

Prequel to the internationally bestselling *Mortal Instruments* series



THE INFERNAL DEVICES

Clockwork Angel * Clockwork Prince * Clockwork Princess

CASSANDRA CLARE

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Clockwork Angel

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For Jim and Kate



Thames River Song

*A note of salt
slips in and the river rises,
darkening to the color of tea,
swelling to meet the green.
Above its banks the cogs and wheels
of monstrous machines
clank and spin, the ghost within
vanishes into its coils,
whispering mysteries.
Each tiny golden cog has teeth,
each great wheel moves
a pair of hands which take
the water from the river,
devour it, convert it into steam,
coerce the great machine to run
on the force of its dissolution.
Gently, the tide is rising,
corrupting the mechanism.
Salt, rust and silt
slowing the gears.
Down at the banks
the iron tanks
sway into their moorings
with the hollow boom
of a gigantic bell,
of drum and cannon
which cry out in a tongue of thunder
and the river rolls under.*

—Elka Cloke

PROLOGUE

London, April 1878.

The demon exploded in a shower of ichor and guts.

William Herondale jerked back the dagger he was holding, but it was too late. The viscous acid of the demon's blood had already begun to eat away at the shining blade. He swore and tossed the weapon aside; it landed in a filthy puddle and commenced smoldering like a doused match. The demon itself, of course, had vanished—dispatched back to whatever hellish world it had come from, though not without leaving a mess behind.

“Jem!” Will called, turning around. “Where are you? Did you see that? Killed it with one blow! Not bad, eh?”

But there was no answer to Will's shout; his hunting partner had been standing behind him in the damp and crooked street a few moments before, guarding his back, Will was positive, but now Will was alone in the shadows. He frowned in annoyance—it was much less fun showing off without Jem to show off *to*. He glanced behind him, to where the street narrowed into a passage that gave onto the black, heaving water of the Thames in the distance. Through the gap Will could see the dark outlines of docked ships, a forest of masts like a leafless orchard. No Jem there; perhaps he had gone back to Narrow Street in search of better illumination. With a shrug Will headed back the way he had come.

Narrow Street cut across Limehouse, between the docks beside the river and the cramped slums spreading west toward Whitechapel. It was as narrow as its name suggested, lined with warehouses and lopsided wooden buildings. At the moment it

was deserted; even the drunks staggering home from the Grapes up the road had found somewhere to collapse for the night. Will liked Limehouse, liked the feeling of being on the edge of the world, where ships left each day for unimaginably far ports. That the area was a sailor's haunt, and consequently full of gambling hells, opium dens, and brothels, didn't hurt either. It was easy to lose yourself in a place like this. He didn't even mind the smell of it—smoke and rope and tar, foreign spices mixed with the dirty river-water smell of the Thames.

Looking up and down the empty street, he scrubbed the sleeve of his coat across his face, trying to rub away the ichor that stung and burned his skin. The cloth came away stained green and black. There was a cut on the back of his hand too, a nasty one. He could use a healing rune. One of Charlotte's, preferably. She was particularly good at drawing *iratzes*.

A shape detached itself from the shadows and moved toward Will. He started forward, then paused. It wasn't Jem, but rather a mundane policeman wearing a bell-shaped helmet, a heavy overcoat, and a puzzled expression. He stared at Will, or rather *through* Will. However accustomed Will had become to glamour, it was always strange to be looked through as if he weren't there. Will was seized with the sudden urge to grab the policeman's truncheon and watch while the man flapped around, trying to figure out where it had gone; but Jem had scolded him the few times he'd done that before, and while Will never really could understand Jem's objections to the whole enterprise, it wasn't worth making him upset.

With a shrug and a blink, the policeman moved past Will, shaking his head and muttering something under his breath about swearing off the gin before he truly started seeing things. Will stepped aside to let the man pass, then raised his voice to a shout: "James Carstairs! Jem! Where *are* you, you disloyal bastard?"

This time a faint reply answered him. "Over here. Follow the witchlight."

Will moved toward the sound of Jem's voice. It seemed to be coming from a dark opening between two warehouses; a faint gleam was visible within the shadows, like the darting light of a will-o'-the-wisp. "Did you hear me before? That Shax demon thought it could get me with its bloody great pincers, but I cornered it in an alley—"

"Yes, I heard you." The young man who appeared at the mouth of the alley was pale in the lamplight—paler even than he usually was, which was quite pale indeed. He was bareheaded, which drew the eye immediately to his hair. It was an odd bright silver color, like an untarnished shilling. His eyes were the same silver, and his fine-boned face was angular, the slight curve of his eyes the only clue to his heritage.

There were dark stains across his white shirtfront, and his hands were thickly smeared with red.

Will tensed. "You're bleeding. What happened?"

Jem waved away Will's concern. "It's not my blood." He turned his head back toward the alley behind him. "It's hers."

Will glanced past his friend, into the thicker shadows of the alley. In the far corner of it was a crumpled shape—only a shadow in the darkness, but when Will looked closely, he could make out the shape of a pale hand, and a wisp of fair hair.

"A dead woman?" Will asked. "A mundane?"

"A girl, really. Not more than fourteen."

At that, Will cursed with great volume and expression. Jem waited patiently for him to be done.

"If we'd only happened along a little earlier," Will said finally. "That bloody demon—"

"That's the peculiar thing. I don't think this is the demon's work." Jem frowned. "Shax demons are parasites, brood parasites. It would have wanted to drag its victim back to its lair to lay eggs in her skin while she was still alive. But this girl—she was stabbed, repeatedly. And I don't think it was here, either. There simply isn't enough blood in the alley. I think she was

attacked elsewhere, and she dragged herself here to die of her injuries.”

“But the Shax demon—”

“I’m telling you, I don’t think it *was* the Shax. I think the Shax was pursuing her—hunting her down for something, or someone, else.”

“Shaxes have a keen sense of scent,” Will allowed. “I’ve heard of warlocks using them to follow the tracks of the missing. And it did seem to be moving with an odd sort of purpose.” He looked past Jem, at the pitiful smallness of the crumpled shape in the alley. “You didn’t find the weapon, did you?”

“Here.” Jem drew something from inside his jacket—a knife, wrapped in white cloth. “It’s a sort of misericord, or hunting dagger. Look how thin the blade is.”

Will took it. The blade was indeed thin, ending in a handle made of polished bone. The blade and hilt both were stained with dried blood. With a frown he wiped the flat of the knife across the rough fabric of his sleeve, scraping it clean until a symbol, burned into the blade, became visible. Two serpents, each biting the other’s tail, forming a perfect circle.

“*Ouroboros*,” Jem said, leaning in close to stare at the knife. “A double one. Now, what do you think that means?”

“The end of the world,” said Will, still looking at the dagger, a small smile playing about his mouth, “and the beginning.”

Jem frowned. “I understand the symbology, William. I meant, what do you think its presence on the dagger signifies?”

The wind off the river was ruffling Will’s hair; he brushed it out of his eyes with an impatient gesture and went back to studying the knife. “It’s an alchemical symbol, not a warlock or Downworlder one. That usually means humans—the foolish mundane sort who think trafficking in magic is the ticket for gaining wealth and fame.”

“The sort who usually end up a pile of bloody rags inside some pentagram.” Jem sounded grim.

“The sort who like to lurk about the Downworld parts of our fair city.” After wrapping the handkerchief around the blade carefully, Will slipped it into his jacket pocket. “D’you think Charlotte will let me handle the investigation?”

“Do *you* think you can be trusted in Downworld? The gambling hells, the dens of magical vice, the women of loose morals . . .”

Will smiled the way Lucifer might have smiled, moments before he fell from Heaven. “Would tomorrow be too early to start looking, do you think?”

Jem sighed. “Do what you like, William. You always do.”

Southampton, May.

Tessa could not remember a time when she had not loved the clockwork angel. It had belonged to her mother once, and her mother had been wearing it when she died. After that it had sat in her mother’s jewelry box, until her brother, Nathaniel, took it out one day to see if it was still in working order.

The angel was no bigger than Tessa’s pinky finger, a tiny statuette made of brass, with folded bronze wings no larger than a cricket’s. It had a delicate metal face with shut crescent eyelids, and hands crossed over a sword in front. A thin chain that looped beneath the wings allowed the angel to be worn around the neck like a locket.

Tessa knew the angel was made out of clockwork because if she lifted it to her ear she could hear the sound of its machinery, like the sound of a watch. Nate had exclaimed in surprise that it was still working after so many years, and he had looked in vain for a knob or a screw, or some other method by which the angel might be wound. But there had been nothing to find. With a shrug he’d given the angel to Tessa. From that moment she had never taken it off; even at night the angel lay against her chest as she slept, its constant *ticktock, ticktock* like the beating of a second heart.

She held it now, clutched between her fingers, as the *Main* nosed its way between other massive steamships to find a spot at the Southampton dock. Nate had insisted that she come to Southampton instead of Liverpool, where most transatlantic steamers arrived. He had claimed it was because Southampton was a much pleasanter place to arrive at, so Tessa couldn't help being a little disappointed by this, her first sight of England. It was drearily gray. Rain drummed down onto the spires of a distant church, while black smoke rose from the chimneys of ships and stained the already dull-colored sky. A crowd of people in dark clothes, holding umbrellas, stood on the docks. Tessa strained to see if her brother was among them, but the mist and spray from the ship were too thick for her to make out any individual in great detail.

Tessa shivered. The wind off the sea was chilly. All of Nate's letters had claimed that London was beautiful, the sun shining every day. Well, Tessa thought, hopefully the weather there was better than it was here, because she had no warm clothes with her, nothing more substantial than a woolen shawl that had belonged to Aunt Harriet, and a pair of thin gloves. She had sold most of her clothes to pay for her aunt's funeral, secure in the knowledge that her brother would buy her more when she arrived in London to live with him.

A shout went up. The *Main*, its shining black-painted hull gleaming wet with rain, had anchored, and tugs were plowing their way through the heaving gray water, ready to carry baggage and passengers to the shore. Passengers streamed off the ship, clearly desperate to feel land under their feet. So different from their departure from New York. The sky had been blue then, and a brass band had been playing. Though, with no one there to wish her good-bye, it had not been a merry occasion.

Hunching her shoulders, Tessa joined the disembarking crowd. Drops of rain stung her unprotected head and neck like pinpricks from icy little needles, and her hands, inside their insubstantial gloves, were clammy and wet with rain. Reaching the quay, she

looked around eagerly, searching for a sight of Nate. It had been nearly two weeks since she'd spoken to a soul, having kept almost entirely to herself on board the *Main*. It would be wonderful to have her brother to talk to again.

He wasn't there. The wharves were heaped with stacks of luggage and all sorts of boxes and cargo, even mounds of fruit and vegetables wilting and dissolving in the rain. A steamer was departing for Le Havre nearby, and damp-looking sailors swarmed close by Tessa, shouting in French. She tried to move aside, only to be almost trampled by a throng of disembarking passengers hurrying for the shelter of the railway station.

But Nate was nowhere to be seen.

"You are Miss Gray?" The voice was guttural, heavily accented. A man had moved to stand in front of Tessa. He was tall, and was wearing a sweeping black coat and a tall hat, its brim collecting rainwater like a cistern. His eyes were peculiarly bulging, almost protuberant, like a frog's, his skin as rough-looking as scar tissue. Tessa had to fight the urge to cringe away from him. But he knew her name. Who here would know her name except someone who knew Nate, too?

"Yes?"

"Your brother sent me. Come with me."

"Where is he?" Tessa demanded, but the man was already walking away. His stride was uneven, as if he had a limp from an old injury. After a moment Tessa gathered up her skirts and hurried after him.

He wound through the crowd, moving ahead with purposeful speed. People jumped aside, muttering about his rudeness as he shouldered past, with Tessa nearly running to keep up. He turned abruptly around a pile of boxes, and came to a halt in front of a large, gleaming black coach. Gold letters had been painted across its side, but the rain and mist were too thick for Tessa to read them clearly.

The door of the carriage opened and a woman leaned out. She wore an enormous plumed hat that hid her face. "Miss Theresa

Gray?"

