SON OF THE DAWN

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A companion to the New York Times bestselling THE MORTAL INSTRUMENTS series
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Every world contains other worlds within it. People wander through all the worlds they can find, searching for their homes.

Some humans thought their world was the only world there was. Little did they know of other worlds as close to their own as a room, or the demons trying to find a door through to them, and the Shadowhunters who barred those doors. Still less did they know of the Downworld, the community of magical creatures who shared their world and carved out their own little space therein.

Every community needs a heart. There had to be a common area where everyone could gather, to trade for goods and secrets, to find love and riches. There were Shadow Markets, where Downworlders and those with the Sight met, all over the world. Usually they were held outside.

Even magic was a little different in New York.

The abandoned theater on Canal Street had stood since the 1920s, silent witness to but not part of the blaze of activity that was the city. Humans who did not have the Sight passed by its terracotta façade in a hurry about their own affairs. If they spared the theater a look, they thought it as dark and still as ever.

They could not see the haze of faerie light that turned the gutted amphitheater and bare concrete halls to gold. Brother Zachariah could.

He walked, a creature of silence and darkness, through halls with sunshine yellow tiles, panels of gold and red blazing on the ceiling above him. There were busts grimy with age set in alcoves along the walls, but for tonight faeries had coaxed flowers and ivy to twine around them. Werewolves had set little twinkling charms depicting the moon and stars in the boarded windows, lending brightness to the decayed red curtains still hanging in the arched frames. There were lamps with casements that reminded Brother Zachariah of a time long ago, when he and all the world had been different. In one vast echoing theater room there hung a chandelier that had not
worked in years, but tonight warlock magic had encompassed each bulb with a different-colored flame. Like burning jewels, amethyst and ruby, sapphire and opal, their light created a private world that seemed both new and old, and restored the theater to all its former glory. Some worlds only lasted one night.

If the Market had the power to lend him warmth and illumination for only a night, Brother Zachariah would have taken it.

A persistent faerie woman had tried to sell him a love charm four times. Zachariah wished such a charm would work on him. Creatures as inhuman as he did not sleep, but sometimes he lay down and rested, hoping for something like peace. It never came. He spent his long nights feeling love slip through his fingers, more a memory by now than a feeling.

Brother Zachariah did not belong to the Downworld. He was a Shadowhunter, and not only a Shadowhunter but one of the cloaked and hooded brotherhood dedicated to arcane secrets and the dead, sworn and runed to silence and withdrawal from any world. Even his own kind often feared the Silent Brothers, and Downworlders usually avoided any Shadowhunter, but the Downworlders were used to the presence of this particular Shadowhunter at Markets now. Brother Zachariah had been coming to Shadow Markets for a hundred years, on a long quest that even he had begun to believe would be fruitless. Yet he continued searching. Brother Zachariah had little enough, but one thing he did have was time, and he had always tried to be patient.

Tonight, though, he had already been disappointed. The warlock Ragnor Fell had no word for him. None of his few other contacts, painstakingly gathered over the decades, had attended this Market. He was lingering not because he was enjoying this Shadow Market, but because he remembered enjoying Markets once.

They had felt like an escape, but Brother Zachariah hardly remembered the wish to escape from the City of Bones, where he belonged. Always in the back of his mind, cold as a tide waiting to wash all other things away, were the voices of his brothers.

They were urging him home.

Brother Zachariah turned under the glitter of diamond-paned windows. He was leaving the Market, making his way through the laughing, bargaining crowd, when he heard a woman’s voice saying his name.

“Tell me again why we want this Brother Zachariah. The normal Nephilim are bad enough. Angel in the veins, stick up the butts, and I bet with Silent Brothers it’s a whole staff. We definitely can’t take him out for karaoke.”

The woman was speaking in English, but a boy’s voice replied to her in Spanish: “Quiet. I see him.”
It was a pair of vampires, and as he turned, the boy lifted a hand to attract Zachariah’s attention. The vampire with his hand up looked fifteen years old at most, and the other like a young woman about nineteen, but that told Zachariah nothing. Zachariah still looked young too.

It was unusual for a strange Downworlder to want his attention.

“Brother Zachariah?” asked the boy. “I came here to meet you.”

The woman whistled. “Now I see why we might want him. Helloooo, Brother Mackariah.”

Did you? Brother Zachariah asked the boy. He felt what would once have been surprise, and now was at least intrigue. Can I be of any use to you?

“I certainly hope so,” said the vampire. “I am Raphael Santiago, second in command of the New York clan, and I dislike useless people.”

The woman waved her hand. “I’m Lily Chen. He’s always this way.”

Brother Zachariah studied the pair with new interest. The woman had hair streaked neon yellow and wore a scarlet qipao that suited her, and despite her own remark she was smiling at her companion’s words. The boy’s hair was curly, his face sweet, and his air disdainful. There was a burn scar at the base of his throat, where a cross might lie.

I believe we have a mutual friend, said Brother Zachariah.

“I don’t think so,” said Raphael Santiago. “I don’t have friends.”

“Oh, thank you very much,” said the woman at his side.

“You, Lily,” said Raphael coldly, “are my subordinate.” He turned back to Brother Zachariah. “I assume you refer to the warlock Magnus Bane. He is a colleague who always has more dealings with Shadowhunters than I approve of.”

Zachariah wondered if Lily spoke Mandarin. The Silent Brothers, speaking mind to mind, had no need for language, but sometimes Zachariah missed his. There had been nights—in the Silent City it was always night—when he could not remember his own name, but he could remember the sound of his mother or his father or his betrothed speaking Mandarin. His betrothed had learned some of the language for him, in the time when he had thought he would live to marry her. He would not have minded talking with Lily longer, but he did not particularly like her companion’s attitude.

Since you do not appear to care for Shadowhunters, and you have little interest in our mutual connection, Brother Zachariah observed, why approach me?

“I wished to talk to a Shadowhunter,” said Raphael.

Why not go to your Institute?
Raphael’s lips curled back from his fangs in a sneer. Nobody sneered like a vampire, and this vampire was particularly adept. “My Institute, as you call it, belongs to people who are ... how do I put this tactfully ... bigots and murderers.”

A faerie selling ribbons with glamour twined in them passed by, trailing blue and purple banners.

_The way you put that was not particularly tactful_, Brother Zachariah felt bound to point out.

“No,” said Raphael thoughtfully. “I am not gifted in that arena. New York has always been a place of heightened Downworlder activity. The lights of this city work on people as if we are all werewolves howling for an electric moon. A warlock tried to destroy the world here once, before my time. The leader of my clan made a disastrous experiment with drugs here, _against_ my advice, and made the city her slaughter ground. The werewolves’ fatal struggles for leadership are far more frequent in New York than anywhere else. The Whitelaws of the New York Institute understood us, and we them. The Whitelaws died defending Downworlders from the people who now occupy their Institute. Of course the Clave did not consult us when they made us the punishment of the Lightwoods. We do not have any dealings with the New York Institute now.”

Raphael’s voice was uncompromising, and Brother Zachariah thought he should be concerned. He had fought in the Uprising when a band of renegade youths rose up against their own leaders, and against peace with the Downworld. He had been told the story of Valentine’s Circle hunting werewolves in New York City, and the Whitelaws getting in their way, resulting in a tragedy that even that group of angry Downworlder-hating youths had not intended. He had not approved of the Lightwoods and Hodge Starkweather being banished to the New York Institute, but the word was that the Lightwoods had settled down with their three children and were truly remorseful for their past actions.

The pain and power struggles of the world seemed very far away, in the Silent City.

It had not occurred to Zachariah that the Downworlders would resent the Lightwoods so much they might decline their aid even when Shadowhunter help was truly needed. Perhaps it should have.

_Downworlders and Shadowhunters have a long, complicated history full of pain, and much of the pain has been the fault of the Nephilim_, Brother Zachariah admitted. _Yet through the ages, they have found a way to work together. I know that when they followed Valentine Morgenstern, the Lightwoods did terrible things, but if they are truly repentant, could you not forgive them?_
“Being a damned soul, I have no moral objection to the Lightwoods,” said Raphael in deeply moralistic tones. “I do have strong objections to my head being cut off. Given the least excuse, the Lightwoods would lay waste to my clan.”

The only woman Zachariah had ever loved was a warlock. He had seen her weep over the Circle and its effects. Brother Zachariah had no reason to support the Lightwoods, but everyone deserved a second chance if they wanted that chance enough.

And one of Robert Lightwood’s ancestors had been a woman called Cecily Herondale.

_Say they would not,_ suggested Brother Zachariah. _Would it not be preferable to reestablish relations with the Institute rather than hope to catch a Silent Brother at the Shadow Market?_

“Of course it would,” said Raphael. “I fully recognize this is not an ideal situation. This is not the first stratagem I have been forced to employ when I required an audience with Shadowhunters. Five years ago I had coffee with a visiting Ashdown.”

He and his companion shared a shudder of distaste.

“I absolutely hate the Ashdowns,” remarked Lily. “They are so tedious. I believe that if I fed on one of them I would nod off halfway through.”

Raphael gave her a warning look.

“No that I would ever dream of nonconsensually drinking the blood of any Shadowhunter, because it would violate the Accords!” Lily informed Brother Zachariah in a loud voice. “The Accords are deeply important to me.”

Raphael shut his eyes, a briefly pained expression crossing his face, but after an instant he opened them and nodded.

“So how about it, Brother Lipsmackariah, will you help us out?” Lily asked brightly.

A cold weight of disapproval made itself known from his silent brethren, like stones being pressed against his mind. Zachariah was allowed a great deal of latitude for a Silent Brother, but his frequent visits to the Shadow Markets and his annual meeting with a lady on Blackfriars Bridge were already testing the limits of what could be allowed.

If he began consorting with Downworlders on issues that could be handled perfectly well by an Institute, Brother Zachariah’s privileges were in danger of being suspended.

He could not risk missing that meeting. Anything but that.

