrenched up her damp hair, twisting it into a knot before she heard a knock on the door. Jonathan appeared out of the bathroom, towel still wrapped around his waist, and bent down towards his discarded suit jacket, withdrawing a thick, heavy key from one of the pockets and using it to unlock the door.

Outside the door, she caught a glimpse of Isabelle, but Jonathan leaned his arm against the door frame, blocking her view of Isabelle and Isabelle’s of her. A short second later the door closed and Jonathan turned with a bundle of clothing in his hands, a wicked grin on his face. She took a step back.

“I’m not quite sure if I want you clothed and running off quite yet,” Jonathan said, tilting his head to the side so locks of snowy white hair fell in his eyes, reminiscent of a puppy cocking its head in interest of a treat. She winced at her comparison, scolding herself again for holding anything as innocent as a puppy to her brother.

“Give me my clothes Jonathan,” Clary said, false bravado swelling in her chest. She held out her hand.

“What will you give me then?” Jonathan dangled the clothes in the air as though he expected her to jump for them. Yeah, jump for clothes held above his towering six foot plus height naked, fat chance.

“You should be satisfied with what you took last night,” Clary spat, crossing her arms across her bare chest. “I gave you nothing. Nor will I.”

Jonathan shrugged, dropping his towel in front of her. She squeaked in alarm and turned away. She heard his laugh, felt his gaze burning down her back and buttocks.

“Then I suppose you have two options, run about the Gard naked, which would result in a lot of peoples’ deaths seeing as I’d have to kill anyone else who saw you as you are now or you can answer my question with a real offer and I’ll give you your clothes.”

She heard him walk around to the bed before falling into the messy sheets in front of her, still naked. She turned away again, not wanting to see her brother, not all of him. She’d seen little droplets of blood still staining the sheets, making her look down at her own marred body, the small crescents decking her hips like gruesome tattoos of Jonathan’s making. “Or I suppose you could lounge around naked in here, with me. I wouldn’t mind that in the least bit.”
She was silent, body trembling only slightly now with fear, what else it shook with was anger and pain at the injustice of her predicament, if you could really call it that. Pain for her brother as well, for he was the one poisoned, from whom his childhood was stolen, a loving father. Ever since he was born, he’d been trained to serve their father, like a dog. And it hurt to know that she was his only pleasure or source of happiness in the world. It nearly brought her to her knees to think he’d never had Jocelyn’s loving arms wrapped around him or the actual love of someone.

Heart in her throat, she turned, hands on her elbows across her chest. She looked only at his face, smug and beautiful as he lounged arrogantly on the bed like he’d won the lottery and was now rolling in the cash. His head was tilted back, eyes closed as though in revelry, smile wide and showing perfect teeth.

“What do you want from me Jonathan?”

She saw the smile fall from his face, his eyes flying open and focusing on her. She had the urge cover herself, but she didn’t, only kept her arms loosely around her breasts. His black eyes searched her face, seeing right through her to the shameful part of her that knew she wanted to make her brother happy. And she knew every time she gave into that urge, it would only grow bigger and bigger until the only thing left was the want, the need, to please him. And it terrified her.

“Come here,” he said, still studying her but his voice held suspicion, his chin tilted up as he looked down his nose at her. She bit her lip but obeyed, rounding the side of the bed to stand beside him, looking down at his perfect face and only his perfect face, too aware of the very male piece of anatomy just a little farther down his body. He reached up, his hand circling one of her wrists and tugging it free so her arms fell to her sides. Releasing her wrist, he sat up.

“Get in my lap,” he commanded, sounding slightly baffled but Clary listened, her mind numbing itself, bracing for what she would have to do. His legs were warm, still damp from the shower and the darker blond curls that she knew sat at the center of his body brushed her skin. His hands slid up her thighs, gentle and reverent, almost taking her breath at the surprising touch. He wasn’t supposed to be gentle. He wasn’t gentle last night and he certainly hadn’t given a thought to what she wanted. His fingertips skated her skin until his hands closed on her hips.

“Kiss me,” he said, as though not expecting her to listen. It was disbelief and false hope in his voice that betrayed his real emotions, emotions she didn’t want him to have because that made him relatable and her sympathetic towards him.

Sliding her hands up his chest, she wrapped them around the back of his neck and kissed him. Her breasts brushed his chest, his hands still on her hips as his lips slowly began to respond to her. She ran her tongue along his lips and he parted them, allowing her to deepen the kiss, pressing her body closer to his until he had to lay back down on the bed. Her lips moved gently over his, surprising her at how gentle she could be with him, after what he did to her last night. He didn’t seem to believe it either as he reciprocated her kiss almost hesitantly.

The kiss went on, silence and the sound of their breathing the only thing to be heard as it turned into something more than just a demanded kiss. And it scared her to think that she might be enjoying it, almost as if she couldn’t get enough. And from Jonathan there was no malice or dark glee as there had been last night. Her hands slid down his back, brushing the raised welts of his whip scars, as his slid up her back, holding her to him. Jonathan tilted his head to get a better angle, Clary’s mind draining away all thoughts until there was just feeling, numb, subdued feelings but feelings all the same.

Clary withdrew, sense finally smacking back into her. She lay above him, his sparkling black eyes dancing with light instead of darkness this time.
“Go get the little white box beneath the bathroom sink,” he said quietly, eyes flicking between hers. His hands slipped from her hips as she obeyed, guessing the box contained some kinky instrument he intended to use on her, like handcuffs or a soft leather whip. She shivered as she withdrew the box and resumed her place on his lap.

He sat up, rummaging around in the box before withdrawing a small white cloth and a long instrument like the one from the wedding ceremony. He set the box aside, reaching forward to drag her closer. She looked down, puzzled at the two items, hissed in pain as Jonathan pressed the cloth to four of the crescent marks on her hip, dabbing away the blood and doing the same with her other hip. He set it aside as Clary watched his face carefully.

He set the tip of the stele, Clary remembered it was called, to her skin. It burned a moment, making her wince and draw away from him, but the hand wrapped around the nape of her neck kept her from retreating. She watched a small *iratze* appear on her skin and the small crescents disappear. Her mouth dropped open as her eyes searched his face.

“Is that all?” Clary asked, her voice small and bewildered.

Jonathan nodded, leaning over to retrieve her clothes from the pile on the nightstand. “That’s all. Get dressed and go play with that mundane boy I know you want to till I come find you,” he said, dumping her onto the bed unceremoniously as he pulled his own clothes on, jeans and a button up black silk top, before stalking out the door, slamming it with a loud crack.

What the hell just happened?

-Xxx-

Clary threw open the rusted, metal barred door and rushed in to where Simon lay crumpled onto the floor. Isabelle followed after her, helping Clary to hoist the concerning lightweight Simon out of the grimy cell. His body was cold and shaking as they dragged him past the guards apparently assigned to stand watch over the two women to ensure they didn’t cause any trouble. Clary and Isabelle brought Simon back to Clary’s room, not the one she was in last night, she wouldn’t know what to do in that room, every inch a terrible reminder of what Jonathan did to her and an achingly baffling reminder of what had gone down this morning, but the one she’d previously been kept in.

Clary didn’t care if Simon got her sheets dirty but Isabelle stripped them away anyway, laying Simon down on the bed, prone and motionless. Clary was starting to panic as she watched the shallow rise and fall of his chest. She looked at Isabelle, heart in her eyes, the odd events of this morning forgotten.

“Isabelle, get all the medical supplies you can find, I’ll get him out of his clothes.”

Isabelle nodded before rushing off. Clary had seen Simon naked plenty of times when they were kids and in swimsuits at Luke’s Lake House, accidental losses of said swimsuit. So stripping him down and dragging his light dirty body into the shower was almost no problem, she turned on the shower, keeping it nice and warm on his shivering body.

She quickly and mechanically washed his grimy, almost black dirty body, revealing all the nasty wounds and gashes rendered by the unspeakable torture he’d have to have been put through. The wash was meticulous as she cleaned every inch of him then wrapped him in a towel before helping him back to bed, by that time he was somewhat conscious, believing he was hallucinating again.

“Clary, they did such…” His swallow was dry and pained as she laid him down on the bed again, towel across his lap. She cupped his cheek.
“Shh, Simon. Just go back to sleep, you’re safe now. I’ll get you some water, okay?”

His weak, slow nod was all she got as she rushed off to the bathroom to grabbing a cup of water and pitcher. She brought it back to Simon who she helped sit up. She cupped the back of his neck, holding his head up as his shaky hand rested on her wrist while she held the glass to his lips. He drank like a dehydrated man, left alone in the desert for years, only now getting a drop of water. He drained the glass and Clary refilled it three more times before he finally seemed satisfied and his brown eyes seemed a little clearer.

Isabelle came back in a few minutes later with a box of medical supplies and a tray of food. Knowing that Simon was in for a few days of painful recovery, Clary cleaned his wounds with the utmost care, saddened that he couldn’t take the angelic power of an iratze like the one she still wore on her hip. She pushed thoughts of her brother and his odd streak of kindness from her mind as she carefully laid the healing salves and bandages over his wounds. Her heart cracked at the painful scream that was wrenched from his throat as she bandaged a particularly nasty gouge in his side. She didn’t know what they did to him but she knew Simon would never be the same. It must have been horrible and painful.

Later, after Isabelle had finished helping her feed him little bits of fruit until he passed out, she sat on a short chair beside the bed, one hand clenched around Simon’s and the other brushing brunette curls from his forehead as he slept, a slight smile on his face now. He’d spoken with her, his voice raspy and underused but he’d told her some of the things they did to him and tears pricked her eyes. He still thought he was hallucinating but said it was one of the better hallucinations he’d had. He just sort of babbled about all the times he and Clary had gone to the lake house and played in the lake. She laughed softly, bitterly with him as he got into one of his tirades about his manga and some cheesy vampire story until he’d fallen asleep.

There was a quiet knock on the door, startling her and drawing a frown across her face. She gently pried Simon’s hand from hers, his fingers clutched between hers like she was a life saver and he was drowning. She cracked the door open to find her father, dressed in one of his disgustingly immaculate suits with his hands tucked behind his back. He smiled down at her, reminding her of a snake’s smile, deadly and false.

“Good afternoon Clarissa,” he said, easily and casually as if he hadn’t just forced his daughter to marry his son, as if he wasn’t the man to steal his son’s childhood from him and poison his mind and blood. “I assume you’ve retrieved that mundane boy from the dungeons already, yes?”

Clary pursed her lips, nodding slowly as hatred boiled low in her stomach. This was the man who’d kidnapped her and her mother, had her mother chained to a bed, abusing her, forced Clary to marry Jonathan and tortured Simon. Surely he didn’t expect warm feelings from her, but he acted as though nothing happened.

He brought a small bottle out from behind his back, black in color but slightly transparent, turning the dark glass a murky gray. “You’ll want to give him this then. It will counteract the poison in his system and any other substance he’s been injected with.” He held the tiny bottle out to her, her eyes widening that her father had really poisoned her best friend. She snatched the bottle from him, wanting to slam the door in his face but she held herself in check, forcing herself to say thank you very stiffly before gently closing the door. She ran back to Simon’s bedside, trying to wake him without being frantic and panicked.

He blinked his chocolate brown eyes open wearily, smiling wanly at her.

“Hey Si. You can go back to sleep in a second but I need you to drink this first, okay?” Clary said,
helping him to sit up. She was almost shaking in panic, wanting to pour the antidote down his throat, unsure of how long he had.

Simon nodded without really meaning to and she helped him get the formula down his throat. He gagged as he finished the bottle, some of his color immediately returning.

“God Clary,” he said, meaning it jokingly but it came out as a raspy whisper. “This tastes like a dead alley cat dipped in coffee. What is it?”

Clary shook her head, noting the physical and visible differences in Simon. His color returned, his breathing became deeper and more even and his body lost most of its tension.

“It’s nothing, nothing, must be bad coffee. Sorry Si, just go back to sleep,” Clary said, wilting in relief back into her chair. She wrapped her hand around his before he fell back to sleep, still mostly naked except for the towel for he didn’t have the strength to get out of bed and dress in the clothes Isabelle had brought. She pulled the blankets and sheets back over top of his body, staving off the shivers wracking his body. She went back to brushing a hand through his curly brown hair until she felt like falling asleep.

Her cheek was pressed into the mattress, hand still entangled in Simon’s when last night sucker punched her in the gut with a vengeance.

-Xxx-

Jonathan paced up and down the hallways of the Gard, anger and indecision warring a battle in his head. He clenched and relaxed his hands, disliking the uncontrolled roil of emotions. Clarissa, as much as he hated to admit it, had caught him off guard this morning. He’d laid down on the bed, completely expecting and wanting a fight from Clarissa but what he’d been met with was submission. In truth that was what he wanted but he hadn’t gotten his fun in yet.

He wanted fire and screams and scorching kisses but what he got seemed to satisfy him even more. The beautiful little pout and soft green eyes would have brought him to his knees once more had he been standing. He made demands and she complied. That kiss though, it was different from before, she kissed him like she meant it, like she really wanted to please him. And he’d reveled in the feeling, sunken into the feeling until her hands, her mouth and tongue had consumed him, making his head buzz.

She’d climbed into his lap after her breakdown in the bathroom. He might be arrogant and confident but he wasn’t stupid, he knew she was having a panic attack. He knew it was a result of what they’d done the night before and had fully expected revulsion and avoidance the rest of the day, but not submission. He would have waited a day or two before he soothed her panic and turned it into pleasure.

He watched as his father strode up to the door where he knew Clarissa and that mundane were. Valentine knocked, holding a vial of antidote to one of his many poisons behind his back. He heard the conversation exchanged between the two, unable to catch a glimpse of his small wife around the door and his father’s broad figure. He heard the tension and hatred in Clarissa’s otherwise pleasant voice as she spoke with Valentine. He smirked at her ferocity, even after her decimation last night and the fear she must have been experiencing knowing her mundane pet had been poisoned.

The door shut with a soft click before Valentine turned and caught sight of him stalking the shadows outside the room wherein which his wife lay. Valentine quirked a peculiar smile before slipping into Jonathan’s domain of shadows. Jonathan had never liked looking up to the man, physically or figuratively. So he had been relieved when he grew a few inches taller than Valentine. Now he got
to look down on him.

“I would have thought you would be in there watching your new wife,” Valentine said coolly, tucking his hands behind his back, no doubt settling over the small dagger he always kept concealed on his person. Jonathan of course had no need of such petty weaponry, he was a weapon in and of himself. It only made him gleeful that his father had to carry protection around his own son.

“I am watching my wife, very satisfactorily,” Jonathan said smugly. “I’m only allowing her some play time with her pet before I drag her back into my bedroom.”

Now, Jonathan only wanted to put on a show for his father, to preen for him even though he should have been above such paltry things but he liked to see the bitter tinge cross Valentine’s face. Jonathan, of course, was only telling a half truth. He certainly was going to drag Clarissa back to his bedroom, conscious and fighting, or unconscious and not, but he hadn’t planned on repeating last night for a bit. He was cruel yes, but he did know over exposure to something as shocking as forced deflowering too soon could cause some irreversible damage. He didn’t want damaged property.

Valentine tilted his chin in ascension.

“Take it you enjoyed yourself last night?”

Jonathan didn’t really want to speak of Clarissa’s little sounds and reactions, or even her vulnerability last night with his father. Those things were only for Jonathan, and Jonathan alone, not for the journals of his father where he would most likely document how many times his children had fornicated in hopes of planning out the impregnation of Clarissa with an heir. Jonathan didn’t particularly want a child at the moment. He wanted lots of playtime with his wife. The word tasted sweet and rich in his mouth. Wife.

Jonathan only nodded, eyes flicking to the door where he heard Clary laughing softly in relief, most likely having roused the unconscious mundane to feed him the antidote. He heard her own exhausted heartbeat, the labored breathing. He heard the exact moment that she began thinking of this morning, the night before. He heard the stutter in her heartbeat, the catch in her breathing as it became shorter. He knew another panic attack was coming on. He didn’t want her to experience that again.

He frowned, shaking his head and excusing himself from his father’s company to stride across the hall. He opened the door quietly and slipped inside, finding Clarissa bent over the mundane’s bed, hand clasped in his. He growled softly at the sight of this.

The fall of red hair spun around like a dancing flame at the sound of him. He could see her pale skin, the short breaths contracting her chest. Tears glistened in her eyes and refracted the green in her irises, making them seem like three dimensional pools. He strode forward, out of the shadows to bend down in front of her, sitting stiffly in the chair. He saw the fear, the arousal, the confusion, all fuel for his passion and want of her.

“Where are you right now?” He asked softly, discreetly dislodging Clarissa’s hand from the boy’s.

She looked absolutely baffled, but he succeeded in taking her thoughts away slightly from the night before. “What?”

“Answer the question,” he breathed calmly, entangling his fingers with hers before crouching in front of her.

“I—I’m in a bedroom… with you, and Simon,” she stuttered, looking utterly confused but like he
planned, it was distracting her, calming her slightly.

“What are you doing?” He questioned, sounding bored and slightly exasperated to his own ears but he knew he was anything but. His body was on fire, just from being near her, his chest tightened. He squeezed his fingers in hers. She didn’t seem to notice.

“Sitting beside Simon, trying to figure out what you’re doing,” she replied and her breathing calmed even more, her heart slowing.

“Is anything bad happening right now?” He held her green eyes with his black ones, liking the way confusion looked on her, it made her look innocent, even though she wasn’t anymore. It made her all the more alluring when she looked disoriented, like a little lamb being stalked by a wolf, unknowing and beautiful.

She shook her head slowly, unable to look away from him.

“Does it feel like anything bad is going to happen?”

He felt her pause at this question, slowly coming back to herself to further assess her situation, see if she really did feel in danger. Jonathan was crouching, unimposing for the moment, as he so chose. Her pet was fast asleep, clean and peaceful and bandaged under the blankets beside her and she was beside him. After a long moment she shook her head again.

Jonathan nodded, allowing a slow smile to spread across his lips. “Now aren’t you tired?” He asked, knowing the low note he’d injected in his voice was bound to weigh her muscles down, bring attention to any slight fatigue. That’s what he wanted.

She nodded, seemingly done speaking.

“Aren’t you worn out from watching over the mundane?” Jonathan’s hand slipped up to cup the back of her neck, catching her swaying body.

“His—his name is Simon,” she protested, but he knew he’d essentially drugged her with his voice and the little point between her shoulder and neck should finish the job.

Jonathan ignored the comment.

“Don’t you want to go back to sleep in a big, soft, warm bed?” He drew out the sound of each adjective, making them sound enticing and welcoming.

She closed her eyes, as if picturing the bed now. He hoped it was the bed in their room. His hand moved to press down on that one little point he was taught would knock someone unconscious, that one little point that had her toppling over like a rag doll, completely unconscious. He swept her up into his arms, pressing her small body close before standing and glaring down at Clarissa’s pet.

What made her prefer the boy over him? He was only a mundane, and a scrawny one at that. Jonathan was handsome, powerful, family, and fiercely protective, provocative. Why wouldn’t she prefer to spend time with him? He gave her more pleasure than she could possibly imagine. And if Jonathan was willing to admit it, he preferred her company over any other. She was pleasant to be around, even when they were fighting. He loved the cadence of her voice and every little nuance of her body. The way she favored her right leg when she was agitated or bit her bottom lip when she was nervous or the lovely pink flush that tipped her ears, nose and cheeks. He liked the fall of her hair in her eyes, creating a half curtain that he got to pull back and reveal all her little secrets for himself.
Now he could finally enjoy it, being married to her and having her in his company, eventually in his bed willingly. He pressed a light kiss to her forehead to alleviate his discomfort with the mundane, a mark of his possession. She was his and he didn’t want her spending too many hours with the mundane, or really anyone other than him. He felt her relax against him, finally succumbing completely to the loss of consciousness.

Good, he could finally get her away from this dirty mundane and back to their room, where he could enjoy her without disturbance now that the odd revelation of this morning had passed. He wrote it off as shock. With her head lolling against his chest, he gave the dirty little mundane another scrutinizing glare before leaving the room altogether.

He carried his sleeping bride back to their room with little disturbance, pausing only to tell Clarissa’s maid to watch the mundane boy, knowing Clarissa would rave and scream unless she knew her pet was taken care of. He closed the door of their bedroom quietly, adjusting slightly as she shifted in his arms. He kicked off his annoyingly tight shoes, wanting to feel the cool tile against his bare feet. Her nose brushed his hot neck, tightening his already pleasurably sore body. He didn’t think it was possible for him to be sore, not with how much he trained but his groin muscles, his hips and his abdomen were all deliciously aching.

He settled onto the bed covers, made up now that the maids had come through and changed the sheets, laying his redhead beside him. From her lips came a soft moan, her brows furrowing before she turned into his body, her arms bent between them as though she were cold. He looked down at her a moment, wondering why confusion passed through his mind at her actions. Having her tucked against his body like this, there was that odd feeling of peace settling over him again. Like that one morning when he took her riding.

He slipped his fingers into her hair, remembering how it felt sliding against his skin last night, how the fire burning in the strands looked luminescent in the darkness. Her breath fell out of her lips, pushing onto his chest in a burst of warmth, and she burrowed closer to the heat radiating from his body. He was always hot around her, even if he wasn’t painfully hard, his body was always burning up from a mere look. A look of disgust, or intrigue, or curiosity, or anger, any look really branded him with her gaze, her swagger, her scent, driving him nearly insane.

He propped himself on his arm, looking down at the small little figure of Clarissa as he ran his hands over her hair, over and over again, soothing himself with every touch. Literally, the raging demon, hackles always raised, fangs always bared, was lulled into a sated stupor, drugged on the soft scent of vanilla and strawberries wafting off her. The demon settled within him, doing something that he was almost appalled of, it rolled onto its back, baring its stomach for Clarissa’s touch. But somehow, there was of feeling of relief in giving up his fierceness for a few sweet moments. Relief that he hoarded close only he could see it, only Clarissa when she came to him.

He paused in his thoughts, his ministrations as he felt Clarissa’s breasts tighten against his stomach, her nose in his chest. She frowned, her perfect pout turning down before her lips parted. His nose twitched as he caught the faint scent of arousal drifting to him. Was she wet? His hand slid down her leg, parting her thighs to press against her inner heat. He smirked with excitement as his skin seemed to burn with her heat. She was wet. He hoped it was for him. What was she dreaming about?

A sound slipped from her flawless pink lips, a sound that had him shivering with pleasure as she moaned. And it was a long glorious moan, pressed into his chest so the sound seemed to quiver through his bloodstream. His hand burned even hotter; he didn’t think he wanted to remove it either. He wanted to play with this. Her body lit like dry tinder on a hot day as his hand slipped into the loose jeans she wore, easily finding what he’d claimed only once—soon to be many more—with
his fingers.

She was still unconscious, mostly because of the pressure point he’d applied, as he cupped her through her lacey panties. Her little moan prompted him further, pushing aside the delicate lace with his fingers to stroke her entrance. The next sound was like a choked gasp, catching her in throat and making her breasts bounce. He plunged two long, skilled fingers inside her and he was utterly pleased with what he heard next.

“Jonathan.”

It was a quiet, reverent whisper, barely audible as it fell from her lips, dropping straight to his groin, where blood pooled and hardened his length. He curled his fingers inside her, reaching that sacred spot of pleasure he’d hit so many times last night. Her small body jerked, arching off the bed as he slid his fingers slowly along her feminine walls. Her mouth opened in a whimper before breathing his name again. It shook his entire body that she would cry his name in sleep, she would dream of him.

He stroked her, long and slow, finally bringing her to climax. As soon as that last little moan came from her lips, her eyes shot open, frantically searching for something. They finally land on him, traveling down his arm to see his hand buried in her pants, fingers still wrapped inside her. She can’t seem to speak for a moment, her skin flushed and sweaty, but then she finally manages some of the English language.

“Jonathan,” she said. He thought she meant to scold him but it came out like her mind was in disarray. “What are you doing? Get—get out, right now,” she demanded, grabbing at his wrist and tugging. He could have chosen to keep his hand buried between her thighs, but he allowed her to remove his hand from her, allowed her to slide from bed and hurry to the bathroom, where he knew she would shower for a long time.

He sighed, leaning back against the pillows of his bed, their bed. He had this odd want in his chest, not lust or desire, but a simple want. One that asked of Clarissa to share his bed willingly, to curl up beside him and fall asleep. But such a simple want he could not have, not yet and not so soon. He closed his eyes, sharpening his other senses as he listened to the quiet ruffles of clothing inside the bathroom. Took solace in the water he heard running and dripping over his wife’s skin. He took a deep breath, inhaling the soft scent of her vanilla body wash, slowly getting stronger in its strawberry scent with each wash.

He tucked his hands behind his head, picturing her small, naked body with water sluicing down her skin, her hands running over her soft curves and treasured areas. He groaned, his body only hardening at the thought. He rubbed his palm over his hard length, trying to relieve his pain. He rubbed himself, picturing Clarissa’s soft little palm sliding over him. He moaned but had to withdraw his hand, the pain of not having Clarissa’s palm where his was more than his hard pain.

His eyes flew open as he swung his legs over the bed, striding over to the bathroom door, resolve hardening. He quietly opened the door, ripping off his clothes as the heat built inside his body, making the fabric almost unbearable against his skin. He tore open the steamy shower stall door, stark naked, and found his precious red head.

“Jonathan!” Clarissa shouted, beautiful shock and a pretty red blush crossing her face but her squeaky voice was cut off as he caught up her wrists, slamming them against the wall. His lips crushed down on hers, plunging into her body with his painfully hard length. Her scream was muffled against his lips but the first thrust of his hips had her moaning like a cat in heat.

Being inside her seemed to calm the raging blackness that had just reared its head a few moments
previous. Clarissa was his personal haven and anyone who tried to keep him from her, or her from him was a dead man, or woman, he didn’t discriminate. Clarissa tugged harshly at her wrists, trying to cover herself no doubt but she stilled at his feral growl, teeth pulling threateningly and pleasurably at her lip. A perfect whimper traveled from her lips to his mouth, and he stole the beautiful sound.

The perfect creature was on her tiptoes, trying desperately to compensate for his superior height. He wasn’t getting deep enough to sate his need either. So to resolve his problem, he released her wrists, hands cupping her bottom as he hoisted her up and pressed her ruthlessly once more to the cold tile wall. Her hands slid into his hair, holding tightly as he slammed into her. He released her lips, grazing his nose along her jaw to tilt her head back, exposing the pale, delicate expanse of her neck. He sucked on her pulse, beating frantically, deliciously panicked and adrenaline laced. He flattened his tongue and ran it down her throat to the hollow of her collarbone, the heated water pounding onto his back, with much less ferocity than his thrusts though. He swore he was getting lost in her, when he’d never been lost before. Her body was like a haven for him, a retreat from the darkness and the burning blood in his veins. Somewhere he could forget of his duties, his father, his plans, his childhood and just relax and enjoy himself.

Her heat, her muscles clenched around him drove him nearly insane as he became more frantic, searching for release inside her, where he’d already given her that very thing twice. His lips and teeth had left a mark of possession on her throat, just beneath her jaw line so there was no chance of hiding it with scarves or turtle necks. Now his lips were on her chest, sliding over the curve of her breast like slick water, the water that still rinsed her creamy heat and his seed down their legs, though he still had yet to climax. He could feel the strong beat of her heart against his lips, that one vein just over the rise of her breast that could so easily be opened, have blood stolen from with ease.

He’d never had a taste for blood, though he’d tried it once or twice at the urging of his father, Jonathan’s demonic abilities and strengths still unknown to him. Then, it had been bitter and coppery, mundane and bland, of no interest to him. Suddenly, as his teeth scraped over that one, beating vein, he wondered what Clarissa would taste like. If she would be sweet and thick like honey or fresh and fast flowing like the juice of a fruit. He nipped harder this time, opening a small puncture wound on her soft breast, making her entire body jerk and writhe against the wall as she cried out, her grip tightening.

His tongue lapped at the thin stream of blood, even as Clarissa tried to push him away again, sense most likely having come back to her with the sharp pain of his intrusion. But once more, he used a spare hand to sweep up her wrists and pin the fragile thing to the wall, like a butterfly on display for him even as he lapped up the last of the small stream of ruby liquid. There was no description for how she tasted, just as there were none adequate for how she felt to him. She was perfection and heaven, everything light and good, the true picture of beauty and flawlessness. And she was all his.

One last thrust had him falling over the edge, releasing into Clary’s body so that some of his seed now dripped down her thighs, washed away by the now cold water. He let the little spitfire down, his arm around her waist to support her as, he was greatly satisfied to see, she wobbled on her legs. Out of the shower, he wrapped his black robe around her, drowning her tiny little figure in the fabric. He tried to set her on the bed but that didn’t work out too well as she’d regained her legs. She tore away from him, moving fast, faster than he thought she could move—though he gave himself some credit for her abilities, as he was the one to train her—and her hand came down like a stinging paddle across his cheek. He hissed in anger, surprise mostly, as his own hand came up to his throbbing cheek. He almost smirked at the sheer strength she’d put behind that slap.

His next move was to throw her down on the bed and elicit some form of repentance from her, through methods he wouldn’t disclose, but the pure fury in her eyes stopped him, intrigued him. So
he waited, watching her as she tried to compose herself enough to speak. And when she did, the anger infused in her sexy mezzo-soprano sent a rush of excitement through him. She’d only been this angry once or twice before and he couldn’t wait to act upon it.

“Don’t you ever dare do something like that again!” She screamed. “It’s bad enough you raped me last night and think me your property, but I deserve to have some privacy when I’m washing the dirt you’ve poured on me off my skin. So don’t you ever set foot in the shower with me again, you barbaric animal!”

She almost hit him a second time, which of course he wouldn’t allow, but she stopped her hand, closing her palm in a tight fist before she spun away from him. He thought she meant to go to the closet but seeing as he hadn’t had their clothing moved in here, there was nothing to put on, so she only stood there, back to him. He smirked at the tiny ass swathed in his dark robe. Nothing but sheets and towels, he thought.

He reached forward, grabbing the back of his robe and tugging. Clarissa didn’t react long enough that he got the robe down to her mid back, baring her shoulder blades and the very beginning curves of her hips. But she yelped, snatching the robe so he couldn’t pull it down any farther but had to back towards him as he tried, not releasing the robe. Now her back was pressed against his chest, of which was still naked, though he’d put on boxers, and he could feel the slight tremble rushing through her body.

He bent his head, mouth pressed against her ear. “Name calling isn’t nice Clarissa. And if I were a barbaric animal, you would still be strapped to that bed, letting me take you over and over again.”

He growled at his own words as the mere image brought him pleasure, as he saw her breasts tighten, heard her breath stall. He could smell the answering rush of liquid desire between her legs. He wrapped his strong arm around her front, drawing her closer against him. She still smelled like him, his scent and touch and brand was all over her. He reveled in the knowledge.

He breathed a sigh against her throat, against the little strawberry mark he’d left under her chin. “Rape is such an ugly word Clarissa, I merely took what is mine. You gave me what is mine. Do you not remember how you writhed and moaned, pushing your hips back against mine last night?”

Her thighs drew taut and he nearly groaned, wanting to have them wrapped around his waist… or his ears. He flattened his hands against her stomach, resisting the urge to push the robe and boxers aside and take her again. A thought crossed his mind, bringing a rogue smirk to his lips. Clarissa felt it against her skin, for she tensed impossibly.

“And you broke a promise Clarissa. You gave me your word you would not strike me again,” he whispered, wicked and low.

She began to protest. “That was only for—“

He cut her off. “Didn’t I say I would punish you if you broke your word?”

Her body began to tremble at his quiet threat, and oh, did the feel of her make him shudder. He jerked her back when she didn’t answer, making her yelp quietly.

“Answer me,” he growled.

“You did,” she said in a frightened whisper, her tears audible in her scared voice. And he did. He picked her up, throwing her over his shoulder. He left the room with her kicking and screaming, sobbing in fear as she beat at his back. He brought her down through the halls, down toward the
dungeon that had held her mundane toy before the wedding. The staff that worked in the palace were docile and silent as their master passed by with the screaming girl, knowing what fate would befall them should they interfere, especially if they were to get in the way of Prince Jonathan.

He found the torture cell, not intending to remain in the filthy place. He didn’t think, though disobedient, his Clarissa deserved to be punished in a dank, dark room filled with screams. Clarissa, his little lion, deserved to be punished in the lap of luxury, where she could feel safe but hunted at the same time. He wanted her to feel doubt, of who would cause her pain and who the pleasure. But he wanted her to know that with him, even though he seemed calm and reserved, docile even that he could lash out at any time if she disobeyed him.