Tessa nodded. The bulging-eyed man hurried to help the woman out of the carriage—and then another woman, following after her. Each of them immediately opened an umbrella and raised it, sheltering themselves from the rain. Then they fixed their eyes on Tessa.

They were an odd pair, the women. One was very tall and thin, with a bony, pinched face. Colorless hair was scraped back into a chignon at the back of her head. She wore a dress of brilliant violet silk, already spattered here and there with splotches of rain, and matching violet gloves. The other woman was short and plump, with small eyes sunk deep into her head; the bright pink gloves stretched over her large hands made them look like colorful paws.

"Theresa Gray," said the shorter of the two. "What a delight to make your acquaintance at last. I am Mrs. Black, and this is my sister, Mrs. Dark. Your brother sent us to accompany you to London."

Tessa—damp, cold, and baffled—clutched her wet shawl tighter around herself. "I don't understand. Where's Nate? Why didn't he come himself?"

"He was unavoidably detained by business in London. Mortmain's couldn't spare him. He sent ahead a note for you, however." Mrs. Black held out a rolled-up bit of paper, already dampened with rain.

Tessa took it and turned away to read it. It was a short note from her brother apologizing for not being at the docks to meet her, and letting her know that he trusted Mrs. Black and Mrs. Dark—I call them the Dark Sisters, Tessie, for obvious reasons, and they seem to find the name agreeable!—to bring her safely to his house in London. They were, his note said, his landladies as well as trusted friends, and they had his highest recommendation.

That decided her. The letter was certainly from Nate. It was in his handwriting, and no one else ever called her Tessie. She swallowed hard and slipped the note into her sleeve, turning back

to face the sisters. "Very well," she said, fighting down her lingering sense of disappointment—she had been so looking forward to seeing her brother. "Shall we call a porter to fetch my trunk?"

"No need, no need." Mrs. Dark's cheerful tone was at odds with her pinched gray features. "We've already arranged to have it sent on ahead." She snapped her fingers at the bulging-eyed man, who swung himself up into the driver's seat at the front of the carriage. She placed her hand on Tessa's shoulder. "Come along, child; let's get you out of the rain."

As Tessa moved toward the carriage, propelled by Mrs. Dark's bony grip, the mist cleared, revealing the gleaming golden image painted on the side of the door. The words "The Pandemonium Club" curled intricately around two snakes biting each other's tails, forming a circle. Tessa frowned. "What does that mean?"

"Nothing you need worry about," said Mrs. Black, who had already climbed inside and had her skirts spread out across one of the comfortable-looking seats. The inside of the carriage was richly decorated with plush purple velvet bench seats facing each other, and gold tasseled curtains hanging in the windows.

Mrs. Dark helped Tessa up into the carriage, then clambered in behind her. As Tessa settled herself on the bench seat, Mrs. Black reached to shut the carriage door behind her sister, closing out the gray sky. When she smiled, her teeth gleamed in the dimness as if they were made out of metal. "Do settle in, Theresa. We've a long ride ahead of us."

Tessa put a hand to the clockwork angel at her throat, taking comfort in its steady ticking, as the carriage lurched forward into the rain.

SIX WEEKS LATER

I

THE DARK HOUSE

*Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade*
—William Ernest Henley, “Invictus”

“The Sisters would like to see you in their chambers, Miss Gray.”

Tessa set the book she had been reading down on the bedside table, and turned to see Miranda standing in the doorway of her small room—just as she did at this time every day, delivering the same message she delivered every day. In a moment Tessa would ask her to wait in the corridor, and Miranda would leave the room. Ten minutes later she’d return and say the same thing again. If Tessa didn’t come obediently after a few of these attempts, Miranda would seize her and drag her, kicking and screaming, down the stairs to the hot, stinking room where the Dark Sisters waited.

It had happened every day of the first week that Tessa had been in the Dark House, as she had come to call the place they kept her prisoner, until eventually Tessa had realized that the screaming and kicking didn’t do much good and simply wasted her energy. Energy that was probably better saved for other things.

“One moment, Miranda,” Tessa said. The maid bobbed an awkward curtsy and went out of the room, shutting the door behind her.

Tessa rose to her feet, glancing around the small room that had been her prison cell for six weeks. It was small, with flowered wallpaper, and sparsely furnished—a plain deal table with a white lace cloth over it where she ate her meals; the narrow brass bed where she slept; the cracked washstand and porcelain jug for her ablutions; the windowsill where she stacked her books, and the small chair where she sat each night and wrote letters to her brother—letters she knew she could never send, letters she kept hidden under her mattress where the Dark Sisters would not find them. It was her way of keeping a diary and of assuring herself, somehow, that she would see Nate again someday and be able to give them to him.

She crossed the room to the mirror that hung against the far wall, and smoothed down her hair. The Dark Sisters, as they in fact seemed to wish to be called, preferred her not to look messy, although they didn't appear to mind her appearance one way or the other past that—which was fortunate, because her reflection made her wince. There was the pale oval of her face dominated by hollow gray eyes—a shadowed face without color in its cheeks or hope in its expression. She wore the unflattering black schoolmarmish dress that the Sisters had given her once she'd arrived; her trunk had never followed her, despite their promises, and this was now the only piece of clothing she owned. She looked away quickly.

She hadn't always flinched from her reflection. Nate, with his fair good looks, was the one in the family generally agreed to have inherited her mother's beauty, but Tessa had always been perfectly content with her own smooth brown hair and steady gray eyes. Jane Eyre had had brown hair, and plenty of other heroines besides. And it wasn't so bad being tall, either—taller than most of the boys her own age, it was true, but Aunt Harriet had always said that as long as a tall woman carried herself well, she would forever look regal.

She didn't look regal now, though. She looked pinched and bedraggled and altogether like a frightened scarecrow. She

wondered if Nate would even recognize her if he saw her today.

At that thought her heart seemed to shrink inside her chest. *Nate*. He was the one she was doing all this for, but sometimes she missed him so much it felt like she'd swallowed broken glass. Without him, she was completely alone in the world. There was no one at all for her. No one in the world who cared whether she lived or died. Sometimes the horror of that thought threatened to overwhelm her and plunge her down into a bottomless darkness from which there would be no return. If no one in the entire world cared about you, did you really exist at all?

The click of the lock cut her thoughts off abruptly. The door opened; Miranda stood on the threshold.

"It is time to come with me now," she said. "Mrs. Black and Mrs. Dark are waiting."

Tessa looked at her in distaste. She couldn't guess how old Miranda was. Nineteen? Twenty-five? There was something ageless about her smooth round face. Her hair was the color of ditch water, pulled back harshly behind her ears. Exactly like the Dark Sisters' coachman, she had eyes that protruded like a frog's and made her look like she was permanently surprised. Tessa thought they must be related.

As they went downstairs together, Miranda marching along with her graceless, clipped gait, Tessa raised her hand to touch the chain around her throat where the clockwork angel hung. It was habit—something she did each time she was forced to see the Dark Sisters. Somehow the feel of the pendant around her neck reassured her. She kept hold of it as they passed landing after landing. There were several levels of corridors to the Dark House, though Tessa had seen nothing of it but the Dark Sisters' chambers, the halls and stairs, and her own room. Finally they reached the shadowed cellar. It was dank down here, the walls clammy with unpleasant moisture, though apparently the Sisters didn't mind. Their office was ahead, through a set of wide double doors. A narrow corridor led away in the other direction, vanishing into darkness; Tessa had no idea what lay down that

hallway, but something about the thickness of the shadows made her glad she had never found out.

The doors to the Sisters' office were open. Miranda didn't hesitate, but clomped inside, Tessa following after her with great reluctance. She hated this room more than any other place on earth.

To begin with, it was always hot and wet inside, like a swamp, even when the skies outside were gray and rainy. The walls seemed to seep moisture, and the upholstery on the seats and sofas was always blooming with mold. It smelled strange as well, like the banks of the Hudson on a hot day: water and garbage and silt.

The Sisters were already there, as they always were, seated behind their enormous raised desk. They were their usual colorful selves, Mrs. Black in a dress of vibrant salmon pink and Mrs. Dark in a gown of peacock blue. Above the brilliantly colored satins, their faces were like deflated gray balloons. They both wore gloves despite how hot the room was.

"Leave us now, Miranda," said Mrs. Black, who was spinning the heavy brass globe they kept on the desk with one plump, white-gloved finger. Tessa had many times tried to get a better look at the globe—something about the way the continents were laid out had never looked quite right to her, especially the space in the center of Europe—but the sisters always kept her away from it. "And shut the door behind you."

Expressionless, Miranda did as asked. Tessa tried not to wince as the door shut behind her, closing off what little breeze there was in this airless place.

Mrs. Dark tilted her head to the side. "Come here, Theresa." Of the two women, she was the more kind—more likely to wheedle and persuade than her sister, who liked to convince with slaps and hissed threats. "And take this."

She held something out: a dilapidated bit of pink fabric tied in a bow, the sort that might be used as a girl's hair ribbon.

She was used to being handed things by the Dark Sisters now. Things that had once belonged to people: tie pins and watches, mourning jewelry, and children's toys. Once the laces of a boot; once a single earring, stained with blood.

"Take this," said Mrs. Dark again, a hint of impatience in her voice. "And Change."

Tessa took the bow. It lay in her hand, as light as a moth's wing, and the Dark Sisters stared impassively at her. She remembered books she had read, novels in which characters were on trial, standing quaking in the dock at the Old Bailey and praying for a verdict of not guilty. She often felt she was on trial herself in this room, without knowing of what crime she stood accused.

She turned the bow over in her hand, remembering the first time the Dark Sisters had handed an object to her—a woman's glove, with pearl buttons at the wrist. They had shouted at her to Change, had slapped her and shaken her as she'd told them over and over again with rising hysteria that she had no idea what they were talking about, no idea what they were asking her to do.

She hadn't cried, even though she'd wanted to. Tessa hated to cry, especially in front of people she didn't trust. And of the only two people in the world she trusted, one was dead and the other imprisoned. They had told her that, the Dark Sisters, had told her that they had Nate, and if she didn't do what they said, he would die. They'd showed her his ring, the one that had been her father's—stained with blood now—to prove it. They hadn't let her hold it or touch it, had snatched it back as she'd reached for it, but she'd recognized it. It was Nate's.

After that she had done everything they'd asked. Had drunk the potions they'd given her, done the hours of agonizing exercises, forced herself to think the way they wanted her to. They'd told her to imagine herself as clay, being shaped and molded on the potter's wheel, her form amorphous and changeable. They'd told her to reach down into the objects they'd

given her, to imagine them as living things, and to draw out the spirit that animated them.

It had taken weeks, and the first time she had Changed, it had been so blindingly painful that she'd vomited and passed out. When she'd woken, she'd been lying on one of the moldering chaises in the Dark Sisters' rooms, a damp towel being sponged across her face. Mrs. Black had been leaning down over her, her breath as bitter as vinegar, her eyes alight. "You did well today, Theresa," she had said. "Very well."

That evening when Tessa had gone up to her room, there had been gifts for her, two new books on her bedside table. Somehow the Dark Sisters had realized that reading and novels were Tessa's passion. There was a copy of *Great Expectations* and—of all things—*Little Women*. Tessa had hugged the books to herself and, alone and unwatched in her room, had let herself cry.

It had grown easier since then, the Changing. Tessa still didn't understand what happened inside her to make it possible, but she had memorized the series of steps the Dark Sisters had taught her, the way a blind person might memorize the number of paces it takes to walk from their bed to the door of their room. She didn't know what was around her in the strange dark place they asked her to journey to, but she knew the pathway through it.

She drew on those memories now, tightening her grip on the ragged bit of pink fabric she held. She opened her mind and let the darkness come down, let the connection that bound her to the hair ribbon and the spirit inside it—the ghostly echo of the person who had once owned it—unravel like a golden thread leading through the shadows. The room she was in, the oppressive heat, the noisy breathing of the Dark Sisters, all of it fell away as she followed the thread, as the light grew more intense around her and she wrapped herself in it as if she were wrapping herself in a blanket.