_The Silent Brothers are forbidden to interfere with the affairs of the outside world. Whatever your problem is, said Brother Zachariah, I strongly urge you to consult with your Institute._
He bowed his head and began to turn away.

“My problem is werewolves smuggling yin fen into New York,” Raphael called after him. “Ever heard of yin fen?”

The bells and songs of the Shadow Market seemed to go quiet.

Brother Zachariah turned sharply back to the two vampires. Raphael Santiago stared at him with glittering eyes which left Brother Zachariah in no doubt that Raphael knew a good deal about Zachariah’s own history.

“Ah,” said the vampire. “I see you have.”

Zachariah usually tried to preserve memories of his mortal life, but now he had to make an effort to banish the intruding horror of waking up as a child with all he loved dead, and silver fire burning in his veins.

Where did you hear about the yin fen?

“I don’t intend to tell you,” said Raphael. “Nor do I intend to let that stuff be freely available in my city. A large quantity of yin fen is on its way to the city, on board a ship carrying cargo from Shanghai, Ho Chi Minh, Vienna, and Idris itself. The ship unloads at the New York Passenger Ship Terminal. Will you help me or not?”

Raphael had already mentioned the leader of his clan performing disastrous experiments with drugs. Zachariah’s guess was that many potential customers among the Downworld were talking about the shipment of yin fen at the Market. The fact a Downworlder with conservative views had heard about it was sheer luck.

I will help you, said Brother Zachariah. But we must consult with the New York Institute. If you wish I can go with you to the Institute and explain matters. The Lightwoods will appreciate the information, and you offering it. This is an opportunity to improve relations between the Institute and all the Downworlders in New York.

Raphael did not look convinced, but after a moment he nodded.

“You will go with me?” he asked. “You will not fail? They would not listen to a vampire, but I suppose it is possible they will listen to a Silent Brother.”

I will do whatever I can, said Brother Zachariah.

Cunning crept into Raphael’s voice. “And if they don’t help me. If they or even the Clave refuse to believe me, then what will you do?”

Then I will still help you, said Brother Zachariah, ignoring the chill howl of his brethren in his mind and thinking of Tessa’s clear eyes.

He dreaded missing a meeting with Tessa, but when he did meet her, he wanted to face her with no stain upon him. He could not let any child suffer what he had
suffered, not if he could prevent it.

Zachariah was not able to feel all he had felt when he was mortal, but Tessa could still feel. He could not let her be disappointed in him. She was the last star he had to steer by.

“I’ll come to the Institute with you,” Lily volunteered.

“You will do no such thing,” snapped Raphael. “It is not safe. Remember, the Circle attacked Magnus Bane.”

The ice in Raphael’s voice could have laid the whole of New York City under frost for a week in midsummer. He eyed Brother Zachariah with disfavor.

“Magnus invented your Portals, not that he receives any credit for it from Shadowhunters. He is one of the most powerful warlocks in the world, and so tenderhearted he rushes to the aid of vicious killers. He is the best the Downworld has to offer. If the Circle targeted him, they would cut down any one of us.”

“Would’ve been a damn shame,” Lily confirmed. “Magnus throws an amazing rager, too.”

“I wouldn’t know,” said Raphael, casting a look of distaste upon the joyful riot of the Market. “I do not enjoy people. Or gatherings.”

A werewolf wearing an enchanted papier-mâché full-moon head shoved past Raphael, shouting “Awoooo!” Raphael turned to look at him, and the werewolf backed away with his hands up, mumbling: “Uh, sorry. My mistake.”

Despite slight fellow feeling with the werewolf, Brother Zachariah unbent a little at this evidence that this vampire was not entirely awful.

*I understand that you value Magnus highly. So do I. Once he aided someone very dear to—*

“No, I don’t!” Raphael interrupted. “And I don’t care about your story. Don’t tell him I said any of that. I can have opinions on my colleagues. It does not mean I have personal feelings about them.”

“Hey, my man, great to see you,” said Ragnor Fell, passing by.

Raphael paused to fist-bump the green warlock before Ragnor disappeared among the stalls and sounds and many-colored lights of the Market. Lily and Brother Zachariah regarded him.

“He’s another colleague!” Raphael protested.

*I like Ragnor,* said Brother Zachariah.

“Good for you,” snapped Raphael. “Revel in your hobby of liking and trusting
everyone. It sounds as appealing to me as sunbathing.”

Zachariah felt he had become acquainted with another reason, besides Magnus’s evil vampire ex, why Magnus always seemed to develop a migraine when people mentioned the vampire clan of New York in his presence. He, Lily, and Raphael strolled through the Market.

“Love charm for the handsomest Silent Brother?” asked the faerie woman for the fifth time, leering through her dandelion-clock hair. Sometimes one could wish the Shadow Market had not become quite so comfortable with him.

He remembered this woman, he thought, dimly recollecting her hurting a golden-haired child. It had been so long ago. He had cared very much at the time.

Lily snorted. “I hardly think Brother Beast-with-two-backs-ariah needs a love charm.”

Thank you, but no, Brother Zachariah told the faerie woman. I’m very flattered, though Brother Enoch is a fine figure of a man.

“Or perhaps you and the lady would enjoy some phoenix tears for a night of burning pass—” She went suddenly silent, and the whole stall scuttled away across the bare concrete floor on little chicken feet. “Ooops, never mind! Didn’t see you there, Raphael.”

Raphael’s thin eyebrows went up and down like a guillotine.

“More of a buzzkill than the Silent Brother,” murmured Lily. “Oh, the shame.”

Raphael looked smug. In Zachariah’s head, Brother Enoch was annoyed at being the subject of a joke. The gleam and whirl of the Shadow Market shone with pale radiance in Brother Zachariah’s eyes. He did not like the thought of yin fen spreading like silver wildfire in another city, killing fast as flame or slowly as choking smoke. If it was coming he had to stop it. This trip to the Market had been useful after all. If he could not feel, he could act.

Perhaps tomorrow night the Lightwoods will earn your trust, said Brother Zachariah as he and the vampires stepped out into the mundane bustle of Canal Street.

Raphael said, “Unlikely.”

I have found it always better to hope than despair, said Brother Zachariah mildly. I will wait for you outside the Institute.

Behind them, enchanted lights shimmered and the sound of faery music rang through the halls of the theater. A mundane woman turned to face the building. Glittering blue light fell in a strange beam across her unseeing eyes.
The two vampires were heading east, but partway up the street, Raphael turned back to where Brother Zachariah stood. In the night, away from Market lights, the vampire’s scar was white and his eyes were black. His eyes saw too much.

“Hope is for fools. I will meet you tomorrow night, but remember this, Silent Brother,” he said. “Hate like that does not fade. The work of the Circle is not done yet. The Morgenstern legacy will claim more victims. I do not intend to be one of them.”

Wait, said Brother Zachariah. Do you happen to know why the ship is unloading its cargo at the passenger ship terminal?

Raphael shrugged. “I told you the ship was carrying cargo from Idris. I believe some Shadowhunter brat is onboard.”

Brother Zachariah walked away from the Market alone, thinking of a child on a ship with deadly cargo, and the potential of more victims.

Isabelle Lightwood was not accustomed to feeling nervous about anything, but anyone might be apprehensive when faced with the prospect of a new addition to the family.

This was not like before Max was born, when Isabelle and Alec had laid bets on whether it would be a boy or a girl and afterward Mom and Dad trusted them enough to let them take turns holding him, the smallest and tenderest bundle imaginable.

A boy older than Isabelle was being dumped on their doorstep and was supposed to live with them. Jonathan Wayland, the son of Dad’s parabatai, Michael Wayland. Faraway in Idris, Michael Wayland had died, and Jonathan needed a home.

For herself, Isabelle was a little excited. She liked adventure and company. If Jonathan Wayland was as much fun and as good a fighter as Aline Penhallow, who came to visit sometimes with her mother, Isabelle would be glad to have him.

Except there was not just Isabelle to consider.

Her parents had been fighting over Jonathan Wayland ever since the news of Michael’s death came. Isabelle gathered Mom had not liked Michael Wayland. She was not sure Dad had liked him much either. Isabelle herself had never met Michael Wayland. She had never even known that Dad had a parabatai. Neither Mom nor Dad ever talked about when they were young, except that Mom had once said they made many mistakes. Isabelle sometimes wondered whether they had been mixed up in the same trouble as their tutor, Hodge. Her friend Aline said Hodge was a criminal.

Whatever her parents had or had not done, Isabelle did not think her mother wanted Jonathan Wayland to be a reminder of her mistakes in her own home.

Dad did not seem happy when he talked about his parabatai, but he did seem
determined that Jonathan would come to live with them. Jonathan had nowhere else to go, Dad insisted, and he belonged with them. That was what being _parabatai_ meant. Once when she was eavesdropping on them shouting, Isabelle heard Dad say, “I owe Michael this.”

Mom agreed to let Jonathan come for a trial period, but now that the shouting had died down, she was not really speaking to Dad. Isabelle was worried about both her parents, and especially her mom.

Isabelle also had to consider her brother.

Alec did not like new people. Whenever new Shadowhunters arrived from Idris, Alec would mysteriously slope off. Once Isabelle had found him lurking behind a large vase, claiming he got lost trying to find the training room.

Jonathan Wayland was taking a ship to New York. He should be in the Institute by the morning after next.

Isabelle was in the training room, practicing with her whip and pondering the problem of Jonathan Wayland, when she heard rushing footsteps, and her brother Alec poked his head around the door. His blue eyes were sparkling.

“Isabelle!” he said. “Come quickly! There’s a Silent Brother meeting with Mom and Dad in the Sanctuary. And a _vampire_!”

Isabelle ran to her room to get out of her gear and into a dress. The Silent Brothers were fancy company, almost as if the Consul had come to visit.

By the time she got downstairs, Alec was already in the Sanctuary observing the proceedings, and her parents were deep in conversation with the Silent Brother. Isabelle heard her mom say something to the Silent Brother that sounded like “Yogurt! Unbelievable!”