“Jonathan,” Clarissa whimpered, and he could feel the tears from her cheeks soaking into his skin, as he was still in his boxers, she in his robe. “Please, I’m sorry. You only frightened me.” Her sweet little voice faded as she buried her face against his back. Her tears, surprisingly, did not sting his demon whip scars, neither did her touch. Yes, it was a little uncomfortable but nothing like when he touched them or brushed them against a wall or column, which he’d trained himself meticulously not to do.

He frowned as he exited the cell, making his way back up to their room, after having grabbed a length of rope, a hunting knife and a leather whip. He refused to use metal whips, he found them abhorrent, most likely due to the fact that his father switched between metal and the demon metal whips in Jonathan’s punishments. Plus, he did not want to scar or flay his darling bride’s skin.

He brought her back to their room, setting her on the bed. Looking her over, she was shuddering, shaking with tears as she looked up at him through watery green eyes. Her usually pale, flawless face was red and blotchy from crying. She really was terrified of his punishment. Her chest, barely covered now for his robe had fallen open, only covering her nipples and stomach, was hitching as she hiccupped her last sobs.

He cocked his head, taking her chin in a gentle grasp, ensuring she look at him.

“Are you really that terrified of your punishment?” He asked. He’d never really had a concept of fear, only enjoyed inflicting it on other people. He’d never experienced fear, of anything, for he’d always excelled at every task he was set to. But as his wife nodded her head, her hands visibly shaking, he found he had a better understanding of the word, fear.

She sensed the impending pain, the danger that he would put her in. She saw the whip, the rope, the knife and knew what they meant. They meant punishment and retribution. An insurance that Jonathan would always get his way. Because he was always right, he was the dominant one, she the submissive, though he was beginning to see that in some cases she wasn’t. And he wasn’t sure if he completely disapproved of that or not. He also didn’t know if he liked how she always somehow managed to instill doubt over his usually solid decisions.

Angry at her, more at himself for allowing these things to happen, he took her wrists from her after taking his robe from her. He stood her up, faced her to one of the bed posts and secured her wrists together so she was hugging the post, buck naked and trembling for him. He spread her legs with his foot, running his hands up her thighs, her hips until they rested on her waist.

He leaned down to whisper in her ear.

“Why did you break your word to me Clarissa?” His voice was low, calm, as he was still trying to sort through the twisted and backward thoughts in his head.

He could feel her clenching her feminine muscles, even without touching down there he knew that
was what she was doing. Her body shook harder as his question was asked.

“You frightened me, in the shower,” she admitted, her head bent in submission, something he would have liked to see last night. But apparently she was more afraid of being whipped, actually punished by him, than having her virginity taken from her. He knew she was only telling him a partial truth and it annoyed him that she kept things from him.

His hands moved up, laying on her ribs. “What else Clarissa? I know that’s not all.”

A strangled sob escaped, bringing fresh tears with it, tainting the air around her face with a salty smell. “Because you raped me, again,” she said forlornly, the anguish clear in her voice. He didn’t particularly know what to do with such a raw emotion. He didn’t really know what to do with emotions in general. “And now you’re going to whip me because I acted out of self-defense.”

A shudder went through his body at the last little snap in her words. He felt it like the crack of a whip, and believe him when he said he knew the feeling. He growled, tightening his fingers around her.

“I’m going to whip you, not because you defied me or struck me but because you broke a promise. That is something that I will not tolerate.” He pulled back, reaching for the whip. “And there is that word again Clarissa. Rape. You would accuse me of such a thing?” He pressed up against her once more, his hand finding its way around her stomach, down to the tight thatch of curls. He cupped her, making her gasp. “You accuse me of rape when I own this?”

“This is mine Clarissa,” he growled, sliding a long finger inside of her. He was rewarded with a cry. “You are mine and nothing, no angel nor devil nor anything in between will change it. That I can promise you.” He withdrew his finger, sliding her own wet heat up her flat stomach before he stepped back once more. She let out another beautiful whimper as the whip unfurled and hit the ground with a thick slap.

He wondered at the creamy, perfect expanse of her back, contemplating. He didn’t want to ruin such flawless skin, but his vain desires, unfortunately, were not the only things holding him back. The terrible trembling of her body, which he would have relished in any other situation, gave him pause, as well as her hurt words. It angered him that she believed him a rapist when he only took what was his, something that had belonged to him since her birth. But she honestly believed she was not his, and if not his, who did she think she belonged to, belonged with? That mundane pet?

Ha! That was laughable, Jonathan couldn’t even bring himself to fathom that possibility. No, Clarissa just needed time to see who she was, and who owned her, no matter how many times he said it aloud. Still staring at her back though, he noticed how shaky her legs were, how they were about to give out beneath her. He looked at the whip once more, feeling the cool leather in his hand before he carefully set it down and paced up to Clarissa.

His anger gone, his resolution to teach her not to break promises in some other way later on, he slid a hand up to that little spot between her neck and shoulder, her body flinching from him as though she expected the whip, and pinched it. Her body immediately fell slack, crumpling to the floor with her hands still bound around the bed post. He caught her, body light and insubstantial as a feather, before she could hit the floor and cut the ropes binding her hands. He scooped up her naked, unconscious form and laid her on the bed, gently tucking her beneath the covers.

He briefly pondered why he didn’t whip her for breaking her promise but let the thought go as she moaned in her sleep. It wasn’t one of the pleased moans from earlier, but one of distress. He was beginning to learn to tell the difference now and he was unsure if that was good or bad. He was learning more about Clarissa, but what bothered him was he was seeming to learn more about human
nature from her as well. He didn’t really care for human nature, only for the animal nature he was
born with. He preferred their laws and their characteristics, how they were possessive of their
women. He could relate to the animals and the laws of the jungle because that’s where he was born
and raised to belong. But this small little redhead was beginning to make him see the other side of
things. He might not like them, but he couldn’t help but consider them.

He watched for another moment, the tiny woman tossing and turning in bed before he dressed,
leaving and locking the room behind him. He, for the first time, needed a moment away from the
slight redhead so he could fully process what she was doing to him.
Deep within the Gard, guarded day and night like some high security prisoner, slept a red headed woman, though uneasily. This was not the same red headed woman I have been telling you about, but the elder one. The one we have left to shadows and implication. The one I’ve only let you believe what’s been happening to her. Now I will touch upon her experience as a prisoner in the Gard, not much different from her daughter—sleeping just as uneasily in the opposite wing.

The room in which this redhead was kept looked pristine as any royal master bedroom, but an arm could be seen, crooked at an odd angle to the headboard, where the woman’s wrist was cuffed. Fading bruises could be seen across her skin, her breath shallow as her ribs ached with every movement. The door was cracked open, light spilling in through the seams. It didn’t wake the redhead, even as the tall, muscular, broad shouldered man shut the door.

He strode over to the side of the bed silently, gazing down at the red haired woman that used to be his. He wanted her to be his again. His chest physically ached at the remembrance that she’d left him, refused to show him anything close to affection still. Her beautiful, pale face was marred by a yellowish bruise, a bruise he’d placed there himself. His hands clenched. She’d driven him to that, she’d refused to come back to him, she’d betrayed him and kept his daughter from him, kept herself from him when she knew, as soon as he Marked her with the wedded union rune, that she was his and he was hers.

He lovingly brushed stray crimson strands from the woman’s face, wishing she would open her eyes and look at him like she used to, when they had just had a good round in bed and they would both wake up sore and pleased. He would always bring her tea after, waking up before her to get the shower warm. He remembered when the two used to wake up buck naked, still wrapped up in each other. But ever since Jonathan… she’d shunned him.

Jocelyn woke with a start, feeling warm fingers caressing her face. She caught the wrist of the hand, jerking it away from her face. As she blinked herself awake, she found Valentine standing over her. She flung the hand away as if it had burned her skin.

“What do you want, Valentine?” Jocelyn spat, pulling the covers over herself even though she was clothed.

Valentine, reserved as ever, placed his hands behind his back. “I came to spend time with my wife,” he stated, striding around the bed to turn on the lights.

Jocelyn squinted as the lights flared on, rubbing her eyes as she followed her ex-husband around the room with her gaze.

“I’m no longer your wife. That title and your claim over me vanished the day you poisoned our son,” Jocelyn said tiredly, exhausted of discussing the subject repetitively.

“Our vows were never annulled, Jocelyn. Nor our Marks of union removed,” he mused, sitting on the edge of the bed, reaching out to trace the wedded union rune that still lay atop Jocelyn’s breast.

She smacked the man’s hand away angrily but Valentine only sighed. “So by our laws,” Valentine continued. “We are still married.”

Jocelyn knew it was futile to argue such things with Valentine when he was a political leader. He could make you believe the rain fell from the ground up.
“Did you truly come to spend time with me, Valentine?” Jocelyn asked softly, watching his face. She saw something there that had been present for the past months, eating away at her, corroding her defenses. Behind Valentine’s harsh and dominating veneer was the love he’d shown her in the first years of their marriage; the love that had never disappeared but only been seceded by power lust and ambition. And Valentine knew that had been his fatal mistake in this marriage. Neglecting his wife. Though he’d still managed to conquer what he’d set out to, he needed his wife.

He was so lonely without her; her beautiful laugh, her soft smile, her warm and welcoming body. He was well aware he’d made a mistake. And if he could, he’d take it back but Jocelyn knew he would never give up his goals and ambitions for her. He wanted it all, he was greedy and vain and that is what had stopped her from falling back into his arms because to be perfectly honest, she’d never stopped loving him. She stopped herself from falling because it was the only safe thing to do; so she cut herself off from her feelings, using Valentine’s most recent crimes such as marrying their children together to estrange herself from Valentine but he keeps worming his way past her defenses, making her rebuild them ad infinitum.

“Yes, I did,” he said quietly. “Are you going to choose to cooperate so I may release?”

It was obvious both the persons were at a stalemate; Valentine exhausted and longing for his wife but resolved not to show weakness; Jocelyn pitying her husband but horrified by his decisions. But the woman conceded, tired of her chains rubbing bloody bracelets on her wrists, of waking up to sore, stretched arms, of being confined to this wretched bedroom. Valentine leaned forward, paying no heed to his wife’s personal space as he slipped a key from virtually thin air and unlocked her cuffs.

The blond man looked down at the red bracelets around his wife’s wrists.

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-The end-
Valentine sat across from his wife, one of her wrists cupped in both of his hands as he wrapped a light bandage around her bloody bracelet. He refused, even after having her calm down, to have a stele anywhere near her. She was too skilled for that. So he relegated her to having her heal the mundane way but he would not have her wounds fester.

“Are you wounds feeling any better?” Valentine inquired in a deep voice.

Jocelyn didn’t look at him, only watched him bandaging her wrist. “You have no right to ask that.”

“I have every right, I’m your husband. May I not inquire after your wellbeing?”

“No.” Was her only response.

“Physical or otherwise?”

“No.”

“You have to concede sometime, Jocelyn,” Valentine sighed, taking her second wrist and grabbing another roll bandage. “This is where you live now and you cannot keep this up forever, darling.”

Jocelyn’s dormant green eyes turned to flames as she turned them on her husband’s soulless black ones.

“Don’t ever call me that,” she snapped fiercely, jerking her wrist back from Valentine’s hands but his fingers closed, vise-like, around her wrist, making her yelp as he pulled her forward. Their lips sat, anxious to touch, millimeters from each other. Jocelyn’s eyes lingered on her husband’s lips, remembering what they felt like before, what they felt like caressing her body, pressing against her skin, her lips. But she also remembered the cunning, deceitful words that used to and still slipped from those falsely perfect lips. Though she could not deny, no matter how much she did aloud, that Valentine’s lips were something to be serenaded by angels.

“And why shouldn’t I?” He asked, his low voice just barely above a whisper, as though the ghosts of the conquered dwelling within the Gard could hear him and they sneered at the sound. “It is not as if you can stop me. Do you wish to try?” He issued the challenge under his breath.

Like his wife’s, his eyes settled on her lips, lost in how close he was to her; he was lost in how she was not pushing him away but falling closer to him. Closer, closer, until her lips were just barely touching his. He leaned forward to eliminate what little space there had been between those long estranged lips. Jocelyn moaned softly, but not in protest, in submission and consent as she threw away her struggle and gave herself to the husband she’d refused to admit she’d missed in some twisted part of her mind.

The half bandage fell forgotten to the floor as Valentine slid a hand to Jocelyn’s hip and pulled her forward, sliding the slight redhead onto his lap, where he felt she belonged. Delicate but skilled hands slid around Valentine’s neck and shoulders, pinning him to Jocelyn’s chest as she took just as much bounty from Valentine as Valentine was from Jocelyn.

The woman in the Valentine’s lap had missed the latter’s touch desperately. More desperately than she could remember, or cared to admit. But Valentine could feel it in her touch and the way her body moved against his, skin touching hands squeezing until Valentine’s had found their way beneath Jocelyn’s shirt, pushing it up her flat stomach. Jocelyn inhaled sharply, pausing, her lips drawing back ever so slightly as her eyes opened, focusing on Valentine’s parted lips and panting breath.

“Do not deny me this, please,” Valentine pleaded gruffly. “You cannot give me a taste of the
sweetness I have missed for so long and take it away so soon.”

Jocelyn said nothing, only watched her husband’s lips in anguish, in confusion. Her thumbs grazed Valentine’s unshaven cheekbones, gently pulling his chin back to her in a tender, loving kiss. She’d only paused because she’d felt the growing hardness in Valentine’s lap and was shocked to see that she could still evoke such a reaction from him.

“I won’t,” she whispered, pressing her lips back to his.

Valentine inhaled deeply, taking her rich scent into his lungs, practically melting at the smell of her after so long. His hands tightened on the firm muscles of Jocelyn’s buttocks, shoving her closer, roughly, as he stood. The red head made a sound of surprise, but wrapped her legs around Valentine’s narrow waist, her hands still gentle in their caress of his face.

Valentine had made sure the infirmary he had taken his wife to was not too far from the bedroom, for security purposes as well as a short trip, making the steps from the infirmary to the bedroom with his wife wrapped up in his arms that much shorter. He shut the door behind him, one hand still supporting Jocelyn while the other locked the door. And for the first time it was from the inside, so no one could get in instead of preventing a certain red head from getting out. The lights in the room had long since been extinguished, making the room dim and difficult to maneuver had one not been a Shadowhunter as Valentine was.

He made his way easily to the bed where he lovingly laid her on the bed, and when he opened his eyes, her spray of red hair across the bed almost glowed with her passion. He reached out, one knee on the bed, his other foot braced on the floor, and touched the silken fire laid over his sheets, soon to be laid over his chest and stomach if he was lucky.

“Oh, my sweet Jocelyn, you have not aged a day,” he murmured, his heart in his throat for the first time in twenty years.

Said woman reached out, laying her hand on her husband’s wrist, curling her fingers around as she turned her face into his calloused palm and pressed her heated, swollen lips there as a prompt, a promise, a plea. And Valentine obliged to all of them, leaning down to turn her chin, taking her lips for his own as his hand worked off the loose sweatpants she wore. With those gone, her long, luscious legs were bared to his perusal. And did he peruse them; there wasn’t an inch of her ankles that were licked, a speck of her calves not nipped, a spot on her thighs not sucked on and bruised. Valentine’s assault was brutal, making up for the past decade and a half that his wife has been absent from his bed. And Jocelyn did nothing to stop him, mewling and writhing and moaning beneath him. And Valentine relished every little note and cadence of her voice, finally reaching her panties after such long torture for both of them. His teeth scrape her skin, making goosebumps race over her thighs as he inched down her panties, revealing the treasure that had gone untouched by him or anyone else for years. Now it was like their wedding night, taking his wife’s virginity and innocence. And she was giving it to him.

“Say something, love, or I might die for lack of the beautiful sound,” Valentine said, fingers slipping along the sacred entrance where his body ached to plant itself.

“I missed you so much,” Jocelyn breathed, back arching as the whisper of fabric told her that her underwear had fallen to the ground. She groaned as her husband’s hot breath blew over her burning core and her fingers found their way into his wild, platinum blond hair. A smile spread across the man’s lips as he pressed them to Jocelyn’s throbbing core. She cried out, feeling his tongue plunge into her, eliciting quiet, muffled moans, as Jocelyn was embarrassed to have such a desire for her husband when, for over a decade, she’d refused to acknowledge anything he had done, aside from
Valentine indulged himself for a long while with the lush garden that lay between his wife’s thighs before he finally pulled back, both of them utterly breathless. He caressed the soft, vulnerable skin of her stomach, pushing up her shirt until he reached the soft fabric that was her bra. His fingertips touched her reverently, sliding slowly to the catch in the back. Valentine moved up on the bed so his legs straddled her luscious hips, his firm bum on her thighs. And with the blink of an eye, the catch was released, another and the bra was across the room, Jocelyn’s shirt pushed up.

Then her hand was in his and he was leading it to the painful bulge in his pants.

“Do you see what you still do to me, Joce?”

Jocelyn sucked in a sharp breath, her fingers twitching as she felt Valentine’s desire. There was one moment of silence, tense, stressed silence as Jocelyn made the final decision to throw caution and hatred to the wind and give herself back into the arms of her husband, if only for one night. Then her eyes filled with lust, became seductive and slumberous, her fingers expertly tugging to zipper of his slacks down and slipping into his pants. She slid her hand past his boxers, down his flat abdomen and wrapped around his erection.

Now it was Valentine’s turn to moan as her thin, artist’s fingers worked and pressed and massaged him.

“I’m very well aware of what I do to you, still do to you, Val,” she whispered, reciprocating the use of his nickname for her.

“By the Angel! Jocelyn!” He shouted, riding her hand, his head thrown back. His hand pressed against hers as she worked and she eventually found the strength to kick her legs up and flip him onto his back. Valentine growled his satisfaction, punctuating it with a smirk and buck of his hips.

Jocelyn sighed, squeezing tightly until Valentine groaned. His hand shot out, wrapping around the back of Jocelyn’s neck to pull her down into a fierce, lingering kiss. Jocelyn readjusted her hips, her legs moving to straddle his thick thighs.

“And just like that the shirt was gone, leaving the red head completely naked while the blond only had his zipper down. Now Jocelyn got to take pleasure in stripping him. She withdrew her hand from his boxers, making him groan in grief, the exquisite pleasure having stopped. Her fingers curl in the material of his slacks as she slowly draws them down his thick thighs.

“Angel, Joce. Move faster, please. You’re killing me,” Valentine moaned, his legs starting to move, jostling Jocelyn.

Jocelyn only smirked, her hand finding his erection again but this time through the fabric of his boxers. His hips bucked relentlessly, groin aching and heavy. She rubbed him, just long enough to begin the waves of pleasure before she stopped and withdrew her hand. Before the man could protest, she began undoing his button up shirt, finding sculpted, scarred and Marked chest. Even more scarred than when she’s last seen it.

It made her sad, to say the least, that she hadn’t been there to protect him, but that was certainly a foolish thought. As this was a one night stand to sate both of their burning addictions for one another and Jocelyn couldn’t have cared less. But she continued unwrapping her husband from his clothes until there was nothing left between them but air.
Valentine’s black eyes skimmed Jocelyn’s freckled body, her green eyes returning the favor. Valentine reached up, cupping Jocelyn’s face gently, shoving the fall of her hair over one shoulder.

“My angel, how I’ve missed you so,” he murmured, seemingly hypnotized by the woman on top of him. She smiled sweetly, leaning down to press a soft kiss to his lips.

“And I’ve missed you,” she moaned, lowering herself onto him. They both sighed in unison, drowning in the impossible bliss of their connection. Jocelyn thought it odd as she rolled her hips that she’d never touched another man, never thought of another man in a romantic way in the past seventeen years. Had it already been a year since they’d arrived here?

Yes, she thought, listening to Valentine’s moan, Clary’s birthday had been only a few days ago… three days before her wedding. Jocelyn cringed at the thought but Valentine kissed her worry away, grasping at her hips, forcing her back down onto him as he braced his feet on the bed. His chorded thighs strained upward as Jocelyn gasped.

He cupped the back of her neck, pulling her down, into the shelter of his arms so he could flip them over. He drove into her with the desperate need and passion that had ridden him hard ever since he saw her kneeling in the throne room when she’d been taken. They lost each other in the soft, quiet sounds of moans and gasps and the darkness. Jocelyn thinking the whole time that the Angel might never resolve her for this sin.

-Xxx-

The werewolf and the warlock moved closer to the guarded border of the City of Glass, their allies closing in around them. The city was quiet, dark, black. Luke mourned what was once a bright, glowing city even as he slit the throat of a traitor Nephilim, a wolf howl in the night signaling him the other border patrols have been taken down. He moved through the dim streets of Alicante, noting the putrid smell of demons that lurked about.

What had his friend done to this place? To let the unholy tread upon the seraphic. Luke mourned his old friend, who he had been, as much as the city and with as much passion he committed to this mission of rescuing Jocelyn and Clary. No one was in the streets to hear the dying whispers of the demons as Luke slowly made his way through the city, as they closed in on the Gard where his two redheads were being held.
The Gard was quiet, unaware of the impending invasion skirting it’s boarders outside in the dark of night. All except for the coupling Jocelyn and Valentine and their daughter, now of the age sixteen, awake in bed.

Clary lay crying, staring into nothing past her fingers of the hand hanging off the edge of the bed. Her cheek propped on her arm, the salty water from her tears soaked the sheets as her eyes formed shapes in the darkness. It was well past midnight, early morning maybe, but the Gard was dead silent, not a sound to be heard. Well, except faint moaning that could be heard but Clary knew she was hallucinating that. Who would want to make love in a place like this? At a time like this?

She curled her fingers, imagining the darkness curled and moved with her fingers but let her thoughts drift aimlessly, her tears ceasing. The last thing she remembered was sinking to the floor, on her knees, naked and bound to the bed post, Jonathan about to whip her. What had happened? Her back didn’t ache when she moved and she didn’t feel anything wet, so she wasn’t hit and skin hadn’t been broken. Had he let her go? He’d seemed so set on punishing her for a vague promise she made in a time of desperation and fear that was only meant for the one night.

Her brother was confusing at best and frighteningly complicated at worst. She remembered his warm hand along her neck in the bedroom where she’d placed Simon, his sensuous, lilting words lulling her into a drugged sleep. She remembered right before she finally drifted off, him picking her up and cradling her in his strong, warm arms. She frowned, his arms weren’t warm, they were stifling, arms that had held her motionless as he violated her. Those same fingers that she’d found buried between her legs when she woke up earlier, that had tied her to a bed post, curled around a whip that had slapped the floor. And finally had run along her neck one more, gently caressing skin as he undid the ropes and she’d sunken into unconsciousness.

Another moan sounded from somewhere in the halls and Clary frowned, beginning to think it wasn’t just her nightmares slowly leaking into reality. She slowly sat up, wrapping the blanket that had been placed over her around her. Padding over to the door, she turned the knob slowly, testing to see if it was unlocked. Surprisingly it was though not unblocked. She shrieked as she nearly ran into Jonathan, who tilted his head curiously. Clary stumbled back, clutching the thick blanket.

“Clarissa?” He said, stepping into the room before he shut the door. “I did not realize you would be up. It is past midnight.”

“I’m not a child with a bedtime, Jonathan,” Clary snapped, eyes darting to the darkened rectangle of the door. She could barely see in the dark room, she could barely see last night when Jonathan defiled and corrupted her. The thought struck a chord of fear in her heart and she took another step backward, hand going to her throat defensively.

“No, darling, you’re certainly not a child,” he said with a devilish grin that had her blushing furiously; only the darkness of the room proved to be a comfort. He raised a hand, as though he made to touch her face but paused and dropped it. Clary took another step back from her brother, frowning as she did so.

“What’s gotten into you? PMS?” Clary asked warily, blurring it out really, though she knew she would most likely get punished for such a blunt and emasculating question. It was like she wanted to evoke a violence from her brother. It meant she’d gotten to him and she celebrated that knowledge viciously.
Jonathan smiled almost bitterly and all former thoughts were crushed with his unexpected reaction; her heart wrenched, pulled apart violently as her eyes went to his lips and that rueful smile. Those warm lips had felt good against her own on their wedding night, she pondered absently, mind beginning to illegally wander. Exquisite against her body and secret places… she shook her head. No! He wasn’t exquisite or good. Jonathan was poison, razor blades. Bad. He wasn’t warm, or comforting, or sheltering; he was cruel and bipolar and psychotic.

She startled suddenly, pulled out of her rampant thoughts by Jonathan’s gentle thumb brushing against her cheek, wiping away a tear. She was crying?

“Why are you crying?” He asked softly, cupping her cheek, frowning now.

“Definitely bipolar,” she breathed, trying to back a step. He’d been smiling a moment ago, verbally sparing with her previously. He was erratic. Erotic, her mind sighed. Stop! She stumbled, trying to back up, her mind at war with itself but Jonathan’s hand gently encircled her wrist, keeping her in place.

“Clarissa,” he said in a lower tone, taking a step toward her but it only drove her back, away from the catalyst of her confusion. And it continued like a dance between the two until her knees hit the bed. She tugged at her entrapped wrist, feeling his fingers sink into her skin; and shuddered when she remembered the unwelcome pleasure of his fingers inside her. God! Had she gone into heat? She wasn’t a cat, why was her every thought reflecting their wedding night, horrid though it was.

Jonathan sighed, enticed by the sparkling tears falling down her cheeks that he leaned ever closer to her porcelain face. And when his lips touched hers, she shook, confused as her own lips parted beneath his. He was being gentle, as though handling brittle glass. And it surprised her, even as his hands cupped her bottom, pressing her against him, how soft his lips were. Teeth didn’t tug and lips didn’t swell from insistent pressure. It was nice, really nice. Her hands fisted in the blanket to keep it up, resting against his chest.

Something was different about him, something changed. She couldn’t sense the raging beast, ready to fuck her in the shower without her permission. She sensed confusion, and that was very uncharacteristic of him, just like his compassionate touch as he carefully swept his tongue over her lips, drawing at her, as though he could pull answer with tender coaxing from her lips. But her eyes eventually closed, hypnotized by the slow, intoxicating pull of his lips, his teeth. Her hands flattened against his chest, the blanket falling from her grasp. She wanted to reach for it, cover herself but Jonathan wasn’t looking, even as the blanket caught on his hands, pressed against her bottom, so she didn’t care. He squeezed her slowly, as though just testing the waters. Feeling her for the first time.

But Clary broke the kiss as soon as his hands moved up her back, brushing a bruise he’d given her in the shower, slamming her against the cold tile wall. She pushed him back, quickly gathering up the blanket to cover herself. She was shaking, whether from his gentility or fear, she couldn’t tell.

“What do you want from me?” She asked in a trembling voice, wiping at her mouth as though to remove his dark spices and pine taste, traumatized by her mind and by him.

Jonathan tilted his head, as though in thought, his black eyes scanning her. Her heart beat faster irrationally. She cursed it but she feared for her safety in his presence, he didn’t have a good reputation with interactions with her. Not after last night and this evening—the wedding.

“Everything,” he sighed wistfully, blowing a deep breath out through his lips, parted in a pant from his kiss.

The word sent a bolt of terror through her, setting her legs to shake, her thighs to quiver with
traitorous need at the thought of his thick length between her legs. Curse biology. It was only a physical reaction, a virginal and unexperienced reaction when she only knew his touch in bed. And his touch was both soothing and harsh. He wasn’t the best lover to have, and yet he was. But not. She was so confused that her heart seized, breasts tightened, stomach quivering as she drew the blanket tight around herself, though it probably revealed her hardened nipples.

She was trembling, shaking as she watched his face, towering like a pale moon above her. He was so tall; bigger than her and stronger than her. He would always overpower her and the knowledge scared her half to death. And to scare her the rest of the way, desire and need for him rose up, in true physical reaction as he showed her a different, more appealing side to himself. She began tearing up, the salty water blurring her vision as Jonathan seemed to loom closer.

They poured down her face as she softly tugged at the soft grip he still retained on her wrist. “Clarissa.” His voice was lower, stern this time as worry for her built. She was having another panic attack and she knew it. Her brother caring she was having a panic attack confused her. She tried to back up, shaking uncontrollably at this point but fell to the bed, wrist released. Oh god, he was going to do it again! Her panic-stricken mind screamed. She sat up, on the verge of screaming aloud. Why wasn’t she fighting him? She should be kicking and screaming and punching. She only restrained herself the other night for Simon’s sake but he was safe. So what was stopping her?

Jonathan knelt before her, frowning. Her chest tightened as his hands came up to cup her face. They looked like huge paddles, come to secure her head while he did things to her. But his thumbs caressed her cheekbones, making her breath hiccup at the soft touch. Stop, she silently begged him, her emerald jewels cracking. She closed her eyes to stop tears, sighing at his soft caress, as though it were from another.

“Hush, darling. Be calm.” He used the soft, lilting voice that had put her to sleep before and the power behind that voice scared her. Her breath softened slightly, her eyes closed as she tried to shut out the horror of what her brother might do. But… he was the one calming her. No, a trick. It had to be. Didn’t it? “Calm down, Clarissa. I’m not going to hurt you.”

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Jonathan stood slowly, no sudden movements so he didn’t startle her. Tentatively, ever so careful, he lifted his shaking little sister into his arms. She was still crying—sobbed now that his arms wrapped around her—still trembling uncontrollably as he sat in bed, the redhead curled in his lap like a small child.

“Shh,” he whispered, rocking gently back and forth, a steady metronome. “It’s alright, darling. Nothing’s going to happen to you. Not while I’m with you,” he murmured, surprised he actually meant it. He felt awkward, being gentle, caring for her but this is what he had to do if he wanted to keep her. He did not want to be his father, losing his love to hatred and curses. He still had a chance to… he almost used the word redeem, but he was already damned. Prove that he was capable, to himself and to her, of not harming at least one person, he supposed.

Clarissa’s small, delicate hands pushed at his chest as her breasts heaved, her sobs ragged. He tightened his arms, knowing she would only hurt herself if he let go. He recalled a Shadowhunter lullaby, one he’d read but only ever heard aloud once. Sung by a terrified mother to her screaming child as her house was ransacked and burned. Maybe that would help Clarissa? He tried to remember the first verse. When he did, he hummed it low, not saying the words but he heard them in his head. Quietly he hummed in Clarissa’s ear as she sobbed and hiccupped and choked on her fear.

“The wind in the woods wisps through the night, as all the children sleep
In Brocelind Forest, the wolves their vigil keep.

In Alicante as the sun lies setting in the sky

The demon towers of shining glass keep lookout by and by.”

He paused, wondering if he should continue but as he did, the gap of silence opening up, Clarissa’s sobs picked back up, her breath shortening frighteningly. He brushed her hair back from her forehead and continued humming, the sound a deep rumble in his chest.

“I’m proud to be an Angel’s child, defending what is good,

And when I wield my seraph blades it’s ’cause I know I should.

My stele is a weapon too it keeps me safe from harm,

I know that my own cause is true, a thought that keeps me warm.”

He stopped, his sister’s breathing finally calm except for the occasional small hiccup. He couldn’t hum anymore, the words haunting him. He wasn’t an Angel’s child. Raziel had forsaken him, his father poisoned him with demon blood that burned to this day.

Her small frame still shook against his, in shock and pain. He knew she was still terrified he’d do something more tonight. But no, not after the shower, the marathon the previous night. He was sated for the moment, the primal beast inside him more concerned with the wellbeing of his mate than his sexual state. And he found himself not minding wanting to look after his wife. She was his after all, he’d promised to protect her. And he was a man of his word.

The beast inside of him crooned, worried, wanting to curl around his sister and soothe her to sleep. So he drew the blanket up around her, cushioning her as he kept her wrapped tightly in his arms. He could see her eyelids fluttering, her mind teetering back and forth between staying awake and dropping from exhaustion. He brushed her hair to the side, over her shoulder and let her rest her cheek on his shoulder, nose pressed against the warmth of his neck. She seemed to like warmth. It seemed to mitigate whatever troubled her.