Her skin began to tingle and to sting with thousands of tiny shocks. This had been the worst part, once—the part that had convinced her she was dying. Now she was used to it, and bore it

stoically as she shuddered all over, from her scalp to her toes. The clockwork angel around her throat seemed to tick faster, as if in rhythm with her speeding heart. The pressure inside her skin built—Tessa gasped—and her eyes, which had been closed, flew open as the sensation built to a crescendo—and then vanished.

It was over.

Tessa blinked dizzily. The first moment after a Change was always like blinking water out of your eyes after submerging yourself in a bath. She looked down at herself. Her new body was slight, almost frail, and the fabric of her dress hung loose, pooling on the floor at her feet. Her hands, clasped in front of her, were pale and thin, with chapped tips and bitten nails. Unfamiliar, alien hands.

“What is your name?” Mrs. Black demanded. She had risen to her feet and was looking down at Tessa with her pale eyes burning. She looked almost hungry.

Tessa didn’t have to answer. The girl whose skin she wore answered for her, speaking through her the way spirits were said to speak through their mediums—but Tessa hated to think about it that way; the Change was so much more intimate, so much more frightening, than that. “Emma,” the voice that came from Tessa said. “Miss Emma Bayliss, ma’am.”

“And who are you, Emma Bayliss?”

The voice replied, words tumbling out of Tessa’s mouth, bringing strong images with them. Born in Cheapside, Emma had been one of six children. Her father was dead, and her mother sold peppermint water from a cart in the East End. Emma had learned to sew to bring in money when she was still a small child. Nights, she spent sitting at the little table in her kitchen, sewing seams by the light of a tallow candle. Sometimes, when the candle burned down and there was no money for another, she would go out into the streets and sit below one of the municipal gas lamps, using its light to sew by. . . .

“Is that what you were doing out on the street the night you died, Emma Bayliss?” asked Mrs. Dark. She was smiling thinly

now, running her tongue over her lower lip, as if she could sense what the answer would be.

Tessa saw narrow, shadowy streets, wrapped in thick fog, a silver needle working by faint yellow gaslight. A step, muffled in the fog. Hands that reached out of the shadows and took hold of her shoulders, hands that dragged her, screaming, into the darkness. The needle and thread falling from her hands, the bows ripped from her hair as she struggled. A harsh voice shouting something angry. And then the silver blade of a knife flashing down through the dark, slicing into her skin, drawing out the blood. Pain that was like fire, and terror like nothing else she'd ever known. She kicked out at the man holding her, succeeding in knocking the dagger from his hand; she caught the blade and ran, stumbling as she weakened, the blood draining out of her fast, so fast. She crumpled in an alley, hearing the hissing scream of *something* behind her. She knew it was following her, and she was hoping to die before it reached her—

The Change shattered like glass. With a cry Tessa fell to her knees, the torn little bow falling from her hand. It was *her* hand again—Emma had gone, like a cast-off skin. Tessa was once more alone inside her own mind.

Mrs. Black's voice came from far away. "Theresa? Where is Emma?"

"She's dead," Tessa whispered. "She died in an alley—bled to death."

"Good." Mrs. Dark exhaled, a sound of satisfaction. "Well done, Theresa. That was very good."

Tessa said nothing. The front of her dress was splotted with blood, but there was no pain. She knew it was not her blood; it wasn't the first time this had happened. She closed her eyes, spinning in the darkness, willing herself not to faint.

"We should have had her do this before," said Mrs. Black. "The matter of the Bayliss girl has been bothering me."

Mrs. Dark's reply was curt. "I wasn't sure she was up to it. You remember what happened with the Adams woman."

Tessa knew immediately what they were talking about. Weeks ago she had Changed into a woman who had died of a gunshot wound to the heart; blood had poured down her dress and she had Changed back immediately, screaming in hysterical terror until the Sisters had made her see that she herself was unharmed.

“She’s advanced wonderfully since then, don’t you think, Sister?” Mrs. Black said. “Given what we had to work with in the beginning—she didn’t even know what she *was*.”

“Indeed, she was absolutely unformed *clay*,” Mrs. Dark agreed. “We have truly worked a miracle here. I can’t see how the Magister could fail to be pleased.”

Mrs. Black gave a little gasp. “Does that mean—Do you think it’s *time*?”

“Oh, absolutely, my dear sister. She’s as ready as she’ll ever be. It’s time for our Theresa to meet her master.” There was a gloating note in Mrs. Dark’s voice, a sound so unpleasant that it cut through Tessa’s blinding dizziness. What were they talking about? Who was the Magister? She watched through lowered eyelashes as Mrs. Dark jerked the silk bellpull that would summon Miranda to come and take Tessa back to her room. It appeared that the lesson was over for today.

“Perhaps tomorrow,” Mrs. Black said, “or even tonight. If we told the Magister she was ready, I cannot imagine he would not hurry here without delay.”

Mrs. Dark, stepping out from behind the desk, chuckled. “I understand that you’re eager to be paid for all our work, dear sister. But Theresa must not be simply *ready*. She must be . . . presentable as well as able. Don’t you agree?”

Mrs. Black, following her sister, muttered a response that was cut short as the door opened and Miranda came in. She wore the same dull look as ever. The sight of Tessa crouched and bloody on the floor seemed to occasion no surprise in her. Then again, Tessa thought, she had probably seen far worse in this room.

“Take the girl back up to her room, Miranda.” The eagerness was gone from Mrs. Black’s voice, and she was all brusqueness

again. “Get the things—you know, the ones we showed you—and get her dressed and ready.”

“The things . . . you showed me?” Miranda sounded blank.

Mrs. Dark and Mrs. Black exchanged a disgusted look, and approached Miranda, blocking Tessa’s view of the girl. Tessa heard them whispering to her, and caught a few words—“dresses” and “wardrobe room” and “do what you can to make her look pretty,” and then finally, Tessa heard the rather cruel, “I’m not sure Miranda is *clever* enough to obey vague instructions of that sort, sister.”

Make her look pretty. But what did they care whether she looked pretty or not, when they could force her to look any way they wanted? What did it matter what her true appearance was? And why would the Magister care? Though, it was very clear from the Sisters’ behavior that they believed he would.

Mrs. Black swept from the room, her sister following behind her, as she always did. At the door Mrs. Dark paused, and looked back at Tessa. “Do remember, Theresa,” she said, “that this day—this very night—is what all of our preparation has been for.” She took hold of her skirts in both bony hands. “Do *not* fail us.”

She let the door bang shut behind her. Tessa flinched at the noise, but Miranda, as always, seemed utterly unaffected. In all the time that she had passed in the Dark House, Tessa had never been able to startle the other girl, or surprise an unguarded expression out of her.

“Come,” Miranda said. “We must go upstairs now.”

Tessa rose to her feet, slowly. Her mind was whirling. Her life in the Dark House had been horrible, but she had—she realized now—grown almost used to it. She had known what to expect each day. She had known the Dark Sisters were preparing her for something, but she had not known what that something was. She had believed—naively, perhaps—that they wouldn’t kill her. Why waste all this training on her if she was only going to die?

But something in Mrs. Dark’s gloating tone gave her pause. Something had changed. They had achieved what they wanted

with her. They were going to be “paid.” But who was going to do the paying?

“Come,” Miranda said again. “We must get you ready for the Magister.”

“Miranda,” Tessa said. She spoke softly, the way she might have spoken to a nervous cat. Miranda had never answered a question of Tessa’s before, but that didn’t mean it wasn’t worth trying. “Who is the Magister?”

There was a long silence. Miranda stared straight ahead, her doughy face impassive. Then, to Tessa’s surprise, she spoke. “The Magister is a very great man,” she said. “It will be an honor for you when you are married to him.”

“*Married?*” Tessa echoed. The shock was so intense that she could suddenly see the whole room more clearly—Miranda, the blood-splattered rug on the floor, the heavy brass globe on the desk, still tilted in the position Mrs. Black had left it in. “Me? But—who is he?”

“He is a very great man,” Miranda said again. “It will be an honor.” She moved toward Tessa. “You must come with me now.”

“No.” Tessa backed away from the other girl, retreating until the small of her back struck painfully against the desk. She looked around desperately. She could run, but she’d never get past Miranda to the door; there were no windows, no doors to other rooms. If she hid behind the desk, Miranda would simply drag her out and haul her to her room. “Miranda, *please.*”

“You must come with me now,” Miranda repeated; she had almost reached Tessa. Tessa could see herself reflected in the black pupils of the other girl’s eyes, could smell the faint, bitter, almost charred smell that clung to Miranda’s clothes and skin. “You must—”

With a strength she didn’t know she possessed, Tessa seized the base of the brass globe on the desk, lifted it, and swung it with all her might at Miranda’s head.

It connected with a sickening sound. Miranda reeled back—and then straightened. Tessa shrieked and dropped the globe,

staring—the whole left side of Miranda’s face was crushed in, like a paper mask that had been smashed flat on one side. Her cheekbone was flattened, her lip mashed against her teeth. But there was no blood, no blood at all.

“You must come with me now,” Miranda said, in the same flat tone she always used.

Tessa gaped.

“You must come—you m-must—you—you—you—yyyyyyyyyyyyyy—” Miranda’s voice shuddered and broke, degenerating into a stream of gibberish. She moved toward Tessa, then jerked to the side, twitching and stumbling. Tessa turned from the desk and began to back away as the injured girl spun, faster and faster. She reeled across the room like a staggering drunk, still shrieking, and crashed into the far wall—which seemed to stun her. She collapsed to the ground and lay still.

Tessa raced to the door and out into the corridor beyond, pausing only once, just outside the room, to look back. It seemed, in that brief moment, as if a thread of black smoke were rising from Miranda’s prone body, but there was no time to stare. Tessa darted down the hall, leaving the door hanging open behind her.

She dashed for the stairs and hurtled up them, nearly tripping over her skirts and banging her knee painfully on one of the steps. She cried out and scrambled on, up to the first landing, where she dashed into the corridor. It stretched out ahead of her, long and curving, disappearing into shadows. As she raced down it, she saw that it was lined with doors. She paused and tried one, but it was locked, and so was the next one, and the next after that.

Another set of stairs led down at the end of the hallway. Tessa raced down them and found herself in an entryway. It looked as if it had once been grand—the floor was cracked and stained marble, and high windows on either side were shielded with curtains. A little bit of light spilled through the lace, illuminating

an enormous front door. Tessa's heart leaped. She dived for the knob, seized it, and flung the door open.

There was a narrow cobblestoned street beyond, with rows of terraced houses lining either side. The smell of the city hit Tessa like a blow—it had been so long since she'd breathed outside air. It was close to dark, the sky the dimming blue of twilight, obscured by smudges of fog. In the distance she could hear voices, the cries of children playing, the clop of horses' hooves. But here the street was nearly deserted, save for a man leaning against a nearby gas lamp, reading a newspaper by its light.

Tessa dashed down the steps and toward the stranger, catching him by the sleeve. "Please, sir—if you could help me—"

He turned, and looked down at her.

Tessa stifled a scream. His face was as white and waxy as it had been the first time she'd seen him, at the dock in Southampton; his bulging eyes still reminded her of Miranda's, and his teeth gleamed like metal when he grinned.

It was the Dark Sisters' coachman.

Tessa turned to run, but it was already too late.

2

HELL IS COLD

*Between two worlds life hovers like a star,
'Twi'xt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge.
How little do we know that which we are!
How less what we may be!*
—Lord Byron, *Don Juan*

“You stupid little girl,” Mrs. Black spat as she jerked tight the knots holding Tessa’s wrists to her bed frame. “What did you think you were going to accomplish, running away like that? Where did you think you could *possibly* go?”

Tessa said nothing, simply set her chin and looked toward the wall. She refused to let Mrs. Black, or her horrible sister, see how close she was to tears, or how much the ropes binding her ankles and wrists to the bed hurt.

“She is entirely insensible of the honor being done to her,” said Mrs. Dark, who was standing by the door as if to make sure Tessa didn’t rip free of her bonds and rush out through it. “It is disgusting to behold.”

“We have done what we can for her to make her ready for the Magister,” Mrs. Black said, and sighed. “A pity we had such dull clay to work with, despite her talent. She is a deceitful little fool.”