Maybe not _yogurt_. Maybe it was a different word.

“On the ship with Michael’s son!” Dad said.

It couldn’t be _yogurt_, unless Jonathan Wayland had a very serious allergy to dairy.

The Silent Brother was a lot less scary than Isabelle had been expecting. In fact, from what Isabelle could see beneath the hood, he resembled one of the mundie singers she had seen in posters around the city. From the way Robert was nodding at him and Maryse was leaning toward him in her chair, Isabelle could see they were getting along.

The vampire was not conversing with their parents. He was leaning against one of the walls, arms crossed, and glaring at the floor. He did not seem as if he was
interested in getting along with anyone. He looked like a kid, hardly older than they were, and he would have been almost as handsome as the Silent Brother if not for his sour expression. He was wearing a black leather jacket to go with his scowl. Isabelle wished she could see the fangs.

“Can I offer you a coffee?” Maryse said to the vampire in a cool, stilted tone.

“I do not drink . . . coffee,” said the vampire.

“Odd,” said Maryse. “I heard you had a delightful coffee with Catherine Ashdown.”

The vampire shrugged. Isabelle knew vampires were dead and soulless and all, but she did not see why they had to be rude.

She nudged Alec in the ribs. “Get a load of the vampire. Can you believe that?”

“I know!” Alec whispered back. “Isn’t he amazing?”

“What?” Isabelle said, grabbing Alec’s elbow.

Alec did not glance at her. He was studying the vampire. Isabelle started to get the same uneasy feeling that she got whenever she noticed Alec looking at the same posters of mundie singers that she did. Alec always got red and angry when she saw him looking. Isabelle sometimes thought it would be nice to talk about the singers, the way she’d heard mundie girls doing, but she knew Alec wouldn’t want to. Once Mom had asked them what they were looking at, and Alec had looked afraid.

“Don’t go near him,” Isabelle urged. “I think vampires are gross.”

Isabelle was used to being able to whisper to her brother in a crowd. The vampire turned his head slightly, and Isabelle remembered vampires did not have pathetic hearing like mundanes. The vampire could definitely hear her.

This nasty realization caused Isabelle to relax her hold on Alec. She watched in horror as he pulled away from her and advanced with nervous determination toward the vampire. Not wanting to be left out, Isabelle trailed a few steps behind him.

“Hello,” said Alec. “It’s, um, very nice to meet you.”

The vampire boy gave him a thousand-yard stare that suggested a thousand yards was too close up and the vampire wished he were enjoying blissful solitude in the far reaches of space. “Hello.”

“I’m Alexander Lightwood,” said Alec.

Grimacing as if the introduction were vital information being tortured out of him, the vampire said: “I am Raphael.”

When he made that face, Isabelle did see the fangs. They were not as cool as she had
hoped.

“I’m basically twelve,” continued Alec, who was totally eleven. “You don’t look a lot older than me. But I know it’s different with vampires. I guess you kind of stay the same age you stop at, though, right? Like you’re fifteen, but you’ve been fifteen for a hundred years. How long have you been fifteen?”

Raphael said flatly, “I’m sixty-three.”

“Oh,” said Alec. “Oh. Oh, that’s cool.”

He advanced several steps toward the vampire. Raphael did not take a step back, but he looked like he wanted to.

“Also,” Alec added shyly, “your jacket is cool.”

“Why are you talking to my children?” Mom asked sharply.

She was already up from her chair opposite the Silent Brother, and as she spoke she seized hold of Alec and Isabelle. Her fingers pinched; she was holding them so hard, and fear seemed to travel to Isabelle through her mother’s touch, even though she had not been afraid before.

The vampire had not been looking at them as if he thought they would be delicious at all. Maybe that was how he lured you in, though, Isabelle considered. Maybe Alec was just ensorcelled by vampire wiles. It would be nice to be able to blame the Downworlder for making Isabelle worry.

The Silent Brother rose from his chair and glided to join them. Isabelle heard the vampire whisper to the Silent Brother, and she was pretty sure he said: “This is my nightmare.”

Isabelle stuck her tongue out at him. Raphael’s lip curled the tiniest fraction farther from his fangs. Alec did glance at Isabelle then, to make sure she was not scared. Isabelle wasn’t scared of much, but Alec was always fussing.

Raphael came here out of concern for a Shadowhunter child, said the Silent Brother.

“No, I didn’t,” Raphael sneered. “Better watch your children. I once killed a whole gang of boys not much older than your boy here. Shall I take this as a refusal to help with the shipment? I am deeply shocked. Well, we tried. Time to go, Brother Zachariah.”

“Wait,” said Robert. “Of course we will help. I will meet you at the drop-off point in New Jersey.”

Naturally her dad would help, Isabelle thought indignantly. This vampire was an idiot. Whatever mistakes they might have made when they were really young, her
parents ran this whole Institute and had killed lots and lots of evil demons. Anyone sensible would know you could always count on her dad.

“You can consult with us on other Shadowhunter matters at any time,” her mom added, but she did not let go of Alec and Isabelle until the vampire and Brother Zachariah had left the Institute.

Isabelle had thought the visit would be exciting, but she had ended up feeling terrible. She wished that Jonathan Wayland was not coming.

Guests were terrible, and Isabelle never wanted any more.

The plan was to stow away aboard ship undetected, apprehend the smugglers, and dispose of the yin fen. The child would never have to know about any of it.

It was almost nice to be in one of the sleek Shadowhunter boats again. Brother Zachariah had been in the multi-hulled trimarans as a child on lakes in Idris, and once his parabatai had stolen one and they had rowed it down the Thames. Now he, an edgy Robert Lightwood, and two vampires had used one to navigate the black nighttime waters of the Delaware River, coming down from the port of Camden. Lily kept complaining that they were practically in Philadelphia, until the boat drew close to the tall cargo ship. Dawn Trader was painted in dark blue letters against its gray side. They waited for their moment, then Robert threw a grappling hook.

Brother Zachariah, Raphael, Lily, and Robert Lightwood made it onto the boat and into a deserted cabin. This journey, short and stealthy though it was, left them with the impression that there was no mundane crew onboard at all. Hiding there, they counted the voices of the smugglers and realized there were far more than had been reported.

“Oh no, Brother Hop-in-the-sack-ariah,” Lily whispered. “I think we’re going to have to fight them.”

She looked very cheerful about the prospect. As she spoke, she winked and pulled her feathered flapper’s headband from her yellow-streaked hair.

“It’s actually from the 1920s, so I don’t want to damage it,” she explained, and nodded to Raphael. “I’ve had it longer than I’ve had him. He’s from the 1950s. Jazz baby and greaser teen take on the world.”

Raphael rolled his eyes. “Desist with the nicknames. They are getting worse.”

Lily laughed. “I will not. Once you go Zachariah, you never go backariah.”

Raphael and Robert Lightwood both looked appalled, but Zachariah did not mind the nicknames. He did not hear laughter often.
What worried him was the child.

_We cannot allow Jonathan to be scared or hurt_, he said.

Robert was nodding, and the vampires looking supremely unconcerned, when a boy’s voice came from outside the door.

“I’m not frightened of anything,” he said.

Jonathan Wayland, Zachariah presumed.

“Then why are you asking about the Lightwoods?” asked a woman’s voice. She sounded irritated. “They’re taking you in. They won’t be unkind to you.”

“I was only curious,” said Jonathan.

He was clearly doing his best to sound airy and aloof, and his best was not bad. His voice almost swaggered. Brother Zachariah thought it would have convinced most people.

“Robert Lightwood’s got some influence in the Clave,” remarked the woman. “Solid man. I’m sure he’s ready to be a father to you.”

“I had a father,” said Jonathan, cold as the night wind.

The woman was silent. Across the cabin, Robert Lightwood’s head was bowed.

“But the mother,” said Jonathan, a touch tentative. “What’s Mrs. Lightwood like?”

“Maryse? I barely know her,” the woman replied. “She’s already got three kids. Four’s a lot to handle.”

“I’m not a kid,” said Jonathan. “I won’t bother her.” He paused and observed, “There are a lot of werewolves aboard this ship.”

“Ugh, kids raised in Idris are exhausting,” said the woman. “Werewolves are a fact of life, unfortunately. Creatures are everywhere. Go to bed, Jonathan.”

They listened as another cabin door shut, and a lock was shot home.

“Now,” said Robert Lightwood. “Vampires, starboard. Brother Zachariah and I, port. Contain the werewolves by any means necessary, then locate the _yin fen_.”

They spilled out onto the deck. It was a rough night, the wind pulling Zachariah’s hood down farther, the deck jerking beneath their feet. Zachariah could not open his lips to taste the salt in the air.

New York was a glimmer on the horizon, shining like the lights of the Shadow Market in the dark. They could not allow the _yin fen_ to hit the city.

There were a couple of werewolves on the deck. One was in wolf form, and Zachariah
could see a tinge of silver in his fur. The other had lost color in his fingertips. Zachariah wondered if they knew that they were dying. He remembered, too vividly, how it had felt when the *yin fen* was killing him.

Sometimes it was good to be without feeling. Sometimes being human hurt too much, and Zachariah could not afford pity now.

Brother Zachariah slammed his staff against one of their heads, and when he turned, Robert Lightwood had already dealt with the other. They stood braced, listening to the howl of the wind and the surge of the sea, waiting for the others to come from belowdecks. Then Zachariah heard the sounds from the other side of the ship.

*Stay where you are*, he told Robert. *I will go to the vampires.*

Brother Zachariah had to fight his way to them. There were even more werewolves than he had guessed. Across their heads, he could see Raphael and Lily, leaping as if they were insubstantial as shadows, teeth shining in the moonlight.

He could see the werewolves’ teeth too. Zachariah knocked one werewolf over the side of the ship and knocked out another one’s teeth in the same swing, then had to dodge a swipe of claws that almost sent Zachariah over himself. There were so many of them.