He ran his fingers down her cheek, making her shiver pleasantly, still not completely asleep. Possessiveness was part of his nature, he thought. And Clarissa, well, the longer she was with him the more she fascinated him, showed him new things, new perspectives, new aspects and the more that need to protect and hoard her grew. Some of her revelations he rather enjoyed, her laughter for one, though with his treatment of her he hadn’t heard it in a while. That disappointed him bizarrely. Her warmth lying in bed next to him. The kindness she’s shown him despite his rotten actions towards her. The feeling of serenity and peace she brought while she was like this. Well not this but quiet, calm, touching him without malice or passion or anything else but serenity. The feel of her soft hair against his skin, the vivid color of it.

Some he found rather annoying. Like how she was making him think about decisions he was usually so sure about. Or how she was making him ponder morals and humanity. Angel, what awful things to think about. Clarissa began to sob again, face buried against his shirt, restricting even more of the airflow to her delicate lungs. He dragged her away from his shirt, leaning down to press kisses to her cheeks, soothing her with quiet words, reassurances.

“You’re alright, Clarissa. Just go to sleep. Nothing is going to happen tonight,” he said softly, turning her slightly to press her back up against his chest. He felt the moment she melted, her bone turn to liquid, puddling in his lap as she lost all will and energy to stay awake. Her body was a
contrast to her rapidly beating, terror-fueled heart; it sounded like the heartbeat of a mouse or terrified doe. Where had his jungle cat gone? She had been hissing and spitting at him when he walked in to find her going for the door.

He wasn’t sure if his jungle cat or hers was winning. He wondered absently if this was all a ploy to manipulate him. It was very clever of her if she was doing it consciously, even more so if subconsciously. That would mean her mind was working on multiple levels on how to defeat him. Hmm, he thought smugly, drawing her closer in possessive pride. Maybe she wasn’t as helpless as she was letting on. Not that she was in the first place.

He leaned back, his sister’s small legs poking out from the blanket between his own legs. Her head drooped the side, cheek pressed against his chest as her breathing stabilized. Jonathan leaned down and adjusted the blanket over her toes to prevent a chill. He smoothed the red mess of hair back, gathering it at her shoulder before he abandoned strategic, confusing thought to sink into that aforementioned bliss. He found himself craving it more and more, each time she fell asleep with him.

He only wondered how drastically it changed him each time he gave himself over.

-Xxx-

The Gard’s inhabitants all, finally, slept peacefully, warm bodies intertwined for comfort. The elder pair of crimson and platinum haired persons slept in a heap of twisted sheets and discarded quilts while the other slept atop the blankets. The smaller cradled in the larger’s lap, the latter’s arms wrapped loosely around the former’s waist, both their legs stretched towards the end of the bend. And while the first pair were completely naked, only the smaller of the second pair was naked, tucked under the gently laid quilt.

The elder platinum blond snored softly, head pillowed on his wife’s breast, his parted lips forming a peaceful smile. His arms were circled happily around his woman’s hips. The other blond slept with a slight scowl on his face but slept peacefully, which said a lot about the petite woman in his arms. She calmed and confused him.

But, in light of this fact, the invaders just outside their walls easily infiltrated the walls of the Gard, even with the difficulty of slaughtering the roaming demons and Shadowhunters. The werewolf came across a chambermaid, hauling a bucket of ashes from a fireplace she’d only recently cleaned. He started a moment, shocked as he saw the face of his old friend Maryse Lightwood in a much younger body; and was saddened, angered to see that young face scarred.

Before the maid could shout, the werewolf told her that he was a friend and wanted to take the king down. She relaxed, fierce anger and determination crossing her face as she told him where everyone and everything was since the remodel. The werewolf relayed this to his strike team.

Clary woke, feeling disturbed. She sat up carefully, groggily, her eyes crusty and swollen, to find herself cradled carefully in Jonathan’s lap. He slept quietly behind her. On pure instinct she reached up to caress his cheek. He groaned, his eyebrows scrunching together as he leaned into her palm. He let out a sigh before settling once again. Clary, herself, frowned and slowly rose from the bed, her quilt falling to the bed as she went to retrieve her old clothes from the bathroom floor.

Similarly, in another wing, the other redhead woke, restless. Regret and hatred swept in to mix with bittersweet love and soreness before she gently removed herself from Valentine’s grip and got dressed, finding the door unlocked and wandering out into the hall. She hadn’t been outside her rooms unescorted; the freedom felt oddly strange to her, but a relief all the same.
Clary slipped into the hall, finding it dark and empty, quietly padding along, trying to locate the source of her unease. She hugged her elbows, bare feet barely making a noise. One step, two step, three step… BOOM! An explosion rocked the Gard, throwing Clary off balance, causing her to stumble to the floor. Her elbows burned as they cracked against the marble. She heard distant shouts and the faint red flicker of a fire danced along the far wall.

Clary reacted on instinct. “Fire!” She screamed, climbing to her feet and rushing down the corridor towards the source of the burn. The throne had been lit like dry tinder in the middle of July. She heard someone call her mother’s name just as said person flew into the throne room. Clary and Jocelyn caught each other’s eyes across the blazing hall, over the heads of rushing, screaming Gard help and black clad fighters, prowling wolves. Clary screamed again as a dark brown wolf, a thin grey streak cutting like ice through its fur snapped at her.

She fell on her rear, screaming as the wolf approached. But the imposing wolf halted, his pinned ears coming up and large lupine head cocking in recognition. Clary panted, her heart pounding. “Clarissa!” She heard her name bellowed from the hall she’d just emerged from. Jonathan had woken up and found her gone, the Gard in chaos. Her name wasn’t said in rage, but worry, possession. He needed to find her to protect her.

“Luke!” Her mother’s friend’s name was shouted across the flaming room.

“Luke?” Clary asked in utter confusion and the wolf’s tongue lolled out of his mouth, a lupine smile seeming to morph his muzzle at the name. “Oh my god,” Clary sighed. Could her life get any weirder? She stood, hearing her brother raging down the halls, sword slicing through invaders like a knife through warm butter.

“We need to find Simon,” she said as her mother darted over on equally bare feet but her hair was messy and sticking out in every direction. Clary gave her mother a droll look before the three rushed back into the halls to find her friend. Luke shifted when they paused in an alcove, slipping back into the leather gear he’d been carrying in the pack Clary hadn’t seen secured to his wolf’s spine. She sorely wished she’d put her shoes on before leaving her room as her feet stung slapping against the hard tile.

Simon had apparently been well enough to leave his rooms when the Gard had lit up. But he was still weak, pale, barley able to walk let alone fight. Clary fell to her knees when they came upon the scrawny, still body in the hall. Her heart stuttered when she saw the pool of blood he lay in. “Simon,” she whimpered, turning him over to find dead eyes behind cracked glasses. The glasses she’d laid on his nightstand only yesterday. Her fingers touched his neck, finding it too cold as she sought his pulse. When she didn’t immediately find it, she searched again, again, before moving to his wrist. Nothing. He was cold, too cold. He couldn’t have been killed that long ago. Why was he so cold? The blood trickled still from the deep gash in his stomach. He’d been gutted ruthlessly, like a pig.

“Simon,” she cried, tears finally springing to her eyes. She cupped his face, laying two gentle fingertips on his eyelids to close them. He was just sleeping. He was just… sleeping. She began to bawl, heavily, her heart filling with lead as she cried. She didn’t even hear her mother and Luke talking hurriedly behind her. “Simon,” she repeated, growing sadder and sadder. “Simon. Simon.” Her voice cracked, tears spilling down her cheeks.

Luke and Jocelyn were trying to talk to her but she couldn’t hear them. All she could hear was the empty silence where Simon’s heartbeat was supposed to be. Luke’s arms wrapped around Clary’s waist and she screamed, kicking as he lifted her from the floor.
“No! No, we can’t leave him. Simon!” She screamed flailing in Luke’s arms. “Simon!”

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“Clarissa!” Jonathan bellowed again but he ran past the bodies of dead guardsmen, Valentine’s men. The invaders were slowly over taking the Gard. His father had already been captured, the fool asleep and naked before the fire began. Dressed and unprepared when the explosion shook the place.

The young man knew he wouldn’t be able to find his bride in time and he bellowed in anger, slashing the head off a damned werewolf. He couldn’t lose her. She was his only relief, his only haven, only light. He heard her screaming in the halls, sobbing. He knew she would have a panic attack, knew he wouldn’t be there to calm her. He rounded a corner and saw a tall man holding his sister off the ground as she kicked and screamed and cried. Furious possession roared through him at the sight of him touching his redhead. His mother stood beside the two, looking sad and horrified, forehead leant against the man’s shoulder.

Fuck! He couldn’t get to her, not now at least. Not when the Gard had fallen. He growled, casting one last glance at his sister before he turned and ran for the nearest bedroom, throwing open a window and disappearing into the night.
The Hunt

Routine patrols had been set up outside the Gard, to protect the occupants that had now taken over the Gard in the name of good. Alicante had been taken back from the clutches of Valentine Morgenstern. His prisoners had been freed, treated and were now recovering in the infirmary. All mundanes, all with the Sight. All except the leverage used against Clary to force her into marriage to her brother. That leverage now lay dead, his blood scrubbed from the floor, no evidence left except for the best friend’s pained screams echoing in the halls, pain, betrayal, heartache and anger all ringing in the marble corridors.

Jonathan cursed those damn werewolves, the warlocks, the New York Enclave for invading. He cursed his idiotic father for loosening the demon patrols, the Shadowhunter patrols. He cursed the ache in his heart, the hole in his chest he’d felt the moment he’d hit the ground below that window last night. Two weeks. Two weeks without his sister, two weeks of reconnaissance, two weeks of an empty bed, two weeks of pure mental self-torture. He longed for her warmth again. What always surprised him was when, late at night as he sat on one of the rooftops of Alicante, watching his little sister get ready for bed through her window, he wanted to go to her. She was always last to go to sleep, last to turn out her light.

She always sat in her window seat, this empty, broken look on her face. He sat in the shadows, watching her carefully. He wanted to hold her again, like he had the night the Gard had been torched. And there she sat again, eyes red and swollen, her soft, trembling body mere feet from him as he sat on a darkened tree branch in the forested area around the Gard. Her red hair was damp and dark, thick crimson in her faint bedroom light. She was so pale; she wasn’t eating either and he knew it. She was starving herself and his beast ached and screamed to go to her, force her to eat, hold her as she sobbed, cradle her as she shook. He needed to protect his mate. And he couldn’t get to her! It frustrated him to the point of blind rage, seething fury, sexual pain.

He couldn’t watch her tonight. It burned too much. He stood, balancing on the tree limb. One last look at his wife, now staring blankly out the window to the dimming light of the Glass City slowly putting itself to bed. He twisted the thin silver ring on his right ring finger and vanished from the Glass City, appearing in the center of his father’s apartment, the abode they had lived in while in hiding for all those years, switching between the cottage in Idris and this apartment. And to be frank, he much preferred it to the dank cottage in the valley. It was probably because his father never beat him here, there were no bloodstains on the floor or in the basement. And there was actual running water.

He much preferred a shower to a filthy bath. He kicked off his boots, making his way to his shower to turn it on, scorching hot. Stripping, he stepped in and tried to distract himself, laying hands on himself to relieve the pressure. He was going to get her back. She was his, and he’d vowed anyone that got between them would perish.

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Clary couldn’t really think anymore. Simon was gone, dead. Her best friend, the only reason she’d allowed her brother to marry and rape her. He was the only reason she’d lasted so long. At least his last few hours had been in peace, without poison flowing through his veins, in a putrid cell, the very air coating his lungs with grime and filth. But he’d only been free a few hours. He died weak and unstable, alone.

Clary curled on her window bench again, sobs pressing on her chest until she could barely breathe. And the sick part? Jonathan would have calmed her down and put her to sleep by now. It was a
horrible realization that Clary had come to a week after her father had been captured, the Gard retaken for the good Shadowhunters. Her brother would have soothed her sobbing, touching her in calming places, rubbing places to bring peace to her mind while he rocked her back and forth. He’d murmured a lullaby to her for God’s sake!

And she hated to say that she missed being wrapped up in strong arms. Because now, she didn’t have anyone. Her mundane life was ripped to shreds, any part of her former self had been ripped away by her brother, her best friend was dead and now the only person who had offered her a shred of comfort had disappeared. And she was terrified of the vengeance he would wreak now that he’d been cut off from her.

He’d promised to kill anyone who got between them. That meant Luke, and her mother. She sobbed harder against her knees when she realized he’d probably killed Simon in the midst of the chaos. She gripped her shins, hard enough to cut skin but not enough to draw blood. Her whole body trembled, an odd prickling sensation running over her skin that caused her to pause. Drawing in a deep breath, she looked up, out the window and a glint of silver caught her eye before it disappeared.

She was seeing things now. She glanced over at the untouched food on her desk. Maybe she should eat something… but the thought of just touching the food made her sick. Clary sighed and went to the light switch, plunging the room into darkness. She trudged over to her bed and slid beneath the cool covers. She felt so hollow, so empty it was a physical ache in her chest. She didn’t feel like doing anything. She hadn’t left her room since the morning after Simon’s death.

Her father had been captured, and consequently, it was because Jocelyn had allowed him back into her bed, for at least the night. Clary couldn’t say she blamed her mother, she was beginning to miss Jonathan’s touch, at least those times that he’d touched her softly, lovingly. A touch that contradicted his demon beast chained away inside himself, contradicted the harsh hands and raging shouts. She turned her mind away from those thoughts. They were wrong.

Her father’s trial was set for tomorrow, and everyone already knew what the verdict was. Death for his crimes. Clary wasn’t sorry for it. That man had caused her hell. Had ruined not only her life, but Jonathan’s and Jocelyn’s as well. He’d nearly destroyed the Glass City by allowing those demons to roam. The Shadowhunter population was decimated, almost depleted, especially after the trials that had been passing this week for all Valentine’s close right hands and underlings.

Clary’s nose pressed softly against the pillow, congested from her crying so her lips parted slightly to breathe. But, despite her blocked up airways, she caught the faint scent of Jonathan on the slip. She sat up in disgust, throwing back the covers to cast the pillow across the room. She wanted no part of him, no matter what her sick mind told her. She was just that, sick in the mind and she knew it. Something was wrong with her.

She flopped back down on the mattress, wiping at her ridiculous tears as she eventually fell asleep.

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His climax was hot and short, his hand still cupping the heavy weight of his erection. He stood, feet shoulder width apart with his forehead pressed against the shower tile, panting hard. He growled, washing his hands of the evidence before turning the shower off and securing a towel around his waist. Jonathan didn’t bother drying his hair as he trudged downstairs to the kitchen.

He dug out a bottle of wine and chugged half of it. Too bad his damn demon blood didn’t let him get drunk. He set the bottle down, mind working through the schedules his mother and that filthy Downworlder had set up. The guard rotations were still solid and constant, but not airtight that he
couldn’t infiltrate. Valentine’s trial was tomorrow night, the rest of his disciples had been prosecuted, so all the attention and security would be focused in the Accords Hall, where the trial would be held. Clarissa’s depression, sadly, worked for him because she avoided being with people.

She would either leave first or last, taking a side path or lingering in the city, alone. After Valentine’s prosecution, those fools would be more lax, thinking themselves safe, almost like they’d forgotten about him. A mistake. He’d watch the Accords Hall from a distance tomorrow night, another mistake on their part; the dark only made him better. Then after the trial let out, he would strike then, stalk his wife and corner her. He leaned back against the fridge, eyes squeezed shut in pain.

He was a half-demon for Angel’s sake! He shouldn’t feel this kind of pain and heartache, but, he’d come to realize that Clarissa, with her angel blood and brilliant light, was his mate. He was fighting the instinct to slaughter the entirety of the Glass City for keeping his mate from him. Demons rarely took mates, because it was seen as a weakness but Jonathan was the strongest, the fiercest, the most vicious so he did not see it as a weakness. He saw it as the only comfort and haven he’d ever have.

Clarissa.

He groaned just at her name. Being his mate, everything about her was the perfect complement to him, and he couldn’t resist any part of her. And in return, a demon’s mate couldn’t help but reciprocate. He knew the bond was wheedling its way into her heart and mind, awakening her dormant hormones that responded to him and him alone. The bond was meant to isolate that perfect chemical match among many people, species even, seeing as this particular bond was demon to angel. Alongside the chemical match, a deeper affiliation for one another. It invaded their senses and made the other a constant thought. And his little red angel was his mate, but he didn’t fully realize it until the ripping pain he’d experienced after a week away from her.

He scrubbed his hands violently over his face, itching to put his plan into action now but he couldn’t let his impatience ruin all his careful planning. He took a deep breath, blowing it out through his teeth as he drank the other half of the wine bottle. Jonathan relegated himself to bed, forcing his mind away from his mate so he wouldn’t barge into the Gard in the next ten minutes.

Oh, but she was the perfect distraction. When his eyes closed, he could imagine tunneling his fingers through her thick, crimson hair; the soft fall cascading over his chest. Her soft curves pressed against all his harsh lines. Her bright green eyes gracing him with a look; of disdain, of curiosity, of disgust, fear—he really could care less. Her eyes held such passion and emotion that whatever the look, he got lost—curiously—in those deep green jewels. They were reminiscent of emeralds or the green pool he’d once found on a mission of his in the Amazon.

He forgot the insignificant details of said mission but he remembered the green pool, clear water with stakes of light, turning from yellow to a deep green in the refracting water molecules. He’d paused by the pool to watch for a moment, attracted to the green color. But now he knew it was because that was the color of his mate’s eyes. He hadn’t known of his mate then but his body had known the color like he knew the edge of a blade. The trees around him had been tall, bark damp and dark with the humidity. Steam had clung to the lower branches, kicking the light beams every which way so it looked like a light show a Prague club he’d visited had put on.

Howler monkeys sounded in the distance and Jonathan could relax for a moment, knowing his prey was dead, lying in a pool of still warm, crimson blood in a collapsed hut a few miles up the river. Mm, he liked the color crimson, it had a beautiful depth to it as it fell through his hands. Just like he admired the color of this pool, which was peculiar. He didn’t know of any color he liked, aside from these two now. He didn’t like anything. He was a demon, his father had beat any surviving,
shriveled emotions out of him before he could even speak properly. But he thought a dip in the pool after a successful mission was well deserved. His father didn’t expect him back for days yet either way.

He stripped off his clothes, laying his boots and weapons beside the edge of the pool, in case a stupid predator decided to impede on his quiet time. The water was cool, decent against his skin. He didn’t really know what had prompted him to submerge himself but he did and when he popped up, there was a beautiful redhead woman floating next to him in the water.

Against his better instincts, he didn’t go for his swords. She was a woman after all, a very naked, beautiful woman watching him with curious eyes. If she did indeed end up posing a threat, he could just drown her. But, looking at her, the wide, wandering eyes, he didn’t want to. She tilted her head and the ends of her flaming hair touched the water, drifting about in the slight current from the waterfall like seaweed. He mimicked her, tilting his head as he watched her. Her big green eyes didn’t leave his face. She was studying him intently.

“Can I help you, woman?” Jonathan asked in Portuguese.

The woman shook her head. She almost looked like a girl but the lush little figure she had said otherwise. Those curving hips and perfect, round breasts. His eyes travelled downward but the moving water obscured what the apex of her legs held. She moved back over to the rock ledge that acted as a bench beneath the water at the edge of the pool. Jonathan followed.

“Speak English,” she demanded in a soft voice, a nice voice that Jonathan wanted to hear more of. The demand, something Jonathan would have slaughtered someone for, didn’t irk him like it did from mouths other than his father. And even from his father, he had an urge to slit the man’s throat.

“Can I help you?” Jonathan repeated in English, eyes floating away from her face to the generous bust displayed before him. The woman moved through the water, the mere sound of it dripping off her skin bringing goosebumps to his. His eyebrow quirked up as she seated herself in his lap, hands flat on his chest.

“Touch me,” she replied, dipping her hand in the water to draw out one of his. She brought his warm hand to her soft breast. He purred, eyelids lowering as he squeezed his fingers slightly. She made an adorable squeak and shifted in his lap. He got hard just from the brush of her slick thighs against his length.

“Will do, love,” Jonathan growled, raising his other hand to cover her other, poor neglected breast.

Her eyes rolled back in her head as it fell back on her neck. She moaned softly and brought her other hand up to cover his. She squeezed his hands and pressed them against her breasts, trying to get him to rub harder. He noticed she had hair bordering on the color of blood. The color he had a certain fondness of. He dropped one hand from her lush breast, earning him a moan of discontentment—and he lifted the hand to crush strands of her hair in his grasp. The ends sat at about her waist, half in the water, and what was wet did look like blood, the water darkening it that one hue to the color of the darkest, richest blood—his favorite kind.

He’d apparently paused in his ministrations on the woman’s breast, for she raised her head again, eyelids lifting to reveal those bright eyes, the color of this pool—the color that had drawn him in to the water. She moved like water, flowing, soothing, but lethal if submerged too long or stirred into a tsunami. She pressed her core against his length, making him groan. She wiggled insistently, driving the heat up for both of them until he was achingly, stone hard.

“Woman, you are driving me insane,” he groaned, forced to take an iron hard grip on her hips to
cease her movements. In retaliation, her hands came up to cup his cheeks and she kissed him harshly, straining against his hands. He moaned, giving into the kiss, enjoying the way her lips parted and plundered his mouth—that is until Jonathan pushed back, ravaging her wet, welcoming mouth until she made that lovely squeak again.

He noticed how pale she was, like the sun had never laid a harsh finger on her. Freckles dotted her body, making an intricate, intriguign little connect the dot map for him to trace with his fingers. Which is what he did, loosing her hips to move and gyrate with the rhythm of her blood. He could hear it pounding through her veins in a mesmerizing beat, hypnotizing him until his hand followed the dotted trail beneath the water, to the edge of her triangle of darker red curls. Now those curls were permanently crimson, blood colored. He could bury his face there for a good long while. And that little patch of beloved hair kept peeking out of the water with each desperate thrust of her hips as she kissed him, his neck, his chest and throat and jaw.

His eyes were half lidded where the woman’s were closed but he wasn’t fucking this delicious piece of woman, no matter how oddly magnetizing she was, until he figured out who this beauty was. Her pale skin didn’t fit in with the natives. She was almost paler than him, a European then. The red hair and freckles meant Irish, maybe English and the regal set of her eyes confirmed the European origin. But her accent sounded like somewhere in the states. Northeast, possibly. Faint New Yorker.

Clarissa, you fool. His inner dialogue hissed at him. His mate. What was he doing? She was offering herself to him and he was analyzing where she was from? He already knew that. And with that thought, he plunged two fingers into her wet pussy. She cried out, throwing her head back again, hands clasped around the back of his neck to brace herself.

“Oh god,” she breathed, panting hard as his fingers ripped moan and shiver and pleasure, one after another, from her. She rode his hand hard, lost in the feeling of his strong, tapered fingers making her shudder. She bit her lip, thrusting her hips up and forward, making the water swirl. He curled them inside her, making her cry out, shake with pleasure. “Faster.”

Jonathan did not comply. She was his mate, but she didn’t dictate to him. Plus, he liked tormenting her like this, just as she did to him each time she walked past him. She whined for him, pushing her hips down but he stood quickly, moving to kneel on the stone bench and lay Clary on the edge of pool.

“What do you want?” Jonathan asked, slowing his pace and causing the delicious redhead to whimper. She fidgeted, hand moving down to try and move his hand but he grabbed her wrist, pinning it to the ground as he slowly plunged his fingers deeper and deeper inside her tight channel. She felt so good, even around his fingers. “Tell me, little one.”

“Please,” she begged mindlessly, the pleasure forming a coiling knot in her womb, causing her stomach to quiver. She could feel his fingers inside her, controlling and demanding as he seemed to dictate each and every wave of pleasure she received, at his behest and his behest only. She rotated her hips, her pinned wrist mimicking them as she tried desperately to escape, to attain that devious friction.

“Please, what?” Jonathan prompted further, inserting a third finger, long and slow and torturous. He stretched her to the point of blinding ecstasy, but it was not the release both of them were looking for. Her blood red hair spread around her in a darkly beautiful halo and he couldn’t help but lean down and nip at her pebbled nipples, the rosy areolas begging for his attention. His pointed canines nicked the sensitive skin and a bead of ruby welled up. His eyes fastened on the bead before his tongue flattened against her nipple and gave her a long, rough lick. Oh, and she moaned.

“Fuck me! Please, please fuck me, Jonathan. I need you,” she cried, wriggling and writhing with
each lick he took and each stroke his fingers made. He growled against her nipple at her request and
the sound rumbled pleasurably in Clary’s chest, from her heart all the way down to her core. “Oh,
please,” she begged again.

Jonathan nipped her again, licking the next ruby bead the swelled on her already swollen breasts
before pulling back to look down upon her sweaty body. The jungle heat already had both their
bodies covered in sweat and the magnificent taste of her blood on his tongue tingled all the way
down his throat. He was absolutely mindless over how she tasted to him. He took the hand he had
pinned down and tugged her into a sitting position with it.

She yelped as she was yanked up but squeaked when he laid her hand over his erection. He
wrapped his thin fingers around his length and squeezed them tight with his own hand. He groaned
and moved her hand up and down his manhood. Her thumb flicked over the tip, spreading the
moisture already seeping from him. She bathed his length in his own heat before he couldn’t take it
anymore and pinned her down again with his body, chest pressed taut against her breasts; the
gorgeous feel of them added to a sense of growing bliss, alongside an intense fire of pleasure.

Clary screamed as Jonathan thrust up into her, harshly, demanding, rigid as stone and she begged for
it. Her hips moved up, wanting to go faster and this time, Jonathan was lost to animal fury, to the
demon screaming to mate. And he did, ferociously, hands clasping her wrists and pinning them to
the forest floor as his mouth ravaged her sloping neck. She moaned, loud enough for the whole
jungle to hear but there was no one for miles expect for Jonathan’s victim and even then, the corpse
was a few miles away.

His hips snapped against hers and she screamed, a flock of parrots taking flight at the sound. What a
delicious sound it was. He leaned down at lavished attention on her lips, to quiet her not only to
avoid giving away their position if someone happened to be wandering the forest—the poor fool
would die if he happened upon the mating, much like the Greek myth where some foolish mortal had
stumbled upon Artemis bathing and was turned into a buck. But he wouldn’t turn them into an
animal, he’d kill them on the spot without a second thought. No one but him saw his mate so
vulnerable, or heard the wonderful sounds of pleasure only for him without dying. But he silenced
her because he wanted to catch those beautiful sounds that were all for him.

He wanted to taste them on his tongue, feel them in his chest and lungs. He slowed his pace,
drawing out the immense pleasure that was pulsing through her veins. Clary moaned, hands curling
into his flaxen, silken hair and pulled him tight against her. She felt him tight inside her, stretching
her, claiming her and she couldn’t help but to buck her hips in return. Give back each thrust of his
hips with one of her own. Her lips felt swollen with his insistent tugging and nipping. His hands
grabbed her hips, making their skin flush against each other.

“You feel so good, Clarissa,” Jonathan growled against her lips before finally relinquishing them.
Clary gulped in air, trying to make up for the lack of it. Her back arched into his chest, heaving and
pounding and Jonathan took the opportunity to take her nipple into his mouth. Clary made a sound,
pleased and pleased as he sucked away attentively, drawing and teasing at the skin. “You feel like
home,” he murmured.

Clary paused, but her nerves didn’t let her body pause. She continued to moan and whimper and
buck back even as her mind gasped for air. Those words were drowning her; Jonathan wasn’t nice
or sentimental. Why did he say that? Jonathan was not the sentimental type, and he’d never said
anything like that before. But his next thrust sent her into paradise, had her screaming out his name.
His fingertips grazed over her lips—and she shuddered as she felt how wet his fingers were. The
taste was tangy; the taste was herself.
“You’re so loud, my love. I love the way you scream for me,” Jonathan muttered against her breast, giving one last thrust before he released into her. He was so thick and big that the seed started dripping down her thighs, even as he cradled her quivering body to his chest after pulling out and dipped back into the cool water. Her head lolled back, exposing her neck as she swallowed against her dry throat.

“You’re so beautiful, little sister,” Jonathan sighed, settling back down in the water on the stone bench. She floated in the water in front of him, leaving her breasts and belly button exposed above the water. Jonathan leaned back, his eyes travelling over her body appreciatively. His fingers dripped water as he raised his hand from the water. He paused to compare the slight difference in skin tone. He was the slightest bit paler than her. Her skin was accented by those inviting freckles while his skin was clear of any and all blemishes. That is, if it wasn’t ravaged by Mark scars, battle scars and those damnable demon metal scars.

Clary’s eyes cracked open blearily, looking over at him setting his hand on her stomach, his gaze intent between his and her skin. But once his black gaze cut from their skin to find her eyes watching him, he slid his hand down to her core and plunged two fingers inside her. She thrashed in the water, startled at the invasion in her throbbing core but his hand cupped her mound possessively, his other arm banding around her chest like a steel restraint, pinning her back to his chest. He set his chin on her shoulder like he was watching her read a book in her lap—lazy, relaxed. But his fingers inside her stirred up that fragile flurry of pleasure lying dormant, just under her skin, waiting for the slightest prompt.

Her mouth fell open in a silent moan of pleasure but the sensations closed off her throat, her head falling back against his shoulder. She grasped at his arm, sitting just beneath her breasts, and his neck, trying to obtain counter pressure so she could push back against the plundering hand. Jonathan was as calm as could be as his fingers stroked in and out, slowly, making just enough friction to drag up those spasms of her feminine muscles around his fingers. Her eye squeezed shut as she rode out the beautiful blossom blooming in her womb, making it quaver as he thrust that third finger rather harshly inside her.

Her back arched away from him, pushing her breasts up even as he smiled tranquilly. His arm only tightened around her ribcage, hoisting her up a little higher so he could drive his fingers deeper inside her, trying to touch her womb. Clary was still at a loss for words, the only sound able to claw its way from her throat were strangled whimpers. And that pressure, the coil grew tighter and tighter as Jonathan played with her.

“Spread your legs wider for me,” he commanded in a quiet casual tone and it acted as a powerful aphrodisiac, finally evoking a moan from her swollen lips. Pressed up against him, she could set her knees on the bench and comply with his demand, letting him go deeper.

“Oh—nghh—god,” she hiccupped, barely able to speak. “Har—der,” she moaned, voice rising at the end as she drew out the word when Jonathan took no time to obey her request. He picked up his pace, impaling her on his talented fingers. His chin still sat carelessly upon her shoulder, close enough to her neck that she could feel each blast of heated breath. Though his face was serene, his breathing and pounding heartbeat against her back gave him away. Those fingers touched, touched, that aching, throbbing center of pleasure and burst it, making her scream as her body convulsed and writhed in his grasp. Sweat rolled off both their bodies, both breathing hard as wave of pleasure crashed over her, drowning her and washing away any sense. He made her feel so good!

“Jonathan,” she cried, her body spasming…
Just as she woke up in a very, very hot sweat in her room. Clary looked down to see her own fingers in her panties, now completely ruined. She moaned quietly, compulsively as she withdrew her soaking fingers. She groaned, with displeasure, and stood from the bed. She was burning all over, her skin tingling and her breasts were swollen, nipples taut and pebbled through her thin night shirt. She padded into her bathroom to wash her hands and take a shower, trying to banish the image of her brother and herself in a jungle pool, pleasuring each other.

That was the first time she’d really felt something in weeks and it was so wrong she’d woken up panting and sweating, throbbing, all for him. The son of that monster. She splashed cold water onto her face after her shower. In her wet dream, she’d been wanton, sexual, sensual. All for Jonathan. And he hadn’t been a cad, or an ass, or a jerk. He’d teased and pleased her, treated her not like a dominatable peasant, but like a partner he wanted to please. He knew what she liked, he knew how to manipulate her body. And what made it all a dream to her was he said he loved her. Not in exact words, but he said it, with his eyes, his body, his words. He cherished her even. The real Jonathan was nothing like that.

What angered her was that her dream man would come to her in her dreams as her brother. She could have imagined anyone else, literally anyone else but her mind had to conjure the strong, imposing, lithe, lethal form of Jonathan Christopher Morgenstern. The demon. She shuddered at the reminder of his hands all over her, the cool jungle water teasing her skin like silk as he fucked her ruthlessly, at her demand.

She exited the bathroom, determined to fill her mind with something else. She threw open her curtains and squinted against the afternoon light already coloring the vivid orange and blue sky. What? How did she sleep half the day away? Valentine’s trial started at dusk; that was only a few hours away. She shivered again, feeling a damned aftershock of her self-administered orgasm before she flung the curtains closed and trudged off to get dressed for her father’s trial and prosecution.