“Indeed,” agreed her sister. “She does realize, doesn’t she, what will happen to her brother if she tries to disobey us again? We might be willing to be lenient this time, but the next . . .” She hissed through her teeth, a sound that made the hairs rise up on the back of Tessa’s neck. “Nathaniel will not be so fortunate.”

Tessa couldn't stand it anymore; even knowing she shouldn't speak, shouldn't give them the satisfaction, she couldn't hold the words back. "If you told me who the Magister was, or what he wants with me—"

"He wants to marry you, you little fool." Mrs. Black, finished with the knots, stepped back to admire her handiwork. "He wants to give you *everything*."

"But why?" Tessa whispered. "Why me?"

"Because of your talent," Mrs. Dark said. "Because of what you are and what you can do. What we trained you to do. You should be *grateful* to us."

"But my brother." Tears burned behind Tessa's eyes. *I will not cry, I will not cry, I will not cry*, she told herself. "You told me that if I did everything you said, you'd let him go—"

"Once you marry the Magister, he'll give you whatever you want. If that's your brother, he'll give it to you." There was no remorse or emotion in Mrs. Black's voice.

Mrs. Dark chuckled. "I know what she's thinking. She's thinking that if she could have whatever she wanted, she'd have us killed."

"Don't waste your energy even imagining the possibility." Mrs. Black chucked Tessa under the chin. "We have an ironclad contract with the Magister. He can never harm us, nor would he want to. He owes us everything, for giving him you." She leaned in closer, dropping her voice to a whisper. "He wants you healthy and intact. If he didn't, I'd have you beaten bloody. If you dare disobey us again, I'll defy his wishes and have you whipped until your skin peels off. Do you understand?"

Tessa turned her face to the wall.



There had been a night on the *Main*, as they'd passed Newfoundland, when Tessa had not been able to sleep. She had gone out on the deck to get a breath of air, and had seen the night sea ablaze with white glittering mountains—icebergs, one

of the sailors had told her as he'd passed, broken loose from the ice sheets of the north by the warmer weather. They had drifted slowly on the dark water, like the towers of a drowned white city. Tessa had thought that she'd never seen such a lonely sight.

She had only begun to imagine loneliness, she knew now. Once the Sisters left, Tessa discovered, she no longer felt like she wanted to cry. The pressure at the backs of her eyes was gone, replaced by a dull feeling of hollow despair. Mrs. Dark had been right. If Tessa could have killed them both, she would have.

She pulled experimentally at the ropes tying her legs and arms to the bedposts. They didn't budge. The knots were tight; tight enough to dig into her flesh and make her hands and feet tingle and shiver with pins and needles. She had a few minutes, she estimated, before her extremities went dead entirely.

Part of her—and not a small part—wanted to stop struggling, to lie there limply until the Magister came to take her away. The sky was already darkening outside the small window; it couldn't be much longer now. Perhaps he really did want to marry her. Perhaps he truly wanted to give her everything.

Suddenly she heard Aunt Harriet's voice in her head: *When you find a man you wish to marry, Tessa, remember this: You will know what kind of man he is not by the things he says, but by the things he does.*

Aunt Harriet had been right, of course. No man she would ever want to marry would have arranged to have her treated like a prisoner and a slave, imprisoned her brother, and had her tortured in the name of her "talent." It was a travesty and a joke. Heaven only knew what the Magister wanted to do with her once he had his hands on her. If it was something she could survive, she imagined she would soon enough wish she hadn't.

God, what a useless talent she had! The power to change her appearance? If only she had the power to set things on fire, or shatter metal, or cause knives to grow out of her fingers! Or if she only had the power to make herself invisible, or shrink herself to the size of a mouse—

She went suddenly still, so still that she could hear the ticking of the clockwork angel against her chest. She didn't have to shrink herself down to the size of a mouse, did she? All she had to do was make herself small enough that the ties around her wrists would be loose.

It was possible for her to Change into someone a second time, without touching something that had belonged to them—as long as she'd done it before. The Sisters had made her memorize how to do it. For the first time, she was glad of something they'd forced her to learn.

She pressed herself back against the hard mattress and made herself remember. The street, the kitchen, the movement of the needle, the glow of the gaslight. She willed it on, willed the Change to come. *What's your name? Emma. Emma Bayliss . . .*

The Change bore down on her like a train, almost knocking the breath out of her—reshaping her skin, reforming her bones. She choked back her screams and arched her back—

And it was done. Blinking, Tessa stared up at the ceiling, then glanced sideways, staring at her wrist, at the rope around it. There were her hands—Emma's hands—thin and frail, the circle of the rope loose around her small wrists. Triumphant Tessa jerked her hands free and sat up, rubbing at the red marks where the rope had burned her skin.

Her ankles were still tied. She leaned forward, her fingers working quickly at the knots. Mrs. Black, it turned out, could tie knots like a sailor. Tessa's fingers were bloodied and sore by the time the rope fell away and she sprang to her feet.

Emma's hair was so thin and fine that it had slipped free of the clips holding Tessa's own hair back. Tessa pushed her hair back impatiently over her shoulders and shook herself free of Emma, letting the Change wash away from her until her hair slid through her fingers, thick and familiar to the touch. Glancing at the mirror across the room, she saw that little Emma Bayliss was gone and she was herself again.

A noise behind her made her whirl. The knob of the bedroom door was turning, twisting back and forth as if the person on the other side were having difficulty getting it open.

Mrs. Dark, she thought. The woman was back, to whip her until she was bloody. Back, to take her to the Magister. Tessa hurried across the room, seized the porcelain jug from the washstand, and then scuttled to the side of the door, the jug gripped hard in her whitened fist.

The knob turned; the door opened. In the dimness all Tessa could see was shadows as someone stepped into the room. She lunged forward, swinging the jug with all her strength—

The shadowy figure moved, as quick as a whip, but not quite quick enough; the jug slammed into the figure's outstretched arm before flying from Tessa's grasp to crash into the far wall. Broken crockery rained down onto the floor as the stranger yelled.

The yell was undeniably a masculine one. So was the flood of cursing that followed.

She backed away, then dashed for the door—but it had slammed shut, and tug as she would on the knob, it wouldn't budge. Bright light blazed through the room as if the sun had risen. Tessa spun, blinking away the tears in her eyes—and stared.

There was a boy standing in front of her. He couldn't have been much older than she was—seventeen or possibly eighteen. He was dressed in what looked like workman's clothes—a frayed black jacket, trousers, and tough-looking boots. He wore no waistcoat, and thick leather straps crisscrossed his waist and chest. Attached to the straps were weapons—daggers and folding knives and things that looked like blades of ice. In his right hand he held a sort of glowing stone—it was shining, providing the light in the room that had nearly blinded Tessa. His other hand—slim and long-fingered—was bleeding where she had gashed the back of it with her pitcher.

But that wasn't what made her stare. He had the most beautiful face she had ever seen. Tangled black hair and eyes like

blue glass. Elegant cheekbones, a full mouth, and long, thick lashes. Even the curve of his throat was perfect. He looked like every fictional hero she'd ever conjured up in her head. Although she'd never imagined one of them cursing at her while shaking his bleeding hand in an accusing fashion.

He seemed to realize she was staring at him, because the cursing stopped. "You cut me," he said. His voice was pleasant. British. Very ordinary. He looked at his hand with critical interest. "It might be fatal."

Tessa looked at him with wide eyes. "Are you the Magister?"

He tilted his hand to the side. Blood ran down it, splattering the floor. "Dear me, massive blood loss. Death could be imminent."

"*Are you the Magister?*"

"Magister?" He looked mildly surprised by her vehemence. "That means 'master' in Latin, doesn't it?"

"I . . ." Tessa was feeling increasingly as if she were trapped in a strange dream. "I suppose it does."

"I've mastered many things in my life. Navigating the streets of London, dancing the quadrille, the Japanese art of flower arranging, lying at charades, concealing a highly intoxicated state, delighting young women with my charms . . ."

Tessa stared.

"Alas," he went on, "no one has ever actually referred to me as 'the master,' or 'the magister,' either. More's the pity . . ."

"Are you highly intoxicated at the moment?" Tessa meant the question in all seriousness, but realized the moment the words were out of her mouth that she must have sounded awfully rude—or worse, flirtatious. He seemed too steady on his feet to really be drunk, anyway. She'd seen Nate intoxicated enough times to know the difference. Perhaps he was merely insane.

"How very direct, but I suppose all you Americans are, aren't you?" The boy looked amused. "Yes, your accent gives you away. What's your name, then?"

Tessa looked at him in disbelief. "What's *my* name?"

“Don’t you know it?”

“You—you’ve come bursting into my room, scared me nearly to death, and now you demand to know my name? What on earth’s *your* name? And who are you, anyway?”

“My name is Herondale,” the boy said cheerfully. “William Herondale, but everyone calls me Will. Is this really your room? Not very nice, is it?” He wandered toward the window, pausing to examine the stacks of books on her bedside table, and then the bed itself. He waved a hand at the ropes. “Do you often sleep tied to the bed?”

Tessa felt her cheeks flame and was amazed, under the circumstances, that she still had the capacity to be embarrassed. Should she tell him the truth? Was it at all possible that he was the Magister? Though anyone who looked like that wouldn’t need to tie girls up and imprison them in order to get them to marry him.

“Here. Hold this.” He handed her the glowing stone. Tessa took it, half-expecting it to burn her fingers, but it was cool to the touch. The moment it struck her palm, its light dimmed to a shimmering flicker. She looked toward him in dismay, but he had made his way to the window and was looking out, seemingly unconcerned. “Pity we’re on the third floor. I could manage the jump, but it would probably kill you. No, we must go through the door and take our chances in the house.”

“Go through the—What?” Tessa, feeling mired in a semipermanent state of confusion, shook her head. “I don’t understand.”

“How can you not understand?” He pointed at her books. “You read novels. Obviously, I’m here to rescue you. Don’t I *look* like Sir Galahad?” He raised his arms dramatically. “*My strength is as the strength of ten, Because my heart is pure—*”

Something echoed, far away inside the house—the sound of a door slamming.

Will said a word Sir Galahad would never have said, and sprang away from the window. He landed with a wince, and

glanced ruefully down at his injured hand. "I'll need to take care of this later. Come along . . ." He looked at her pointedly, a question in his eyes.

"Miss Gray," she said faintly. "Miss Theresa Gray."

"Miss Gray," he repeated. "Come along, then, Miss Gray." He sprang past her, moved toward the door, found the knob, turned it, yanked—

Nothing happened.

"It won't work," she said. "The door cannot be opened from the inside."

Will grinned ferociously. "Can't it?" He reached for his belt, for one of the objects that hung on it. He chose what looked like a long, slender twig, picked clean of smaller branches, and made of a whitish-silver material. He placed the end of it against the door and *drew*. Thick black lines spiraled out from the tip of the flexible cylinder, making an audible hissing noise as they spread across the wooden surface like a directed spill of ink.

"You're *drawing*?" Tessa demanded. "I don't really see how that can possibly—"

There was a noise like cracking glass. The doorknob, untouched, spun—fast, then faster, and the door sprang open, a faint puff of smoke rising from the hinges.

"Now you do," Will said, and, pocketing the strange object, gestured for Tessa to follow him. "Let's go."

Inexplicably, she hesitated, looking back toward the room that had been her prison for nearly two months. "My books—"

"I'll get you more books." He urged her into the corridor ahead of him, and pulled the door shut behind them. After catching hold of her wrist, he drew her down the hallway and around a corner. Here were the stairs that she had descended so many times with Miranda. Will took them two at a time, pulling her after him.

From above them Tessa heard a scream. It was unmistakably Mrs. Dark's.

“They’ve found you missing,” Will said. They had reached the first landing, and Tessa slowed her pace—only to be jerked ahead by Will, who seemed disinclined to stop.

“Aren’t we going out the front door?” she demanded.

“We can’t. The building’s surrounded. There’s a line of carriages pulled up out front. I appear to have arrived at an unexpectedly exciting time.” He started down the stairs again, and Tessa followed. “Do you know what the Dark Sisters had planned for this evening?”

“No.”