It was with vague surprise that Zachariah thought this could be the end. There should have been something more than surprise to the idea, but all he knew was the hollowness he had felt walking through the Market and the sound of his brothers’ voices, colder than the sea. He did not care about these vampires. He did not care about himself.

The roar of a werewolf sounded in his ear, and behind it came the crash of a wave. Brother Zachariah’s arms ached from wielding the staff. It should all have ended a long time ago, anyway. He could scarcely remember a reason why he fought.

Across the deck a werewolf, almost fully shifted, whirled a clawed fist directly at Lily’s heart. She already had her hands locked around another werewolf’s neck. She did not have a chance to defend herself.

A door swung open, and a Shadowhunter woman ran out into the path of the werewolves. She was not ready. A wolf tore her throat out, and as Zachariah tried to get to her, a werewolf slammed against his back. The staff fell from his nerveless fingers. A second werewolf piled onto him, claws digging into his shoulders, bearing him down to his knees. Another climbed on, and Zachariah’s head slammed onto the wood. The dark rose before him. His brothers’ voices could be gone, along with the crash of the sea and all the light of the world that no longer touched him.
The dead woman’s eyes stared into his face, a last empty gleam before the dark consumed all. It seemed as if he were as empty as she. Why had he ever fought?

Only he remembered. He would not allow himself to forget.

*Tessa,* he thought. *Will.*

Despair was never stronger than the thought of them. He could not betray them by giving up.

*They are Will and Tessa, and you were Ke Jian Ming. You were James Carstairs. You were Jem.*

Jem drew a dagger from his belt. He fought to his feet, backhanding a werewolf through the open cabin door. He looked to Lily.

Raphael was standing in front of her. His arm was flung out to shield her, his blood a macabre scarlet splash across the deck. Human blood was black at night, but vampire blood never looked anything but red. Lily screamed his name.

Brother Zachariah needed his staff. It was rolling across the wood of the deck, silver in the moonlight and rattling like bones. Its carving leaped out, shadow dark against the silver, as the staff rolled to the feet of a boy who had just stepped out into this space of chaos and blood.

The boy who must be Jonathan Wayland stared around him, at Brother Zachariah, at the wolves, at the woman with her throat ripped out. A werewolf woman was bearing down on him. The boy was too young to even bear warriors’ runes.

Brother Zachariah knew he was not going to be fast enough.

The boy turned his head, hair bright gold in the silver moonshine, and picked up Zachariah’s staff. Small and slim, the most fragile of barriers possible against darkness, he charged at the snarling teeth and bared claws. He struck her down.

Two more went for the boy, but Zachariah killed one, and the boy spun and struck the other. When he twisted in the air, Zachariah thought not of shadows, as he had with the vampires, but of light.

When the boy landed on the deck, feet spread wide and staff twirling between his hands, he was laughing. It was not a child’s sweet laugh, but a wild exuberant sound that rang out stronger than sea or sky or silent voices. He sounded young, and defiant, and joyful, and a little mad.

Brother Zachariah had thought earlier in the night that he did not hear laughter often. It had been an achingly long time since he heard a laugh like that.

He stabbed another werewolf running for the boy, and another, throwing his body
between the boy and the wolves. One got past his guard and swiped at the boy, and Zachariah heard him make a small sound between his locked teeth.

_Are you all right?_ he asked.

“Yes!” the boy shouted. Brother Zachariah could hear him panting at his back.

_Never fear_, said Brother Zachariah. _I am fighting with you._

Zachariah’s blood ran colder than the sea, and his heart hammered until he heard Robert Lightwood and Lily coming to their aid.

Once the remaining werewolves were subdued, Robert took Jonathan with him to the bridge. Zachariah turned his attention to the vampires. Raphael had taken off his leather jacket. Lily had ripped part of her shirt off and was tying the material around his arm. She was crying.

“Raphael,” she said. “Raphael, you shouldn’t have done it.”

“Sustained a wound that will heal in a night in preference to losing a valuable member of the clan?” Raphael asked. “I acted to benefit myself. I generally do.”

“You’d better,” Lily muttered, wiping tears savagely with the back of her hand. “What would I do if something happened to you?”

“Something practical, I hope,” said Raphael. “Please salvage material from one of the many dead werewolves next time. And stop embarrassing the clan in front of Shadowhunters.”

Lily followed Raphael’s line of vision, over her shoulder to Brother Zachariah. There was blood smudged and mixed with her blurred eyeliner, but she gave him a cheeky fanged smile.

“Maybe I wanted to rip my shirt for Brother Let-him-see-my-rack-ariah.”

Raphael lifted his eyes to heaven. Since he was not looking at her, Lily could look at him. She did. Brother Zachariah saw her lift a hand, her fingernails painted red and gold, and almost touch his curly hair. Her hand moved as if she might stroke the shadows over his head, then curled into a fist. She did not permit herself the luxury.

Raphael motioned her away and got to his feet.

“Let’s go find the _yin fen_.

It was not difficult to locate. It was in a large box in a cabin belowdecks. Lily and Brother Zachariah carried the box up between them, Lily clearly ready to make a scene if Raphael tried to help.

Even after all these years, seeing the glimmer of _yin fen_ in the moonlight made
Zachariah’s stomach lurch and turn, as if the sight pitched him onto a boat on a different sea, one in which he could never keep his balance.

Lily moved to tip the box over the side, and let it be swallowed by the hungry waters.

“No, Lily!” said Raphael. “I will not have drug-addled mermaids infesting the rivers of my city. What if we end up with glowing silver alligators in the sewers? Nobody will be surprised, but I will know it is your fault, and I will be extremely disappointed in you.”

“You never let me have any fun,” Lily grumbled.

“I never let anyone have any fun,” said Raphael, and looked smug.

Brother Zachariah stared into the box full of silver powder. It had meant the difference between quick and slow death to him once. He set the fire using a rune known only to the Silent Brothers, a rune meant to burn away harmful magic. Life and death were nothing but ashes in the air.

Thank you for telling me about the yin fen, he told Raphael.

“From my perspective, I took advantage of your weakness over the stuff,” said Raphael. “You used to take it to keep yourself alive once, as I understand it. Didn’t work, I see. Anyway, your emotional state is no concern of mine, and my city is safe. Mission accomplished.”

He wiped his hands, gleaming with blood and silver, over the lapping waves.

Does your leader know anything about this mission? Zachariah asked Lily.

She was watching Raphael.

“Of course,” she said. “My leader told you all about it. Didn’t he?”

“Lily! That is stupidity and treason.” Raphael’s voice was chill as the sea breeze. “If I was ordered to execute you for it, make no mistake, I would do so. I would not hesitate.”

Lily bit her lip and tried to pass off how hurt she clearly was. “Oh, but I have a good feeling about Brother Zachariah-him-like-a-bad-pony. He won’t tell.”

“Is there a place here for a vampire to be stowed away safely from the sunrise?” Raphael asked.

Brother Zachariah had not considered that the protracted fight with the werewolves meant the sun was close to rising. Raphael glanced at him sharply when he did not answer.

“Is there only room for one? Lily needs to be secured. I am responsible for her.”
Lily turned her face away so Raphael did not see her expression, but Zachariah saw it. He recognized her expression from a time when he had been able to feel that way himself. She looked sick with love.

There was room for both vampires in the cargo hold. On their way to examine the hold, Lily almost tripped over the dead Shadowhunter woman.

“Oooh, Raphael!” she exclaimed brightly. “It’s Catherine Ashdown!”

It was like the faint cold spray of seawater, to see how utterly indifferent she was to human life. Brother Zachariah saw her belatedly recall his presence.

“Oh no,” she added in not terribly convincing tones. “What a senseless tragedy.”

“Go to the hold, Lily,” Raphael commanded.

*Will you not both go?* asked Brother Zachariah.

“I prefer to wait as long as I can before dawn to test myself,” said Raphael.

Lily sighed. “He’s Catholic. So very, very Catholic.”

Her hand moved restlessly by her side, as if she wanted to reach out and pull Raphael along with her. Instead, she used it to give Zachariah another little wave, the same one she had given when they first met.

“Brother Sixpackariah,” she said. “It’s been a pleasure.”

*And for me,* said Brother Zachariah, and listened to her skip lightly down the stairs.

She had, at least, given him the woman’s name. Brother Zachariah could take her back to her family and the City of Bones, where she could rest and he could not.

He knelt down by the dead woman’s side and closed her staring eyes.

*Ave atque vale, Catherine Ashdown,* he murmured.

He rose to find Raphael still by his side, though not looking at him or the dead woman. Raphael’s eyes rested on the black sea touched with moonlight, the black sky edged with the faintest line of silver.

*I am glad to have met you both,* Zachariah added.

“I can’t imagine why,” said Raphael. “Those names Lily came up with were very bad.”

*People do not joke with the Silent Brothers often.*

The prospect of not being joked around with made Raphael look wistful. “It must be nice to be a Silent Brother. Aside from the fact Shadowhunters are annoying and pathetic. And I don’t know that she was joking. I’d watch yourself next time you’re in
New York.”

_of course she was joking_, said Brother Zachariah. _She is in love with you._

Raphael’s face twisted. “Why do Shadowhunters always want to talk about feelings? Why can nobody ever be a professional? For your information, I do not have any interest in romance of any kind and never will. Now can you drop this revolting subject?”

_I can_, said Brother Zachariah. _Perhaps you would like to talk about the gang of boys you claim to have killed?_

“I’ve killed many people,” said Raphael distantly.

_A group of children?_ said Zachariah. _In your city? Did this happen in the 1950s?_

Maryse Lightwood might have been fooled. Brother Zachariah was familiar with what it looked like when someone blamed and hated themselves for what had happened to those they loved.

“There was a vampire hunting children on the streets where my brothers played,” Raphael said, his voice still distant. “I led my gang to his lair to stop him. None of us survived.”

Brother Zachariah tried to be gentle.

_When a vampire is newborn they cannot control themselves._

“I was the leader,” said Raphael, his steely voice brooking no argument. “I was responsible. Well. We did stop the vampire, and my family lived to grow up.”