Jonathan was rudely flung from the dream just as Clarissa reached orgasm. Ugh, he wasn’t finished yet. He had lots more wicked things in mind for his fiery beauty. Why is it, ever since he started having pleasant dreams, ever since his wedding, he was always interrupted or he woke up before he got to finish. He growled in frustration and went to his curtains. The apartment had apparently decided to settle in Berlin, Germany for the afternoon. Perfect. It seemed to be only a few hours before dusk, when his father’s trial was.

Still clothed in the towel from last night, he dropped it and went to shower the stickiness from his thighs. His little wet dream had made him just that, wet. Angel, even in dreams, Clarissa was perfect. As he waited for the shower to heat, he recalled the way her lush breasts floated in the water, the way her damp curls between her legs mimicked the color of blood. He sighed and stepped into the cool stall, quickly washing himself. He drenched his hair, feeling the sharp nails of his mate digging into his back, his wrists as he’d pinned them to the ground. He wanted to lick his way up her elegantly curved back as she arched into him.

He smirked, shuddered and stepped out of the stall, drying himself before throwing on his hunting gear. For he was going hunting tonight. For his mate. He slipped his stele into his belt, equipping himself with a few daggers—one in his boot, one strapped on his outer thigh and one on his bicep—then a chloroform pad, to silence her long enough to get the runes on her. He took temporary black dye and colored his hair so his trait of ivory blond hair didn’t stick out like a sore thumb and draw attention.
He washed the dye from his hands and fingered the silver ring. He took a long, grateful breath before spinning it and disappearing from the apartment.
The Hunted

The procession to the Accords Hall was long, tedious and superfluous in Clary’s opinion. She walked alongside her parents, her real parents, at their request. Luke and Jocelyn, thought they’d been jovial and ecstatic to be reunited and were no longer prisoners, emotionally or otherwise, had always put safety first. Especially Jocelyn’s and Clary’s. They hadn’t needed to do much with the latter for the past weeks because she had confined herself either to her room or the training room. She trained only when she couldn’t take the infinite numbness or grief anymore. Other than that, she’d eaten like a bird and stayed in her room. But guards were always circling the exterior, the interior and the city below the Gard. They hadn’t forgotten Jonathan was still at large.

But now they had grim, austere looks on their faces as they kept their daughter between them as they walked towards the place of prosecution. Clary thought the only reason for the procession was to publically humiliate Valentine as he was dragged along in chains through the city, Shadowhunters and Downworlders alike jeering at him. Clary mindlessly fingered the knife in her sleeve as they entered the Accords Hall. Clary was led to a witnesses table where Jocelyn sat beside her while Lucian went to sit among the jury. Though both were essentially obsolete because of the scale and magnitude of Valentine’s crimes. They—whoever ‘they’ were—had tried to pick out an assemblage of impartial judges and jurors but based again of the vastness of Valentine’s evil net, that was basically impossible.

A new Inquisitor, Consul and Council (the jury) had been elected in the short time after the reclamation of the Glass City, as Valentine had executed those who had not been corrupted and convinced to join his side. The Inquisitor and Consul acted as the judges, Clary thought in mundane terms, and the Council was the jury. Valentine was ushered to the center of the dais where a table sat with a sword, one of the Mortal Instruments. A steel plate had been installed in the floor to secure the barrage of prisoners this hall had seen over the past few weeks. Ankle shackles were secured to Valentine’s feet while his hands were bound in front of him.

Clary numbly looked over at her mother and saw she couldn’t lift her eyes to look at Valentine, who in turn looked at the elder redhead with pain, betrayal and actual longing in his eyes. What had gone on between those two the night the Gard had been invaded? Clary knew they had fornicated but was there actual emotion, yearning, to it? There had to be, because when Clary caught her mother’s eyes, she blushed horribly and looked back down at the table. Their love had been a long healed wound in Jocelyn’s heart—a festering gouge that had sickened and driven him mad in Valentine’s—and had been ripped open anew. And Jocelyn could barely hold back the pain that ripped through her body at the betrayal that felt so real and fresh.

Clary sighed, wanting to bury her head in her arms or go back to bed and bury it there in the pillows. She’d picked up to the pillow that’d smelled of Jonathan this afternoon. She’d inhaled his scent, finding it soothing now that his malevolent presence and actions weren’t there to accompany it. Dark spices and pine. She sighed again and propped her chin in her hand. The new Inquisitor, a Jia Penhallow, stood and began the trial with a wave of her, silencing the others.

“Valentine Morgenstern stands here accused of treachery of the highest degree, betraying worldly and angelic law laid down centuries ago, mass murder, kidnapping, illegal experimentation, and finally, domestic abuse. How do you plead?” She turned to address the prisoner and the assemblage of people seemed to hold its collective breath as they awaited the tyrant’s words.

Valentine drew himself up, his face contorting into a cold mask that reminded Clary eerily of Jonathan.
“Guilty,” he said coolly, looking at no one in particular.

The crowd shot to its feet, shouting and jeering and calling for immediate execution because he didn’t deny his crimes. But Jia called for silence and Clary sank back in her chair, wanting to go back to her room so badly her chest ached. But she culled the feeling, anxious to get the trial over with so they could be done with this rigorous nonsense.

After everyone had been silenced once more, Jia strode over to the steel plate where Valentine was secured and asked for him to hold out his hands for the Mortal Sword, which could apparently force the truth out of the holder. Valentine gave the slightest wince as he took the sword but immediately composed himself to that cold, unfeeling man.

“What was your original purpose of forming the Circle?” Jia asked.

“To overthrow the weak and corrupted Clave and instate a new, more efficient government that looked to the needs of its people first. Not the half-breed filth you’ve now associated yourself with. You put their needs before those of your own people—“

“Silence!” Jia snapped. “Answer only the question, we do not need nor wish to hear your distorted explanation unless asked.”

Valentine cast a cruel, wicked glare at the jury and one juror in particular. Luke. Clary wondered why that was. Did they know each other? Jocelyn had said that Luke was a Shadowhunter but not exactly. She’d seen Luke turn into a wolf, well, turn from a wolf into a human. So was he a Shadowhunter at one point? And what were the filthy half-breeds Valentine was talking about? Were they the Downworlders Hodge had briefly mentioned to her in her studies?

“How did you attain all three Mortal Instruments?”

“My son acquired them for me. Not that I needed them.”

Jia stiffened, as though she knew exactly who Jonathan was but continued.

“State his name and how exactly he acquired them.”

“Jonathan Christopher Morgenstern, Jia. You know this. I had him infiltrate your home, posing as your nephew and when the city slept, Jonathan broke into the Gard and stole the Mortal Sword. My wife had stolen the Mortal Cup years earlier, so Jonathan did reconnaissance and found them, and once I’d regained Jocelyn and my daughter, I had the second Mortal Instrument.”

“What about the Mortal Mirror?”

Valentine seemed to strain against some unseen force, attempting to keep the truth in. He broke out in a sweat before he growled and the words were finally ripped from his throat.

“The Mortal Mirror is Lake Lyn, where the Angel Raziel rose to present Jonathan Shadowhunter with the Mortal Instruments.”

A few murmured gasps ran through the room, whispered amazements as the identity of the final instrument was revealed. Clary didn’t understand what the big deal was. Hodge had never talked to her much about the Mortal Instruments.

“How did you come across the knowledge?” Jia asked indignantly.

“My disciple Hodge spent years in a library, forced to the confines of the New York Institute by the
very curse you and the Clave placed on him. He reviewed all the texts and depictions of the Angel Raziel and Jonathan Shadowhunter. Each picture always showed Raziel with the Sword and the Cup, rising out of the Mirror.”

“How did you disable the Wards to allow demons to violate our city?” It was clear Jia was struggling to maintain neutrality.

“Jonathan placed his blood on the demon towers.”

“How is your son’s blood different from any other Shadowhunter’s?”

“He is infused with the Greater Demon Lilith’s blood,” Valentine gritted through his teeth. Not only were gasps heard this time, but furious calls and shouts that a father would do that to their own child.

Valentine reddened and snarled. “None of you know anything! I did what I had, to ensure the continuation of our race! I only experimented only on my own children to discover a new, stronger race because those filth you call Downworlders were and are going to overpower us!”

The room went quiet and it took Clary a moment to understand why the room had feel into a cemetery like silence. Valentine had said children. Plural. That meant… Oh god. If he’d infused Jonathan with Lilith’s, a demon’s blood, what had he done to her? She looked over at Jocelyn, searching to see recognition in her eyes, signifying that she knew of this but she looked just as surprised as Clary was. Clary’s eyes cut to her father and she was just about to up and leave, fed up with him, with these Shadowhunters, with people—she just wanted to drown herself in her covers and never come out again—when Jia spoke up.

“What have you done to your daughter?”

Valentine growled furiously, hating to be driven so low as to confess all his secrets. But once again was forced to divulge.

“Before Jocelyn left me after the failed Uprising, I had dried the blood of the Angel Ithurial and put it in her food to make her happier—she’d been suffering from depression—but I was not aware at the time she was pregnant.”

“Give a clear answer!”

“Clarissa has an extra supplement of Angel blood, making her better and more skilled than the rest of us. It was a happy coincidence that I fully intended to take advantage of. My children are the beginning of two powerful new species.” Valentine said the last proudly, raising himself up with arrogance.

“Sacrilege!” Someone shouted. And the entire Accords Hall fell into chaos.

-Xxx-

Jonathan sat on the roof across from the Accords Hall, well out of sight in the dark, but he could hear the shouts and protests just fine. So Clarissa had a surplus of Angel blood. That might explain the bond. Demons were attracted to forbidden things and took them anyway. It would also explain why she balanced him. He let the thought comfort him as they continued with the trial.

-Xxx-
Clary sank down in her seat, hearing all the negative comments on how no one should have more than the amount of blood Raziel saw fit to give. Jia continued questioning Valentine harshly, loudly over the crowd that wouldn’t settle. They found out that Ithurial, the angel whose blood flowed in her veins, was locked away in a basement but had been released upon the taking of the Gard and Idris.

“Jocelyn Morgenstern, would you please come up and give your testimony,” Jia stated and Clary watched sullenly as she stood and went to stand where Valentine had been escorted from. Out of the corner of her eye, Clary could see Valentine seething quietly in his seat beside the dais. To someone other than the Morgenstern women, it would have looked as though Valentine were bored, but both Jocelyn and Clary sadly knew the men better, even if Clary was only familiar with the carbon copy of her father. The expressions and mannerisms were the same.

Jocelyn was handed the Mortal Sword and she winced, just as Valentine had. Clary frowned.

“Jocelyn, please tell the Council how you came into possession of the Mortal Cup.”

Jocelyn took a deep breath but didn’t resist like Valentine had.

“Before the Uprising, Valentine had already attained the Mortal Cup through treachery and secrecy as he’s told you. During the Uprising, I stole the Cup from my husband’s laboratory before venturing out in search of Luke—Lucian Graymark.”

“What were your intentions when you secreted away the Mortal Cup, yourself and your daughter?”

“To protect them from Valentine,” Jocelyn spat, casting a glance in Valentine’s direction that was not, this time, one of shame or hurt, but disgust.

Jia nodded grimly, as though she completely understood. She had no idea, Clary thought bitterly. She didn’t live with him and his twisted son for months on end. She wasn’t raped by a demon, by the man she thought killed her best friend. She wasn’t tormented day in and day out by two psychotic megalomaniacs. She wasn’t suffering from depression because her best and only friend in the entire world was dead at the fault of two homicidal crazies. She wasn’t forced to watch her mother appear with bruises and cuts all over her body. She wasn’t a captive for months!

Clary paused in her suddenly vivid and passionate thoughts. She hadn’t experienced emotion like this in weeks and it just popped out of nowhere… and was gone as fast as it came. Clary settled back down in her chair, watching as her mother supplied some knowledge as to what went on in the Gard but as soon as it came to light Jocelyn had been locked away most of the time, she was sent back to her seat and in the blink of an eye, Clary was up on the dais. She blinked in confusion. How did she get here?

“Clarissa, would you please take the Mortal Sword?” Jia asked softly, seeing the dazed and confused look on the young girl’s face.

Clary nodded, biting back an acerbic retort at being called Clarissa. Only Jonathan and Valentine called her that. She held out her hands, her gear suddenly tight and confining instead of the comfortable, breathable material that flowed with her body. She took a deep breath to force out thoughts of Simon, her depression, her numbness, confusion and fear. She discovered why her parents had winced, as soon as the Mortal Sword touched her palms, there was a burning sensation as though the sword was fusing to her skin. She hissed and almost dropped the sword but kept a hold of it, not wanting to drop it and embarrass herself in front of hundreds of Shadowhunters from around the world.
“Clarissa, do you know why your father kidnapped you and your mother?”

Well, Clary didn’t exactly know the answer to this question. He’s a sick monster? Would that answer work? “I think it was because he missed my mom,” Clary said and she noticed that Valentine stiffened. She tilted her head in curiosity. “Because he said so when we were first kidnapped.” She frowned. “Then he said that I was to continue the pure Morgenstern line.”

“What does that mean?” Jia asked suspiciously but from her expression, a sickened almost green look.

Clary repeated herself, not wanting to tell about Jonathan and his abuse, if she did they’d all see the blush, the conflicting emotions she had for her brother. Sympathy, affection, hatred, lust, fear. All mixed up in a muddled mess.

“He wanted me to have children,” Clary said simply, evasively.

“With whom? Who was to be the sire?”

Clary wiped her face of emotion, which wasn’t very hard because she still felt empty and numb. “Jonathan Christopher Morgenstern.”

-Jxx-

Jonathan shivered as his sister spoke his full name. He still loved the sound of it in her beautiful mezzo-soprano. But his chest ached as he heard the emptiness in her voice. He wished he could see her. But he sat listening to her, gnawing on his lip as he fingered the knife on his bicep.

-Jxx-

Clary couldn’t look at the Shadowhunters around her as they raged and shouted. Her blush burned on her cheeks as her wedding night flashed before her eyes. That voice whispering in her ear.

*I like the way my name slides over your lips.*

*My goal tonight, aside from taking you, is drowning you in pleasure.*

...*You feel like home.*

No, that was just a dream. Jonathan didn’t really say that. Her lip quivered as she became so sad and confused and emotionally exhausted she could cry. The sword was starting to burn her hands.

“Miss Penhallow,” Clary spoke, her voice weak, her head hurting. She just wanted to leave. “Are you almost finished?”

Jia turned slowly back to her. She had been trying in vain to quiet the room. The elder woman saw the hint of wretchedness in the young girl’s face and sighed before nodding. “Just a few more questions.”

She spun back to the crowd. “Shut up! The lot of you! Deal with your personal indignity later. We are at a formal trial so stop acting like blushing children.”

The shut the room up and earned her a few smirks from the redheads present.

Jia nodded. “Good. Now, Clarissa.” The beautiful Asian Shadowhunter turned to her once more. “Please tell us how far Jonathan and his father took these… allegations.”
The smirk faded. “I was forced to marry my brother for ‘the sake of the line,’” Clary sneered.

“Continue.”

“I was made to—” Clary had to clear her throat. “Consummate the marriage.” She placed the sword back on the table, unable to take any more of the scrutinizing glares or opinionated whispers. “I’m finished,” Clary said, descending the dais and walking out of the Accords Hall, through the aisles and past the whispers.

She strode out into the cool night air, taking a deep, cleansing breath. Plopping down on the steps, she wrapped her arms around her knees and set her chin upon them. She listened intently to the night life of the city. Though Valentine’s trial had been long anticipated, most of the city was still in disrepair and most citizens had not attended to fix up their part of the city.

She cleared her head of Jonathan, trying hard to think straight but her thoughts were muddled, blurry and confusing. She felt sympathy for Jonathan; it was not completely unwarranted either. She had a better understanding of him now, from Valentine’s explanations earlier. Jia had forced him to give a more detailed explanation of what he’d done to his children. And from what Clary already knew, she couldn’t help but feel sad that he didn’t get a childhood or a family or love. She was beginning to understand why he treated her the way he did. He had absolutely no idea how to interact with family. With people period.

Valentine had trained him to be a merciless killer; period, end of story. He’d trained him to be able to put up a sociable front but Jonathan didn’t understand how to truly interact and relate to human emotion. The demon blood poisoning his and the ruthless beatings Valentine had placed on him were enough to make a person go mad, and in his own way Jonathan was. But that didn’t forgive or excuse what he’d done to her. She was still furious, she still believed he was the one to murder her best friend. She wanted him gone… but there was the little voice in the back of her head that said Jonathan had been rejected and ridiculed by any and every one he’d ever met. Her traitorous heart ached just at the thought of her being yet another abuser of him.

But he’d abused her; he was a monster… because that is what Valentine made him. Clary sighed, scrubbing at her face, her temples to banish the splitting headache. But surely Jonathan had some free will, some choice in the things he did. He had to realize that incest was wrong, what he was doing was wrong. But Valentine would have distorted how he viewed those things. If one grows up believing things thought bad were nothing out of the norm, then one couldn’t change that. They wouldn’t think it was wrong at all. It was all in the mindset, the parenting and brainwashing Valentine had done. Jonathan was broken and Clary had the strangest urge to be the one to fix him.

Looking at it from Jonathan’s twisted point of view, he’d been rejected by his mother, forced—no, forced wasn’t quite the word. Jonathan was brought up believing that killing was alright. And his demon blood surely didn’t help. Hodge had told her that demon blood burned Shadowhunter skin, it was like acid. She wondered if it burned Jonathan from the inside out, constantly paining him. That would explain his erratic mood swings. She pursed her lips. Jonathan really was a paradox in and of himself.

The trial ended shortly after Clary had left and she was forced to stand and move out of the way of the Shadowhunters flooding from the Hall. She was grateful most of them didn’t notice her. They’d just whisper about her some more and ridicule her. Valentine had been deemed guilty on all charges and sentenced to death after he’d been stripped of his Marks. Jocelyn seemed frantic as she burst from the hall, searching until her green eyes found Clary sulking in a dark alcove. She rushed over and enveloped her daughter in a deep embrace.

“Oh sweetheart,” Jocelyn murmured, stroking Clary’s messy hair that hadn’t been done in days. “I
didn’t know you’d have to relive that. I’m so sorry.”

She took comfort in her mother’s arms for a fleeting moment before she pushed her away. Though it had been two weeks, she hadn’t gotten a chance to talk to her mother. Well, she hadn’t really wanted to.

“How can you be sorry if you turned around and jumped back into the bed of the man who did this to us?” Clary said flatly, scrunching her brow in confusion. She wanted to be angry but her muddy head and numb chest didn’t allow such a raw emotion.

Jocelyn looked taken aback, blinking for a moment. She wasn’t able to respond, even as Luke came out of the Hall and wrapped an arm around Jocelyn’s waist.

“Because, after everything, Clary, she still loved Valentine. He was still her husband and the father of her children,” Luke said wisely, rubbing an arm up and down Jocelyn’s arm. “It’s hard to fall out of love with someone.”

Jocelyn could only nod. “I—I was worried after you left. Jonathan is still at large. I don’t know what he’ll do, if anything,” she said after a while.

Clary sighed in resignation, a bit hypocritical herself when her own mind was yearning for the comfort of her brother’s arms. Though she knew well that in his absence, Clary’s mind had built up a perfect fantasy of him out of sheer desperation and loneliness because he wasn’t around to mar it. She knew it wasn’t true. And it wasn’t like Clary had a right to criticize her mother when she knew nothing of her life before Clary.

“I’m sorry, Mom. For accusing you,” Clary sighed. “And it’s been almost three weeks. If Jonathan were going to pull anything, he would have done so by now. What would he even do? He got what he wanted. Valentine dead, or close to it. That man was a monster, even if he was my father.”

Jocelyn pursed her lips in a bitter smile before pulling Clary into another hug. “I’m just worried, sweetheart. If he’s anything like his father, he’ll have ulterior motives and he seemed particularly set on you. And I’m sorry about Simon, baby. So, so sorry,” she said softly, into her hair.

At her best friend’s name, Clary couldn’t hold back the tears. She returned her mother’s hug and cried against her shoulder, muffling the sound against Jocelyn’s gear. Luke came over and wrapped the two petite women in his arms as consolation, happy to have his family back. He nuzzled the top of Jocelyn’s head as Clary finally ceased sobbing. She pulled back, wiping at her eyes.

“Thanks, Mom,” she said with a bittersweet smile. “I just need some time… on my own.” Clary began walking down the stairs of the Accords Hall.

“Clary, wait—” Jocelyn began.

“I’ll be alright, I have my weapons,” she said, flipping out the two wrist blades and cocking her hip, showing the seraph blade strapped there. “And Jonathan trained me himself.” She gave an ironic smile as Jocelyn reluctantly nodded.

“Ten minutes, Clary. I’m only worried.”

Clary nodded in acknowledgement before heading off into the city. She breathed the fresh, clear air and tried to let it relieve the tension in her head that was making it almost so she couldn’t see. But she shoved the pain aside and continued into the darker part of the city, where she could more easily see the stars.
Jonathan very willingly stalked his prey, his beloved little sister. He’d smirked when she said he’d trained her. Yes, he had and he looked forward to a fight if she could avoid him long enough to engage. He walked silently along the rooftops, matching his steps with his wife’s in the alley below. He could tell by her irate steps she was confused. Even saddened. By what, he was still unsure. His large hands slipped into his pockets as Clarissa trailed farther and farther from the city center and the Gard.

Did she know he was following her? No, she wouldn’t be so relaxed and inwardly focused if she knew. She seemed to wander aimlessly for a while, which only made him worry. Had he not been watching her, she would have gotten lost, or something might have happened to her. His steps became mismatched to hers, taking longer strides as he became lost in his own mind, drifting thoughts circling back to the dream last night.

>You feel like home<, he’d said. And in truth, he meant it. She was the only place he felt welcome, not physically but mentally. She’s been the only one not to leave him to suffer, the only one not to inflict pain on him. Clarissa came to an abrupt halt, as though just realizing where she was and that she’d gotten turned around. Jonathan smiled before descending.

“You look a little lost. Perhaps I can be of some assistance?”

Clary’s muscles locked up as she heard the voice she hated, the voice that had whispered to her last night. It belonged to the man who’d made tender, sweet love to her, even though it was a dream; she couldn’t help that it altered her perception of him. He was behind her, disturbingly close and she didn’t dare turn around, for fear he’d be even more of an aching sight than the sound of him was. She didn’t even know what to think of him anymore.

“Where have you been hiding?” Clary asked neutrally, her numbness still immobilizing any actual thought or emotion.

“Here and there,” Jonathan answered vaguely and she could hear the dismissive hand wave in his voice.

Clary tilted her head to the side, listening, her hair falling over her shoulder as she fingered the releases for her wrist blades.

“And why have you come back? I would’ve thought you’d gone far away, now that Valentine isn’t ruling your life anymore. Out exploring, causing mayhem and panic.” Clary smiled at her own personal humor. Jonathan, thankfully, couldn’t see the smile—she didn’t want him to.

“I thought it obvious why I came back, wife,” Jonathan said, the click of boots on the cobblestone signaling his approach. There was no imminent threat this time, even as she felt his heat spread over her back. Maybe it was her emotions or the numbness but Jonathan seemed different, just as he had the night Simon died.

The thought drew her up tense, finger stiffening on the knife release. “Did you kill Simon?” She asked quietly, curiously. She should hate her brother right now, push him away but with her previous thoughts floating in her head, she couldn’t bring herself to do it. He’d been rejected too many times, and if she needed, she could shove him away or drive a dagger into some part of his body. But right now the air wasn’t charged with fury or lust or hatred, just a lulling sense of peace as she felt his cool breath blow down her suddenly burning neck.
“Your mundane pet?” He asked, not wanting to disturb the moment with a touch or wrong word. He just basked in his sister’s presence and the soothing calm she brought with her. Though up close, he could see how pale and thin she’d grown. He could see the slight tremor in her hands though he knew it wasn’t from fear. He didn’t smell fear on her, he didn’t smell anything other than peace. It had a nice peach scent to it coming from her, and he added his woody pine smell to the aroma as he stepped a bit closer. “No, I did not kill him. I knew he made you happy so I wasn’t going to jeopardize my own standing with you by slaying him out of petty jealousy.”

Something released in Clary’s chest at his confession, knowing his words rang true in her ears. Besides, Jonathan had never lied to her before this, so why would he start now. And his reasoning was solid. Clary sighed, unable to tell if it was from defeat or relief. She leaned her head back, confusion reigning in her mind, and it met with Jonathan’s solid chest. The touch didn’t send fear or trepidation through her, that airborne serenity only increased tenfold with the contact. Why?

It was like, if nothing else influenced their moment, if Jonathan wasn’t being hostile or forward or vindictive, the connection between them boiled down to a pleasant feeling that warmed her body. She didn’t immediately pull away, even as Jonathan’s hands came up to skim up and down her arms, his breath blowing strands of hair against her ear. Frankly, she just wanted to give up but memories of her wedding night assaulted her and caused her to spin, pressing a hand against Jonathan’s chest to shove herself away.

She pressed the releases for her wrist blades, the silver metal gleaming in the night as they snapped out with a definitive click.

“Leave me be, Jonathan,” she stated calmly, refraining from throwing nasty remarks his way. Though she hated her brother with a passion for what he’d done to her, he didn’t deserve cruelty from yet another person.

“Why?” Jonathan asked and the glint of his obsidian eyes intrigued her. He was different. At least to her. He wasn’t forcing his will upon her or trying to immediately spirit her away to a bedroom or growling in frustration. He only stood there, talking with her. And neither of their voices held anger or fear. Just conversational tones. “I was forced to leave without you. And in my absence your poor mind has deteriorated into depression. You’re not feeding yourself. You’ve grown thin and weak and pale, little love,” Jonathan said with genuine concern and it only served to confuse her chaotic emotions further.

“You tremble unconsciously even now because you haven’t given your body proper care. You suffer from panic attacks even worse than when you were in my custody. At least I soothed them, little sister. Despite what you might think of me, I do not like to see you in pain.”

Fury rose up suddenly, burning like a star in her chest. “You don’t like to see me in pain?” She snapped viciously. “Coming from the man who raped me! Stole my virginity, forced fornication repeatedly. You terrorized me every moment I was with you!” She seethed, her breath laboring. “And you dare say you don’t wish me pain?”

Jonathan bowed his head, as though in shame and regret. When he spoke, his voice was low. “I realize now I’ve wronged you greatly, little sister. We were raised apart, so I had, and still do not harbor any inhibitions towards you when my lust comes over me. There are many things I wish to take back, many things I do not. I’m well aware you will likely never forgive me, that you hate me even now and that these words do not and cannot excuse my actions. Before I did not care you hated me, or anyone, all that mattered was that they feared me.” He raised his head, black eyes sparking. “But I’ve come to realize that I wish more than fear from you. In actuality, you are the only person I do not want to fear me. It is odd, Clarissa.”
His blond locks shimmered like iridescent water, despite the black dye, as he tilted his head. He spoke calmly, exploring a curious topic with someone close. “You are the only woman, only person I have no wish to harm. Not anymore at least. In the beginning I wanted to dominate you but as I grew to know you, I developed these”— He paused bringing a fist to his chest that clenched and unclenched uncertainly in a mockery of the turmoil happening within his body— “feelings that I’ve never experienced before you. And it greatly confuses me. I do not like confusion typically but I’ve willingly explored the foreign emotions you’ve stirred. I must sound confusing to you, do I not?” He asked her, watching her face intently.

Clary gave a small nod, keeping her body in battle stance and blades out.

“I’m attempting to tell you, you’ve changed me and I believe for the better, for both of us. I’m still a beast and always will be, Father did poison me with a Greater Demon’s blood after all. But for that reason, you are special to me in a way none other can be. Demons mate, Clarissa. Our bodies search for and seek out a being to balance us, and that person can’t help but feel the bond in return. Little love, you would be my counter weight, my other half. So you will understand when I say, I will not be leaving this city tonight without you.”

Clary blinked dumbly. She was struggling to process everything. She’d been struggling just processing simple thoughts like the need to shower or eat but all the information her brother just dumped on her, she had to sort through carefully, word by word. Did he just apologize? Without expecting acceptance? Without expecting acceptance? She could see his vulnerability flashing in his face when he’d said those words. She knew he’d never deigned to even attempt shame or humility before. And he had feelings? Actual emotions? Could demons get those? But the earnest words burned on his face as confusion had passed over his classically handsome features. And that last part, she didn’t understand. Was he saying she, of all people, the girl with the surplus of angel blood, was his mate? A demon’s mate? She shook her head. She did understand one part, Jonathan planned to take her with him and she had no intention of allowing that to happen.

“I don’t care what you’ve done, I don’t care what I am to you. I refuse to go with you. I have no guarantee you’ll not hurt me again,” she said taking a step back, one that Jonathan took forward.

“Clarissa,” he sighed. “Do not make this difficult on the both of us. I know you cannot know I’ve changed, how I’ve vowed never to lose you like our father did our mother. But I cannot afford to lose you again. Especially if this is what happens when I leave.” He gestured towards her. “You are even paler than your normal pallor. You are fighting just to keep your thoughts coherent. I know I have no proof of the bond but the only thing I have to offer of it is the feeling. I know you can feel that peace right now, between us. That absolute serenity with nothing marring it as my violence and your anger have before.”

He took a deep breath, as though savoring the feeling. He was right, Clary could feel it; it settled in her bones and promised a good night’s rest for once, a warm bed and protection. But Jonathan had never protected her before. He was volatile and unreliable. His stint with the whip when she’d struck him served to show just how bipolar he was, how fickle his moods were. She wasn’t subjecting herself to that, ever. Even if it was to give her brother some peace after his hell of a life. She valued herself a lot more than she did him.

“That doesn’t change the fact you raped me, Jonathan, repeatedly,” she said adamantly, raising a blade. “That doesn’t change the fact you manipulated your way into my bed, forced yourself upon me and scarred me in an irreversible way. You’re right when you say I will never forgive you. I acknowledge you’ve lived a life harder than I can imagine, and I pity you. Hell, in these past weeks I’ve even wanted to comfort you but you’ve still hurt me more than you can ever know.” She shook her head. “I’m not letting that happen again.”
Jonathan nodded his head in acceptance, as though he acknowledged her decision but she knew he didn’t respect it. She took a step back and planted her feet, bracing herself.

“And neither will I,” Jonathan promised before lunging toward her like a black streak. Clary dodged to the side even as Jonathan took her legs out from beneath her. Her body nailed the ground hard but she ignored the pain as she vaulted back to her feet before Jonathan could pin her. She drove forward with her blade towards his chest and managed a shallow scratch as he moved aside, taking one of her dainty arms and pinning it against his chest. As he paused to dig something out of his belt, she drove her heavy boot into his instep, causing him to hiss with menace, dropping her arm as she spun away. Blows and maneuvers flew back and forth but he never struck Clary. And she realized in the midst of the battle he never had. Never once slapped her, hit her, he hadn’t even whipped her when she’d slapped him. The revelation shocked her so much that she almost missed Jonathan’s arm swinging around her ribcage to slam her to the ground.

He cushioned the blow though, supporting her as she fell even as she planted both feet on his chest and vaulted him backward, away and down the alley. He landed with a grunt as she sprung to her feet, flipping the blades back in. She knew she couldn’t defeat her brother. Her best chance would be to make it back to the Gard. So while he was down, she turned and bolted back up the alley, even as her breathing labored and her legs wobbled. She really was weak, malnourishment and depression wreaking havoc on her mind and body. But she pushed herself up the alley and back to Angel Square, where most people would be gone by now, home or to a store to help with repairs. She let the flicker of hope die as her inferior speed and physical shape worked against her, her vision tilting from side to side as Jonathan easily caught her before she was anywhere near Angel Square. She went down like a shot doe, crashing to the cobblestone, the rough rock scratching up her palms so they burned mercilessly. She struggled and fought against him but he knew his superior weight crushed what little strength she had. Damn her for not eating more! But she couldn’t have helped it if she wanted. The mere thought of food, even now, made her retch.