“But you were expecting someone called the Magister?” They were in the cellar now, where the plaster walls gave way suddenly to damp stone. Without Miranda’s lantern it was quite dark. Heat rose to meet them like a wave. “By the Angel, it’s like the ninth circle of Hell down here—”

“The ninth circle of Hell is cold,” Tessa said automatically.

Will stared at her. “What?”

“In the *Inferno*,” she told him. “Hell is cold. It’s covered in ice.”

He stared at her for another long moment, the corners of his mouth twitching, then held out his hand. “Give me the witchlight.” At her blank expression he made an impatient noise. “The stone. Give me the stone.”

The moment his hand closed about the stone, light blazed up from it again, raying out through his fingers. For the first time Tessa saw that he had a design on the back of his hand, drawn there as if in black ink. It looked like an open eye. “As for the temperature of Hell, Miss Gray,” he said, “let me give you a piece of advice. The handsome young fellow who’s trying to rescue you from a hideous fate is *never* wrong. Not even if he says the sky is purple and made of hedgehogs.”

He really is mad, Tessa thought, but didn’t say so; she was too alarmed by the fact that he had started toward the wide double doors of the Dark Sisters’ chambers.

“No!” She caught at his arm, pulling him back. “Not that way. There’s no way out. It’s a dead end.”

“Correcting me again, I see.” Will turned and strode the other way, toward the shadowy corridor Tessa had always feared. Swallowing hard, she followed him.

The corridor narrowed as they went along it, the walls pressing in on either side. The heat was even more intense here, making Tessa’s hair spring into curls and paste itself to her temples and neck. The air felt thick and was hard to breathe. For a while they walked in silence, until Tessa could stand it no longer. She had to ask, even though she knew the answer would be no.

“Mr. Herondale,” she said, “did my brother send you to find me?”

She half-feared he’d make some mad comment in response, but he simply looked at her curiously. “Never heard of your brother,” he said, and she felt the dull ache of disappointment gnaw at her heart. She’d known Nate couldn’t have sent him—he’d have known her name, then, wouldn’t he?—but it still hurt. “And outside of the past ten minutes, Miss Gray, I’d never heard of you, either. I’ve been following the trail of a dead girl for near on two months. She was murdered, left in an alley to bleed to death. She’d been running from . . . something.” The corridor had reached a forking point, and after a pause Will headed to the left. “There was a dagger beside her, covered in her blood. It had a symbol on it. Two snakes, swallowing each other’s tails.”

Tessa felt a jolt. *Left in an alley to bleed to death. There was a dagger beside her.* Surely the body had been Emma’s. “That’s the same symbol that’s on the side of the Dark Sisters’ carriage—That’s what I call them, Mrs. Dark and Mrs. Black, I mean—”

“You’re not the only one who calls them that; the other Downworlders do the same,” said Will. “I discovered that fact while investigating the symbol. I must have carried that knife through a hundred Downworld haunts, searching for someone who might recognize it. I offered a reward for information. Eventually the name of the Dark Sisters came to my ears.”

“Downworld?” Tessa echoed, puzzled. “Is that a place in London?”

“Never mind that,” said Will. “I’m boasting of my investigative skills, and I would prefer to do it without interruption. Where was I?”

“The dagger—” Tessa broke off as a voice echoed down the corridor, high and sweet and unmistakable.

“*Miss Gray.*” Mrs. Dark’s voice. It seemed to drift between the walls like coiling smoke. “*Oh, Miss Graaaaay. Where are you?*”

Tessa froze. “Oh, God, they’ve caught up with—”

Will seized her wrist again, and they were off running, the witchlight in his other hand throwing a wild pattern of shadows and light against the stone walls as they hurtled down the twisting corridor. The floor sloped down, the stones underfoot growing gradually more slick and damp as the air around them grew hotter and hotter. It was as if they were racing down into Hell itself as the voices of the Dark Sisters echoed off the walls. “*Miss Graaaaaay! We shan’t let you run, you know. We shan’t let you hide! We’ll find you, poppet. You know we will.*”

Will and Tessa careened around a corner, and came up short—the corridor ended at a pair of high metal doors. Releasing Tessa, Will flung himself against them. They burst open and he tumbled inside, followed by Tessa, who spun to slam them shut behind her. The weight of them was almost too much for her to manage, and she had to throw her back against them to force them, finally, closed.

The only illumination in the room was Will’s glowing stone, its light sunk down now to an ember between his fingers. It lit him in the darkness, like limelight on a stage, as he reached around her to slam the bolt home on the door. The bolt was heavy and flaking with rust, and, standing as close to him as she was, she could feel the tension in his body as he dragged it home and let it fall into place.

“Miss Gray?” He was leaning against her, her back against the closed doors. She could feel the driving rhythm of his heart—or was it her heart? The odd white illumination cast by the stone shimmered against the sharp angle of his cheeks, the faint sheen

of sweat on his collarbones. There were marks there, too, she saw, rising from the unbuttoned collar of his shirt—like the mark on his hand, thick and black, as if someone had inked designs onto his skin.

“Where are we?” she whispered. “Are we safe?”

Without answering he drew away, raising his right hand. As he lifted it, the light blazed up higher, illuminating the room.

They were in a sort of cell, though it was very large. The walls, floor, and ceiling were stone, sloping down to a large drain in the middle of the floor. There was only one window, very high up in the wall. There were no doors save the ones they had come through. But none of that was what made Tessa draw in her breath.

The place was a slaughterhouse. There were long wooden tables running the length of the room. Bodies lay on one of them—human bodies, stripped and pale. Each had a black incision in the shape of a Y marking its chest, and each head dangled back over the edge of the table, the hair of the women sweeping the floor like brooms. On the center table were piles of bloodstained knives and machinery—copper cogs and brass gears and sharp-toothed silver hacksaws.

Tessa crammed a hand into her mouth, stifling a scream. She tasted blood as she bit down on her own fingers. Will didn't seem to notice; he was white-faced as he looked around, mouthing something under his breath that Tessa couldn't make out.

There was a crashing noise and the metal doors shuddered, as if something heavy had flung itself against them. Tessa lowered her bleeding hand and cried out, “Mr. Herondale!”

He turned, as the doors shuddered again. A voice echoed from the other side of them: “Miss Gray! Come out now, and we won't hurt you!”

“They're lying,” Tessa said quickly.

“Oh, do you really think so?” Having packed as much sarcasm into the question as was humanly possible, Will pocketed his glowing witchlight and leaped onto the center table, the one

covered in bloodied machinery. He bent down and caught up a heavy-looking brass cog, and weighed it in his hand. With a grunt of effort he hurled it toward the high window; the glass shattered, and Will raised his voice. "Henry! Some assistance, please! Henry!"

"Who's Henry?" Tessa demanded, but at that moment the doors shuddered a third time, and thin cracks appeared in the metal. Clearly, they weren't going to hold much longer. Tessa dashed to the table and seized a weapon, almost at random—this one was a ragged-toothed metal hacksaw, the kind butchers used to cut through bone. She whirled around, clutching it, as the doors burst open.

The Dark Sisters stood in the doorway—Mrs. Dark, as tall and bony as a rake in her shining lime green gown, and Mrs. Black, red-faced, her eyes narrowed to slits. A bright corona of blue sparks surrounded them, like tiny fireworks. Their gazes slid over Will—who, still standing on the table, had drawn one of his icy blades from his belt—and came to rest on Tessa. Mrs. Black's mouth, a red slash in her pale face, stretched into a grin. "Little Miss Gray," she said. "You ought to know better than to run. We told you what would happen if you ran again. . . ."

"Then do it! Whip me bloody. Kill me. I don't care!" Tessa shouted, and was gratified to see that the Dark Sisters looked at least a little taken aback by her outburst; she'd been too terrified to raise her voice to them before. "I won't let you give me to the Magister! I'd rather die!"

"What an unexpectedly sharp tongue you have, Miss Gray, my dear," said Mrs. Black. With great deliberation she reached to draw the glove from her right hand, and for the first time, Tessa saw her bare hand. The skin was gray and thick, like an elephant's hide, her nails long dark talons. They looked as sharp as knives. Mrs. Black gave Tessa a fixed grin. "Perhaps if we cut it out of your head, you'd learn to mind your manners."

She moved toward Tessa—and was blocked by Will leaping down from the table to put himself between them. "*Malik*," he

said, and his ice-white blade blazed up like a star.

“Get out of my way, little Nephilim warrior,” said Mrs. Black. “And take your seraph blades with you. This is not your battle.”

“You’re wrong about that.” Will narrowed his eyes. “I’ve heard some things about you, my lady. Whispers that run through Downworld like a river of black poison. I’ve been told you and your sister will pay handsomely for the bodies of dead humans, and you don’t much mind how they get that way.”

“Such a fuss over a few mundanes.” Mrs. Dark chuckled and moved to stand beside her sister, so that Will, with his blazing sword, was between Tessa and both ladies. “We have no quarrel with you, Shadowhunter, unless you choose to pick one. You have invaded our territory and broken Covenant Law in doing so. We could report you to the Clave—”

“While the Clave disapproves of trespassers, oddly they take an even darker view of beheading and skinning people. They’re peculiar that way,” Will said.

“People?” Mrs. Dark spat. “*Mundanes*. You care no more about them than we do.” She looked toward Tessa then. “Has he told you what he really is? He isn’t human—”

“You’re one to talk,” Tessa said in a trembling voice.

“And has she told *you* what *she* is?” Mrs. Black demanded of Will. “About her talent? What she can do?”

“If I were to venture a guess,” Will replied, “I would say it has something to do with the Magister.”

Mrs. Dark looked suspicious. “You know of the Magister?” She glanced at Tessa. “Ah, I see. Only what she has told you. The Magister, little boy angel, is more dangerous than you could ever imagine. And he has waited a long time for someone with Tessa’s ability. You might even say he is the one who caused her to be born—”

Her words were swallowed up in a colossal crash as the whole east wall of the room suddenly caved in. It was like the walls of Jericho tumbling down in Tessa’s old Bible stories picture book. One moment the wall was there, and the next it wasn’t; there was

a huge gaping rectangular hole instead, steaming with choking swirls of plaster dust.

Mrs. Dark gave a thin scream and seized her skirts with her bony hands. Clearly she hadn't expected the wall to collapse, any more than Tessa had.

Will caught hold of Tessa's hand and pulled her toward him, blocking her with his body as chunks of stone and plaster rained down on them. As his arms went around her, she could hear Mrs. Black screaming.

Tessa twisted in Will's grip, trying to see what was happening. Mrs. Dark stood, pointing with one gloved, trembling finger toward the dark hole in the wall. The dust was beginning to settle, barely—enough so that the figures moving toward them through the wreckage slowly began to take shape. The shadowy outlines of two human figures became visible; each was holding a blade, and each blade shone with the same blue-white light as Will's. *Angels*, Tessa thought, wondering, but she didn't say it. That light, so bright—what else could they be?

Mrs. Black gave a screech and lunged forward. She threw her hands out, and sparks shot from them like exploding fireworks. Tessa heard someone yell—a very human yell—and Will, releasing Tessa, spun and flung his bright-burning sword at Mrs. Black. It whipped through the air, end over end, and drove into her chest. Screaming and twisting, she staggered backward and fell, crashing down onto one of the horrible tables, which collapsed in a mess of blood and splintering wood.

Will grinned. It wasn't a pleasant sort of grin. He turned to look at Tessa then. For a moment they stared at each other, silently, across the space that separated them—and then his other companions flooded in around him, two men in close-fitting dark coats, brandishing shining weapons, and moving so fast that Tessa's vision blurred.

Tessa backed toward the far wall, trying to avoid the chaos in the center of the room, where Mrs. Dark, howling imprecations, was holding off her attackers with the burning sparks of energy

that flew from her hands like fiery rain. Mrs. Black was writhing on the floor, sheets of black smoke rising from her body as if she were burning from the inside out.

Tessa moved toward the open door that led to the corridor—and strong hands seized her and yanked her backward. Tessa shrieked and twisted, but the hands circling her upper arms were as strong as iron. She turned her head to the side and sank her teeth into the hand gripping her left arm. Someone yelled and let go of her; spinning, she saw a tall man with a shock of untidy ginger hair staring at her with a reproachful expression, his bleeding left hand cradled against his chest. “Will!” he shouted. “Will, she bit me!”