All but one.

“I generally do accomplish what I set my mind on,” said Raphael.

_That is extremely clear_, said Brother Zachariah.

He listened to the sound of the waves hitting the side of the boat, carrying them to the city. On the night of the Market he had been detached from the city and everyone in it, and certainly he had felt nothing for a vampire determined to feel nothing himself.

But then had come a laugh, and the sound had woken things inside him that he had feared dead. Once woken to the world, Zachariah did not want to be blind to any of it.

_You saved people today. The Shadowhunters saved people, even though they did not save you when you were a child trying to fight monsters._

Raphael twitched as if this implication of why he disliked Shadowhunters was a fly landing on him.
“Few are saved,” said Raphael. “Nobody is spared. Somebody tried to save me once, and I will pay him back one day. I don’t choose to owe another debt, or for anyone to owe me. We all got what we wanted. The Shadowhunters and I are done.”

There might always be another time for help or cooperation, said Brother Zachariah. The Lightwoods are trying. Consider letting the other Downworlders know you survived dealing with them.

Raphael made a noncommittal sound.

There are more kinds of love than stars, said Brother Zachariah. If you do not feel one, there are many others. You know what it is to care for family and friends. What we keep sacred, keeps us safe. Consider that by trying to cut yourself off from the possibility of being hurt, you shut the door on love and live in darkness.

Raphael staggered over to the rail and pretended to vomit. Then he straightened up.

“Oh wait, I’m a vampire and we don’t get seasick,” he said. “I came over all nauseous for a second. Can’t think why. I heard Silent Brothers were withdrawn. I was looking forward to withdrawn!”

I am not a typical Silent Brother, observed Brother Zachariah.

“Just my luck I got the touchy-feely Silent Brother. Can I request a different one in future?”

So you think there might be a time when your path crosses with Shadowhunters again?

Raphael made a disgusted noise and turned away from the sea. His face was pallid as moonlight, ice white as the cheek of a child long dead.

“I am going belowdecks. Unless, of course, you have any other brilliant suggestions?”

Brother Zachariah nodded. The shadow of his hood fell across the scar of a cross on the vampire’s throat.

Have faith, Raphael. I know you remember how.

With the vampires safely hidden below and Robert Lightwood steering the ship towards Manhattan, Brother Zachariah took on the task of cleaning up the deck, moving the bodies out of sight. He’d call on his brothers to help him attend to them, and to the survivors, who were currently secured in one of the cabins. Enoch and the others might not approve of his decision to help Raphael, but they would still fulfill their mandate to keep the Shadow World hidden and safe.

Once Brother Zachariah had finished, all there was to do was wait for the ship to
carry them to the city. Then he would have to return to his own city. He took a seat and waited, enjoying the sensation of the light of a new day on his face.

It had been a long time since he felt the light, and longer since he could truly enjoy the simple pleasure of it.

He sat near the bridge, where he could see Robert and young Jonathan Wayland in the morning light.

“You’re sure you’re all right?” Robert said.

“Yes,” said Jonathan.

“You don’t look much like Michael,” Robert added awkwardly.

“No,” said Jonathan. “I always wished I did.”

The boy’s thin back was braced to be a disappointment.

Robert said: “I am sure you’re a good boy.”

Jonathan did not look sure. Robert saved himself from awkwardness by conspicuously examining the controls.

The boy left the bridge, graceful despite the lurch of the boat and how weary he must be. Zachariah was startled when young Jonathan advanced across the deck to where Zachariah himself sat.

Brother Zachariah pulled his hood close around his face. Some Shadowhunters were disquieted by a Silent Brother who did not appear exactly as the rest did, though the Silent Brothers looked fearsome enough. He did not want to distress the boy, either way.

Jonathan carried Brother Zachariah’s staff back to him, balanced flat as a tightrope along his palms, and laid the staff with a respectful bow on Zachariah’s knees. The boy moved with military discipline unusual in one so young, even among Shadowhunters. Brother Zachariah had not known Michael Wayland, but he guessed he must have been a harsh man.

“Brother Enoch?” the boy guessed.

No, said Brother Zachariah. He knew Enoch’s memories as his own. Enoch had examined the boy, though his memories were gray with lack of interest. Brother Zachariah briefly wished he could have been the Silent Brother at hand for this child.

“No,” the boy repeated slowly. “I should’ve known. You moved differently. I just thought it might be, since you gave me the staff.”

He bowed his head. It struck Zachariah as a sorry thing, that the child would not
have expected even the smallest mercy from a stranger.

“Thank you for letting me use it,” Jonathan added.

*I am glad it was useful*, returned Brother Zachariah.

The boy’s glance up at his face was shocking, the flare of twin suns in what was still almost night. They were not the eyes of a soldier, but a warrior. Brother Zachariah had known both, and he knew the difference.

The boy took a step back, nervous and agile, but stopped with his chin high. Apparently he had a question.

Zachariah was not expecting the one he asked.

“What do the initials mean? On your staff. Do all Silent Brothers have them?”

They looked together at the staff. The letters were worn by time and Zachariah’s own flesh, but they had been struck deep into the wood in the precise places where Zachariah would put his hands on them when he fought. So, in a way, they would always be fighting together.

The letters were *W* and *H*.

*No*, said Brother Zachariah. *I am the only one. I carved them into the staff on my first night in the City of Bones.*

“Were they your initials?” the boy asked, his voice low and a little timid. “Back when you were a Shadowhunter, like me?”

Brother Zachariah still considered himself a Shadowhunter, but Jonathan clearly did not mean any offense.

*No*, said Jem, because he was always James Carstairs when he spoke of what was dearest to him. *Not mine. My parabatai’s.*

*W* and *H*. William Herondale. Will.

The boy looked struck yet wary at the same time. There was a certain guardedness about him, as if he was suspicious of whatever Zachariah might say before he even had the chance to say it.

“My father says—said—a *parabatai* can be a great weakness.”

Jonathan said the word *weakness* with horror. Zachariah wondered what a man who had drilled a boy to fight like that might have considered weakness.

Brother Zachariah did not choose to insult an orphan boy’s dead father, so he arranged his thoughts carefully. This boy was so alone. He remembered how precious that new link could be, especially when you had no other. It could be the last bridge
that connected you to a lost life.

He remembered traveling across the sea, having lost his family, not knowing that he was going to his best friend.

*I suppose they can be a weakness,* he answered. *It depends on who your parabatai is. I carved his initials here because I always fought best with him.*

Jonathan Wayland, the child who fought like a warrior angel, looked intrigued.

“I think—my father was sorry he had a parabatai,” he said. “Now I have to go and live with the man my father was sorry about. I don’t want to be weak, and I don’t want to be sorry. I want to be the best.”

*If you pretend to feel nothing, the pretense may become true,* said Jem. *That would be a pity.*

His parabatai had tried to feel nothing, for a time. Except what he felt for Jem. It had almost destroyed him. And every day, Jem pretended to feel something, to be kind, to fix what was broken, to remember names and voices almost forgotten, and hoped that would become truth.

The boy frowned. “Why would it be a pity?”

*We battle hardest when that which is dearer to us than our own lives is at stake,* said Jem. *A parabatai is both blade and shield. You belong together and to each other not because you are the same but because your different shapes fit together to be a greater whole, a greater warrior for a higher purpose. I always believed we were not merely at our best together, but beyond the best either of us could be apart.*

A slow smile broke across the boy’s face, like sunrise bursting as a bright surprise upon the water.

“I’d like that,” said Jonathan Wayland, adding quickly: “To be a great warrior.”

He flung his head back in a sudden, hasty assumption of arrogance, as if he and Jem might both have imagined he meant that he would like to belong to someone.

This boy, hell-bent on fighting rather than finding a family. The Lightwoods guarding against a vampire, when they could have extended some trust. The vampire, holding every friend at bay. All of them had their wounds, but Brother Zachariah could not help resenting them, for even the privilege of feeling hurt.

All these people were struggling not to feel, trying to freeze their hearts inside their chests until the cold fractured and broke them. While Jem would have given every cold tomorrow he had for one more day with a warm heart, to love them as he once had.

Except Jonathan was a child, still trying to make a distant father proud even when death had made the distance between them impossible. Jem should be kind.
Jem thought of the boy’s speed, his fearless strike with an unfamiliar weapon on a strange and bloody night.

*I’m sure you will be a great warrior,* said Jem.

Jonathan Wayland ducked his shaggy golden head to hide the faint color in his cheeks.

The boy’s forlornness made Jem recall too vividly the night he had carved those initials into his staff, a long, cold night with all the icy strangeness of the Silent Brothers new in his head. He had not wanted to die, but he would have chosen death rather than the awful severing from love and warmth. If only he could have had a death in Tessa’s arms, holding Will’s hand. He had been robbed of his death.

It seemed impossible to stay anything like human, in among the bones and endless dark.

When the alien cacophony of the Silent Brothers threatened to engulf all that he had been, Jem held fast to his lifelines. There had been none stronger than that one, and only one other so strong. His *parabatai’s* name had been a shout into the abyss, a cry that always received an answer. Even in the Silent City, even with the silent howl insisting that Jem’s life was no longer his own but a shared life. No longer my thoughts, but our thoughts. No longer my will, but our will.

He would not accept that parting. *My Will.* Those words meant something different to Jem than to anyone else, meant: my defiance against encroaching dark. My rebellion. Mine, forever.

Jonathan scuffed his shoe against the deck and peered up at Jem, and Jem realized he was trying to see Brother Zachariah’s face beneath the hood. Jem drew the hood, and the shadows, close. Even though he had been rebuffed, Jonathan Wayland offered him a small smile.

Jem had not looked for any kindness from this hurt child. It made Brother Zachariah think that Jonathan Wayland might grow up to be more than a great warrior.

Maybe Jonathan would have a *parabatai* one day, to teach him the kind of man he wanted to be.