She threw a punch that managed to snap Jonathan’s head to the side. When he turned back, his black eyes were blazing furiously, a snarl on his lush lips even as he pinned her hands with one of his. His other brought out a dense sponge that he pressed to her nose and mouth. She tried not to breathe as her legs lashed out, kicking at his back and thighs and bottom. She landed a good enough blow to jerk him forward, the sponge falling away from her face as she rolled over and crawled forward. Jonathan lunged for her hands again as his body tried to pin hers, growling in frustration, but she managed to get a leg free and kick him in his jewels. He let out almost a whimpering kind of sound as she scrambled to her feet. But her foot didn’t go where she wished it. She careened over, slamming against the wall before she managed to recover enough to leap away from Jonathan’s hand, grasping for her ankle. She took another step, still wobbling though she was desperately fighting to right herself and make it away from him. Her heart pounded furiously in her chest, her lungs burned and black flitted in and out of her vision.

This time, she did make it to Angel Square, her kick having disabled Jonathan even more than she’d hoped for. She passed the fountain, passed the Accords Hall and barreled into the alley way she knew led directly to the hill the Gard sat on. She was just about to scream for help, now she’d regained enough air for it, when a heavy, lugging weight slammed into her back, knees driving into the backs of hers to further handicap her as she went down. The hand with the sponge in it—smelling of copper and bitterness—came over her mouth and nose as Jonathan’s arms banded around her chest, pinning her arms against her body as they fell, leaving nothing to brace their fall as they both landed with pained grunts on the cobblestone. The stone scraped her cheek, opening a stinging wound even as it tore through the knees of her gear and scraped them raw. Jonathan lay on top of her as she tried to gasp in pain, needing the fresh air to clear her head and body of pain but she only inhaled the bitter stench on the sponge and drowsiness struck her like a freight train. She struggled beneath her brother, whimpering as her body twisted painfully in her struggle but she only succeeded
in taking more of the drug into her system.

Her vision swam and her limbs weakened even more, arms giving out beneath her as she’d tried to raise herself up. No! She couldn’t go back with him! This couldn’t be happening. She’d only just escaped! What about her mother? She’d be devastated! She couldn’t leave her! Couldn’t allow her brother to take her again, no matter whatever sick bond existed between them, if it was even real. She whimpered again as gravel dug into her raw cuts, as she weakly struggled with all her remaining energy against her brother. He only tightened his grip on her as her eyes rolled back into her head and she fell completely limp against him. No…

-Xxx-

Jocelyn paced worriedly in the Gard, a mere two minutes after she’d let her daughter roam off into the city. She’d allowed her that one freedom, ten measly minutes because Jocelyn knew how hard Clary was taking Simon’s death. She and Luke hadn’t allowed Clary anywhere out of their sight aside from her bedroom for the past two weeks for fear she’d be taken again. Luke and Jocelyn both agreed that Clary needed the fresh air as she hadn’t come out of her room though she’d wanted to on several occasions but after finding the security in place had given up. But that didn’t mean Jocelyn wouldn’t worry. Luke took her hand in his large, rough one and ran a soothing thumb over her palm.

“We gave her ten minutes, Jocelyn. She needs those ten minutes and the fresh air is good for her. Now the trials are over, we need to become more involved in her self-care. You can see just as much as I how far she’s letting herself fall,” Luke said gently, drawing the shaking, pacing woman into his firm, warm arms. The redhead immediately relaxed, her arms going around his waist.

“Thank you, Luke. For everything. You have no idea what it means to me,” Jocelyn whispered raggedly against his chest.

“You’re welcome, Joce. I did it all for you and Clary. I couldn’t bear to know you were in Valentine’s hands.”

Jocelyn said nothing, only let her wolf soothe her as he swayed back and forth on his feet. She knew she was only hearing things her subconscious wanted her to when she heard a scream in the distance.
Captive

It was such a nice dream, Clary couldn’t help but smile. She was carried up a flight of glass, spiral stairs but all she could see was the clear glass, the pale hardwood below growing smaller and smaller as she ascended. A handsome blond man set her down gently on the edge of a bed. She wavered unsteadily, her vision blurry like most her dreams but the man caught her and let her lean against his shoulder, his broad, muscled chest as he knelt before her. With the utmost care, he ever so gently unlaced her boots, letting her stand even when her knees buckled. He only smiled and helped undress her torn and ripped pants and shirt. She didn’t know why she was wearing leather and weaponry but the tall, beautiful man tenderly stripped her of it and smiled up at her from his crouch. She didn’t even register the cuts and road burns on her hands and knees.

He kissed her cheek and scooped her up. His warm body was so nice and she leaned her head against his surprisingly cushiony shoulder. He smelled really nice too, though she was unsure exactly what the smell was, she just knew she liked it. He toted her to an extremely luxurious bathroom with a large glass and tile shower stall, a rain showerhead and a handheld. The nice man set her warm, naked body down on the shower bench but only removed his shirt and boots, rolling up the legs of his pants. Then he stepped in and smiled down at her though she was having trouble keeping her eyes open. It was like one of those dreams where you desperately tried to see but your eyes wouldn’t open or focus. He washed her almost limp body, pausing at the peculiar road rash to pick out gravel and dirt. For some odd reason she had the burns; she didn’t know why.

Clary tried to raise her palms for the man to gently pick gravel from her cuts but she couldn’t, her body propped between the tile and glass walls. He washed them off, carefully sterilizing them as he cleaned the rest of her. She seemed to have very limited motor skills, leaning against the man or wall as he finished cleaning her off. She let him help her out of the shower, his warm masculine hands covering cold spots on her body. He laid her down on a soft bench in the bathroom and used a very soft, very fluffy towel to dry her off. She said something she didn’t hear herself say, her head lolling to the side, and he smiled, pulling out a button up shirt that looked to be his. He enveloped her in the soft, voluminous shirt and slowly, methodically buttoned her into it before he lay her in bed. The way he tucked her in made her smile faintly but she was out before her head hit the pillow.

-Xxx-

Clary gasped, hand clutching her throat protectively as her eyes shot open. But she regretted the sudden movement immediately as a killer headache speared through her eye and she pressed the heel of her palm into her eye to try to assuage the pain. She groaned, sitting up in the curtained bed. Where was she? She moved to throw aside the bed curtains blocking her view but ended up falling quite ungracefully upon her face on the soft bed. She tried again but her legs wouldn’t move; they felt heavy, like lead and she felt as though water were filling her lungs. She couldn’t breathe, could only get enough air to scream once before she threw back the covers. She expected to find her legs mutilated or discolored but they looked just as freckled and pale as they always were.

She heard a door crash open and one of the thick, black curtains was ripped back, letting in blinding sunlight. Clary squinted against the oppressive, stinging light and covered her eyes with her arm. It made her headache worse and the movement made her suddenly woozy. She groaned softly, dragging a pillow to her to help shield her just as he vision cleared. Standing beside the bed, letting that head splitting light in, was her brother with a toothbrush hanging out the side of his mouth, eyes wide with concern. Clary glared at him.

“What did you do to me?” she snapped, beginning to beat him with the pillow. A surprised noise
echoed in Jonathan’s throat before he ripped the pillow from her and disappeared again, letting the
curtain fall back into place. Clary muffled a scream of frustration before she dragged herself from the
bed, determined to find out where she was and get away from the python stranglehold of her
brother. She flopped painfully onto the floor, whimpering in pain as she pushed herself up. There
was a window, Clary noted, flinging the suffocating bed curtain aside as it tried to tangle her dead
legs, but it was too high off the ground for her to reach in her current condition. The hardwood stuck
to her sweaty skin and pulled like pins and needles as she belly crawled across the floor toward the
curtains hanging from the window. She tugged them down, aiming to get the iron curtain rod.

The curtains were stripped from the rod just as Jonathan reentered the room and she heard him
padding towards her. She shivered violently, rolling herself over just as he came within range and
swung the rod straight for his head with a frightened, infuriated scream. Jonathan dodged, the rod
narrowly missing its objective of splitting his skull open. Clary swung again but this time Jonathan
was ready and he caught the rod in his palm, a hiss of pain blowing through his teeth as the slap of
iron stung his skin. She fought him with all the strength she could muster, and while her lower half
felt dead and her brain felt like it would explode, it was quite a lot. Instinctively, she attempted to
kick out but her legs still refused to move so she jerked violently, twisting back and forth as she
screamed obscenities and curses at him. The iron curtain rod was finally torn from her and her face
enveloped in surprisingly gentle but firm hands. Her thrashing was ceased as Jonathan cradled her
face between his palms.

Clary’s frightened, irrational gaze centered on Jonathan’s wide black eyes. Her breasts heaved
unevenly as she fended off a panic attack; she couldn’t afford one at the moment. His whole face
was a mask of indifference, calm and uncaring as his thumbs lazily stroked her cheekbones.

“I am not attempting to hurt you, little love. Be calm before you give yourself a panic attack,” he
soothed in a lilting, accented voice. She still, after all these months, couldn’t place the accent. “I
apologize for the headache, I do hate using mundane drugs but it was the quickest way to subdue
you without alerting the city of what had happened.” He took a deep, cleansing breath and Clary
unconsciously mirrored the action, helping supply oxygen to her aching head. “I’m going to put you
back in bed now, alright?”

His tone was so gentle, so convincing of benevolence that Clary found herself nodding. Calloused
hands sild from her cheeks to her waist where he gripped her tight and raised her up. He pulled back
the bed curtains once more and set her down in the sea of pillows and blankets. He propped her up
with pillows before settling on the bed himself and drawing the curtains closed, blocking out all light
except for the soft trickle from the dimmed overhead light.

“Now, I only put an immobilizing rune on the small of your back. It’s temporary and does not allow
movement from anything below the Mark. I would remove it but from your rather impressive efforts
to bash my pretty head in with a curtain rod, I tremble to think what you would do with full
mobility,” he said with a soft chuckle, as though the idea of them battling again was amusing. He
smiled gently at her before his eyes trickled down the front of her chest. “You might want to button
your shirt, little love. Though I do appreciate the view, that amount of skin may be to your chagrin.”

It was only then Clary glanced down to see a man’s button up silk shirt, mostly unbuttoned. Her
hands hastily dragged the end together, buttoning it closed with precision, all the while her brother’s
eyes never strayed from her face. His onyx eyes flickered in the darkness and as she watched him
watching her, she noticed a thin ring of silver, like mercury, separating his iris from pupil. It was
rather intriguing to watch as his pupils narrowed and dilated with the flickering light. She almost got
lost in his eyes, mesmerized as she watched the silver appear and disappear. It was… calming.
Jonathan leaned over and brushed a red curl behind her ear gently.
“Good,” he breathed, his palm lingering against her cheek. She couldn’t stop watching his eyes; he caught her in his thrall all too easily. His other hand came up to the nape of her neck, cupping it gently and her lips parted invitingly as he leaned forward. She didn’t mean to, but that overwhelming peace stole over her once more, settling her raging blood and burning anger. Her breath caught, almost in a desperate sob as her eyes settled on Jonathan’s lips as they closed inevitably on hers. Clary made a heartbroken sound in the back of her throat as his soft, warm lips touched oh, so tenderly down on hers. If she could still feel her legs, they would have turned to rubber and given up on her. His kiss was so tender and loving and out of character, she trembled and her stomach quavered as his hand slid from her nape to her hip, his touch still soft and heartfelt as he pushed ever so slightly with his lips to lean her back on the bed. She wanted to cry when she kissed back, arching her neck and her hands sliding around his hips. Her fingertips accidentally skimmed bare skin; heated, slick, perfect.

“Jonathan,” she gasped, whining, “You’re being unfair.” She tilted her head on the pillow, her back arched and breasts pressed into his chest. Oh, they ached something terrible. It took all she had in her not to moan. She heard the heaving breath of her brother, his cheek against hers as he caught his wind. His fingers tightened fractionally on her hip, his thumb grazing her cheekbone lazily.

“How else am I supposed to earn you?” he whispered, sounding near desperation and the mere sound threw her so off kilter, the tears in her eyes almost fell. She turned her head away, rejecting his touch and breath and kiss and words. He wasn’t going to earn her, not now and not ever because of what he’d done to her. But he’d done so many good things too… Clary bit her lip and brushed his hand away as it came closer to her. He sighed and raised his head. “Alright, then I suppose you’ll be needing the little girl’s room then.”

He scooped her up, her numb legs dangling over his arm as he brushed aside the curtains and carted her to an ensuite bathroom. The visit was quick and private, Jonathan leaning against the door on the opposite side. Clary, beetroot red, called out softly when she was finished and was forced to allow Jonathan to help her up to the sink where he set her on the counter beside the sink and let her wash up. Upon seeing the state of her hair, she let out a devastated chirp. It looked like a rat’s nest. Jonathan gave a soft smirk as she fussed with her hair. His large hands came up and caught her frantic, smaller ones.

“Would you like a shower, little love?” he asked gently, seeming to marvel at her pale face. Clary pursed her plush lips, her eyebrows scrunching before she nodded slowly.

“How?” she said, nodding down at her inept legs. Jonathan quirked a pretty eyebrow and reached into his back pocket, drawing out a black stele.

“Excuse me,” he quipped as he splayed his hand across her back and bent her forward, towards his chest. She yelped at the slight sting on the small of her back but let out a relieved sigh as pins and needles pricked her legs, feeling slowly seeping back into lower half. She flexed her toes and brought her knees to her chest, stretched them out on either side of Jonathan and brought them back to her chest to reacquaint herself with the feeling of having legs.

Sighing, she drove the flats of her feet into Jonathan’s chest, throwing him back against the wall. Her feet struck the floor and she bolted through the door and out the bedroom. The house seemed vaguely familiar, like a dream scene, and she raced away down the glass staircase, heart pounding harshly. Her legs were still slightly wobbly, scaring her to the bone as she slammed up against… a wall?

“What?” Her voice came out shrill and panicked, her hands patting and running along the wall that should have held a door. “What? No! No, no, no!” she chanted. Tears squeezed through her eyes
as she pounded against the wall, her aching fist flattening into a palm. A sore spot bloomed on her forehead as her head fell against the wall in defeat. Sobs wracked her chest as she slid to the ground, cowering against the wall as she heard a faint thump and the slap of bare feet against the dark wood floor. Her hands trembled as she was wrenched off the floor by the collar of her shirt.

She was pulled up to meet with Jonathan’s sneer, his perfect white teeth bared in a snarl, and she screamed when he slammed her up against the wall, her back aching. “I tried to be civil, Clarissa. Nice even for my mate but you have struck a nerve,” he snarled, grabbing her chin and forcing her eyes to his. Those black pits were blazing anger at her but a vacuum seemed to suck all that fire out of them as he caught the glisten of tears in hers. He stared blankly at her for a moment before he grimaced again and threw her trembling body over his shoulder.

She was dead now. There’s no way out! There’s no door! No escape. She was to be her brother’s bed slave and toy for the rest of her life. Her trembling worsened so she was shaking like a leaf in the mid-autumn wind as Jonathan trudged up the stairs, his footsteps heavy enough they were like to break the glass steps. Her stomach quavered against Jonathan’s shoulder as he kicked open the bedroom door and threw her, quite violently, down on the bed so she bounced a foot or two back in the air before settling on the mattress.

“That was uncalled for, little sister,” he growled ferociously and the timbre of his voice made her tremble in fear on the bed. Tears streaked down her face as she feared for her life. Black fire blazed in her brother’s eyes, his teeth were gritted in a furious sneer and she was amazed and utterly embarrassed to see the tight tent in his pants. Frankly, the hard on did more to scare her than even his tone. Was he going to rape her? It was going to be violent and not at all delightful for her. At least the other times, Jonathan had worked to give her pleasure; it would not be so this time.

“I tried—struggled!—to be nice to you and you repay me by attacking me and trying to escape!” he shouted, his voice rising in ferocity. She could almost hear wolf like growls emanating from his chest with each panting breath. He paced like a caged animal, as though indecisive about what exactly to do with her. “You need to be taught a lesson if you are going to live here,” he uttered ominously.

Clary let out a scream as he lunged for her and caught her off the bed, stomping to the other side of the room. She heard the moving of a wardrobe, and being that Jonathan only had one hand to spar, the notion scared her half to death. Then she was being toted down a dark, roughhewn stone staircase then into a room that looked reminiscent of a smaller version of the training room in the Gard. He did not stop there but continued on to a solid oak door with a solid iron ring as the handle. When he tugged it open, she saw the door was six inches thick. Her eyes widened, and she whimpered, before he literally tossed her into the room and she landed with a crack on solid stone. With the breath knocked out of her, she struggled for air, her sobbing not helping with the lack of oxygen. She could barely see anything within the room. There was no lighting that she could see whatsoever but Jonathan seemed to find his way flawlessly. Her hip and cheek ached even as her wrists were yanked painfully together, rope threaded between and around her wrists. She cried out, kicking out at him, thinking he was going to whip her again, not that he had the first time but Jonathan only snarled and pinned her body to the ground, sitting on her hips while he secured her wrists.

Then he dragged her off the ground and set the knot of rope between her wrists onto a hook that Clary couldn’t see in the ceiling. Her feet didn’t even reach the floor and she could already feel her blood rushing from her arms, causing them to go numb. Her shoulder joints ached and strained under the weight of her own body, despite how light she was. Jonathan forcefully grabbed her chin in a rough hand and turned her face towards his back lit face. She couldn’t see his eyes, but she saw
the outline of his jaw and cheeks.

“You can sit and rot down here until you’ve learned some manners, my little spitfire,” he said bitterly, stripping her shirt from her with a great tear before turning and slamming the great oak door behind him, shutting her in utter darkness. She couldn’t see a thing; she didn’t know how big or small the room was, she didn’t even know what was in here. Maybe a demon? She yelped and shivered at the thought, drawing her knees to her chest but the action made her hip ache and protest in pain so she let her legs back down again. She only then remembered that she was in absolutely nothing but her brother’s shirt, now a little tattered. She didn’t even have underwear.

Something warm trickled down her hip and leg, dripping from her toes to the floor below. Her arms already ached. She didn’t know when the last time she ate was, or drank; didn’t know how long she’d been in this house before she woke up, didn’t know what sick things her brother had done to her body while she’d been out of it. Her sobs had left her with a killer headache that throbbed against her temples in time with her hip and cheek from where she’d landed on the floor.

She whimpered quietly into the dark, the reality of her situation finally sinking in after the adrenaline had fled her veins. Jonathan had captured her; he’d regained possession of her when she’d been free. Her mother and Luke didn’t know where she’d gone, though they might have the idea it was with her brother. Jocelyn had lost her daughter all over again. Lost both her children. And now Clary was damned to a life of being her brother’s bed slave. It didn’t matter he’d shown concern in Idris the night he’d captured her, however long ago that was. Damn his so called mate bond, it was all a lie. A plot to try and seduce her into being with him. She didn’t care; she shouldn’t want anything to do with him anyway. And to think she’d actually thought of showing him pity when heh was clearly a bipolar, volatile killing machine. But…

He hadn’t actually hurt her yet. Not directly at least. She thought he was going to rape her, but he didn’t. She would have at least expected to get slapped, hit maybe. But nothing more than rough manhandling and being tied up in a basement. Albeit it was a dark scary basement and she had no clue what could be lurking in the shadows; she couldn’t even hear anything. It was a sensory deprivation tank. No sound, no light, no feel. It was torture. A literal torture method. She’d read somewhere that the Chinese used it to drive their victims insane.

The mind can only go so long without senses until it started making up its own, sounds in the dark, whispers of fur or fabric or clothes against skin, lights pulsing in and out of vision. She screamed as she felt something slimy brush up against her leg. She sobbed harder, not knowing if something really was in here with her or it was the sense dep already acting up and stimulating her mind to insanity. She shivered and cried, hiccupping and aching until her body finally got fed up with the hysteria and stole her consciousness out from under her.
Demon's Perusal

Jonathan fumed as he trudged back up the stairs from the basement, where he could still his sister’s sobs. He only became angrier as those sobs stung his chest and made him pause on the stairs. But he forced himself to continue away from the training room back to the bedroom their father had hoped to occupy with Clarissa’s mother. Old fool didn’t know he’d already lost Jocelyn the moment he poisoned her firstborn. Jonathan found himself in his bedroom, his old bedroom, where everything was a complete mess. It was in rebellion against his father, though it was a petty rebellion, Valentine always demanded perfection and organization. Well, Jonathan knew where everything was in his room though he hadn’t stayed in it since he was fifteen.

He sat on the bed and ran his hands through his hair over and over again, a nervous habit he always noticed and always hated. One that betrayed his inner turmoil. He didn’t want to be like his father; he was more cunning than Valentine, smarter, less set in his ways so he was more flexible and harder to enrage. He growled at thought. Clarissa seemed to be able to crush his last nerve very easily. And it infuriated him how easily she could get to him. His ears pricked as he heard another scream from the basement. He put his hands over his ears, clenching his teeth. He wasn’t his father. He wasn’t his- Another scream and sobbing.

He rolled his shoulders as he resisted the urge to go to his sister and calm her, wrap her up in his arms and bury his face against her neck to whisper soothing nonsense to her. She was already weak and malnourished. He knew he shouldn’t have any sympathy for the weak; he shouldn’t want to take care of them, to nurture and comfort them. Naturally, he would be sneering at them and letting them suffer. He growled at another scream. His head hurt as his mate suffered though, the bond between them making him strain towards her. She was the one and only person or thing he’d ever had the urge to care for. Well, maybe care for was too strong a phrase. Hoard and maintain was more like; Jonathan was still trying to incorporate new words into his vocabulary but he wasn’t to ‘caring’ yet.

It confused him on some primordial level as to why he was drawn to Clarissa when he’d never had real emotions before. Frankly, the mere sensation of anything other than hate and dark satisfaction was shocking and painful. He halted his thoughts, wiping everything clear to obtain a clean slate to think around. Deep breath in, let it out. From what he knew about demons, and it was quite an extensive allotment of knowledge, a demon’s mate, whether they be demon or not, was the one the demon coveted. Not necessarily loved, but they sought a sort of balance on a chemical level between them. It didn’t always mean love, sometimes a demon kept the mate prisoner and only alive for that inner peace that was obtained. Feeling it first hand, it was like a drug; a very, very, addictive drug.

But those who had kept their mates prisoners never obtained that perfect high, only a half dose. Clarissa meant more to him than a prisoner or a fix. She belonged with him, to him and he was damned sure possessive of her. He hated seeing her in pain, suffering needlessly. All he’d told her in the alleyway hadn’t been a lie. And it was only his blinding rage that had allowed him to lock her away just now. And yet, only she could drive him to that rage.

But why was that? Why was he so enraged at her attempted escape? She had tried to escape the moment she’d become coherent enough to drag herself from bed. She’d tried to take his head off for Angel’s sake and yet he’d only found it rather arousing and intriguing. Had even caused a little pride at how resourceful she had been. But when he’d released her from the immobility rune and she’d bolted, anger had flared hot and white and all encompassing. It was odd.
Jonathan’s expression turned dark as he found the answer to his questions. He wanted her to want to stay with him. He knew she did on some level but she was so blinded by those fools who had let her deteriorate with depression and starvation. She couldn’t always sense that drugging calm, the absolute tranquility. But when she did, it was almost as powerful on her as it was on him. He sighed as the screaming finally stopped and lay back on his bed. Those imbeciles had allowed his mate to suffer: an unredeemable crime in his eyes. Jocelyn had allowed this, allowed her daughter to rot and waste away. She should have seen to her daughter’s health; the wench claimed to love Clarissa after all. She certainly had no love for him. He was dead to her. If she loved anyone it would be Clarissa but that ‘truth’ clearly shriveled up in the sun of reality.

In some shriveled part of his mind, though, he blamed himself for her deterioration. He could have found a way to take her with him. He could have resolved his poor sister’s depression easily. Even with her depression, her chemical imbalance from being away from him so long after their first meeting, she resisted him. She fought him tooth and nail. But what did he expect? He knew things like this took time, persuasion. He just didn’t want to take time, he didn’t want to persuade. He wanted his sister’s willing body in his bed, her given heart in his hands and her proffered soul entwined with his dark one. He wanted it now!

He roared in frustration and threw a knife that had been lying on the floor. It stuck in the wall with a heavy thud. The beast inside him demanded he make his mate submit, pin her down and fuck her like the animal he was. Screw her into submission. It was a completely animalistic thing to do, demonstrate his physical prowess until she gave in to him. But that would make him no better than Valentine. And Jonathan hated to admit, but he found himself wanting her to love him. And she’d shown that when he’d kissed her. Or at least desire. She had all but melted beneath his touch… and he had wanted to melt at hers. Warmth had poured through him at the helpless look of desire on her face when she’d told him he was being unfair. He wanted that back, not her rebellion and attempted escapes, though he had gotten rather turned on when she’d tried to take his head off. He damned himself for a masochist and stood to go retrieve his sister.

After checking the clock, Jonathan found he’d been stewing in his own frustration for two hours. He pulled the door open and found his sister dangling from the hook in the ceiling like a limp porcelain doll. Her head lolled against her chest, her breathing short and his nostrils flared in outrage as he scented blood. His sharp eyes found a dried trail on her hip, trickling down her leg to pool beneath her feet. Now he knew just how angry he had been; he hadn’t scented blood, moreover, he hadn’t scented his sister’s blood. He swiftly cut her down, catching her against his chest, and swung her up into his arms.

She was so light, he noticed off hand. It concerned him. And that thought in and of itself nearly drove his crouching beast mad, even after all his deliberation. He wasn’t supposed to show concern or show emotions or want to cradle a woman to him in anything other than worthless ecstasy. His feelings were supposed to be superficial and faked but Clarissa brought with her a whole slew of new emotions and feelings. The onslaught was enough to drive him mad. But emotion was weakness! He growled, kicking his door shut with his foot. Fuck! He was Jonathan fucking Morgenstern! He didn’t have weakness.

He looked down at the woman limp in his arms in contradiction. No, Clarissa was not a weakness. Clarissa was a strength, made him think in many more ways than he had. She improved his creativity and agility, his clarity because he never knew what to expect from her. He took a deep soothing breath, shocked to find himself so out of control when he’d never lost control of anything before he’d met his sister. He laid her gently on his bed, shoving aside the bed curtains he’d put up in knowledge that Clarissa would enjoy privacy, even if it was falsified. Her head lolled to the side, her pink lips slightly parted. He laid a hand on her cheek, soft, light.
How he’d missed her. She was the only thing he looked forward to any more. Actually, he couldn’t remember looking forward to anything before her. All thoughts of his demon aside, he immensely enjoyed being with her, both in the physical and mental sense. He could already feel his body tuning to hers, seeking out that perfect balance between them. But Clarissa, in her sleep, made a sound of protest, turning her face away from his touch. He stifled the wave of anger and impatience rising up out of nowhere and set himself to the task of inspecting her body, freckle by freckle, inch by inch to calm himself. Meticulous tasks always soothed him. Like tracing each freckle on Clarissa’s body…

Her body shivered as the cool air of the house hit her heated skin and his eyes were immediately drawn to the pebbled nipples of her breasts. He bit his lip against the temptation and found the dark bruise forming on her hip where the stone had cut open her side. Looking at her cheek, he found another bruise, though the skin hadn’t been pierced. His mind and body settled as he realized the reason for her rejection of his touch had been the bruise upon her cheek. It had hurt; she hadn’t innately rejected his touch.

He stood and gathered a damp washcloth from the bathroom before sitting on the edge of the bed to clean away the blood. He carefully applied an *iratze* to her hip and one on her neck. He sighed, watching the bruises fade away and the cuts knit back together. It confused him; he’d always had a preference towards blood, watching it flow, spill on the ground, drench his hands but whenever he saw Clarissa bleed, it made him sick. Physically sick. His fingers traced lightly over her hip, over her stomach before meandering up to her chest, where the wedded union rune lay above her heart. She shivered unconsciously, her back arching off the bed. His grin couldn’t have been wider as she offered herself up to him in sleep. With a little sigh, she settled back down on the bed as he withdrew his hand to go retrieve a sweater for her this time, instead of a button up shirt. The house was a little cold and it showed in Clarissa’s pale, frigid skin. He slid the thick cotton over her body, watching as it settled on her thighs. She shivered again, drawing her legs into her chest and hugging them to her.

The small, fetal position tugged at something in his chest as he drew the thick covers up over her. When she relaxed, he took one of her hands, gently, from beneath the covers and set it on the blankets while he retrieved two pair of handcuffs from his nightstand. It pained him to do so, but he locked the two pairs together, cinching one bracelet around Clarissa’s wrist and wrapping the chain around one of the bed posters before locking the other end to the chain, creating an adjustable binding. He needed to go out for food and couldn’t have Clarissa running about the apartment, but neither did he want her locked in sensory dep for the hours he would be gone.

He wanted her at least comfortable while he went out. His hand found her cheek, letting the warmth of his palm seep into her chilled skin. She leaned into him, sighing as her body unwound from its tight fetal position beneath the covers.

“Jonathan,” she breathed lightly, scrunching her eyebrows as though confused. Jonathan smiled, leaning down to press the lightest of kisses to her parted lips. He still had a lot to sort through in his head, but for now, he was satisfied with her wanting after him in her sleep.

-Xxx-

The bedroom was quiet as the exhausted woman slept on. The man had left long before and the redhead was beginning to become restless. She rolled over, subconsciously pulling at her entrapped wrist. Her eyes cracked open drowsily, trying to pull her arm in. Her hand was cold. She rotated her wrist and looked up to find it handcuffed. The sensation of metal on her skin was overwhelming, like her skin was super sensitized. The sheets nearly hurt her skin and she had to fling them away.

But her body still hurt. She was being touched by thousands of achingly painful needles, their tips
dull as they scratched along her skin. She moaned, shifting, trying to relieve the pressure. The light cut needles into her eyes and the sound of sheets rustling was too loud. Everything throbbed. Everything ached. She squinted down at herself to find she was now in a sweater, the usually soft material torture on her skin.

The sound of the door was like thunder in her ears, the footsteps following even louder. Her brother swam into her view as she panted at the onslaught of sensations. How long had she been in that chamber?

“What did you do to me, Jonathan?” Clary whimpered, her wrist aching from the contact of cool metal.

“I did nothing,” he stated blandly.

“Make it stop.” she begged, her back arching, body shifting as she tried to get away from the onslaught of touch from every direction. She hissed at the stinging that swept up her neck from her collarbone but soon her nerves quieted, allowing her to settle on the bed.

Exhaustion, emotional, physical, mental, swept over her like a hurricane, drowning her. Tears pricked her eyes and fell heavily down her cheeks. Would she forever be a prisoner? Was this what she was destined for? More tears fell as she pulled desperately at the chain linking her to the bed, holding her prisoner. The bed shifted, the chain fell away and she was swept up in strong arms, held close to a warm body that smelt like outside and spices and chocolate.

She buried her nose in the crook of her brother’s neck, crying softly as he held her. His arms were so gentle, hands so careful as they swept away the thick fall of red curls from her shoulder. The gentility was enough to give her pause. He’d done something like this before, cradled her, doted on her when she was sad and broken. Her hands curled at the nape of his neck, fingers brushing in his down soft hair.

She’d never noticed how soft his hair was, nor that he smelled like chocolate. Clary controlled her sobs, stopping her tears to take a deep inhale, her nose pressed right to his throat. He really did smell like chocolate. Her heartbeat slowed a little more and she settled into his lap. Her legs were draped over his thigh as he leaned back in the swathe of pillows, the bed curtains providing a sort of sanctuary from any prying eyes, though Clary doubted there was anyone else here. Where ever here was.

Her fingers moved slowly against his nape, unintentionally drawing a shiver from him, which vibrated her body. She was so tired, so tired she didn’t even care as Jonathan touched his lips to her shoulder, bared because the overtly large sweater had fallen down, revealing a generous portion of her chest and shoulder. His mouth was warm, soft as he pressed a gentle kiss to her skin. She didn’t care when she sighed.

“There is no need for tears, my love. You are with me,” Jonathan murmured quietly, mouth drawing a path of fire up her throat. His mouth lingered at the point where her pulse met her chin, his nose nudging her jaw until she leaned her head back. She let him, keeping her eyes closed, listening with mild curiosity to how her body reacted to him. He’d said their bodies sought the perfect balance, if the bond was to be believed. He’d even proved it by pointing out the bone numbing serenity between them when everything was calm. She’d felt it before, she felt it now as Jonathan gently moved over her skin, his nose coaxing goosebumps as it went.

His mouth pressed onto the point right where her throat met her chin, above her pulse, and nipped gently, teeth scraping. He gave a soft pull with his mouth, drawing a sigh from her as his tongue brushed her skin. He pressed a little harder, making her arms tighten around his neck to support
herself as he sucked a bit harder, licked a little more, nipped a bit more forcefully. Clary shuddered, so fed up and sad and broken and tired that she just let Jonathan have his moment of lavishing her skin with attention.