“Did she, Henry?” Will, looking amused as usual, appeared like a summoned spirit from the chaos of smoke and flames. Behind him, Tessa could see the second of his companions, a muscular brown-haired young man, holding a struggling Mrs. Dark. Mrs. Black was a dark humped shape on the ground. Will raised an eyebrow in Tessa’s direction. “It’s bad form to bite,” he informed her. “Rude, you know. Hasn’t anyone ever told you that?”

“It’s also rude to go about grabbing at ladies you haven’t been introduced to,” Tessa said stiffly. “Hasn’t anyone told you *that*?”

The ginger-haired man whom Will had called Henry shook his bleeding hand with a rueful smile. He had a nice sort of face, Tessa thought; she almost felt guilty for having bitten him.

“Will! Look out!” the brown-haired man shouted. Will spun as something flew through the air, narrowly missed Henry’s head, and crashed into the wall behind Tessa. It was a large brass cog, and it hit the wall with such force that it stuck there like a marble wedged into a bit of pastry. Tessa whirled—and saw Mrs. Black advancing toward them, her eyes burning like coal in her crumpled white face. Black licks of flame sprayed up around the hilt of the sword that protruded from her chest.

“Damn—” Will reached for the hilt of another blade wedged through the belt at his waist. “I thought we’d put that thing down —”

Baring her teeth, Mrs. Black lunged. Will leaped out of the way, but Henry wasn't quite as fast; she struck him and knocked him backward. Clinging on like a tick, she rode him to the ground, snarling, her claws sinking into his shoulders as he yelled. Will whirled, the blade now in his hand; raising it, he shouted "*Uriel!*" and it flared up suddenly in his grip like a blazing torch. Tessa fell back against the wall as he whipped the blade downward. Mrs. Black reared back, her claws out, reaching for him—

And the blade sheared neatly through her throat. Completely severed, her head struck the ground, rolling and bumping, as Henry, yelling in disgust and soaked in blackish blood, shoved the remains of her body off him and scrambled to his feet.

A terrible scream tore through the room. "*Nooooo!*"

The cry had come from Mrs. Dark. The brown-haired man holding her let go with a sudden cry as blue fire shot from her hands and eyes. Yelling in pain, he fell to the side as she tore away from him and advanced on Will and Tessa, Mrs. Dark's eyes flaming like black torches. She was hissing words in a language that Tessa had never heard. It sounded like crackling flames. Raising a hand, the woman flung what looked like a bolt of lightning toward Tessa. With a cry Will sprang in front of her, his glowing blade extended. The lightning ricocheted off the blade and struck one of the stone walls, which glowed with a sudden strange light.

"Henry," Will shouted, without turning, "if you could remove Miss Gray to a place of safety—*soon*—"

Henry's bitten hand came down on Tessa's shoulder, as Mrs. Dark flung another sheet of lightning toward her. *Why is she trying to kill me?* Tessa thought dizzily. *Why not Will?* And then, as Henry pulled her toward him, more light sheared off Will's blade, refracting into a dozen blazing shards of brightness. For a moment Tessa stared, caught by the unlikely beauty of it—and then she heard Henry shout, telling her to drop to the floor, but it was too late. One of the blazing shards had caught her shoulder

with incredible force. It was like being struck by a hurtling train. She was knocked free of Henry's grasp, lifted, and flung backward. Her head struck the wall with blinding force. She was conscious only briefly of Mrs. Dark's high screeching laughter, before the world went away.

3

THE INSTITUTE

*Love, hope, fear, faith—these make humanity;
These are its sign and note and character
—Robert Browning, Paracelsus*

In the dream Tessa lay once again tied to the narrow brass bed in the Dark House. The Sisters leaned over her, clacking pairs of long knitting needles and laughing in shrill high-pitched voices. As Tessa watched, their features changed, their eyes sinking into their heads, their hair falling out, and stitches appearing across their lips, sewing them shut. Tessa shrieked voicelessly, but they did not seem to hear.

The Sisters vanished entirely then, and Aunt Harriet was standing over Tessa, her face flushed with fever as it had been during the terrible illness that had killed her. She looked at Tessa with great sadness. “I tried,” she said. “I tried to love you. But it isn’t easy to love a child that isn’t human in the least. . . .”

“Not human?” said an unfamiliar female voice. “Well, if she isn’t human, Enoch, what is she?” The voice sharpened in impatience. “What do you mean, you don’t know? Everyone’s something. This girl can’t be nothing at all. . . .”

Tessa woke with a cry, her eyes flying open, and found herself staring at shadows. Darkness clustered about her thickly. She could barely hear the murmur of voices through her panic, and struggled into a sitting position, kicking away blankets and pillows. Dimly, she recognized that the blanket was thick and heavy, not the thin, braided one that belonged to the Dark House.

She was in a bed, just as she had dreamed, in a great stone room, and there was hardly any light. She heard the rasp of her own breath as she turned, and a scream forced its way out of her throat. The face from her nightmare hovered in the darkness before her—a great white moon of a face, its head shaved bald, smooth as marble. Where the eyes should have been there were only indentations in the flesh—not as if the eyes had been ripped out, but as if they had never grown there at all. The lips were banded with black stitches, the face scrawled with black marks like the ones on Will’s skin, though these looked as if they had been cut there with knives.

She screamed again and scabbled backward, half-falling off the bed. She hit the cold stone floor, and the fabric of the white nightdress she was wearing—someone must have put it on her while she was unconscious—ripped at the hem as she scrambled to her feet.

“Miss Gray.” Someone was calling her name, but in her panic, she knew only that the voice was unfamiliar. The speaker was *not* the monster who stood staring at her from the bedside, its scarred face impassive; it had not moved when she did, and though it showed no signs of pursuing her, she began to back away, carefully, feeling behind herself for a door. The room was so dim, she could see only that it was roughly oval, the walls and floor all of stone. The ceiling was high enough to be in black shadow, and there were long windows across the opposite wall, the sort of arched windows that might have belonged in a church. Very little light filtered through them; it looked as if the sky outside was dark. “Theresa Gray—”

She found the door, the metal handle; turning, she seized on it thankfully, and pulled. Nothing happened. A sob rose up in her throat.

“Miss Gray!” the voice said again, and suddenly the room was flooded with light—a sharp, white-silver light that she recognized. “Miss Gray, I am sorry. It was not our intention to frighten you.”

The voice was a woman's: still unfamiliar, but youthful and concerned. "Miss Gray, please."

Tessa turned slowly and put her back against the door. She could see clearly now. She was in a stone room whose central focus was a large, four-poster bed, its velvet coverlet now rucked and hanging sideways where she had dragged it off the mattress. Tapestry curtains were pulled back, and there was an elegant tapestry rug on the otherwise bare floor. In fact, the room itself was fairly bare. There were no pictures or photographs hanging on the wall, no ornaments cluttering the surfaces of the dark wood furniture. Two chairs stood facing each other near the bed, with a small tea table between them. A Chinese screen in one corner of the room hid what were probably a bathtub and washstand.

Beside the bed stood a tall man who wore robes like a monk's, of a long, coarse, parchment-colored material. Red-brown runes circled the cuffs and hem. He carried a silver staff, its head carved in the shape of an angel and runes decorating its length. The hood of his robe was down, leaving bare his scarred, white, blinded face.

Beside him stood a very small woman, almost child-size, with thick brown hair knotted at the nape of her neck, and a neat, clever little face with bright, dark eyes like a bird's. She wasn't pretty exactly, but there was a calm, kindly look on her face that made the ache of panic in Tessa's stomach ease slightly, though she couldn't have said exactly why. In her hand she held a glowing white stone like the one Will had held at the Dark House. Its light blazed out between her fingers, illuminating the room.

"Miss Gray," she said. "I am Charlotte Branwell, head of the London Institute, and this beside me is Brother Enoch—"

"What kind of monster is he?" Tessa whispered.

Brother Enoch said nothing. He was entirely expressionless.

"I know there are monsters on this earth," said Tessa. "You cannot tell me otherwise. I have seen them."

“I would not want to tell you otherwise,” said Mrs. Branwell. “If the world were not full of monsters, there would be no need for Shadowhunters.”

Shadowhunter. What the Dark Sisters had called Will Herondale.

Will. “I was—Will was with me,” said Tessa, her voice shaking. “In the cellars. Will said—” She broke off and cringed inwardly. She should not have called Will by his Christian name; it implied an intimacy between them that did not exist. “Where is Mr. Herondale?”

“He’s here,” Mrs. Branwell said calmly. “In the Institute.”

“Did he bring me here as well?” Tessa whispered.

“Yes, but there is no need to look betrayed, Miss Gray. You had struck your head quite hard, and Will was concerned about you. Brother Enoch, though his looks might frighten you, is a skilled practitioner of medicine. He has determined that your head injury is slight, and in the main you are suffering from shock and nervous anxiety. In fact, it might be for the best if you sat down now. Hovering barefoot by the door like that will only give you a chill, and do you little good.”

“You mean because I can’t run,” Tessa said, licking her dry lips. “I can’t get away.”

“If you demand to get away, as you put it, after we have talked, I will let you go,” said Mrs. Branwell. “The Nephilim do not trap Downworlders under duress. The Accords forbid it.”

“The Accords?”

Mrs. Branwell hesitated, then turned to Brother Enoch and said something to him in a low voice. Much to Tessa’s relief, he drew up the hood of his parchment-colored robes, hiding his face. A moment later he was moving toward Tessa; she stepped back hurriedly and he opened the door, pausing only for a moment on the threshold.

In that moment, he spoke to Tessa. Or perhaps “spoke” was not the word for it: She heard his voice inside her head, rather

than outside it. *You are Eidolon, Theresa Gray. Shape-changer. But not of a sort that is familiar to me. There is no demon's mark on you.*

Shape-changer. He knew what she was. She stared at him, her heart pounding, as he went through the door and closed it behind him. Tessa knew somehow that if she were to run to the door and try the handle she would once again find it locked, but the urge to escape had left her. Her knees felt as if they had turned to water. She sank down in one of the large chairs by the bed.

“What is it?” Mrs. Branwell asked, moving to sit in the chair opposite Tessa’s. Her dress hung so loosely on her small frame, it was impossible to tell if she wore a corset beneath it, and the bones in her small wrists were like a child’s. “What did he say to you?”

Tessa shook her head, gripping her hands together in her lap so that Mrs. Branwell could not see her fingers trembling.

Mrs. Branwell looked at her keenly. “First,” she said, “please call me Charlotte, Miss Gray. Everyone in the Institute does. We Shadowhunters are not so formal as most.”

Tessa nodded, feeling her cheeks flush. It was hard to tell how old Charlotte was; she was so small that she looked quite young indeed, but her air of authority made her seem older, old enough that the idea of calling her by her Christian name seemed very odd. Still, as Aunt Harriet would have said, when in Rome . . .

“Charlotte,” Tessa said, experimentally.

With a smile, Mrs. Branwell—Charlotte—leaned back slightly in her chair, and Tessa saw with some surprise that she had dark tattoos. A *woman* with tattoos! Her marks were like the ones Will bore: visible on her wrists below the tight cuffs of her dress, with one like an eye on the back of her left hand. “Second, let me tell you what I already know about you, Theresa Gray.” She spoke in the same calm tone she’d had before, but her eyes, though still kind, were sharp as pins. “You’re American. You came here from New York City because you were following your brother, who had sent you a steamship ticket. His name is Nathaniel.”

Tessa sat frozen. “How do you know all this?”

“I know that Will found you in the Dark Sisters’ house,” Charlotte said. “I know that you claimed someone named the Magister was coming for you. I know that you have no idea who the Magister is. And I know that in a battle with the Dark Sisters, you were rendered unconscious and brought here.”

Charlotte’s words were like a key unlocking a door. Suddenly Tessa remembered. Remembered running with Will down the corridor; remembered the metal doors and the room full of blood on the other side; remembered Mrs. Black, her head severed; remembered Will flinging his knife—

“Mrs. Black,” she whispered.