*This is the link stronger than any magic,* Jem had told himself that night, knife in hand, cutting deep. *This is the bond I chose.*

He had made his mark. He had taken the name Zachariah, which meant *remember.* Remember him, Jem willed himself. Remember them. Remember why. Remember the only answer to the only question. Do not forget.

When he looked again, Jonathan Wayland was gone. He wished he could thank the
child, for helping him remember.

Isabelle had never been to the New York Passenger Ship Terminal before. She was not very impressed. The terminal was like a glass and metal snake, and they had to sit in its belly and wait. The ships were like warehouses on the water, when Isabelle had been picturing a boat from Idris as like a pirate ship.

It had been dark when they woke, and it was barely dawn now, and freezing. Alec was huddled in his hoodie against the wind blowing off the blue water, and Max was fussing at their mother, cranky about being up so early. Basically both her brothers were cranky, and Isabelle did not know what to expect.

She saw her father walk down the gangway with a boy beside him. The dawn drew a line of thin gold over the water. The wind made little white capelets for every wave in the river and played with the gold locks of the boy’s hair. The boy’s back was straight and slim as a rapier. He was wearing dark, close clothes that looked almost like gear. And there was blood on them. He had actually been part of the fighting. Dad and Mom had not let her or Alec fight even one tiny demon yet!

Isabelle turned to Alec, confident he would share her sense of deep betrayal at this unfairness, and found him staring at the new arrival with wide eyes as though beholding a revelation with the morning.

“Wow,” Alec breathed.

“What about that vampire?” Isabelle demanded, outraged.

Alec said: “What vampire?”

Mom hushed them.

Jonathan Wayland had gold hair and gold eyes, and those eyes had no depths but only shiny reflective surface, showing as little as if they were metal doors slammed down on a temple. He did not even smile as he came to a stop in front of them.

Bring back that Silent Brother, was Isabelle’s feeling.

She looked to her mother, but Mom was staring at this new boy with an odd expression on her face.

The boy was looking back at her. “I’m Jonathan,” he told her intently.

“Hello, Jonathan,” said Isabelle’s mother. “I am Maryse. It’s nice to meet you.”

She reached out and touched the boy’s hair. Jonathan flinched but held himself still, and Maryse smoothed back the shining gold waves the wind had ruffled.

“I think we need to get you a haircut,” Mom said.
It was such a Mom thing to say, it made Isabelle smile at the same time as she rolled her eyes. Actually, the boy Jonathan did need a haircut. The ends of his hair were spilling over his collar, untidy as if whoever had cut it last—too long ago—had not cared enough to do a good job. He had the faint air of a stray animal, fur rough and one breath away from a snarl, though that did not make sense for a kid.

Mom winked. “Then you will be even more handsome.”

“Is that even possible?” Jonathan asked dryly.

Alec laughed. Jonathan looked surprised, as if he had not noticed Alec before then. Isabelle did not think he had paid attention to any of them except her mother.

“Say hello to Jonathan, kids,” said Isabelle’s dad.

Max stared up at Jonathan in awe. He dropped his stuffed rabbit on the cement floor, shuffled forward, and hugged Jonathan’s leg. Jonathan flinched again, though this time it was more of an instinctive rear back, until the genius figured out he was not being attacked by a two-year-old.

“Hello, Jonathing,” said Max, muffled into the material of Jonathan’s trousers.

Jonathan patted Max on the back, very tentatively.

Isabelle’s brothers were so not showing sibling solidarity on the issue of Jonathan Wayland. It was worse when they got home and made awkward small talk even though everybody really wanted to go back to bed.

“Jonathing can sleep in my room because we love each other,” Max proposed.

“Jonathan has his own room. Say ‘Sleep well, Jonathan,’” said Maryse. “You can see Jonathan after we’ve all had a little more rest.”

Isabelle went to her own room, but she was still buzzing with excitement and could not sleep. She was painting her toenails when she heard the tiny creak of a door down the hall.

Isabelle leaped up, the toenails of one foot painted sparkly black and the other foot still encased in a fuzzy pink sock, and ran to the door. She edged it open a fraction and poked her head out, and caught Alec doing the same thing from his own room. They both watched the silhouette of Jonathan Wayland creeping down the corridor. Isabelle made a complicated series of gestures to determine whether Alec wanted to follow him together.

Alec stared at her in total bafflement. Isabelle loved her big brother, but sometimes she despaired about their future demon-hunting endeavors. He was so bad at remembering her cool military-style signals.
She gave up and they both hurried after Jonathan, who did not know the layout of the Institute and could only retrace his steps to the kitchen.

Which was where they found him. Jonathan had his shirt pulled up, and he was dabbing a wet dishtowel along the red cut running up his side.

“By the Angel,” said Alec. “You’re hurt. Why didn’t you say?”

Isabelle hit Alec in the arm for not being stealthy.

Jonathan stared at them, guilt written across his face as if he had been stealing from the cookie jar rather than injured.

“Don’t tell your parents,” he said.

Alec left Isabelle’s side and ran to Jonathan. He examined the cut, then shepherded Jonathan toward a stool, making him sit down. Isabelle was unsurprised. Alec always fussed when she or Max fell down.

“It’s shallow,” Alec said after a moment, “but our parents really would want to know. Mom could put an *iratze* on—or something—”

“No! It’s better for your parents not to know it happened at all. It was just bad luck one of them got me. I’m a good fighter,” Jonathan protested sharply.

He was so vehement it was almost alarming. If he hadn’t been ten years old, Isabelle would have thought he was worried they might send him away for being an inadequate soldier.

“You’re obviously great,” said Alec. “You just need someone to have your back.”

He put his hand lightly on Jonathan’s shoulder as he spoke. It was a small gesture Isabelle would not even have noted, except for the fact she had never seen Alec reach out like that to anyone who was not family and that Jonathan Wayland went perfectly still at his touch, as if he was afraid the tiniest movement would scare Alec away.

“Does it hurt a lot?” Alec added sympathetically.

“No,” Jonathan Wayland whispered.

Isabelle thought it was perfectly clear Jonathan Wayland would claim having his leg cut off did not hurt, but Alec was an honest soul.

“Okay,” said her brother. “Let me grab a few things from the infirmary. Let’s deal with this together.”

Alec nodded in an encouraging fashion and went to fetch supplies from the infirmary, leaving Isabelle and this weird bleeding boy alone together.

“So you and your brother seem ... really close,” Jonathan said.
Isabelle blinked. “Sure.”

What a concept, being close to your family. Isabelle refrained from being sarcastic, as Jonathan was both unwell and a guest.

“So ... I guess you’re going to be parabatai,” Jonathan ventured.

“Oh, no, I don’t think so,” said Isabelle. “Being parabatai is a little old-fashioned, isn’t it? Besides, I don’t like the idea of giving up my independence. Before I am my parents’ daughter or my brothers’ sister, I am my own. I’m already a lot of people’s something. I don’t need to be anyone else’s anything, not for a long time. You know?”

Jonathan smiled. He had a chipped tooth. Isabelle wondered how that had happened, and hoped it had been chipped in an awesome fight. “I don’t know. I’m not really anyone’s anything.”

Isabelle bit her lip. She had never realized before that she took feeling secure for granted.

Jonathan had glanced at Isabelle as he spoke, but immediately after he returned to watching the door through which Alec had disappeared.

Isabelle could not help observing that Jonathan Wayland had lived in their home for less than three hours, and he was already trying to lock down a parabatai.

Then he slouched farther into his chair, resuming his too-cool-for-the-Institute attitude, and she forgot the thought in annoyance that Jonathan was such a show-off. She, Isabelle, was the only show-off this Institute needed.

She and Jonathan stared each other down until Alec returned.

“Oh—would you rather I put on the bandages or do you want to do it yourself?”

Jonathan’s face was opaque. “I can do it myself. I don’t need anything.”

“Oh,” Alec said unhappily.

Isabelle could not tell if Jonathan’s expressionless face was to ward them off or protect himself, but he was hurt. Alec was still shy with strangers, and Jonathan was a closed-off human being, so they were going to be awkward even though Isabelle could tell they both really liked each other. Isabelle sighed. Boys were hopeless, and she had to take charge of this situation.

“Hold still, idiot,” she ordered Jonathan, seized ointment from Alec’s hands, and began to smear it over Jonathan’s cut. “I am going to be a ministering angel.”

“Um,” said Alec. “That’s a lot of ointment.”

It did look a little like when you squeezed the center of the tube of toothpaste too
hard, but Isabelle felt you did not get results without being willing to make a mess.

“It’s fine,” said Jonathan quickly. “It’s great. Thank you, Isabelle.”

Isabelle glanced up and grinned at him. Alec efficiently unwound a bandage. Having got them started, Isabelle stepped back. Her parents would object if she accidentally turned their guest into a mummy.

“What’s going on?” said Robert Lightwood’s voice from the door. “Jonathan! You said you were not hurt.”

When Isabelle looked, she saw both her mom and dad standing at the threshold of the kitchen, arms folded and eyes narrowed. She imagined they would have objections to her and Alec playing doctor with the new kid. Strong objections.

“We were just patching Jonathan up,” Alec announced anxiously, ranging himself in front of Jonathan’s stool. “No big deal.”

“It was my fault I got hurt,” said Jonathan. “I know excuses are for incompetents. It won’t happen again.”

“It won’t?” asked her mother. “All warriors get wounded sometimes. Planning to run away and become a Silent Brother?”

Jonathan Wayland shrugged. “I applied to the Iron Sisters, but they sent me a hurtful and sexist refusal.”

Everyone laughed. Jonathan looked briefly startled again, then pleased, before he shut away his expressions as if slamming a lid down on a treasure chest. Isabelle’s mother was the one who went and attended to Jonathan’s wound, while her father stayed by the door.


“No,” said Jonathan. “My father used to tell a joke about having another Jonathan, if I wasn’t good enough.”

Isabelle did not think that was much of a joke.

“I always think that naming one of our kids Jonathan is like the mundanes calling kids Jebediah,” said Isabelle’s mother.

“John,” said her father. “Mundanes often call their kids John.”