He grew greedier but maintained his gentle touch all way, his iron corded arms closing around her waist, arching her back. Clary felt the stark arousal pressed into her thigh, but didn’t care, not as his mouth moved south with low burning heat, pressing against soft, pliant skin. His arm didn’t hurt, didn’t squeeze with that impossible strength and break her. No, he held her carefully, but ever closer, always drawing her closer to his body as his breaths started coming in thick pants. She was absolute dead weight as his mouth reached the curve of her breast, where he’d bitten her before. In the shower.

She shuddered as she felt his sharp canines, chirped quietly when he pierced the soft skin but her hands only tightened in his hair, drawing him closer. She felt a single drop well up, threatening to roll down the curve but Jonathan’s tongue rasped out and licked it up. He made a sound deep in his throat, a purr, a growl maybe. Panther or wolf didn’t really make a difference to Clary. Both were powerful, both were lethal, both were predators.

And he was devouring her.

She’d made a mistake, listening to her body instead of her mind because now she didn’t want him to stop his reverent touches, didn’t want to leave the warm shelter of his arms to face the chaos and conflict in her mind. She didn’t want to have to fight. Not right now at least, and she damned herself because she knew she shouldn’t be letting Jonathan anywhere near her, let alone lapping up the ruby red drops welling on her skin.

He had absolutely no right to her, none, but here he was, canines pricking deeper, tongue rasping over her skin, mouth pulling at her breast until he’d left a dark mark, just like the one on her pulse. And here she was, all too willing to let him do it. She cried out softly as his fangs, both of them, sank into her skin, sending a bolt of shivers and goosebumps through her. Her fingers knotted in his curls but she didn’t open her eyes. She couldn’t. Heat dampened her core, that calm floating peacefully through her veins catching fire and making her body burn, even as she felt his throat bob. Even as his hands slid beneath her sweater, palms flattening against her spine. He pulled away, giving a final, animal lick to her breast before he meandered back up her throat, mouth pausing at her chin, tilted up.

She could feel his hot breath even as he lowered her to the bed.

His body covered hers entirely, large, muscled, masculine, powerful. She was cupped by the cushions and blankets, held still by her brother’s hands. She gasped at the touch of his soft lips to hers, enveloping her in the smell of woodsy pine. It wavered back and forth, Clary noticed, between the dark spices she’d first caught off him, then chocolate and finally a newer, heady scent of a fresh pine forest. It was enough to make her head spin as he parted her lips.

His hands slid over her skin beneath the sweater she had on, fingers tugging at the frayed edges. His mouth caressed her lips, tongue pressing into her mouth. She nearly startled as he groaned, a deep, luscious sound in the back of his throat as he adjusted himself to sit lightly between her legs. The movement only caused her to shiver, her mind still drunk on the consuming tranquility. He left her panting, his mouth skimming down the column of her throat, murmuring to himself.

“You’re all mine. Finally, something that’s mine. All mine.”

She didn’t think he realized he was saying these things but as he pressed his nose to the crook of her neck, hands sliding down to cup her buttocks, she hardly cared. He inhaled deeply, taking her scent
Jonathan stilled, nose still buried against her skin, hands flush with her bare buttocks. He was so warm, she thought, even as she shivered. Her skin felt frigid, his a burning fire as it rushed through her body to warm her up. She couldn’t conjure up the will to care about anything as they lay there quietly, Jonathan’s arms shifting to wrap around her torso. His breath fanned her neck, body even better than a thick blanket as she closed her eyes, listening to their opposing heartbeats. Hers seemed to be so fast, like a rabbit’s, whereas Jonathan’s beat out a steady rumbling rhythm that thrummed through her.

She slid her arms beneath the jacket he still had on, heated with his friction and hugged him to her, just as he did her, and somehow, she found herself the cushion on which her brother slept. He was out, unconscious, exhausted. Clary only used him as an anchor as her thoughts drifted: to Simon, to her mother, to Luke, to her captivity. She tried conjuring up panic, fright, but Jonathan’s dead weight atop her and his soft breathing prevented her from doing so.

She wondered absently if it was the bond he spoke of. He absolutely couldn’t cause any anger or strife or pain at the moment, and her cursed body seemed to acknowledge that. She wasn’t going anywhere, at least not right now, so she closed her eyes and laid back, soaking up the warmth as she drifted back into a thick, deep sleep.

-Xxx-

The slow beat of hearts echoed in the room, rich and deep as they timed a near synced rhythm. The rustling of bed sheets and quilts could be heard as the male occupant of the large, curtained bed stretched out a leg in catlike languidness. Black eyes slowly came into focus as they scanned the room, fingers curling. The male’s callused finger pads brushed against smooth, warm skin. Jonathan took a deep breath, inhaling the scent of peaches and strawberries. Clarissa.

He raised his head to find the little redhead asleep beneath him. He growled quietly, smirking as he ran fingers over her back and legs. He watched the goosebumps rise. She moaned a quiet protest at being woken and shifted, turning her head in just the right way to bare her neck to him. He leaned down and grazed his nose over her pulse, savoring the warmth radiating from her. He could still taste the coppery tang of her blood on his tongue even as he licked her throat, drawing a nice shiver from the small woman.

Jonathan closed his hands around her slim waist and drew her closer, arching her back ever so slightly so that her unbound breasts were pressed into his chest. His arm locked around her waist as he tugged the collar of her sweater down easily. The voluminous garment played rather well in his favor, making it easier to expose certain body parts. He cupped her breast, squeezing gently as his eyes locked onto her face to see her reaction. Her eyelids were still down but her thin eyebrows were drawn together as her lips parted in a moan. He squeezed again before taking her smooth nipple into his mouth.

She gasped, a hand lazily reaching out to thread in his hair. His flicked his tongue back and forth until her nipple was pert, hips moving lazily against her exposed core; he could feel a decent heat radiate between her legs. She lifted one leg of her own sleepy accord and rubbed her calf along his side, taking pleasure in the sensory friction. Jonathan made sure to keep his movements slow, deliberate so she wouldn’t startle. He’d done just that before and he’d gotten so many beautiful moans out of her. She hadn’t even fought when he sank his fangs into her.

“Jonathan,” she breathed, hips lifting to meet his slow circling ones. Her hand left his hair, trickling down the front of his body to the button of his jeans. Angel he was glad he’d gone commando. He
let her pop the button and slide her small hand inside. Glancing up, he saw Clarissa’s eyes half-lidded and drowsy but watching him intently as her fingers curled around his growing erection.

His hips jerked, pressing tightly against her to make her sigh. Jonathan bent, placed his lips over one of his marks just below her chin and sucked, making the already sore spot throb for him. He could hear the rush of blood in her veins as she began to lightly stroke him. He shivered, moaning through his nose as his hips undulated against her hand. Such a soft hand, a novelist too. So he dipped the hand cupping her breast down to her hand, closing around her delicate fingers.

"Like this, love," he whispered, showing her how. He tightened her shy grip with his fist, beginning to slowly pump up and down. He groaned. “Oh, Clarissa. Just like that. Keep going just like that.” The serenity born of the mate bond boiled, creating heated waves that swirled in the air around them. He closed his eyes and sank into the feeling, rising to his knees and pressing his hips into her hand.

His hand left hers to pleasure him and found the secret trove between her legs, damp and hot. He spread her legs one at a time, wide so she was completely open to him. Sliding his middle finger deep inside her was enough to make his cock twitch in her grip. Her tight channel clutched at his finger as he plunged it in and out. Clarissa moaned, hand tightening around him as he added a second finger. The bond brought his blood to a sizzle inside him, coursing through his veins until he was trembling.

With a desperate groan, he leaned up and stole her lips, his hips stroking, frantic for more friction as he slid his fingers in and out of her wet heat. “Faster,” he croaked against her lips. “Faster,” he begged, parting her lips with his. He pressed his tongue inside her mouth, stealing her moans and breath and kisses. Heat wrapped around his muscles, intensifying the already wild need to be inside her, to cradle her against his body, make love to her until she couldn’t get out of bed and had to snuggle into his hot body.

He lost all sense when her hand tightened, squeezed, moved uncontrollably as he drew his fingers out of her all the way, running the heat up and down her cleft before pressing his thumb to her engorged little bundle of nerves. Her lips left his as she threw her head back and he took the opportunity to pull her bottom lip between his teeth and tug. Panting filled the air, Jonathan could barely breathe and Clarissa’s breasts heaved up and down.

She whined, ankles hooking around his waist as he pressed his lips to the hollow of her throat. He rubbed his thumb harshly over her special, sensitive little place and her hips bucked. Buried between her breasts now, his nose graze her chest, tongue sweeping out against her supple skin. Teeth brushed nipple as he became intrigued by her breast and drew it into his mouth. She squeak, he suckled, hand moving against her core.

Her hand paused on his erection, her muscles spasming as her orgasm shook her fragile body. The coiling heat, the hysterics being brought on by the bond drove him out of his mind. He couldn’t think, couldn’t take the absence of Clary’s ministrations. His body was full to the bursting, brimming with heat and pleasure. He took his hand and pinned her leg down, keeping her open wide for him.

“I’m going to make you scream my name,” he growled in her ear, nipping her earlobe, kissing her jaw, sucking at her throat until he thrust up into her welcoming heat. She gasped, hand clamping down on his bicep as he slowly rocked into her. Beautiful squeaks and chirps issued from her swollen lips as he moved in and out, back and forth, a mind numbing rhythm. He moved, she moaned. Her legs only tightened around his waist the longer he remained in her. He took her hips in a firm grip and picked the pace up, pounding into her, faster, harder.

Her moans became desperate, jerky as he became fiercer. His jeans were still stuck around his hips
and he frantically shoved them down with one hand, angling his body to pierce deeper. He grabbed the collar of her sweater, tugging it down so he could lavish attention on her breast once more and complete the light green mark he’d started on the swell. Her skin radiated heat and warmed his body as his hips moved faster, slamming into her fragile pelvis. Her beautiful moans made an enticing crescendo as her orgasm stuck her, blowing down what little control she had left. His climax shortly followed, and damn was it glorious.

“Jonathan!” she screamed.

He spilled himself inside her and this time, the dream didn’t evaporate. His redhead clung to him urgently, shuddering against him in her too large sweater. His shirt was damp with his sweat and his pelvis was sticky but he reveled in the heat, the waves of coursing pleasure rolling through his body. The soft cradle that was his wife. He nuzzled her neck, kissing gently as he shifted his hips. She shuddered, eyes fluttering as his teeth grazed her chin.

“I told you, love,” Jonathan mumbled, slowing shifting, enjoying the ecstatic peace floating between his wife and him. His hands trailed over her hips, lovely smooth hips he could get lost in. He slowly withdrew his body from hers, careful of her presumably aching hips. She let out a sigh, turning her head to expose her throat. He purred deep in his throat, smiling softly as he bent his head to lick her pulse. An aftershock made her slender body tremble and her legs quiver as they slid down his now prone body.

Her feet trailed up and down his calves, a calm sort of meditative movement that made Jonathan’s thighs clench. “Mm,” Jonathan purred, kissing up her throat until he reached her chin. He shifted and rolled onto his back, bringing his little redhead with him so she lay over his stomach. She mumbled something quietly and buried her nose in his throat.

“What was that, little one?” he asked, brushing back a thick lock of crimson hair. It didn’t fall smoothly like the blood he loved because it was tangled and un-brushed. He picked up a knot and began silently disentangling it.

“I don’t think I can move,” she murmured, eyes closed as she shifted up his body, sweater clad breasts pressing tightly against his chest.

Jonathan shuddered with pleasure. “Good.” He moved his legs, found his jeans around his thighs and sighed, working them off with his toes. Clarissa protested by way of a quiet moan but settled back down once the jeans had been flung on the floor. Clary spread her legs on either side of his hips for comfort but it consequently settled her still hot core over his pelvis. She wiggled her hips to get comfortable and the movement made him stiffen just a bit, in the good way.

“This is a nice dream,” she murmured. “You’re not such a beast.” Her breath was warm against his throat as he separated the knot, picking up another one to sort out.

“Maybe it’s not a dream, little one,” Jonathan replied softly, rubbing his nose in her thick hair. Such a lovely scent she had, especially merged with his.

She shook her head lazily. “It has to be. You actually meant it.”

“Meant what?”

“The sex. You actually put emotion in…” Her voice faded out and she fell back asleep.

“Hmm,” Jonathan purred, separating another knot, and another and another. He actually meant it. What did that mean? He’d meant it all the other times, certainly put emotion into it. His fingers
threaded through her hair and he found himself taking strands and threading them between each other, adding more sections, one atop the other of the three ropes of hair, until he found he’d made a flat braid across the back of her head and over her shoulder, engulfing all her hair. It tamed the curls slightly and he was indecisive about whether or not he liked it. Jonathan left it for now though, not wanting to wake her.

All his anger from earlier was gone. Now he had his wife partially naked, sexually sated and wrapped up in his arms. His stupid demon was drunk on his back at the moment, happy he got to partake in every aspect of the slight redhead. He shifted, feeling Clarissa’s arms wrapped around his neck as he tried to stand. She wouldn’t let go. So he shrugged minutely and stood, his wife cradled in his arms like a sleeping child, legs dangling over his arms as he held her.

He walked carefully out of his room, not jarring her as he descended the stairs. The glass of the staircase was cold but he didn’t mind as his wife’s body warmed him. On the kitchen counter, he hooked his finger into his weapon’s belt, which had been dumped when he came in earlier. He’d fully intended on retrieving the belt before he’d found Clarissa having a breakdown but then he’d gotten carried away, now hadn’t he?

Cheek resting on his shoulder, arms around his neck, Clarissa sighed but he didn’t wake her as he carried her and the belt back upstairs. An arm braced under her round back end, he slipped back into his room, tossing the belt into the bottom of his wardrobe to put away later. All he wanted to do now was cuddle up to his wife’s warm, glowing, naked body, freshly sated. He made sure the bed curtains were drawn before settling back under the covers. He left her with the sweater but removed his own jacket and shirt once he’d managed to pry Clarissa’s tight arms from around his neck.

Laying back against the pillows, he pulled Clarissa back up to his side where she sighed and nestled. Jonathan wasn’t usually one to sleep naked. He’d never be that vulnerable and unprepared even in his sleep. Angel knows how many times Valentine sprung a surprise attack on him in the middle of the night and he’d only been in his boxers. Angel forbid he’d gone through a phase where he’d slept naked and been attacked by one of Valentine’s demons. But he couldn’t pass up the opportunity to sleep bare beside his wife.

One hand tucked behind his head, he threaded the other through the woven strands of Clarissa’s hair. Jonathan found himself, for the first time in his life, content to lie still for a few hours. Now he had a reason to stay still, a pleasure that made the raging beast inside him purr. Her presence threaded through him like a determined river of sun warmed water, wrapping his body and mind up in heat and peace. With his eyes closed, he managed to float away on that gentle river, finding his way back to Clarissa in Morpheus’s realm where she awaited him with a smile and open arms on the banks of the river of his mind.

No one was awake to see the faint smile that graced the forever scowling man.
There was a slight movement amongst the sheets of the large bed, disturbing the quiet air. Moonlight filtered in through the parted curtains of a window, spilling silver onto the warm floor but it did not disturb the sleeping residents of the bed. The encompassing bed hangings were drawn tight, blocking out the bright moonlight. Two bodies lay entangled beneath the covers, arms and legs akimbo, twined between each other. The smaller of the two shifted, turning her head against the other’s shoulder.

Nightmares plagued her sleeping mind, but not so severe that they caused her to thrash. Her graceful eyebrows only knitted together, a frown tugging at her lips. The man lay with his arm tucked around the woman’s waist, on his back with her pressed up against him, using his shoulder as a pillow. He was naked as the day he’d been born and happy to be so, the woman’s bare leg occasionally brushing rather close to the center of his body. The woman began to fidget, becoming uncomfortable as her nightmare worsened; the man frowned in his sleep, unconsciously curling his arm around her body as his hand found hers and tangled their fingers together. The woman immediately settled.

Their joined hands resting on his stomach beneath the covers, her nightmare faded, along with sleep. Clary slowly blinked her eyes open, breathing in the scent of pine. Jonathan. But she didn’t feel him on top of her like he had been when she’d fallen asleep. Her toes weren’t cold anymore though. She let her eyes close again as she sighed, rolling onto her back. Mm, she was very warm. The warmest she’d been in weeks. She frowned, actually, there was an unnatural heat running beneath her back and hand.

She opened her eyes again, this time wider, more awake as she looked to the source of heat. Unnaturally groggy, she sat up to find Jonathan asleep beside her, frowning. Unconsciously, she reached up to smooth the lines of his mouth even as his eyes cracked open. He squinted up at her, black eyes cloudy. Funny, he’d never been tired or groggy before. At least whenever she’d seen him.

“Clarissa,” he mumbled, reaching up to smooth a hand over her hair gently. Clary was struck by the gesture. His hand trailed down her back and came back up again, pushing hair away from her face before he settled it at the nape of her neck. “Go back to sleep, little love. It is too early.”

“What time is it?” Clary asked, shirking away from his touch finitely.

“Too early to be up,” Jonathan replied, hand releasing her neck to trickle over her fall of hair over one shoulder.

“That doesn’t answer my question,” Clary said, brushing his hand away as she scooted off the bed, more awake now. Jonathan sighed, rubbing his eyes before he sat up in bed. She dashed to the bathroom, relieved to find a lock on the door as she shut it. She employed the lock before sighing, crumpling against the door. Her knees were weak, her thighs quivering.

Clary frowned and ran her hand over herself. It came away sticky. Quickly suppressed horror and anger

up in her throat, especially as the door handle jiggled. She was about to rip the door open and slap Jonathan for what he’d done, the hazy memory of which was just surfacing, when a soft knock sounded. Jonathan wasn’t one to knock.
She remained still, ear pressed to the door. Another knock a bit louder this time; it received no answer.

“Clarissa, open the door,” she heard Jonathan’s tired voice. He didn’t sound angry, thankfully. The soft thud of his forehead sounded as he leaned against the door. “Just open the door, I’m really not in the mood.”

“No!” Clary snapped through the door.

“Why?” Jonathan said calmly, lazily seeking out answers.

“Because of what you did again!”

“What did I do this time, love? You will have to be more specific.”

Clary sneered, quickly unlocking the door and tearing it open. She found the sleepy faced Jonathan standing with half lidded eyes, looking as though he was going to fall over. Rearing back, she slapped him hard across the cheek. He didn’t look so sleepy now. Jonathan reeled back, one step was all he took as he blinked himself awake, bringing one hand to his cheek.

“You raped me,” Clary snarled, finally noticing her brother was completely in the buff. She recoiled, smacking against the doorframe. The action made her shoulder hurt. She trained her eyes on his face, refusing to look away to see his maleness. “You raped me again. You kidnapped me. You’re keeping me prisoner, you left me in a torture chamber,” Clary said, her voice quieting significantly.

Jonathan’s eyes were flicking back and forth between hers, glimmering like black pearls. His hand had dropped away from his cheek, revealing the swelling red handprint. Gaze blank, he took a step closer that forced Clary to throw her hand out, not wanting him anywhere near her. She was done being tossed around like a pathetic child. She was done with Jonathan and his sociopathy, his bipolar mood swings, his total violation of her mind and body. And if she was willing to admit, her heart.

Not in a loving way, but a way of pity. She felt sorry for her brother and his all too evident inner struggle she saw on his face from time to time. She felt sorry he’d lost his childhood and that he had no one to love him. Clary had to continually remind herself she was not that person but neither would she be another person added to his list of abandoners and assaulters. She only hit and kicked and screamed in self-defense. Valentine beat him without need. She wanted to get the fact out that she never loved him and never would. There was no damage in putting to rest a falsified hope. Jerking her hand back as if she’d been burned, she remembered the last time she’d slapped him. Fear washed through her veins like ice water, making her hyper aware of the level of her nakedness, of her brother’s. Her throat began to tighten so her next words came out squeaky, her legs shaky.

“I don’t care about your punishments, I don’t care that you think I’m yours or that you think I’m your mate. I’m not. I won’t give you anything, especially my body, so you might as well just take me back now because if you don’t, I’m going to give you hell,” she seethed, brilliant eyes flashing daggers at Jonathan, who stood with a harbored sense of pride.

“I made you a promise not to hurt you,” Jonathan said lazily, tilting his head so his shaggy silvery hair (in need of a haircut) fell to one side. “And I broke it. But only once, unintentionally when your hip bled from the stone. Not in bed. Never again in bed, or anywhere. You are a difficult one, little sister. I’ve never had anyone so blatantly challenge me.” The corner of his lips tipped up. “But I am adjusting slowly. I only took part in my wife the night before last, but I did not hurt you.”
He sighed, lifting his hand as though making to touch her hair. She drew back, a vicious look on her face. His hand dropped away. “I did break my promise though; you have the right to hit me for that,” he said and Clary narrowed her eyes as she heard the slightest change in his voice at the last part. “But I’m not giving you up or giving you back. I… I need you. I know you don’t understand how much but,” he shrugged, “they say time reveals all.”

Her legs felt hollow, like there was no bone supporting her and she slid a little ways down the wall before she stopped herself, lightheaded. Jonathan, never one to let anything escape his notice, saw the slight movement. “Go sit or lie down while I shower, then I will bring you some food. Now that the niceties are out of the way, I’m going to start making up for your mother’s failings in caring for you while I was gone.”

This time, Jonathan did brush his hand over the top of her head, smoothing his palm over her cheek before stepping past her into the bathroom. The hiss of the shower and billow of steam told her she should move away from the bathroom. She walked on shaky legs to the bed and practically fell on to the soft mattress. God, she was in so much trouble. Jonathan wasn’t supposed to be nice. He was psychotic.

She’d seen him in Alicante however long ago that had been. Remarked he looked different, seemed different. She’d even seen him put emotion into the sex, she’d remarked on it and god had it felt amazing. Like a hazy, blissful dream she couldn’t deny existed. And aside from the momentary lapse of anger from her attempted escape, he was different. He was calmer and more logical in his thinking. Well, more rational, she’d put it. Jonathan was anything but logical. If he was, she wouldn’t be here right now. Tired, she lay back on the bed, super sensitive to her core that sat exposed just below the hemline of her sweater. She really didn’t want to be so exposed but she had no clue where her clothes were. She didn’t even know where the door to go out and get more clothes was. There was no door to the outside as far as she could see. Curling up, she closed her eyes, listening to the shower running.

She was so screwed. Was she fated to live the rest of her hellish life in purgatory with Jonathan? She didn’t want to be his fuck toy, nor did she want to be his ‘mate.’ Whatever the hell that meant to him. She didn’t understand what a mate was to Jonathan, to his demon he’d claimed. It was all so surreal and Clary just wanted to go home and lie down, though she was lying down right now, just not where she wanted to.

She was in hell with the devil himself. What was that Shakespeare quote? ‘Hell is empty and all the devils are here.’ Yes, she had her own personal devil ‘caring’ for her. Whatever the hell that meant. When the shower turned off, she shivered. Her moment of peace was over. She didn’t even get to wallowing in her own misery of how her mother and Luke were faring or over Simon’s death. Just Jonathan. Why was it that most of her thoughts were preoccupied by him? Maybe because he was a mass murderer lying in the same bed as her? How long had she been here? Jonathan had said night before last. She’d slept over for almost two days? She distantly remembered getting up once to use the bathroom but that was it, at least after Jonathan’s repeated violation.

She hadn’t realized she’d drifted to the in between consciousness until the soft clank of a tray woke her and she peeled open her eyes to find a freshly, squeaky cleaned Jonathan standing over her, bed curtains drawn back and tied to the posts. Early morning sunlight burned her eyes.

“Please go away,” Clary said quietly, curling back up in her fetal position. She was cold.

“Only after I see you eat something,” Jonathan said, gesturing to a plate of grapes and toast and crackers. Clary rolled her eyes, sat up, plucked a grape from the plate, popped it into her mouth and lay back down, chewing spitefully.
“There. Go away.”

“Uh-uh, Clarissa. Not good enough to make up for two weeks of malnourishment. Eat,” he said, settling on the edge of the bed in a pair of jeans and a black shirt.

“Leave.”

“Eat.”

“Leave!”

Jonathan scoffed—she could practically hear the eye roll. “Don’t act childish and make me force feed you. I will if it comes to that.”

Clary turned her head, glaring at him over her shoulder. “You wouldn’t dare.”

“Try me,” he challenged, shrugging like he had better things to do. She narrowed her eyes further, evaluating the validity of his statement. Clary decided not to chance it and even though food sounded repulsive, and the taste was enough to make her gag, she managed to sit up and eat a few more grapes. Stopping, she felt her stomach roil, turn over as she shifted on the bed, trying to cover herself.

Jonathan was staring at her like he could see straight through the sweater. Maybe he could.

Her head shook as she shoved the plate away on the bed. “I can’t eat anymore,” she murmured. She knew her hands shook but she was so tired all of a sudden. All she wanted to do was sleep. And sleep and sleep. But the last time she fell asleep, she ended up violated. She wasn’t comfortable sleeping in the same country let alone the same room as Jonathan. It wasn’t fair that he was so warm and felt good and acted like he cared, provided that stupid sense of tranquility.

She sighed and pushed up off the bed with great effort, skirting around her brother. Maybe a shower would make her feel better. Wash away the dark cloud numbing her mind.

“What are you going?” he asked after her, making no move to follow.

“To wash you off me.”

The door slammed shut and Jonathan was left alone.

-Xxx-

Beauty, Jonathan had discovered, was a relative term. Like how a starving man finds a hot meal beautiful or a raging fire finds the air that fuels it beautiful. Jonathan was the starving man, the raging fire suffocating without air. Clary was his air. He was suffocating.

She slammed the door in his face quite violently and he didn’t fault her for it. He had to keep reminding himself she was adjusting. She was cracking, no matter how stubborn his little spitfire was. Jonathan needed to be patient, learning an art took time.

He sighed and heaved himself off the bed, slowly crossing the floor to the bathroom. Pressing his ear against the door, all he could hear was the running of water. Despite her vicious and all too provoking comment, Jonathan was glad that she was taking some quiet time that he didn’t have to worry about her hurting herself.

Sauntering out of the bedroom, he descended the glass staircase towards the kitchen, picking through
the fridge to see if there is anything he would like to eat. Not anything that was food. He groaned and closed the fridge. How was he going to stand waiting on her? Wait for all her lush skin and peachy scent and radiant smile. At least his antagonism was slowly dragging her from depression, but she’s still disturbingly thin and frail and weak. Too far in depression for his liking. Hell, she’d slept for a day and a half after he’d had her.

Her damn mother didn’t know how to take care of his mate. It made him furious that he was gone for only a few weeks and Clarissa had fallen into such deep depression. He flopped down on the couch, an arm thrown over his face as he worried. His blood was becoming hotter, something he’d been anticipating for weeks. He’d felt it building and building. That damn mating claim. He’d read of it long ago but didn’t ever think he’d have a mate. Now the stupid thing was beginning to punish him for not finishing the job. What was he going to do? His demon was getting harder to control with every passing minute and the more she resisted, the longer she waited, the more his demon would grow restless and mindless. The more his blood would boil. He didn’t want to hurt her, but his body ached for him to pin her down and screw her brains out, his mind ached for someone to talk to, his soul ached for light. Her light. Her voice. Her body.

It’s all her. He wanted her. Every single inch of her. Toes to the tip of her head. Stubbornness to gentility. Smile to scowl. Depression to vivacity. He wanted it all so he could worship every single inch in between her toes and crown of her head. He wanted to drown himself in between her stubbornness and gentility. He wanted to become mesmerized in between her smile and scowl. He wanted to get high from her vivacity and pamper her in her depression.

Angel, he was becoming such a weak sap. Some lovesick dog. But he was still possessive as hell, still angry and terrifying. He just wanted his soft, strong little angel to be by his side. He parted his fingers, glancing at the clock. He’d been agonizing for an hour, drifting in and out of sleep; the shower was still running. Frowning, he got up and took the stairs two at a time.

He couldn’t hear anything other than the shower, and when he entered the bedroom, all he saw was steam rising from the bathroom door. Jonathan jiggled the handle, finding it locked. Pressing his ear to the door, he tried to hear something to tell him Clarissa was all right, but all he heard was the water. Heart pounding in his throat, he tried the handle again before reaching up to the door frame where the small key sat. He used it to pop the lock before replacing it and flinging open the door. When he didn’t immediately see Clarissa standing in the shower, he panicked, rage sweeping through him.

But as he strode across the room, he found Clarissa huddled on the floor, arms wrapped around her knees. Jonathan shut off the shower and sank into a crouch, curiously examining his mate.

“Clarissa, what happened?” he asked gently, pulling a towel down from the rack.

“Simon,” she muttered, staring blankly at his shoulder.

“Your mundane?” Jonathan replied, slowly reaching out to trace a finger over her knee.

She nodded numbly, not reacting to his touch. Jonathan moved into the shower, winding the towel about her body before haphazardly scooping her up. Strangely, she didn’t protest as he dried her off quickly, brushing out her hair with a spare comb he had. Clarissa absently tied it up in a knot. He slid a loose shirt, one of his, over her head and a pair of underwear up her legs. When he took her back in his arms, he asked, “What about… Simon?” He forced himself to say the mundane’s name, knowing that Clarissa would want to hear it.

“He’s dead,” she murmured simply, resting her cheek against his shoulder as he carried her like a child. Her legs wound around his waist, arms limp around his neck as he decided for a change of
“I’m sorry, love. I know you loved him very much,” Jonathan found himself consoling, something he’d never have thought he’d do before he’d met Clarissa.

“You’re not sorry,” she said dully. “You’re never sorry.” He pursed his lips as he began a careful descent down the spiral staircase, thankful that it was wide enough to accommodate his precious cargo.

“No,” he responded in a quiet voice. “I’m not sorry for anything, most times. But I’m sorry that you are suffering in grief and loss. I’m not sorry for the mundane boy, but I’m sorry about the repercussions it’s taken on you.” He’d reached the living room and now settled on the couch he had just pondered on moments ago. He pulled a thick blanket from the back and draped it over the both of them.

“Why do people say that?” she said, curling up in his lap. She shifted restlessly for a moment before finally finding an acceptable position: between his parted legs, hers draped over one of his and her arms loosely dangled around his neck. Clarissa rested her cheek on his shoulder.

“Say what?”

“Say sorry when it’s not their fault. There’s no reason for you to apologize for something you didn’t cause.”

Jonathan took a moment to think about this, this philosophical thought that had slipped his mind. Maybe because he never had apologized. Before now. “I think it is meant as a way to comfort grief,” Jonathan replied. “I cannot attest to having emotions, therefore I don’t know if this theory is true or not, but I think the reason mundanes, at least the English ones, apologize for someone else’s death is so that the ones left behind know that someone cares enough to try and relieve the pain. They try and make up for the death by taking on some guilt of their own, so the burden is not as heavy on the ones left.”

Clarissa hummed concordance, a light vibration against his throat that set his blood cells jumping. His slid his hand to the nape of her neck, resting there so it didn’t travel somewhere else. Priorities, though clouded by his demonized judgement, came first. It was all very confusing to him, like walking in the dark, naked, on nails. For him at least, to try and sort out what morals were, how normal Shadowhunters acted, how decent people acted. He was blind, in pain and vulnerable in such things. He’d die before he admitted that out loud—at least to anyone that wasn’t Clarissa. He could tell her anything.

His body tingled with the sensation of Clarissa pressed against it, just the feel of her soft skin, the smell of her lovely peach scent (though it was tinged with a bitter tasting sort of quality now) was enough to rattle the chains around his internal beast. He’d begun thinking of it as a giant cat now, ever since Clarissa had accused him of being a cat demon that first glorious night he’d tasted her. It was becoming agitated, the tip of its tail flicking in irritation as his eyes drifted down the soft, continuous curve of her back, her breasts, her bare, supple thighs down to her toes.

He cleared his throat.

“Tell me about Simon,” he said airily, taking his mind off the heat pulsing from her body, left over from too long in the shower. The flowing curve of her neck drew his eye, the light thrum of a pulse just beneath the skin.

“Why do you want to know?” she asked, sans venom. He drew his fingers over the exposed back of
her neck and let her shiver, tilting his head for a better view.

“I don’t, but it will make you happier. Remembering him as he was,” Jonathan replied.