“Dead,” said Charlotte. “Very.” She settled her shoulders against the back of the chair; she was so slight that the chair rose up high above her, as if she were a child sitting in a parent’s chair.

“And Mrs. Dark?”

“Gone. We searched the whole house, and the nearby area, but found no trace of her.”

“The whole house?” Tessa’s voice shook, very slightly. “And there was no one in it? No one else alive, or . . . or dead?”

“We did not find your brother, Miss Gray,” Charlotte said. Her tone was gentle. “Not in the house, nor in any of the surrounding buildings.”

“You—were looking for him?” Tessa was bewildered.

“We did not find him,” Charlotte said again. “But we did find your letters.”

“My letters?”

“The letters you wrote to your brother and never sent,” said Charlotte. “Folded under your mattress.”

“You *read* them?”

“We had to read them,” said Charlotte in the same gentle tone. “I apologize for that. It is not often that we bring a Down-worlder into the Institute, or anyone who is not a Shadow-hunter. It represents a great risk to us. We had to know that you were not a danger.”

Tessa turned her head to the side. There was something horribly violating about this stranger having read her inmost thoughts, all the dreams and hopes and fears she'd poured forth, not thinking anyone would ever see them. The backs of her eyes stung; tears were threatening, and she willed them back, furious with herself, with everything.

"You're trying not to cry," Charlotte said. "I know that when I do that myself, it sometimes helps to look at a bright light directly. Try the witchlight."

Tessa moved her gaze to the stone in Charlotte's hand and gazed at it fixedly. The glow of it swelled up in front of her eyes like an expanding sun. "So," she said, fighting past the tightness in her throat, "you have decided I am not a danger, then?"

"Perhaps only to yourself," said Charlotte. "A power such as yours, the power of shape-shifting—it is no wonder the Dark Sisters wanted to get their hands on you. Others will as well."

"Like you do?" Tessa said. "Or are you going to pretend that you've let me into your precious Institute simply out of charity?"

A look of hurt flashed across Charlotte's face. It was brief, but it was real, and it did more to convince Tessa that she might have been wrong about Charlotte than anything the other woman could have said. "It is not charity," she said. "It is my vocation. Our vocation."

Tessa simply looked at her blankly.

"Perhaps," Charlotte said, "it would be better if I explained to you what we are—and what we do."

"*Nephilim*," said Tessa. "That's what the Dark Sisters called Mr. Herondale." She pointed at the dark markings on Charlotte's hand. "You're one as well, aren't you? Is that why you have those—those markings?"

Charlotte nodded. "I am one of the *Nephilim*—the Shadowhunters. We are . . . a race, if you will, of people, people with special abilities. We are stronger and swifter than most humans. We are able to conceal ourselves with magics called glammers. And we are especially skilled at killing demons."

“Demons. You mean—like Satan?”

“Demons are evil creatures. They travel great distances to come to this world and feed upon it. They would ravage it into ashes and destroy its inhabitants if we did not prevent it.” Her voice was intent. “As it is the job of the human police to protect the citizenry of this city from one another, it is our job to protect them from demons and other supernatural dangers. When there are crimes that affect the Shadow World, when the Law of our world is broken, we must investigate. We are bound by the Law, in fact, to make inquiries even into the *rumor* of Covenant Law being contravened. Will told you about the dead girl he found in the alley; she was the only *body*, but there have been other disappearances, dark rumors of mundane boys and girls vanishing off the city’s poorer streets. Using magic to murder human beings is against the Law, and therefore a matter for our jurisdiction.”

“Mr. Herondale seems awfully young to be a sort of policeman.”

“Shadowhunters grow up quickly, and Will did not investigate alone.” Charlotte didn’t sound as if she wished to elaborate. “That is not all we do. We safeguard the Covenant Law and uphold the Accords—the laws that govern peace among Downworlders.”

Will had used that word as well. “Downworld? Is that a place?”

“A Downworlder is a being—a *person*—who is part supernatural in origin. Vampires, werewolves, faeries, warlocks—they are all Downworlders.”

Tessa stared. Faeries were a children’s tale, and vampires the stuff of penny dreadfuls. “Those creatures exist?”

“*You* are a Downworlder,” Charlotte said. “Brother Enoch confirmed it. We simply don’t know of what sort. You see, the kind of magic you can do—your ability—it isn’t something an ordinary human being could do. Neither is it something one of us, a Shadowhunter, could do. Will thought you were most likely a warlock, which is what I would have guessed myself, but all warlocks have some attribute that marks them as warlocks.

Wings, or hooves, or webbed toes, or, as you saw in the case of Mrs. Black, taloned hands. But you, you're completely human in appearance. And it is clear from your letters that you know, or believe, both of your parents to be human."

"*Human?*" Tessa stared. "Why wouldn't they have been human?"

Before Charlotte could answer, the door opened, and a slender, dark-haired girl in a white cap and apron came in, carrying a tea tray, which she set down on the table between them. "Sophie," Charlotte said, sounding relieved to see the girl. "Thank you. This is Miss Gray. She will be a guest of ours this evening."

Sophie straightened, turned to Tessa, and bobbed a curtsy. "Miss," she said, but the novelty of being curtsied to was lost on Tessa as Sophie raised her head and her full face became visible. She ought to have been very pretty—her eyes were a luminous dark hazel, her skin smooth, her lips soft and delicately shaped—but a thick, silvery ridged scar slashed from the left corner of her mouth to her temple, pulling her face sideways and distorting her features into a twisted mask. Tessa tried to hide the shock on her own face, but she could see as Sophie's eyes darkened that it hadn't worked.

"Sophie," Charlotte said, "did you bring in that dark red dress earlier, as I asked? Can you have it brushed and sponged for Tessa?" She turned back to Tessa as the maid nodded and went to the wardrobe. "I took the liberty of having one of our Jessamine's old dresses made over for you. The clothes you were wearing were ruined."

"Much obliged," Tessa said stiffly. She hated having to be grateful. The Sisters had pretended they were doing her favors, and look how that had turned out.

"Miss Gray." Charlotte looked at her earnestly. "Shadow-hunters and Downworlders are not enemies. Our accord may be an uneasy one, but it is my belief that Downworlders are to be trusted—that, indeed, they hold the key to our eventual success

against the demon realms. Is there something I can do to show you that we do not plan to take advantage of you?"

"I . . ." Tessa took a deep breath. "When the Dark Sisters first told me about my power, I thought they were mad," she said. "I told them such things didn't exist. Then I thought I was trapped in some sort of nightmare where they did. But then Mr. Herondale came, and he knew of magic, and had that glowing stone, and I thought, *Here is someone who might help me.*" She looked up at Charlotte. "But you do not seem to know why I am the way I am, or even *what* I am. And if even you do not . . ."

"It can be . . . difficult to learn how the world truly is, to see it in its true shape and form," Charlotte said. "Most human beings never do. Most could not bear it. But I have read your letters. And I know that you are strong, Miss Gray. You have withstood what might have killed another young girl, Downworlder or not."

"I didn't have a choice. I did it for my brother. They would have murdered him."

"Some people," Charlotte said, "would have let that happen. But I know from reading your own words that you never even considered that." She leaned forward. "Have you any idea where your brother is? Do you think he is most likely dead?"

Tessa sucked in a breath.

"Mrs. Branwell!" Sophie, who had been attending to the hem of a wine-red dress with a brush, looked up and spoke with a reproachful tone that surprised Tessa. It was not the place of servants to correct their employers; the books she'd read had made that very clear.

But Charlotte only looked rueful. "Sophie is my good angel," she said. "I tend to be a little too blunt. I thought there might be something you knew, something that wasn't in your letters, that might give us knowledge of his whereabouts."

Tessa shook her head. "The Dark Sisters told me he was imprisoned in a safe location. I assume he is still there. But I have no idea how to find him."

“Then you should stay here at the Institute until he can be located.”

“I don’t want your charity.” Tessa said mulishly. “I can find another lodging place.”

“It would not be charity. We are bound by our own laws to help and aid Downworlders. To send you away with nowhere to go would break the Accords, which are important rules we must abide by.”

“And you wouldn’t ask for anything in return?” Tessa’s voice was bitter. “You won’t ask me to use my—my ability? You won’t require me to Change?”

“If,” Charlotte said, “you do not wish to use your power, then no, we will not force you to. Though I do believe you yourself might benefit from learning how it might be controlled and used —”

“No!” Tessa’s cry was so loud that Sophie jumped and dropped her brush. Charlotte glanced over at her and then back at Tessa. She said, “As you wish, Miss Gray. There are other ways you could assist us. I’m sure there is much that you know that was not contained in your letters. And in return, we could help you to search for your brother.”

Tessa’s head went up. “You would do that?”

“You have my word.” Charlotte stood up. Neither of them had touched the tea on its tray. “Sophie, if you could help Miss Gray dress? Then I will bring her in to dinner.”

“Dinner?” After hearing such a deal about Nephilim, and Downworld, and faeries and vampires and demons, the prospect of dinner was almost shocking in its ordinariness.

“Certainly. It’s nearly seven o’clock. You’ve already met Will; you can meet everyone else. Perhaps you’ll see that we’re to be trusted.”

And with a brisk nod, Charlotte left the room. As the door closed after her, Tessa shook her head mutely. Aunt Harriet had been bossy, but she’d had nothing on Charlotte Branwell.

“She has a strict manner, but she’s really very kind,” Sophie said, laying out on the bed the dress Tessa was meant to wear. “I’ve never known anyone with a better heart.”

Tessa touched the sleeve of the dress with the tip of her finger. It was dark red satin, as Charlotte had said, with black moiré ribbon trim around the waist and hem. She had never worn anything so nice.

“Would you like me to help you get dressed for dinner, miss?” Sophie asked. Tessa remembered something Aunt Harriet had always said—that you could know a man not by what his friends said about him, but by how he treated his servants. If Sophie thought Charlotte had a good heart, then perhaps she did.

She raised her head. “Much obliged, Sophie. I believe I would.”



Tessa had never had anyone assist her in getting dressed before, other than her aunt. Though Tessa was slender, the dress had clearly been made for a smaller girl, and Sophie had to lace Tessa’s stays tightly to make it fit. She clucked under her breath while she did it. “Mrs. Branwell doesn’t believe in tight lacing,” she explained. “She says it causes nervous headaches and weakness, and a Shadowhunter can’t afford to be weak. But Miss Jessamine likes the waists of her dresses *very* small, and she does insist.”

“Well,” said Tessa, a little breathless, “I’m not a Shadowhunter, anyway.”

“There is that,” Sophie agreed, doing up the back of the dress with a clever little buttonhook. “There. What do you think?”

Tessa looked at herself in the mirror, and was taken aback. The dress was too small on her, and had clearly been designed to be fitted closely to the body as it was. It clung almost shockingly to her figure down to the hips, where it swelled into gathers in the back, draped over a modest bustle. The sleeves were turned back, showing frills of champagne lace at the cuffs. She looked—older,

she thought, not the tragic scarecrow she had looked in the Dark House, but not someone entirely familiar to herself either. *What if one of the times I Changed, when I turned back into myself, I didn't do it quite right? What if this isn't even my true face?* The thought sent such a bolt of panic through her that she felt as if she might faint.

"You *are* a little pale," Sophie said, examining Tessa's reflection with a judicious gaze. She didn't appear particularly shocked by the dress's tightness, at least. "You could try pinching your cheeks a bit to bring the color. That's what Miss Jessamine does."

"It was awfully kind of her—Miss Jessamine, I mean—to lend me this dress."

Sophie chuckled low in her throat. "Miss Jessamine's never worn it. Mrs. Branwell gave it to her as a gift, but Miss Jessamine said it made her look sallow and tossed it in the back of her wardrobe. Ungrateful, if you ask me. Now, go on then and pinch your cheeks a bit. You're pale as milk."

Having done so, and having thanked Sophie, Tessa emerged from the bedroom into a long stone corridor. Charlotte was there, waiting for her. She set off immediately, with Tessa behind her, limping slightly—the black silk shoes, which did not quite fit, were not kind to her bruised feet.