“Do they?” asked Maryse, and shrugged. “I could have sworn it was Jebediah.”

“My middle name is Christopher,” said Jonathan. “You can—you can call me Christopher if you like.”

Maryse and Isabelle exchanged a speaking look. She and her mother had always been
able to communicate like this. Isabelle thought it was because they were the only girls, and special to each other. She could not imagine her mother telling her anything she would not want to hear.

“We’re not going to rename you,” said Mom sadly.

Isabelle was not sure if her mother was sad that Jonathan thought they would do that, give him a different name as if he were a pet, or sad that he would have let them.

What Isabelle was sure about was that her mother was watching Jonathan in the same way she had watched Max when he was still learning to walk, and there would be no more discussion of a trial period. Jonathan was obviously here to stay.

“Maybe a nickname,” Maryse proposed. “What would you think of Jace?”

He was silent for a moment, observing Isabelle’s mother carefully from the corner of his eye. At last he offered her a smile, faint and cool as the light in early morning, but growing warm with hope.

Jonathan Wayland said: “I think Jace will work.”

As a boy was introduced to a family, and vampires slept cold but curled together in the hold of a ship, Brother Zachariah walked through a city not his own. The people hurrying by could not see him, but he saw the light in their eyes as if it had been made new. The blare of car horns and scream of tires from yellow cabs and the chatter of many voices in many tongues formed a long, living song. Brother Zachariah could not sing the song, but he could listen.

This was not the first time this had happened to him, seeing a trace of what had been in what was. The coloring was entirely different. The boy did not really have anything to do with Will. Jem knew that. Jem—for in the moments he remembered Will, he was always Jem—was used to seeing his lost and dearest Shadowhunter in a thousand Shadowhunter faces and gestures, the turn of a head or the note of a voice. Never the beloved head, never the long-silent voice, but sometimes, more and more rarely, something close.

Jem’s hand was firmly clasped around his staff. He had not paid attention to the carving beneath his palm like this for many a long, cold day.

_This is a reminder of my faith. If there is any part of him that can be with me, and I believe there is, then he is at hand. Nothing can part us._ He allowed himself a smile. His mouth could not open, but he could still smile. He could still speak to Will, though he could no longer hear any answer.

_Life is not a boat, bearing us far away on a cruel, relentless tide from all we love. You are not_
lost to me on some forever distant shore. Life is a wheel.

From the river, he could hear mermaids. All the sparks of the city by morning were kindling a new fire. A new day was born.

If life is a wheel, it will bring you back to me. All I must do is keep faith.

Even when having a heart seemed hard past bearing, it was better than the alternative. Even when Brother Zachariah felt he was losing the struggle, losing everything he had been, there was hope.

Sometimes you seem very far away from me, my parabatai.

Light on water had not rivaled the boy’s blazing contradiction of a smile, somehow both indomitable and too easily hurt. He was a child going to a new home, as Will and the boy Zachariah had been had once traveled in lonely sorrow to the place where they would find each other. Jem hoped he would find happiness.

Jem smiled back at a boy long gone.

Sometimes, Will, he said. You seem very close.

Read on for an snippet from the second Ghosts of the Shadow Market story, “Cast Long Shadows,” by Cassandra Clare and Sarah Rees Brennan:
Cast Long Shadows excerpt

Old sins cast long shadows — English Proverb

London, 1901

The railway viaduct passed only a hair’s breadth away from the church of St. Savior. There had been discussion among the mundanes about the possibility of demolishing the church to make way for the railroad, but it had met with unexpectedly fierce opposition. Instead the railway took a slightly more circuitous route, and the spire of the church still remained, a silver dagger against the night sky.

Beneath the arches, crosses, and rattling rails, a mundane market was held by day, the largest association of grocers in the city. By night, the market belonged to the Downworld.

Vampires and werewolves, warlocks and the fey, met under the stars and under glamour that human eyes could not pierce. They had their magic stalls set up in the same pattern as the humans’ stalls, under the bridges and through tiny streets, but the Shadow Market stalls did not hold apples or turnips. Under the dark arches the stalls shone, laden with bells and ribbons, gaudy with color: snake green, fever red, and the startling orange of flames. Brother Zachariah smelled incense burning and heard the songs of werewolves for the distant beauty of the moon, and faeries calling for children to come away, come away.

It was the first Shadow Market of the New Year by English standards, though it was still the old year in China. Brother Zachariah had left Shanghai when he was a child, and London when he was seventeen, to go to the Silent City, where there was no acknowledgment of time passing save that the ashes of more warriors were laid down. Still he remembered the celebrations of the New Year in his human life, from egg nog and fortune-telling in London to the setting off of fireworks and nibbling of moon dumplings in Shanghai.

Now, snow was falling on London. The air was crisp and cold as a fresh apple, and felt good against his face. The voices of his brothers were a low hum in his head,
affording Brother Zachariah a little distance.

Zachariah was here on a mission, but he took a brief time to be glad he was in London, in the Shadow Market, to breathe air clear of the dust of the departed. It felt something like freedom, like being young again.

He rejoiced, but that did not mean the people of the Shadow Market rejoiced with him. He observed many Downworlders, and even mundanes with the Sight, casting him looks that were the opposite of welcoming. As he moved, a dark murmur threaded through the hum of conversation all around him.

The denizens of the Downworld considered this Market time as space snatched away from angels. They clearly did not relish his presence among them. Brother Zachariah was one of the Silent Brothers, a voiceless fraternity that lived long amid old bones, sworn to seclusion with hearts dedicated to the dust of their city and their dead. Nobody could be expected to embrace a Silent Brother, and these people would not be likely to take pleasure in the appearance of any Shadowhunter at all.

Even as he doubted, he saw a stranger sight than any he had expected in the Market.

There was a Shadowhunter boy dancing a cancan with three faeries. He was Charlotte and Henry Fairchild’s younger son, Matthew Fairchild. His head was thrown back, his fair hair bright by firelight, and he was laughing.

Brother Zachariah had an instant to wonder if Matthew was spellbound before Matthew caught sight of him and bounded forward, leaving the fairies behind him looking discomfited. The Fair Folk were not accustomed to having mortals skip out on their dances.

Matthew did not appear to notice. He ran up to Brother Zachariah, threw an exuberant arm about his neck, and ducked his head under the hood of the Silent Brother to give him a kiss on the cheek.

“Uncle Jem!” Matthew exclaimed joyfully. “What are you doing here?”

“Cast Long Shadows” by Cassandra Clare and Sarah Rees Brennan will be published on 8 May, 2018.
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Cassandra Clare online

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About the Authors

CASSANDRA CLARE was born to American parents in Teheran, Iran and spent much of her childhood traveling the world with her family. She lived in France, England and Switzerland before she was ten years old. Since her family moved around so much she found familiarity in books and went everywhere with a book under her arm. She spent her high school years in Los Angeles where she used to write stories to amuse her classmates, including an epic novel called “The Beautiful Cassandra” based on the eponymous Jane Austen short story (and from which she later took her current pen name).

After college, Cassie lived in Los Angeles and New York where she worked at various entertainment magazines and even some rather suspect tabloids. She started working on her YA novel, City of Bones, in 2004, inspired by the urban landscape of Manhattan, her favorite city.

In 2007, the first book in the Mortal Instruments series, City of Bones, introduced the world to Shadowhunters. The Mortal Instruments concluded in 2014, and includes City of Ashes, City of Glass, City of Fallen Angels, City of Lost Souls, and City of Heavenly Fire. She also created a prequel series, inspired by A Tale of Two Cities and set in Victorian London. This series, The Infernal Devices, follows bookworm Tessa Gray as she discovers the London Institute in Clockwork Angel, Clockwork Prince, and Clockwork Princess.

The sequel series to The Mortal Instruments, The Dark Artifices, where the Shadowhunters take on Los Angeles, began with Lady Midnight, continues with Lord of Shadows and will conclude with Queen of Air and Darkness.

Other books in the Shadowhunters series include The Bane Chronicles, Tales from the Shadowhunter Academy, and The Shadowhunter’s Codex.

Her books have more than 36 million copies in print worldwide and have been translated into more than thirty-five languages. Visit her at CassandraClare.com.

SARAH REES BRENNAN was born and raised in Ireland by the sea, where her teachers valiantly tried to make her fluent in Irish (she wants you to know it’s not called Gaelic) but she chose to read books under her desk in class instead. The books most often found under her desk were Jane Austen, Margaret Mahy, Anthony Trollope, Robin McKinley and Diana Wynne Jones, and she still loves them all today. After college she
lived briefly in New York and somehow survived in spite of her habit of hitching lifts in fire engines. She began working on The Demon’s Lexicon while doing a Creative Writing MA and library work in Surrey, England. Since then she has returned to Ireland to write and use as a home base for future adventures. Her Irish is still woeful, but she feels the books under the desk were worth it. Sarah is also the author of the Lynburn Legacy series, and the novels Tell the Wind and Fire and In Other Lands. Visit her at sarahreesbrennan.com.
Kaye really wasn’t expecting Shadowhunters to come to Moon in a Cup, especially on opening day. She wasn’t even really sure what Shadowhunters did. They appeared to believe that the world was menaced by demons, wore a lot of weapons, tattooed one another, and didn’t trust anyone who wasn’t one of them. Kaye had once pointed out that she’d never seen a demon and, really, she’d seen plenty of odd things. The Shadowhunter she’d been talking with had claimed her not seeing any demons only proved that the Shadowhunters were doing their job. She’d stopped arguing after that.

You can’t prove a negative, Corny had said. It annoyed her, though, because not only did they believe in demons, but they thought faeries like her were part demon too. That made all the weapon carrying and weirdness a little more nervous-making than it might have been otherwise. But Luis liked them and, besides, Kaye needed customers.

She just hoped they didn’t eat the scones.