Clarissa sighed heavily. “He was smart. Really smart, and funny,” she began. “It was cheesy humor but he could always make me laugh. He spent his free time reading manga, well, all of his time. At least when he wasn’t watching sci-fi movies. He had these shelves in his room that lined one wall filled with just manga books. Every time I went over to his place, they would be organized a different way. Sometimes by color, sometimes by height, sometimes by favorite, sometimes alphabetically, but they were never organized the same way. Simon didn’t like repetition. He strove for originality, he couldn’t stand being anything like our classmates, even though he was terribly self-conscious. He was awkward in a cute way, like his limbs were longer than he expected when he moved them but he was beautiful. I liked hearing him laugh, it meant that he wasn’t thinking about his father, who’d died when he was young.”

Clarissa went on to tell him all about Simon Lewis, second and last child of Elaine Lewis. Simon had a sister, Jonathan didn’t catch her name but he listened to Clarissa pour the mundane’s life out before him, and with each word, he could see her growing a little happier. He couldn’t really attentively listen to the whole thing, frankly he stopped listening around the time she was describing his nervous tick, and sank into his own musings about his redhead angel.

The demon was pacing anxiously now, tail flicking in annoyance and Jonathan was becoming restless. Their little endeavor had been early yesterday morning, and it concerned him that, left alone, Clarissa slept through that morning into the night, through another day and right into this morning. She’d had her fit at around two this morning. He’d let her sleep enough. It was time for recovery.

But the fire was building up in his chest, in his body, writhing painfully as he tried to focus his thoughts. He shifted his hips to no avail and Clarissa had stopped talking, looking at him curiously with those big, enticing green eyes. They were brighter than they had been before; they set him off like a rocket. His demon snarled, howling and banging away at his control, shredding it with sharp claws as his hands slid up Clarissa’s hips.

“Are you alright, Jonathan?” she asked quietly. It was odd, she didn’t seem to be registering she was in the lap of a hungry beast. Very hungry indeed. The chemicals in the air, the little floating particles that carried the ever flowing bond between them were no longer tinged with bitterness. Actually, to Jonathan’s mutual dismay and elation, it smelled vibrantly of peaches. A whole bloody orchard and it was beautiful.

“No, love,” he replied huskily, electricity sizzling through his skin as his fingertips grazed her bare hips. “I’m really not.”

She shook her head slowly, as though she were confused. That absolutely innocent look was driving him mad. The beast was throwing itself against the iron wall of Jonathan’s control, yowling and snarling to get out. “What’s wrong?” Oh, those big doe eyes, so vivid and bright now, so enticing and beautiful, were going to be his downfall.

He swallowed hard, sweat beading on his forehead. Damn the demon claim. “I’m going to tell you the entire truth, alright Clarissa? I’ve promised you nothing less. But you have to be prepared, okay?”

Slowly, she nodded. His head was white noise.

“I’m trying, really very hard, not to…” he panted, “to touch you. Clarissa, but it is very hard,
because I really want to touch you. Love, I want to touch every inch of your body, every inch of your mind and soul. I want to hold you and fuck you and make love to you all at the same time.” He found the words just sort of pouring out of him, like she was a magnet, his words her opposite. “The darker side of me, the majority of me that is, is difficult to control. I’ve found it harder to control each time I’m not with you. It physically pains me to hold it now, before it was easy. I think that is because back then, before I met you, I didn’t want to. But I don’t want to hurt you, but I need you, Clarissa. Do you understand? It’s torture when you’re gone. Those two weeks were hell for me.

“I couldn’t sleep, I barely ate, I wanted to slaughter the entirety of Alicante and everything beyond that. I was furious and agitated and hurting. I got you back but not all of you. I never had all of you and I need all of you. Clarissa, I need all of you, for my own sanity and sake as well as the rest of the world. You’ve made me care too much, and I can’t decide if I hate it or love it because I care about you. My entire life has been nothing but blood, pain and slaughter until you showed up. I didn’t know how to treat you, I didn’t know how to act around you, so I reverted to my instincts, which are the rules of the jungle. Take what you want; kill or be killed.

“That’s what I am. That’s why I mistreated you, I was confused and frustrated. I still am but I’m learning how to deal with it, because I have you. But there are some things that I can’t help because they are part of me. And that is my dark side, my want of you, the mating. You’re mine and it’s physically beginning to tear me apart that I can’t have you. Not fully. The mating bond affects the dominant more than the submissive because they’re supposed to be fierce, take what they want when they want. I haven’t fully claimed you, love, and thanks to demonic law, I’m being punished for it, because it thinks I’m weak for waiting so long. Demons either immediately kill their mates or claim them, waiting is a sign of weakness in the dominant. I didn’t write the laws, Clarissa, they just are what they are. They recognize me as the dominant and you as the submissive, even if you have more control over me than I do over you,” he admitted quietly.

“I’m trying to show humanity in caring for you, I’m trying my best but I don’t know how, but I know I need to take care of you. Because you’re sick. But me, I’ve been sick all my life, I just didn’t realize it until you. And now it’s finally catching up with me, Clarissa.”

His blood was burning, more than usual. Scorching his veins like hellfire as he held back, waiting for her answer. All that restraint, all that waiting, all the delay to complete his claim of her, the stupid mating claim, were all tearing him apart but Clarissa came first. That was the first and foremost message in his head.

Clarissa hadn’t retreated from his lap, she only remained still, as though a tiger were hunting her. One move and it would pounce. Honestly, at this point, he probably would. “So, what do you have to do to stop it?” she asked softly, and the sound made him whine quietly. He hated the sound but pressed his sweaty forehead against hers. His breathing had become labored.

“Claim you,” he panted, “or kill you.”

He was proud when she didn’t flinch. “What does claiming me mean?”

“Mingle blood,” he said, remembering all those books he’d leafed through about demons, learning every possible thing about them to learn his own weaknesses and strengths. To snuff out those weaknesses. Her breath caught and his head roared, eyes fixating on her lips. “A little of me inside you, and a little of you inside me,” he whispered devilishly.

“What would that do to me?”

“Make you mine,” he groaned and his hands suddenly tightened on her hips, jerking her closer, but
she seemed completely calm.

“Physically, Jonathan. What would it do to me physically?”

“It might burn a little, as your blood might burn me, but I doubt it,” he murmured, bringing a hand up to trace the curve of her breast, bared to him from the loose shirt. “But it wouldn’t last I don’t think.”

“Are you in pain?” she said on a thread of sound. Her brows had come together, looking pained as she inquired after everything. She had a right to know, she was in this with him, irrevocably.

He nodded slowly. “Very much. My blood is essentially boiling me from the inside out, hotter than usual. It won’t kill me. It’s just very, very uncomfortable. This is the worse it’s been so far, it’ll pass.”

“When?” The peachy scent suddenly changed, drawing his attention. The scent drifting through the air now had his whole body shaking.

“I don’t know.”

Her sigh brushed over his skin, making him hyperaware of her proximity. There was a pause, a long moment of silence before she said, “Do it.”

It felt like she’d slapped him and shot him up with adrenaline. “What?”

“The blood mingling. I won’t be another person to let you suffer. I won’t hurt you as everyone else already has, I refuse. Just do it,” she said, holding up her wrist. His fingers gently closed around her wrist, drawing it to his mouth. She squeezed her eyes shut, as though expecting him to bite her, but instead he laid a gentle kiss on the sensitive skin. A puff of air parted her lips and he swooped in to cover them with his own. She made a surprised sound in the back of her throat at the contact but didn’t try to push him away as he nudged her down onto the couch, stretching her out beneath him.

His body was hot and uncomfortable, his demon roaring and blocking out most of the other noises but intensifying every single peep and moan from the woman beneath him. Jonathan hastily parted her lips, plundering her mouth and he was forever grateful she didn’t push him away. He didn’t know what he would have done to her had she pushed him away in that moment. In fact, she dragged him closer, arms circling under his and over his shoulders.

Jonathan was very aware of her naked legs, the blanket tangled around his body over hers. His tongue skimmed over her teeth, his pulling at her lower lip as his hand cupped her cheek. She tasted like grapes, the faint tang of the fruit from earlier. Her face was so warm, so soft and he couldn’t get enough of the tactile pleasure as he rubbed his body up and down hers, smothering her in his scent.

She moaned quietly, reluctantly as his hand moved away from her face, sitting back on his knees to tear her shirt down the middle in his heated frenzy. He paused in that moment, hovering above her as he took in her heaving chest, the delicate, oh so breakable skin sitting over finely curved bones. He could hear her heartbeat, the flutter so like a rabbit’s. Vivid green water stared up at him, shimmering and stunned. The two were frozen, and Jonathan was going to devour her, bind her up and make her his. And she was letting him. Dear Angel, she was letting him and he was drunk on the buzz of their connection. Jonathan knew she could feel it too, the vibrations in the air, the stimulation, the ecstasy, the rush. It was all going to his head. His skin was crawling, itching, his mind nothing more than a roar of white foam and dark lust.

Lightning snapped through his body, forcing him to move as he restrained the power inside him to gently take her wrist. There was a slight stutter in her heartbeat, a catch that had him leaning down,
eyes locked with hers. Those emeralds followed him down to her chest, holding her breath as he pressed a kiss to her sternum. The beautiful sound of her heartbeat was speeding up the longer she held her breath.

“Breathe for me, love. Take a deep breath, don’t let panic take hold,” he murmured against her chest, his other hand coming up to push away the slip of torn fabric. The calluses on his fingers teased her nipple pert. “Just breathe. It won’t hurt.”

He carefully pressed his forehead to her sternum as he listened to the deep inhale of rushing breath. Every little thing about her was beautiful. Every little thing. He pressed a hot, open-mouthed kiss to her skin before rising back up, bringing her wrist to his mouth. He watched as she kept eye contact. He liked her eyes as his lips opened over her thin skin. His canines scraped her pulse, such a frantic beat, but his dark eyes didn’t leave hers. He kept her trapped in his gaze and she didn’t seem to want to get out.

A quick prick, and her sweet blood was welling on her skin. She hadn’t even flinched. He cupped her bleeding wrist while he moved to his, the hand holding hers. He split his own skin and hated the sight of the black blood. He looked from her crimson blood to the midnight shade of his own. So many differences, so many similarities. Clarissa was staring too, breathless as he turned his palm against hers, tangling their fingers together before he pressed the two beads of differing colors flush.

Electricity whipped through him, lighting him up like a beacon of fire. He listened to her gasp, as she assumedly experienced something similar to what he was feeling. Their hands tightened on each other’s as Jonathan’s eyes fluttered closed. He could feel each little inch of angel blood seeping through his veins, lighting up his senses, filling him with unimaginable ecstasy. He groaned, pressing his forehead to her shoulder, holding his entire body against hers to feel every single writhe and twitch.

She was gasping for air, her hips shifting and hands tightening on his. His body vibrated too much, too much. His fingers were twitching, muscles spasming and he violently pinned Clarissa down, holding her restrained against the couch. His beast was bounding about through his body, and he felt like laughing because he’d never felt this good in all his life. He’d never felt such overwhelming peace and pleasure and satisfaction. Wildly, he caught her lips with his, ravaging her mouth as she moaned. She couldn’t stop shuddering either, her body writhed and arched up into his.

The light, the electricity, the lightning crept up through his veins, making him buzzed and breathless, reckless and painfully aware of his mate. She was his mate now, through and through. She’d done it willingly too. And in a moment, his other hand was reaching down frantically, tearing open to button fly on his jeans. Her groan echoed in his body, he felt the angel in her take hold of him, squeeze until he felt his heart would burst and he gasped for air, releasing her lips to catch his own breath.

The scent of Clarissa was clouding his senses, filling his head until he was dizzy. The peachy scent was clearer now, whereas before it was beneath a blanket, faint and barely there. Now it was in his face, all over him, rushing through him as his body reacted to the angel blood in his system, the completion of the mating bond.

He wondered, in some removed part of his mind, if this was what mundanes felt when they were high off drugs. Because Clarissa was his ultimate drug. Her pretty eyes had closed and her throat was arched, bared to him in offering—unconscious or not. His teeth pricked at her neck but didn’t break skin, didn’t dare while the claim was still finishing. He could feel it, just as plain as the warm smearing of blood on both their wrists. It threaded through his body and he watched in amazement as light briefly flashed along Clarissa’s carotid artery, beating frantically against his lips.
Then it snapped. Everything fell.

The beast inside him howled with dark lust and joviality as his hand tore aside her small underwear and he sank deep into her. Her scream echoed through the apartment, surprised at the forceful invasion after such an erotic and sensitizing experience. It drove him up the wall, clawing to get over as her nails scoured at his shoulders. He numbly registered that she didn’t go near his whip scars.

But his teeth scraped lethally along her throat, the pulse cradled inside as his hips picked up a hurried pace, desperate to reach the end and stay suspended in his moment of bliss at the same time. She cupped the back of his head, holding his mouth to her throat, urging him to mark her, bite her, nip her, make her his. And he was so happy she was his. The feel of her wrapped around him topped off his ecstasy of the moment. Sealed the bond right then and there.

Lips roughly pulling at her skin, bruising her, his free hand snaked down between them and began to massage her sensitive nerves, the treasure between her legs as he sank his body deep over and over again. She mewled, one of the most beautiful sounds he’s ever heard, and nipped at his ear. Her hips were moving, pushing back as her breathing became audible, nearly as loud and labored as his. His fingers were warm as he felt the blood rushing south in her body, the movement only made him rub faster, harder.

Her nails were digging into the back of his neck, his hand was pinning hers the cushions as his hips cracked against hers. Clary’s head threw back, and this beautiful half formed moan came out of her mouth.

“Jonathan!” she cried, her hand slamming down on the couch as one of many coming orgasms hit her. She clawed at the blanket and he let her pull it off his back, curl it up in her fist as he lowered his mouth to torture her breasts. He licked and pulled, drawing out her orgasm as he slowed his pace, finally regaining some semblance of rational thought, but his demon was still bouncing off walls, making him breathe hard, making every move compulsory. He had to do it, each action was necessary to his very survival as he grew harder.

Frustrated, happy, buzzed and irrational, Jonathan couldn’t get enough. He pulled out of her, much to her disapproval as her flaming green eyes flew open and caught at his molten black ones.

“Hush,” he said, untangling his fingers from hers. The little nicks had stopped bleeding and he licked the remainder off both of their skins before he flipped her onto her stomach. He took her hips in his hands and lifted them up, pressing her cheek into the couch. Her cry was loud as he took her into his mouth. He licked languidly with his tongue, driving himself insane with the taste and scent of her. He nipped her sensitive spot and she jerked, her hands curling against the blanket now twisted beneath her but she pushed her hips back against his mouth. Eagerly, he took her for everything she was worth.

He speared his tongue into her, stimulating until even he was blind with the ecstasy but his body was still shaking, bursting at the seams. Dropping her hips, he spread her legs wide with his knee and plunged into her. She cried out, tried to rise but the hand on the back of her neck stopped her. He held her in place as he staked his claim. Clarissa buried her face in the blanket, holding herself up on shaking knees as he ruthlessly ravished her. The panting was loud and Jonathan was having a hard time telling if it was from him or from her, but she was certainly calling his name, over and over again.

“Jonathan! Nngh—I can’t breathe,” she gasped and he twined his arm around her ribs, pulling her up from the blankets and back against his chest. He nipped at her ear, letting her lay her head against his shoulder. He didn’t stop the bucking of his hips. Her hand buried itself in his hair, tugging harshly as he thrust in. She was shaking, her whole body struggling to hold itself together;
Jonathan’s was struggling to burst apart. “I don’t know… how much longer,” she panted but he placed his hand over her mouth.

“Sh, just let me take care of you. I love you so much, little angel,” he murmured breathlessly, letting his hand fall to her spread thighs, providing twofold stimulation for his beautiful mate. She was near sobbing as he touched her, tugged her higher and higher on that plane again. But he held her there, torturously stuck right on the edge. Her hips were rotating mindlessly, moving with his body as he sought his own relief, his own perfect pleasure in his wife.

And it slapped him hard across the face. It felt like he’d been electrocuted, right as Clarissa screamed for him. He fell back against the couch, hand and body still buried between her thighs while hers rested in his hair and the back of his neck. Jonathan took a shuddering breath, drowning in her peachy scent and the scent of the two of them mixed together.

Her body shuddered atop his, shaking with bliss and heat. Jonathan dragged his hand lazily up her body, letting her feel her own heat as her hand reached out to catch his other one and twine their fingers together.

“I can’t decide if I hate you or not,” she whispered, panting and spent.

“We have time for you to decide, fair lady,” Jonathan replied, kissing her neck and enjoying the given woman in his arms. The willing woman. He’d never really had something that was his. He found he quite liked it. Especially if a bonus was his demon wiped out on the floor, unable to disturb him.

“You’re terrible,” she murmured.

“You’re perfect.”
She stood on top of the grassy hill, letting the gentle breeze rush over her face. It was chilly, making her nose numb. The snow on the ground didn’t penetrate the thick layers she was wrapped up in. The sun was beautiful as it set on the horizon, nothing for miles around except snowy trees and fields of white, reflecting the vivid reds and oranges cast by the setting sun.

Warm arms crept around her waist as Jonathan pressed himself against her back, setting his chin atop her head. She felt his hot breath on the crown of her head but she didn’t move. Just stood numbly, planning out a painting of the scene before her. She would use black and gold and deep green for the trees. An off white for the snow mixed with crimson and clementine for the reflected colors. She didn’t lean back into him but did allow him to wrap himself around her.

“Is this a nice reprieve from a stuffy room?” he asked quietly.

“Yeah,” Clary replied, still planning her colors in her head.

His warmth seeped into her body, the scent of pine made her head spin as she tried to concentrate. The tension refused to hold and her body melted. She felt every inch of him pressed lushly against her. Two weeks alone with him was not enough to make her accustomed to the complete feel of him. She felt the ghost of sparks rushing through her body, making her involuntarily shiver. She turned, eyes on his chest.

“I’m done. I’m going back inside,” she murmured, trailing her hand down his arm as she walked past, snow crunching beneath her feet.

“Clarissa,” Jonathan sighed, coming after her with long, unhurried strides. “Talk to me, darling.”

The door closed behind them, gone in the blink of an eye as Clary hurriedly discarded her hat and scarf, skillfully kicking off her boots as she bustled to the stairs. Jonathan was following quickly behind, sensing the change in her mood.

Clary was panting hard by the time she reached the bedroom and she slammed the door once was Jonathan was inside.

“I hate you,” she said, even as she stripped him of his coat. His eyebrow rose. “I hate your mating ritual.” His own scarf was discarded. Clary’s body was buzzing uncomfortably. “I hate your body.” His shirt was torn to pieces, angrily, furiously. “I hate your personality.” His belt was gone, on the floor. “I hate your deep voice.” The fly of his jeans was down. “I hate your deep, winter forest scent.” His boots were discarded. “I hate your face.” Clary shoved him bodily down to the bed. “I hate you.”

Her body shook, still new and virgin to the endeavor of sex, not ready for the sexual demand that came with being mated. Two weeks ago, the night after their mating, the amount of coupling probably succeeded astronomical heights, but she hadn’t touched him since then, and he hadn’t tried. His body was warm in the middle of the night when she woke, frightened. His arms were strong when she needed a shelter from nightmares. His presence was soothing when grief threatened to overwhelm her. His meticulous care was slowly, forcefully dragging her back into health. And now she had enough strength and energy and conviction to finally take it out on him.

She kneeled over him on the bed, watching the lust well up in his eyes, traveling down to his groin where he was fiercely aroused. She wrapped a fist around him, giving a tight squeeze. He gasped,
arching up into her. Clary, hot fury clouding her brain, leaned down and took his mouth in a rough kiss. She hated how he smiled when she did. She hated how he drew his fingers over his own cheekbone when he was deep in thought. She slid her hand down to the hilt once, feeling his warm body tense beneath her, his muscles coil as she began a slow, rough rub of him. Each move was a burst of erotic pleasure, and Clary hated how she enjoyed the feel of his naked body pressed to her clothed one. How his hot stomach was lean and sculpted, making delicious ridges to run fingers and tongues over.

His hand slid into her hair while his other was held down by the wrist. It wasn’t long before he was panting mindlessly, hips rolling and bucking as her thumb flicked over the head. Soon, it became too much for him, balancing just on the edge. He broke the kiss and pressed his head back into the covers, mouth open.

“Holy fuck Clarissa,” he panted, voice hoarse as his free hand grasped the sheets, knuckles white.

He had yet to come, and Clary had no intention of letting him. She leaned down, body tingling and burning as she bent her lips to his neck and drew his delicately pale skin between her teeth. He groaned low in his throat, head tossing back and forth as her thighs straddled his hips.

“Shut up,” she murmured against his chest, teeth grazing over scar after scar until she found his pert nipple. Her teeth bit down and his eyes flew open, breath cut short. Her tongue lazied around the hard nipple, tugging and arousing even further as her hand ground up and down his erection. Little beads of moisture were already leaking from the tip, wetting the length of him. His body twitched and writhed as Clary worked, hand flat on his abdomen, hard and firm compared to the softness that had grown on hers from the weeks of inactivity.

Her tongue gave a rough stroke over his nipple before she moved away, kissing hotly his sternum, over the glorious ridges of his stomach right down to the faint dusting of white hairs leading to the apex of his legs. His black eyes were glossy as they stared down at her, hair plastered to his forehead with sweat. She gave a raised eyebrow in reply to the look in his gaze.

Then replaced her hand with her mouth.

Jonathan shouted, quite loudly into the dark room, feet bracing on the bed as his hips bucked up. She shoved his back down, harshly, tongue licking over his tip before sliding all the way down to his hilt. His thighs, those glorious muscles, were tight as a bow string beside her cheeks as she drew at him, teeth scratching over hypersensitive skin. He was a helpless, writhing mess on the bed, one hand buried in her hair and holding her to him, the other clawing at the sheets.

He couldn’t get any intelligible words out.

Clary, through her rage, was annoyed that she liked how he tasted. Like salt with a hint of hidden sweetness. Sweetness that did not show itself in any other aspect of himself. She drew at him, enjoying making him writhe and twitch, the sweat coating his skin like a glistening sheet of armor. But as her gaze trickled its way up his body, resting on his face, all that rage that was boiling and burning sputtered suddenly. The way his eyebrows knit together did something to her.

She removed her mouth and kept a hand on his abdomen to keep him down as she rose. He was shuddering, muscles twitching with fatigue and use as he panted with unspent release. His eyes had rolled into the back of his head, giving him a sort of delirious appearance as his eyelids fluttered, registering the absence of her mouth.

“Clary,” he panted, breath laboring. He’d managed to open his eyes, propped himself on his elbows, shaky though they were. She stood over him, just an inch from the edge of the bed, between
Jonathan’s knees. “Darling, what is it?”

Jonathan reached out but she drew her hand away, using the back of it to wipe the corner of her mouth. He let his hand fall. “Did I do something?” he asked.

“You’ve done too much,” Clary said, her voice painful around the lump in her throat.

“I don’t understand,” Jonathan replied, voice still raspy as he sat up all the way. His face was tilted up towards her, the light of the room highlighting the contours of his face perfectly.

She allowed the light hand on her waist, allowed it to pull her closer so the heat still radiating from Jonathan’s body covered her skin, even through her clothes. Fingers circled around to the small of her back, she let him arch her body towards him. “I need you to talk, darling. You’re killing me.”

But Clary didn’t say anything. She let him graze a gentle nose up the column of her throat, shivering as he drew her down on to his lap, his solid erection. It pressed against the small of her back, large and imposing as she stared at the far wall. How did this happen?

“Darling, please,” Jonathan murmured against her cheek, hands fitting around her waist, fingers spanning her back. “Tell me what I did wrong. Tell me what you need.”

Her hands crept carefully over his shoulders, rigid and nothing but harsh lines, smoothed beneath her soft finger tips. She leaned her forehead against his, eyes falling shut.

“You’re too much, Jonathan. How am I going to survive?” she whimpered, furrowing her brow in frustration as his hands remained where they were, solid and comforting, refusing to move towards any southerly location. She almost wanted him to, so she had a reason to rail against him. Even if she took her own pleasure from it. The rift of air between them pulsed, forcing a shudder through her arms down to her toes.

“One day at a time, darling,” he said and Clary was surprised to hear how strained his voice was. How easily that phrase had slid from his lips. How many times had he told himself that? Her heart gave a violent jerk in her chest. He was becoming too good. Too good to meet her standard of darkness she held him to.

Her hands slid up, slipped in to his ivory hair, balled there. She gave a savage yank. Jonathan only let himself be yanked.

“You’re not supposed to say that. You’re not supposed to be this,” she grit, squeezing her eyes shut as though she could block everything but his scent out.

Jonathan’s hands were soft as down as they feathered over her back, brought her closer to his body. “What exactly is this supposed to be?” he muttered, lips hovering a breath of air away from hers.

“Kind, nurturing, loving, indulgent—”

“Those are some richly beautiful words coming from you. I’ve never liked them before,” he paused, nudging her nose with his, “I do now.”

“Playful!” she snarled, but instead of wrenching away, she tugged herself closer, torso now flush with his. “What happened to the dark prick I could scream at? The twisted psycho who wanted to kill me every time I bit back?” she pleaded desperately, drowning.

“He’s still here, darling, believe me, he’s still here,” Jonathan soothed, slipping his warm hands beneath her shirt, splaying sweaty fingers across the vertebrate of her spine. He could snap those.
Easily.

“Then who are you?” Her lips were practically on his but they weren’t kissing. The contact was just a reassuring pressure to tell her he was actually here, actually speaking. Real.

“I’m not quite sure yet,” he replied.

God damn it. God damn it! God damn him. He already has.

Clary put the extra pressure on, leaning down on him to press their lips completely together. Jonathan didn’t push back, just let her angrily, desperately force him down onto the mattress. While her lips parted his, Jonathan tilting his head a little as he jerked his chin up in approval, she tore his hands from her back, fingers wrapped around his wrists as she pinned them to the bed. Of course he could break the grip. Of course he didn’t.

When her hands moved, he left his hands where’d she put them. She broke open the button of her jeans, her hips rubbing against his erection, hardening painfully once again. It was a solid weight on her rear, thick and intimidating, once. Now it was a weapon, for both her and him to use against the other. It was Clary’s weapon now as she shucked off her pants. For the first time since she met him, he was her prey, writhing and bucking beneath her. She swore sparks crackled in the air between them as she splayed her legs for him, knees pressing against his hips.

He groaned wickedly, hips jerking involuntarily as he saw what waited for him when Clary drew up. But his hands didn’t move, and Clary kept the rest of her clothes. Socks, shirt, sweater, though she taunted him as she unclasped her bra beneath her shirt and drew the straps off, pulling the bra free from beneath her sweater. She draped it beside his face, drawing the tilt of his head to the warmth that still coated the material. His eyes closed, dick throbbed against her now bare buttocks, and sighed, long and heavy. His eyes opened.

If his pupils hadn’t been dilated before, they were blown to the size of the globe now, a dark, black, endless globe that she fell in to. Her own hand fell to between her legs, thighs quivering with the effort of holding herself over Jonathan. Heat pulsed rampantly and her fingers touched the sensitive bundle of nerves Jonathan’s tongue was so acquainted with.

It was new, but she’d watched Jonathan touch her here so many times, she wanted to see what she could do. And when she looked back up at Jonathan, his tongue was practically lolling out of his mouth at the sight as her fingers began to move. Her hips moved along to the heated pulses, rubbing against Jonathan as she found a little circle to draw with her fingers. She paused when the buzz started, unsure what to make of it.

But Jonathan silently urged her on with a needy buck of his hips, rubbing his erection against her back. She closed her eyes and began again, thighs twitching with effort and pleasure. The buzz filled her head, tightening muscles in random spasms along her body. Her mouth dropped open as a hot dagger of pleasure shot into her stomach. She wasn’t sure if she made a small sound or not, but Jonathan was writhing beneath her, wrists still in place. But the heave of his chest between her thighs told her how hard he was panting, how badly he wanted to touch himself, to be inside her.

She had to brace a hand against his chest as she went faster, chasing the buzz with a heady heat, one that Jonathan seemed to sense, that drove him mad enough to make him whine. Her nails scarped over his pec as the heat tightened her ass, made her stomach clench. Her hair, just stray wisps fallen from her ponytail, stuck to her cheek with sweat as she began shaking, before she was even hurtled over that beautiful peak. Her elbow near buckled when she did and she moaned low in her throat, shoulders bent forward as it shuddered through her.
“Jesus fuck! Clarissa, please. Please, please, please.”

Her eyes inched open and she smiled, panting faintly. “I like when you beg.”

“I’ll do it all night, darling. Only for you,” he replied.

She let herself settle over him.

-Xxx-

Jonathan lay still in the early dawn light, feeling the heartbeat of his wife against his chest with something close to ecstasy, fingers twirling in her tangled, crimson hair. Her cheek was pressed against his chest, hand splayed on the other side, over his heart. Her other hand was buried in his hair. The white noise of a room at rest had always been pleasing to Jonathan, because that was when he could focus, evaluate, plot and scheme. But only for so long before other thoughts crept in to sour his mood. Like the itch of his dark blood crawling through his veins.

But having his half-clothed wife curled up against his side took up the other half of the train his thoughts would have drifted to with her peachy scent intertwined with his. It was all over her in fact. On her lips and tongue, on her thighs, between her legs, on her breasts beneath her shirt. Slathered on her neck, where her own peachy aroma originated from. She was marked, very distinctly as his, and it made him… happy.

Clarissa slung her leg lazily across his, bare thigh warm and smooth as silk. Even though she was peacefully entrenched in sleep, her eyebrows were furrowed, cheek hot against his skin. He grazed his thumb over her temple but it only deepened her growing frown as she recoiled, pressing her face in to his shoulder. He just smiled faintly and tugged her hair away from her face.

Her knee, nudging between his thighs, felt comforting, told him that she sought out his warmth and security even in her sleep. Even when she was frowning at him. But he loved that frown, leaned down to kiss it softly. Clary woke halfway, only to lazily respond to his kiss, hand sliding up to grip the side of his neck.

“Mm, go back to sleep,” she muttered, trailing kisses over the corner of his lips, his cheek, his jaw and down his throat before she settled down with her cheek pressed to the crook of his shoulder.

The blood in his veins was a mere whisper, twitching slightly in an odd place every now and then. Jonathan didn’t know what to make of the sensation. Of not burning eternally while still walking the earth. Was this peaceful emptiness, not being able to feel every pulse of blood in your own veins, normal? What regular Shadowhunters felt like? It felt like smooth glass. Just being. And he could almost fall asleep to it, to the beat of Clarissa’s heart and the feel of her freckled skin against his.

But then the wards went off.

-Xxx-

Clary woke up to a cold bed. And it soured her mood.

She had been expecting the engulfing warmth she’d grown used to over the past few weeks, that solid stone she could latch herself to when she felt herself drifting back into a gray sea of numbness, thrashing storm of sorrow. Simon. She squeezed her eyes shut and called out for Jonathan.

Silence answered her back.

Clary wobbled out of bed, legs unsteady and a little sore from what she’d done to Jonathan last night.
but she managed to riffle through the drawers she’d become familiar with and found a pair of yoga shorts and a nice, loose tank top to change in to, discarding her shirt and sweater by the bed. She left the socks on.

“Jonathan,” she called again, checking the bathroom before she exited the bedroom. Bending over the glass railing, she searched the living room and kitchen for any sign of him. She frowned when there was only empty space to greet her. Clary descended the stairs.

“Jonathan,” she said, reaching the bottom of the stairs in her padded, thick winter socks. He couldn’t have gone anywhere, could he? He would have told her. She found that little ball of warmth, right next to her heart that had grown there since Jonathan had claimed her, found it still pulsing with life, telling her Jonathan was still alive and calming her suddenly irrational fear.

“Jonathan!” Her voice broke on his name as she felt the house lurch, making her stumble forward so she had to grab onto the couch. Her chest ached all of a sudden, and the air went sour in her nose. But then Jonathan’s scent was filling the air in billowing clouds. Heavy panting reached her ears.

“Jonathan!” she cried, rushing down the hall to where the moody door showed up from time to time. Her stomach bottomed out as she saw Jonathan standing half in gear and half in oozing black blood. She screamed, a terrible, animal sound as she rushed forward to where Jonathan leaned limply on the wall, bleeding from innumerable wounds. His weapons belt was loose around his waist as he threatened to slide down the already black stained wall.