Moon in a Cup was her dream and now that it was finally happening, she was incredibly nervous. She loved the smell of the espresso in the air, the clouds of steam and the sound of frothing milk. She loved all the things that she and her friends had scavenged from thrift sales and from the side of the road. Ratty little wooden tables
that she and Valerie and Ruth had decoupaged with postcards and sheets of music and pages from encyclopedias. Gold-painted chairs. Outsider art and weird antlers and a few landscapes with sea serpents painted on top of them. Mismatched cups that ranged from bone china to chipped bowls with pictures of ducks on them to mugs with slogans for businesses long closed. Every single one felt like a treasure to her, but she’d never owned anything before or been very responsible. She’d worried over whether she could handle it—whether she’d even like it once it was real—for months.

And now, finally, finally, finally, the place was open.

Ravus and Luis had painted a big sign announcing their GRAND OPENING, which hung above the register. There, in somewhat organized canisters, were the makings for many things, both mortal and less so. In addition to various coffee drinks, including the terrifying Red Eye, and the Dirty Chai, they were serving herbal teas made from nettle, milk thistle and dandelion, rosehip and sticklewort, bluecap and Coltsfoot.

Then one of the Unseelie knights, Dulcamara, had sent Kaye a large basket of pastries—scones, muffins, all tarts—all baked with faerie fruit, none of which Kaye could picture the knight making herself. Corny had put them out, but marked them NOT FOR HUMANS, which Kaye worried might confuse people who came in off the street. Still, she’d been too busy to do more than promise herself that she was going to keep an eye on them.

The place was already half full by the time the Shadowhunters arrived. There were a ton of faerie folk that Kaye didn’t know—denizens of Roiben’s court, looking curiously around at the décor. Corny was helping Kaye behind the bar, mixing up a pot of seaweed tea for a sharp-dressed kelpie who winked at him. Corny didn’t wink back, probably because Luis was watching him from across the room with an amused expression, flanked by Val, her short red hair growing out in curls, Ravus, and Val’s best friend Ruth with her new girlfriend whose hair was dyed the color of a blueberry.

Luis stopped watching his boyfriend, though, and looked over at the door when the Shadowhunters came in. They tended to attract attention, even though they were often glamoured up like they really didn’t want it. Still, it was hard to ignore a group of tall, heavily armed people whose cheekbones were as sharp as their weaponry.

It was a group of three of them: two boys and a girl. The taller boy had black hair and blue eyes, and wore a bow and quiver of arrows slung over his shoulder. His hands were in his pockets and he was glaring like he really didn’t want to be there. The boy next to him was blond, really bright blond, with hair the same color that the gold chairs were painted. He was wearing a long leather jacket so any weapons he had on him were probably concealed, although Kaye was sure they were there. The girl had the
same long black hair as the tall boy—siblings, Kaye guessed—though her eyes were dark. She was wearing a flowing lacy top and a velvet skirt, and a very unusual sort of golden bangle that curled over and over up her arm.

“Meliorn!” the girl cried out upon entering, and dashed across the room to throw herself into the arms of a faerie knight in white armor. Kaye recognized him as one of the Seelie Court’s knights, kind of a silent, stuck-up type. He returned the Shadowhunter girl’s embrace.

“Isabelle,” he said. “You are as lovely as a willow tree.”

Kaye smirked to herself. Ah, faerie compliments. Some willow trees were lovely and some weren’t, so the compliment didn’t mean much. The Shadowhunter girl, Isabelle, seemed to purr under his words, though; grasping him by his slightly pointed ears, she kissed him firmly.

Well, that was new. Shadowhunters dating faeries?

The two boys came up to the bar, looking around like they were sure that anyone would be honored to serve them coffee. Kaye wasn’t so convinced.

“So what’s a red eye?” asked the blond one.

“It’s a shot of espresso in a cup of coffee,” Kaye explained. “Not for amateurs.”

The blond boy grinned. He had that kind of grin that really good-looking people who knew they were good-looking had. It was more than a little intimidating. “I think you’ll find I’m not an amateur at anything.”

“So does that mean you want one, or not?” Kaye always felt awkward around boys like him, sure that they were laughing at her.

“I think it means if you come out from behind that counter and spend a few minutes with me somewhere a little more private, you won’t be disappointed.”

Kaye stared at him, open-mouthed. Was he really suggesting they go have sex? Like right then, in the middle of her shift? Or maybe he meant something else. She took another look at him. Nope, probably not.

“Jace,” hissed the boy standing next to him. “Just order a freaking cookie or something.”

“I like cookies,” said Jace, with a particularly charming smile, “but what I really prefer is pretty ladies with green skin.”

“Slow your roll, Captain Kirk,” said Corny. “She has a boyfriend.”

“A serious one?” Jace inquired — he was still smiling in that annoyingly charming way that made it hard to be irritated.
“He has a seriously big sword,” Corny said. “And he’ll be here any minute.”

Jace’s hand went to his waist. “Well, if it’s seriously big swords we’re discussing—”

The dark-haired boy thunked his head down on the countertop.

“Stop this pointless flirting,” he said. “Or I will bash my head through this pastry case.”

“I wish you wouldn’t,” said Kaye. “We just had it installed.”

“Calm down, Alec.” Jace shrugged, in a no-harm-trying kind of way and flashed his grin at Corny. “In that case, I guess we’ll have to make do with two Red Eyes and a scone.”

“The scones aren’t for humans,” Kaye protested.

“We’re not humans,” said Jace.

Kaye was about to protest again, when Corny slid a plate with a scone on it onto the countertop with a flourish.

She wanted to snatch it back—faerie fruit wasn’t wise for anyone—but it would be bad for business to be seen wrestling food away from customers, especially when they were currently in the process of paying for it. Besides, she thought, trying to convince herself, people liked faerie fruit. It made them a little crazy, sure, and there was that one time that Corny had recited all the lyrics to Synchronicity while eating them and that other time that he’d maybe been involved in an orgy, but on the whole, Jace would probably be fine.

Shadowhunters were supposed to be different. Maybe they had some control over themselves that ordinary human beings didn’t. The rumor about them was that they were part angel, and Kaye couldn’t imagine angels running around reciting all the lyrics to Synchronicity or getting into orgiastic situations. Then again, she couldn’t picture angels hitting on her either.

“Enjoy it,” she said, finally, giving up and setting their coffee drinks on the counter. Alec took the change she handed out and dumped it in the tip jar. She felt bad for him. It was obvious he had a bit of a crush on Jace, and equally obvious that he was having a pretty bad day.

She watched as they made their way across the shop and sank down on a couch across from Isabelle and Meliorn, who were busy rubbing noses and making cutesy faces at each other. Jace and Alec rolled their eyes.

Another boy came in, staggering a little. His black hair stuck straight up, thick with glitter, and he appeared to be very, very drunk. He had a stack of papers with him and
was handing them out to the patrons. Every time someone took one, there was a little electric burst of glitter.

Finally he sprawled out in an armchair near Isabelle, and leaned over to her. She broke away from Meliorn, frowning at him—he seemed to be saying something about his cat’s birthday as he waved another piece of paper at her. Or maybe he was talking about his own birthday, since his eyes looked very like the reflective, unblinking eyes of a cat. Kaye wondered what he was. Not a faerie, and not a Shadow-hunter either.

“The Magnificent Magnus?” Isabelle said, dubiously, then shrugged. “But, hey, thanks for the invite.” She took the paper, folded it up, and thrust it down the front of her shirt before going back to kissing Meliorn.

For a few minutes, Kaye was absorbed in making another pot of seaweed tea, passing over three espresso shots to a trio of hobgoblins and making one Dirty Chai for a human in a business suit who seemed a little unnerved, as though despite not being able to see through the glamour all around him, he was able to discern that something about the other customers was a little off. He scuttled away as soon as she handed him the drink, clearing the way for her to see across the room—

To where Jace was taking off his clothes. The scone plate on the coffee table in front of him was empty, and he had a dreamy expression on his face—the dreamy expression of a human who had eaten faerie fruit. He had already shrugged off his long coat, and was getting to work on the buttons of his shirt.

“Jace,” Alec hissed. “Jace, what are you doing?”

“It’s warm in here,” Jace said, in a slurred voice. Two knives hit the ground.

Across the room, several faeries began to giggle. Jace kicked off his boots and socks.

“Corny,” Kaye said. “Do something. This is entirely your fault, you know. You gave him those scones.”

Corny was watching Jace undressing with raised eyebrows and an appreciative expression on his face. “I think I might be some kind of genius. You couldn’t pay me to stop this.”

Jace had whipped his shirt off. Kaye squinted and had to admit Corny had a point. You rarely saw a body like that outside of magazine spreads. Some people had six-packs; Jace appeared to have a twelve-pack. It didn’t look humanly possible. “Could be good for business,” she mused and pulled herself an espresso shot. She thought she was going to need it.

“Maybe we could get him to do it every day?” Corny said, as Jace unbuttoned his jeans. Alec attempted to stop him, but Jace moved nimbly out of his way and kicked
the jeans off with a flourish.

“Don’t try to stop me, Alec,” said Jace. “This body has to be free.”

Isabelle looked up from kissing Meliorn and her eyes widened. “Holy crap,” she said. “Jace—”

She started to stand up, but Jace had already made his way to the door. He paused there and bowed—to considerable applause—plucked the pair of antlers off the wall, and placed them gently on his head. Then he darted out the door, just as Roiben came in.

Roiben, in his long black cloak, raised both his silver brows and stared after Jace, a small smile playing at the corner of his lips. He looked about to ask Meliorn a question and then seemed to think better of it. Then, abruptly, he began to laugh.

“Oh, by the Angel,” Alec said mournfully. “Another place we can never go to again. You’d think, in a city as big as New York…”

Kaye noticed that the boozy Magnus the Magnificent was watching Alec with a gleam in his catlike eyes. It really was too bad Alec seemed too sunk in gloom to notice.

“We should have hung a sign on that guy,” Corny said. “Imagine the advertising.”

And right then, Kaye realized two things. One was that Shadowhunters might be good at killing things, but their dating lives were a mess. And the other was that she was going to love owning a coffee shop.