Clary caught him around the shoulders and stumbled under his full weight. She wasn’t expecting him to drop so completely. Her lungs felt crushed by the heavy weight but she managed to haul him over to the couch, where she dumped him and proceeded to tear off his gear and clothes.

“Oh my god,” she breathed, surveying the wrecked mess of a body laid before her. Slashes and stab wounds coated Jonathan’s torso, leaking lethal black blood on to the couch. The scent of it, the overwhelming scent made her body go weak at first, then it made her sick. Not enough to empty her stomach though. “What happened?” she hissed, shaking him to keep his fluttering eyelids from closing all the way.

“An… attack.” His breath was stuttered, heart faint and tripping over itself to keep going. His hand twitched against his belt, drew out what she knew to be a stele. He pressed it in to her open palm after she’d knelt down beside him. Her heart raced, the opposing force to the stuttering of Jonathan’s as he closed her fingers around it. “Use this… protect yourself.” There was a long pause, painful as a violent jerk on the ball of warmth startled her. “Leave… go back home. I— won’t make it.” In his weakened state, she was surprised he could turn his head away from her. “Go back to where you belong… you were too good to last, anyway. Be free of me and leave me to rot in my father’s failures.”

The speech, short though it was—and having absolutely no effect on Clary—leeched the last of his consciousness from him and he collapsed, heart rate dropping rapidly as more blood soaked in to the cushions of the couch.

Her mind short circuited… then started screaming. The forest-y scent of him was fading, too quickly. Wave after wave of gray ocean crashed back over her, numbing her, drowning her. Every pound of her heart was a vicious tug on the warmth beside it. Roaring white noise and waves rang in her ears as she surged forward, the image of so many runes pushing to the surface of her mind. She’d seen Jonathan use them… on her.
She scraped away black blood, only taking a moment of surprise to notice it didn’t burn her, and drew the runes on every bit of bare skin she could get at. Pouring herself into each inch of black ink, the marriage rune on her chest, all but forgotten, burned harshly, on her wrist. It blurred, time, as she worked, tearing away clothing to get at marred and mangled skin. Some gashes wouldn’t heal the first time, some only partially and new chicken scratches floated to mind, fingers automatically tracing them onto Jonathan’s skin. Within an eternity, the bleeding stopped, the minor wounds closed, the major were partially healed and Clary was raw and ragged.

But she found the strength to go find the medical supplies. Jonathan’s heartbeat was shallow but steady in his chest when she returned and set to work bandaging him and his torn open wounds. Some of his whip scars had even opened up. She patched and stitched and covered until Jonathan was a rag doll with too many patches. His arm had been fractured. She wound a sling around it, fixed it to his chest. Numb, she got a bowl of water and clean cloth, started wiping the remaining blood from his body. It was slow and delicate and his scent wasn’t so toxic anymore as she replaced the blankets above and beneath him. He would have to stay on the couch; she was unable to carry him upstairs.

When she finally settled on the floor in front of the couch, eyes meandering over the sparse bandages dotting the planes of Jonathan’s body, her mind finally slipped in to focus. What the actual fuck? What the hell had happened to him? What did he do to himself? Why didn’t he tell her? Did he think it was okay to just waltz off into some shit storm without telling her and waltz back in, dying, and kick her out of the house? Hell no!

She glared at his unconscious body, hoping her gaze was burning him in his dreams. Stupid shit, scaring her like that. What was he thinking? Clary closed her eyes and breathed in the strengthening scent of pine, let it lace through her blood and wash the gray away from her mind. At least he wasn’t boring.

But then it hit her, plain smack in the face. He’d offered her freedom, a way back home, her family… and she’d stayed, with him. Stayed here in this moving prison with Jonathan Morgenstern, the man who’d nearly killed her on several occasions but still managed to end up marrying and fucking her… and with begrudging admittance, making her fall in love with him. She hissed at the thought, but couldn’t deny the flowering blossom of truth in her head, rattling through their bond that was yanking and tearing itself free as Jonathan had died. Tried to at least. It was exhausted and limp, but still there, still connecting them.

And she felt better. Better than she had in weeks. When she thought of Simon dying, she was inevitably led to images of Jonathan comforting her, soothing her, kissing her and holding her through her pain. When she thought of wanting to lock herself away for eternity, wallow in her sorrow, she saw Jonathan bringing her food, making her eat even as they railed at each other. When she thought of her lost mundane life, she thought of how unbearably… unbearably… mundane it would have been, had been. She thought of never experiencing what Jonathan had given her and her mind cried out in loss.

This stupid, irresponsible, bipolar, dangerous, cocky, half-dead son of a bitch made her happy. Made her feel like she wasn’t just another puzzle piece in the grand puzzle of life. She meant something in this life and it pained her to admit that Jonathan had given her the opportunity to do so. To mean something.

Her glare would have melted a lesser man’s bones at this point as she reopened her eyes. Stupid, handsome son of a bitch.

And speak of the devil, Jonathan’s eyes fluttered open with a rattling gasp.
She continued to drill a glare in to the side of his face as his eyes searched frantically around the room, settling with a startled look on Clary’s face sat beside him on the floor. His pupils widened and narrowed hectically as they adjusted to the dim light of the room. Clary started as he growled suddenly, face jerking down to see his arm taped and bandaged to his body. His rigid lines softened as he saw the white squares and stripes running down his chest and torso, turning back to look at Clary again, lips parted slightly.

“You… you stayed,” he said as a quiet whisper into the floating blackness of the living room. Wherever the house had moved, it was nighttime.

“Of course I did,” she quipped. “Someone had to make sure your sorry ass didn’t die.” She wouldn’t be another person added to his list of abandoners and assaulters. She wouldn’t. She refused.

What she hadn’t expected was the brightest smile to break across his face, nearly blinding her and throwing her back with its intensity but that is what he did. He smiled at her. And the iciness in her chest melted a little.

“No,” he breathed, watching her now with a new wonder in his eyes, “they didn’t. No one has before, no one had to now. But you did. Clary—”

“What did you do?” she said, ending his words. She wasn’t ready to hear that, she was still processing it herself.

The grin faded, but comfortably, a willing retreat into a warm darkness to be retrieved later. “The Shadowhunters found the house. Broke the wards. I fought them off and moved the house. I…” he swallowed audibly, throat dry but she wouldn’t get him water until he confessed what he’d done, “told them you were dead.”

Clary watched him silently, processing his motives, his actions, his words and touch. He wanted her to himself. His ‘confession’ to the Shadowhunters who’d come after him was his attempt at drawing away from them, telling them he wanted nothing to do with them anymore. He was free of his father. He did have her. And he didn’t seem to want more.

“I told them to leave me alone and I’d leave them alone. Joce— Your mother was furious, drove a sword straight through my chest, and then broke my arm,” he said quietly, eyes darting away as his unbroken hand picked the frays in a bandage across his stomach. She swatted his hand away.

Her mother. The woman who’d raised her, taught her to read and write and laugh. The woman who had showed her how to paint, how to love, how to live. Her mother who’d always been her shoulder to cry on, when her mother had no shoulder. But her mother also lied to her, also… did nothing in an attempt to escape their imprisonment at the Gard. Clary had been unwilling to see it before but Jocelyn had let herself lie. She hadn’t fought the chains of Valentine more than physically. She had told Clary it couldn’t be helped, there was no way out. All while Clary had fought on, frantically searching for an exit, a way out, a way to save her mother and Simon from the dark hell they’d been confined to for months.

Her mother had lied to her, leaving Clary ignorant and vulnerable to the attacks and persuasions of her father, leaving her defenseless against Jonathan. Her mother had robbed intelligence and knowledge from her and left her to flounder. She’d went back to Valentine’s bed, and though Clary had forgiven her, some bitter part of her hated her for it. Valentine was a psychotic mass murderer, doing it of his own sick volition. Not to make excuses for Jonathan, but he had been raised that way, known nothing better and was influenced by demons’ whispers.
Yes, Jonathan still murdered. Yes, Jonathan was still sick in the head. Still a terrible, selfish, arrogant human being but he was learning. Valentine didn’t learn. And now Jonathan had made the proclamation of withdrawing his influence and pieces from the board game of the Shadowhunters. All so he could be with her. Jonathan hadn’t said it, but he’d made it blindingly clear when he told the others she was dead, told them he’d leave him alone if they returned the gesture, moved the house away to God knew where.

Her mother had also let her rot in depression. She hadn’t tried to stop it or help her in the three weeks she’d sat in her window and cried herself to sleep, rinsing and repeating every morning. Did nothing when the food trays returned full and rotted.

Clary loved her mother to death, wanted to see her happy but… Jonathan had taken better care of her. Gave her what she needed even if she’d just wanted to waste away quietly. The thought was bitter and stinging in her mind but she couldn’t ignore the truth of it. Jocelyn had Lucian and that should be enough. It might take a while for Clary to get over leaving her mother, but in reality, her mother hadn’t been there for her, not when Clary needed it the most. And in her place, in his own twisted, convoluted way, Jonathan had been. And he was staring drunkenly at her now, rapt upon her face.

“Don’t stare at me like that,” she quipped, covering his eyes with her own hand, knowing he wouldn’t listen. She felt the tickle of his eyelashes against her palm, even as he brought his own hand up to grasp the one covering his eyes.

“Why not?”

“You’re looking at me like I’m some sort of… untouchable… thing. I don’t like it.”

“I will endeavor to correct my gaze then, my view,” he said softly, as though it still pained him to move the muscles of his throat. He removed her hand, his eyes already settled on her lips as he brushed gentle fingers across her cheek. The gesture was soft as a doe’s hide, impossibly gentle that didn’t fit in to the ragged, misshapen enigma that was Jonathan Christopher Morgenstern. The ridges of his calluses scraped against the softness of her cheek, pushing goosebumps down her jaw and neck. A shiver tickled her body, tightened her breasts against her shirt. She couldn’t look at him.

“There,” he said, voice soft as cat’s fur, “Touchable.” She kept her eyes on her hands, folded in her lap, frown solidly in place as she kept her revelations (and the soaring sensation in her chest) to herself. “You are such a blessing, Clary.” He dragged each finger down her neck in succession, barely there. She turned her head away from the touch. He was too soft when he was always a sharp, piercing veil of blackness. “Thank you.”

“Don’t say that,” she whispered.

“You just don’t want me to do anything, do you?” he said weakly, the sound gruff and throaty.

“Just heal,” she said, pushing his hand away with the back of her wrist as she stood. “I’ll go get you some water,” she said, picking up the medical kit, wash cloth and bowl of black, muddy water. She left to go dump the water in the sink, rinsing out the bowl and leaving in the chrome bottomed sink with the rag. She let her brother lay for a few extra minutes as she went upstairs to put the medical kit away. When her brother started to sit up, despite the abrupt howl of pain he let lose, she snapped at him, eyes blazing.

“I swear to God, if you get up or even think about moving your upper body, I will tie you up.”

Jonathan raised a pale eyebrow, laying back down cautiously, looking more wary of the tiger on the
stairs than the pain he would face. “Kinky.”

Clary snarled and turned away, ascending the stairs to stow the medical kit. She was fuming by the time she came back down, hot fury boiling in her chest as her realizations were evaluated and decisions solidly made. But it was what she wanted, even if it pissed her off beyond imagination. She felt something though, other than numbness. She got Jonathan his water, digging out a straw so he didn’t have to sit up.

Clary settled back on the floor in front of Jonathan, chills lacing her body as she noticed he hadn’t taken his eyes from her since she reappeared on the upstairs balcony. She held the water, straw before his lips. “Drink,” she ordered, eyes wandering his bandages instead of his bruised and battered face.

He did as told and drained the whole cup in a matter of seconds, only taking a breath between one sip and the next. She scowled but set the cup on the coffee table and left to wander over to the bookshelf to retrieve a book. Taking the singular chair over the hard floor, Clary settled in to it and opened the book, ignoring Jonathan in favor of the fantasy novel in her hands. *Blood Rights.*

She read in silence, not caring if her brother was watching her or not, but there if he decided to whine. But he didn’t. At least not for a while.

“Can I at least get some entertainment? The television remote perhaps?”

Clary didn’t look up from her book. “No.”

“A book?”

“No.”

“A kiss?”

She snorted. “Definitely not.”

“A look, at least? Darling, I’m so bored.”

She snapped her book shut and took the time to glare at him. “God, you’re such a child.” But she got up from her seat, picking up the television remote as she went. She pushed his mostly untouched legs apart and sat between them, placing the remote on Jonathan’s chest and opening her book up once more.

“Why’d you move?”

She rolled her eyes and flipped to a random page. “You seem less likely to speak when I’m touching you.”

He proved her right when the T.V. flicked on, his thighs squeezing her bum and tailbone. She didn’t let him know she liked it when he held her close, especially with his legs. He eventually fell asleep, broken arm cradled against his body, remote falling out of his hand and to the floor. Now he was asleep, Clary let herself look at him, take in every colorful bruises blooming out from the white of his bandages. One eye was swollen purple and shiny, his lip cut, a bright green bruise staining his jaw line. The rest of his body just looked like a child’s crayon drawing.

Clary stood, book on the table, glass in hand and returned to the kitchen where she retrieved a menagerie of ice packs. Carefully, she laid them over Jonathan’s bruised body. He twitched when she set one over his eye, a gel-y, light ice pack but he didn’t wake up, probably too deep in sleep to
want to come back to consciousness and pain. She hadn’t given him pain meds. Frankly she had yet to find them.

She sat beside him on the couch, holding the ice pack in place on his eye. Against her better nature, she stroked the matted hair from his eyes. He twitched a little, turning his face away from the ice but she held it in place. Each time he tried to pull away in his sleep, Clary just followed him with the gel pack until she had to cup his other cheek with her hand to hold him in place. She blushed when the touch evaporated the frown on his face.

He sighed and let himself be iced as he leaned into her palm. His lips moved against her skin, words forming blurrily and belatedly, half heard. It took a moment to realize he was mumbling in French. It must be his first or second language. With Idris packed so tight between France and Germany. The words were muddled together and soft as he rambled but she stroked her thumb across his cheekbone, taking care not to touch the raw cut she’d had to tape together with a butterfly bandage.

He was annoying. He was arrogant and rude and dangerous. She hated his growl and possessive hands. His evasive wordplay was irritating and he was the most scathingly brutal person she’d ever met.

But he was growing on her.

-Xxx-

It took two days for Jonathan to be healed enough to make it up the stairs with Clary’s help. And by this time, he stank of stale blood and stagnant *male*. Clary had to exert quite the force of will not to puke as she helped him up the stairs and in to the bathroom. She got him in to the shower stall before he sat down heavily on the cool stone bench. He was panting and some of his bandages were stained black. She pushed him back against the frosted glass stall. He hissed as the cold struck his shoulders.

“Shut up and stop being a baby,” she scolded and started removing the bandages. She’d made sure to change them every so often so the blood didn’t rot and poison the wounds that were healing nicely. Most had a cherry pink sheen to them but were not shiny with infection. She’d brought a trash can, in which she disposed the used bandages. When she removed his makeshift sling, he hugged his arm to his chest protectively. The next challenge was getting off his belt, flecked with black and red blood. Clary kept her mind away from whose blood the red might be. Then his pants came next, pajama pants which Clary had to smile at. Then she stripped off his underwear and set to work.

The emotions in her mind were turned off as she methodically scrubbed at the blood of battle and filth of inactivity. Jonathan didn’t protest other than a few hisses and grunts of pain here and there, but her touch was soft and wary as her fingers hovered over the delicate creases of Jonathan’s hard skin. The water was lukewarm as she rinsed off the soap, the bubbles spilling down over the ridges of Jonathan’s muscles.

She’d left her underwear and bra on to shower Jonathan, but now they were soaked through, dripping as she left him in the shower while she toweled off.

“Stay right there,” she warned, pointing a commanding finger at him. He smiled meekly and nodded. Towel around her chest she left the bathroom to go find another pair of clothes, which ended up being only a loose tank top and another pair of yoga shorts. Clary was becoming quite fond of them. She found the tall blond where she’d left him and lifted a fluffy towel from the rack as she stepped in to the stall, water off.
Clary was looking forward to sleeping in an actual bed tonight, after two days on a couch, either snug between Jonathan’s legs on the other end of the couch or crammed into the chair across from him. Her shoulders were stiff from it and she planned to go stretch in the training room Jonathan had revealed to her that first day, on his way to the dark chamber.

She turned her mind off as she ran towel laid hands over Jonathan’s wet, sensitive skin, wrapping it around his waist after she helped him stand. She ignored the soft kiss he dropped on her forehead and helped him to the bed as he held his arm close to his chest. He sat with a pained groan, his thighs clenching on either side of her hips as she stood between his legs. She brushed away the dripping tendrils of hair curling on his forehead, almost reaching his eyes.

Clary tilted her head, fingers carding through his hair. “You need a haircut,” she muttered, eyes on the crown of his head. Her fingers drifted to his ear, tracing the strong line of his jaw. She ignored the shiver of his body, tilted his chin up so his hazy black eyes, half-lidded, settled comfortably on her face, like it was their normal resting place. They hadn’t spoken much to each other the past few days outside of Clary giving him orders and Jonathan trying to coax her reaction. Those repressed words were swimming drunkenly in the black pools of his eyes.

“Are you… going to give me one?” His chest was working hard as he took sharp, shallow breaths. The wounds needed to be patched again, especially the ugly one just below his solar plexus. She quirked an eyebrow.

“Yes,” Clary said matter-of-factly. She disappeared for a moment and reappeared with Jonathan’s razor, a comb, a towel, a bowl of water and a pair of bathroom scissors. Jonathan leaned back on his hand, legs still spread but Clary gently nudged them together and promptly sat in his lap. The towel suddenly no longer lied flat in his lap. She put her things on the bed.

Energy sparked across his face as his eyes suddenly became less sleepy and more alert, focusing on Clary’s very close face, relaxed as she tilted his jaw to the side. His erection grew against her front when she scooted closer. “I don’t know if I trust you with a blade at my throat,” he muttered, hand fisted in the sheets.

“I could’ve killed you or left you for dead the moment you walked through that nonexistent door two days ago. It’d be a waste of my time to kill you now,” she said, leaning forward to place the razor against his cheek. He tensed, a sharp breath through his nose. Clary paused, drawing the blade of the razor away. She frowned. “Jonathan.”

She set the razor on the bed beside her other supplies and turned his face back to her. Each sharp breath in Jonathan’s chest was a gun shot in the silence of the room. She cupped his rough, stubble covered cheeks. “Jonathan,” she whispered, “look at me.”

His eyes were squeezed shut, face contorted in stoic mask. But they opened, slowly, for her. A sheen of something was quickly washed away from the ebony of his eyes as they settled on her. The slight tremble in his shoulders relaxed.

“I’m not going to hurt you,” she whispered, fingers pressing gently against his face so he knew she was here, and not another nightmare. The ones he’d had on the couch were unpleasant to deal with and when she woke him, he didn’t seem to remember having them. But the loss and pain that he experienced in them always seemed to linger. “I’m right here.”

For the first time, she saw his veneer fall away. The seven layered mask of labyrinths and mazes dropped suddenly, giving Clary vertigo as she finally saw some real fear in his eyes, hope and something akin to relief. She almost frowned at it but she only leaned forward, pressing a chaste kiss to his lips. She kept it soft, seeking as she cupped the back of Jonathan’s neck. He moaned quietly,
his good hand snaking around her back. He gave a rough shove forward, not quite grasping the concept of soft as of yet, but she let herself be pressed against his torso.

Clary was the one who kept the kiss soft and entreating, parting his lips with hers to deepen it. He moaned again, sounding a bit distressed but his breathing had deepened, expanding his tight chest fully so he could breathe despite her lips against his. Clary smiled as she felt the tension leak from his body and pulled back. “Right here,” she repeated and picked up the razor again.

Her hand was light and slow as she shaved off a few days’ worth of stubble, rinsing the razor in the water every few swipes. Jonathan’s erection didn’t soften, but he was male after all. He was stone still through all of it, eyes trained on her face even as she tilted his head back and forth to clean his whole jaw. Though the pale shadow gave him an unruly look, it scratched her skin when she kissed him.

She finished his shave and left for the bathroom, dumping the furry water down the drain and returning with the medical kit. This time he didn’t so much as flinch as she replaced the few bandages he needed at this point and wrapped his broken arm to his chest.

He fidgeted when the bandage was in place. “I don’t like this.” He nodded down at the sling.

Clary smiled gently, freely kissing him. “You don’t have to like it,” she said against his lips, “because it’s going to stay there until your arm is not broken.”

His good arm circled around her waist again, even as she stood between his legs. With his nose he nudged up the edge of her shirt to get at the soft expanse of her stomach. His lips grazed lazily over her skin and she buried her hands in his hair. As he nipped up her stomach, the shirt edging further and further up, she realized something. It wasn’t just his arm that was broken.

He was.

It punched her harshly in the chest, sucking the breath from her lungs. And she was going to fix him, no matter how long it took. She shivered when his nose touched the underside of her breast, clean shaven chin sliding against her ribcage. A soft tug of his too long hair stopped his dangerous progress.

“I still need to cut your hair,” she whispered, stepping closer into the heat of his thighs. The towel had ridden up.

“Do it later,” he bit out grumpily, resuming his work upwards. Her breasts tightened, nipples peaked as his mouth just brushed over her right one. But she placed a hand between his mouth and her skin. He nipped at her fingertips.

“I won’t remember later. Then you’ll start looking like a wolf.”

“You afraid I’ll devour you?” he asked, nosing her palm gently.

“I know you will,” she replied, slipping out of his grasp and behind him on to the bed. Her core throbbed in response to Jonathan’s advances so she made the hair cut short, snipping close to his scalp so he had sort of a shaggy buzz cut. She balled up the towel she’d slung around his shoulders and set in on the floor along with the scissors.

Then she circled around to stand in front of Jonathan once more. His eyes darted over her lithe body, fuller and rounded out now that she’d had a few weeks in a healthy environment where he forced daily meals on her and trained lightly with her almost on a daily basis. His stare was hungry as it stuck on her breasts, the towel doing absolutely nothing to hide the painfully stiff erection.
beneath it. She smiled wryly and rewarded his gaze with stripping her tank top off. She hadn’t put on a bra.

His jaw went slack, as though he were seeing her for the first time. It was almost enough to make her blush. Though she’d been here for two weeks, they’d only had sex the two times. When she first arrived and was drugged with sleep and two days ago, before she’d woken up to find him bloodied and dying. He’d seen her naked plenty, but now his gaze stripped her down with innocent wonder, a look hardly pulled off by a man like Jonathan. But there it was.

“Now be a good boy and lay down,” she said on a low breath. He didn’t hesitate to comply, slowing levering himself down on to the bed, eyes never leaving her. She bent and undid the towel. He sighed heavily, straining his neck to watch her crawl up his body, settling her clothed bottom half on his erection. He groaned as she ground against him before she leaned forward, breasts in his face, to grab a pillow from the headboard. She placed it beneath his head.

“What’s this for?”

“If you keep looking at me like that the entire time, your neck will get tired,” she whispered against his ear, tugging on the lobe with her teeth. His body shuddered like a grand earthquake beneath her. She smothered his response with a burning kiss, hands sliding off her shorts as he moaned. Frustrated, he groaned, bucking upwards as he used his only good hand to help rip the shorts off. He wiggled his hips encouragingly but she only ground her hips enticingly up and down his length.

Now when his breath became labored, it wasn’t some forgotten nightmare. His pulse beat heavily beneath her fingertips as she centered the tip of him right at her entrance, but didn’t sink down. Still drowning him with her lips, her hands pinned his hips to the bed as he tried to thrust upward.

“You’re so impatient,” she muttered, trailing her mouth down his throat, pausing just beneath his chin to suckle a dark spot onto his pulse. She pulled at the skin with her teeth, rolling the bruised sensitive flesh until he moaned heavily.

“Only for you,” he replied, feet braced on the floor as his hips twitched again.

“You do a lot of things only for me,” she breathed, mouth moving south, over the hollow of his throat to his chest, tongue swirling around his hard nipple. Air hissed between his teeth as she tugged relentlessly at it with her own. She blew a hot breath across his pec before rising up over him. “Which is why I’ve decided to stay with you.”

That seemed to jar him more than when she slid down onto him, squeezing tightly. Her nails scratched some of the only unbruised skin left on his torso as she settled on to his hilt. Her head fell back.

“What?” Jonathan said in disbelief. She circled her hips once, shaking with a little shiver in her thighs. Clary leaned down slowly, careful not to crush his broken arm or other wounds. Her nose hovered an inch from his, his lush lips swollen and warm as her own touched them.

“I will say it slowly this time. I. Am. Staying. With. You.”

His hand slid up her spine, raising chilly goosebumps as his nails scratched her vertebrate. Solid, powerful fingers settled around the back of her neck. The gesture was one of raw power, though he was the one broken and bruised and at her mercy. She stilled, sensing the coiling predator crouching inside Jonathan, waiting to pounce. Clary braced herself. But when she met his eyes, they were shining and vulnerable.
“You mean, you’re all mine?” he croaked.

Something recoiled in Clary’s chest, so used to smacking away every attempt at his possession. So used to spitting in his face when he called her his. She hadn’t been his, didn’t want to be his when he was such a dark, twisted monster. But he’d shown her his capability of change, even if it was slow and painful, twisted and unclear. He was changing, for her. He’d withdrawn himself from the Shadow World. He’d never hit her. He’d nursed her back to health, brought her back from depression and was helping her further and further from it. Helped her through her grief. And he made her feel… special. Not just another face on the subway train.

She’d hesitated. She saw it on Jonathan’s face as she’d delayed to answer. He must think she was rethinking her statement, even if he was buried deep inside her, holding him inside her. He still thought she would leap away from him, run, disappear. But no. He needed her. She refused to be just another of his abusers. He deserved to know what kindness was. What love was. He’d been broken and damned and tortured time and time again, and he hadn’t said a word against it because he hadn’t known any better. He’d never known a loving hand, and gentle hand that nursed him back to health. And no one else had that capability to draw something other than anger and violence from him.

“Yes,” she said finally and Jonathan looked as though he might cry. But it looked unnatural on him, and she wasn’t yet to the stepping stone of believing he was capable of it. So she leaned down and kissed him, let him feel the softness of her hands and told him in whispered nothings through the rest of the night. “I’m here. I’m yours.”

-Epilogue—Five years later-

Clary shuddered.

Her hands settled over her stomach as Jon meandered back to their table, sitting on the Parisian balcony, overlooking the Seine. He smiled good naturedly at a small waitress that accidentally bumped in to him, but it didn’t reach his eyes, Clary saw. It didn’t matter. Jon never really smiled for anyone but her anyway. He carried two mugs of hot chocolate with him, to battle the gentle but chilly winter breeze. Clary didn’t mind, bundled up in a thick coat and one of Jon’s scarfs. Plus, they were the only ones on the balcony with the lights of Paris spread before them.

Jon finally reached the balcony doors and slipped outside. There was that real smile. He sat down beside her on the cross hatch iron chair, handing her a mug of hot chocolate. It was warm against her fingers, Jon’s arm warmer around her shoulders as he set his chair close to hers.

“You sure you don’t want wine? You are twenty one now,” Jon said against her hair, rubbing his cheek against her temple.

“I’m sure,” Clary said, nuzzling him back. She still couldn’t get over the gentle pine scent Jon smelled of. “It wouldn’t be good.”

His fingers fiddled absentmindedly with her braid. “What does that mean?” he said, eyes cast out over the Seine.

“You’re a smart boy,” she said, sipping her hot chocolate. “Figure it out.”

“I’m twenty-three Clarissa. I’m not a boy,” he responded, flicking her braid.

She shrugged. “Maybe on the outside.”

He nipped her ear in reprimand but soothed it with a languid kiss to her lips. Mmm, he tasted like
chocolate. But they spent the next few minutes in happy silence, looking out on the Seine and Paris beyond. They made their little Paris balcony nice and toasting when they finished their hot chocolate and pressed their bodies close to each other. Jonathan was tight and hot as her hands slipped beneath his scant layers, tugging on his own scarf.

Clary wasn’t surprised when he still hadn’t figured it out by the time they were wandering back to the house, watching the cars fly by on one side, river on the other.

“Won’t you tell me?” he coaxed, hand on hers in the crook of his other arm.

“No, you have to figure it out,” she said, going on her tiptoes to kiss him. He melted beneath her fingertips.

Back at the house, Clary stripped off her layers, down to the off the shoulder sweater and comfy pants. She toed off her shoes but left the socks, kept the scarf around her neck. It smelled like Jon. She left said person at the disappearing door and went to settle on the couch with a good book. She was still a little in shock herself, even if Jon hadn’t figured it out thus far.

She didn’t know what to make of it. She’d assigned herself to be Jon’s healer, his nurturer. The one to show him kindness and love and something other than cruelty. She’d appointed her his teacher in all things not murder and death and pain. And now… now she didn’t know what to do. Did she sign up for this? Did she want this when she had had nightmares of this very thing in her months at the Gard?

She took a steadying breath, letting the frown crease her lips. Jon was better now, but was she? Jon bent over the back of the couch, lips pressing against her cheek, fingers pulling aside the scarf to let his lips travel farther down.

“Why are you frowning?”

“That’s just my face,” she replied and went back to reading her book even as Jon leaped the back of the couch and settled down, tugging her into his lap. He suckled her throat as she continued to read, hands wandering beneath her clothes, her waist band.

“It’s still beautiful,” he muttered against her skin.

She read on, contemplating what she’s gotten herself in to. The question is, does she want to go through with it? Yes, the answer is yes to that question. And really, what’s wrong with doing so? Three years ago, at Clary’s behest, they had broken into a clinic in southern Norway and used their blood work equipment to compare their DNA. Clary had become especially conscious of their blood relation and wanted to see if it was really true, because really, what proof did she have that her mother truly knew Valentine was her father? So they did full blood panels on each of them and discovered that Jon’s demon blood had in fact altered his DNA, that was to say, he didn’t really have any, at least any that resembled human DNA.

It had lifted a thousand weight off Clary’s shoulders, but not as much as the fact that when they compared proteins, there was absolutely no similarity. The mystery was left a mystery as to how Jon and Clary were so dissimilar but it left Clary feeling a bit better.

Jon had moved on to her chest, tugging the sweater down. Clary had unconsciously shifted a hand to her stomach and Jon paused when he caught sight of her slim hand. He sat up, onyx eyes piercing hers, even though she was still reading.

“Stop staring,” she said, flipping her page.
“You’re pregnant?”

Clary raised her wrist, checking her watch. She smiled. “Congrats Jon, only took you three hours and forty-seven minutes.”

“You’re pregnant?” He grabbed her book and tossed it away. His fingers grasped her chin and turned her face to him. His legs wound around her body. She raised a daring eyebrow.

“Yes, I am.”

“And the child is mine?”

She rolled her eyes, leaning forward so their lips were touching. “Who else’s would it be? You never let me out of your sight when we’re outside.”

A manic smile crossed Jon’s lips, just before he pressed forward and devoured her, forcing her lips open as his hands wound in her sweater, ripping it at the hem. His teeth scraped her lips, biting her lower one until he split it in his enthusiasm. Clary didn’t mind as she tasted copper. He pressed her back against the couch, spreading her out for him on the cushions. She gasped as he tore open the sweater, mouth roving over her chest, biting hickies into her breasts so they were a polka dotted pattern before his mouth.

He tore a shout from her mouth as he bit down on her breast, a harsh shudder wracking her body as his hands pinned her down to the couch. She twitched and writhed as his mouth went lower, pausing over her stomach. His lips became gentler, more reverent as he placed kiss after languid kiss on her stomach, thumb stroking her hips. He was muttering in German or French, Clary couldn’t tell though she’d learned both languages by now, neither did she really care to as his hands slid down and worked her pants down past her knees.

“I love you, I love you, I love you,” he said frantically, the opposite to his soft lips. She buried her hands in his hair, tugging gently.

“I… love you too,” she said in German, in native tongue. He paused a moment to look up from his work, hands on her inner thighs. He looked like she’d just given him a right hook. But then the deer in headlights look vanished, replaced by his manic smile. He returned her years of love and commitment and teaching by diving down between her legs.

He may still be broken and volatile and a little on the far side of bipolar, but he was getting better. And Clary could take him in a fight now. So he was her broken boy. And she loved him and all his jagged edges all the same.

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