Being in the Institute was a bit like being inside a castle—the ceiling disappearing up into gloom, the tapestries hanging on the walls. Or at least it was what Tessa imagined the inside of a castle might look like. The tapestries bore repeating motifs of stars, swords, and the same sort of designs she'd seen inked on Will and Charlotte. There was a single repeating image too, of an angel rising out of a lake, carrying a sword in one hand and a cup in the other. "This place used to be a church," Charlotte said, answering Tessa's unasked question. "The Church of All-Hallows-the-Less. It burned down during the Great Fire of London. We took over the land after that and built the Institute on the ruins of the old church. It's useful for our purposes to remain on consecrated ground."

“Don’t people think it’s odd, you building on the site of an old church like this?” Tessa asked, hurrying to keep up.

“They don’t know about it. Mundanes—that’s what we call ordinary people—aren’t aware of what we do,” Charlotte explained. “To them, from the outside the place looks like an empty patch of land. Beyond that, mundanes aren’t really very interested in what doesn’t affect them directly.” She turned to usher Tessa through a door and into a large brightly lit dining room. “Here we are.”

Tessa stood blinking in the sudden illumination. The room was huge, big enough for a table that could have seated twenty people. An immense gasolier hung down from the ceiling, filling the room with a yellowish glow. Over a sideboard loaded with expensive-looking china, a gilt-framed mirror ran the length of the room. A low glass bowl of white flowers decorated the table’s center. Everything was tasteful, and very ordinary. There was nothing unusual about the room, nothing that might hint at the nature of the house’s occupants.

Though the entire long dining table was draped with white linen, only one end was set, with places for five people. Only two people were already sitting—Will and a fair-haired girl about Tessa’s age in a shimmering low-necked gown. They appeared to be studiously ignoring each other; Will looked up in apparent relief when Charlotte and Tessa came in. “Will,” Charlotte said. “You remember Miss Gray?”

“My recollection of her,” said Will, “is most vivid indeed.” He was no longer wearing the odd black clothes he’d been wearing the day before, but an ordinary pair of trousers and a gray jacket with a black velvet collar. The gray made his eyes look bluer than ever. He grinned at Tessa, who felt herself flush and looked quickly away.

“And Jessamine—Jessie, do look up. Jessie, this is Miss Theresa Gray; Miss Gray, this is Miss Jessamine Lovelace.”

“So pleased to make your acquaintance,” Jessamine murmured. Tessa couldn’t help staring at her. She was almost

ridiculously pretty, what one of Tessa's novels would have called an English rose—all silvery fair hair, soft brown eyes, and creamy complexion. She wore a very bright blue dress, and rings on almost every one of her fingers. If she had the same black skin markings that Will and Charlotte did, they weren't visible.

Will cast Jessamine a look of plain loathing, and turned to Charlotte. "Where's your benighted husband, then?"

Charlotte, taking a seat, gestured for Tessa to sit opposite her, in the chair beside Will. "Henry is in his workroom. I've sent Thomas to fetch him. He'll be up in a moment."

"And Jem?"

Charlotte's look was warning, but "Jem is unwell" was all she said. "He's having one of his days."

"He's *always* having one of his days." Jessamine sounded disgusted.

Tessa was about to inquire as to who Jem might be, when Sophie entered, followed by a plump woman of middle age whose gray hair was escaping from a bun at the back of her head. The two of them began to serve food from the sideboard. There was roast pork, potatoes, savory soup, and fluffy dinner rolls with creamy yellow butter. Tessa felt suddenly light-headed; she had forgotten how hungry she was. She bit into a roll, only to check herself when she saw Jessamine staring.

"You know," Jessamine said airily, "I don't believe I've ever seen a warlock eat before. I suppose you needn't ever bant, do you? You can just use magic to make yourself slender."

"We don't know for certain that she's a warlock, Jessie," said Will.

Jessamine ignored him. "Is it dreadful, being so evil? Are you worried you'll go to Hell?" She leaned closer to Tessa. "What do you think the Devil's *like*?"

Tessa set her fork down. "Would you like to meet him? I could summon him up in a trice if you like. Being a warlock, and all."

Will let out a whoop of laughter. Jessamine's eyes narrowed. "There's no call to be rude," she began—then broke off as

Charlotte sat bolt upright with an astonished shriek.

“Henry!”

A man was standing in the dining room’s arched doorway—a familiar-looking tall man, with a shock of ginger hair and hazel eyes. He wore a torn tweed Norfolk jacket over a shockingly bright striped waistcoat; his trousers were covered in what looked peculiarly like coal dust. But none of that was what had made Charlotte scream; it was the fact that his left arm appeared to be on fire. Little flames licked up his arm from a point above his elbow, releasing tendrils of black smoke.

“Charlotte, darling,” Henry said to his wife, who was staring at him in gape-mouthed horror. Jessamine, beside her, was wide eyed. “Sorry I’m late. You know, I think I might nearly have the Sensor working—”

Will interrupted. “Henry,” he said, “you’re on fire. You do know that, don’t you?”

“Oh, yes,” Henry said eagerly. The flames were now nearly to his shoulder. “I’ve been working like a man possessed all day. Charlotte, did you hear what I said about the Sensor?”

Charlotte dropped her hand from her mouth. “Henry!” she shrieked. “Your *arm!*”

Henry glanced down at his arm, and his mouth dropped open. “Bloody *hell*” was all he had time to say before Will, exhibiting a startling presence of mind, stood up, seized the vase of flowers off the table, and hurled the contents over Henry. The flames went out, with a faint protesting sizzle, leaving Henry standing soaking wet in the doorway, one sleeve of his jacket blackened and a dozen damp white flowers strewn at his feet.

Henry beamed and patted the burned sleeve of his jacket with a look of satisfaction. “You know what this means?”

Will set the vase down. “That you set yourself on fire and didn’t even notice?”

“That the flame-retardant mixture I developed last week works!” Henry said proudly. “This material must have been burning for a good ten minutes, and it isn’t even half burned

through!” He squinted down at his arm. “Perhaps I ought to set the other sleeve on fire and see how long—”

“Henry,” said Charlotte, who appeared to have recovered from her shock, “if you set yourself on fire deliberately, I will institute divorce proceedings. Now sit down and eat your supper. And say hello to our guest.”

Henry sat, glanced across the table at Tessa—and blinked in surprise. “I know you,” he said. “You bit me!” He sounded pleased about it, as if recollecting a pleasant memory they’d both shared.

Charlotte shot a despairing look at her husband.

“Have you asked Miss Gray about the Pandemonium Club yet?” Will asked.

The Pandemonium Club. “I know the words. They were written on the side of Mrs. Dark’s carriage,” Tessa said.

“It’s an organization,” Charlotte said. “A rather old organization of mundanes who have interested themselves in the magical arts. At their meetings they do spells and try to summon up demons and spirits.” She sighed.

Jessamine snorted. “I can’t imagine why they bother,” she said. “Messing about with spells and wearing hooded robes and setting little fires. It’s ridiculous.”

“Oh, they do more than that,” said Will. “They’re more powerful in Downworld than you might think. Many rich and important figures in mundane society are members—”

“That only makes it sillier.” Jessamine tossed her hair. “They have money and power. Why are they playing around with magic?”

“A good question,” said Charlotte. “Mundanes who involve themselves in things they know nothing about are likely to meet unpleasant ends.”

Will shrugged. “When I was trying to track down the source of the symbol on that knife Jem and I found in the alley, I was directed to the Pandemonium Club. The members of it in turn directed me to the Dark Sisters. It’s their symbol—the two

serpents. They supervised a set of secret gambling dens frequented by Downworlders. They existed to lure mundanes in and trick them into losing all their money in magical games, then, when the mundanes fell into debt, the Dark Sisters would extort the money back at ruinous rates.” Will looked over at Charlotte. “They ran some other businesses as well, most unsavory ones. The house in which they kept Tessa, I had been told, was a Down-worlder brothel catering to mundanes with unusual tastes.”

“Will, I’m not at all sure—,” Charlotte began dubiously.

“Hmph,” Jessamine said. “No wonder you were so keen to go there, William.”

If she had hoped to annoy Will, it didn’t work; she might as well not have spoken, for all the attention he paid her. He was looking at Tessa across the table, his eyebrows arched slightly. “Have I offended you, Miss Gray? I imagined that after all you’ve seen, you would not be easily shocked.”

“I am not offended, Mr. Herondale.” Despite her words, Tessa felt her cheeks flame. Well-brought-up young ladies didn’t know what a brothel was, and certainly wouldn’t say the word in mixed company. Murder was one thing, but this . . . “I, ah, don’t see how it could have been a . . . place like that,” she said as firmly as she could. “No one ever came or went, and other than the maidservant and the coachman, I never saw anyone else who lived there.”

“No, by the time I got there, it was quite deserted,” Will agreed. “Clearly they had decided to suspend business, perhaps in the interests of keeping you isolated.” He glanced over at Charlotte. “Do you think Miss Gray’s brother has the same ability she does? Is that, perhaps, why the Dark Sisters captured him in the first place?”

Tessa interjected, glad for the change of subject. “My brother never showed any sign of such a thing—but, then, neither did I until the Dark Sisters found me.”

“What *is* your ability?” Jessamine demanded. “Charlotte won’t say.”

“Jessamine!” Charlotte scowled at her.

“I don’t believe she has one,” Jessamine went on. “I think she’s simply a little sneak who knows that if we believe she’s a Downworlder, we’ll have to treat her well because of the Accords.”

Tessa set her jaw. She thought of her Aunt Harriet saying *Don’t lose your temper, Tessa*, and *Don’t fight with your brother simply because he teases you*. But she didn’t care. They were all looking at her—Henry with curious hazel eyes, Charlotte with a gaze as sharp as glass, Jessamine with thinly veiled contempt, and Will with cool amusement. What if they all thought what Jessamine thought? What if they all thought she was angling for charity? Aunt Harriet would have hated accepting charity even more than she’d disapproved of Tessa’s temper.

It was Will who spoke next, leaning forward to look intently into her face. “You can keep it a secret,” he said softly. “But secrets have their own weight, and it can be a very heavy one.”

Tessa raised her head. “It needn’t be a secret. But it would be easier for me to show you than to tell you.”

“Excellent!” Henry looked pleased. “I enjoy being shown things. Is there anything you require, like a spirit lamp, or—”

“It’s not a *séance*, Henry,” Charlotte said wearily. She turned to Tessa. “You don’t need to do this if you don’t want to, Miss Gray.”

Tessa ignored her. “Actually, I do require something.” She turned to Jessamine. “Something of yours, please. A ring, or a handkerchief—”

Jessamine wrinkled her nose. “Dear me, it sounds to me rather as if your special power is pickpocketing!”

Will looked exasperated. “Give her a ring, Jessie. You’re wearing enough of them.”

“You give her something, then.” Jessamine set her chin.

“No.” Tessa spoke firmly. “It must be something of yours.” *Because of everyone here, you’re the closest to me in size and shape. If I transform into tiny Charlotte, this dress will simply fall off me,* Tessa thought. She had considered trying to use the dress itself, but since Jessamine had never worn it, Tessa wasn’t sure the Change would work and didn’t want to take any chances.

“Oh, very well then.” Petulantly Jessamine detached from her smallest finger a ring with a red stone set in it, and passed it across the table to Tessa. “This had better be worth the trouble.”

Oh, it will be. Unsmiling, Tessa put the ring in the palm of her left hand and closed her fingers around it. Then she shut her eyes.

It was always the same: nothing at first, then the flicker of something at the back of her mind, like someone lighting a candle in a dark room. She groped her way toward it, as the Dark Sisters had taught her. It was hard to strip away the fear and the shyness, but she had done it enough times now to know what to expect—the reaching forward to touch the light at the center of the darkness; the sense of light and enveloping warmth, as if she were drawing a blanket, something thick and heavy, around herself, covering every layer of her own skin; and then the light blazing up and surrounding her—and she was inside it. Inside someone else’s skin. Inside their mind.

Jessamine’s mind.

She was only at the edge of it, her thoughts skimming the surface of Jessamine’s like fingers skimming the surface of water. Still, it took her breath away. Tessa had a sudden, flashing image of a bright piece of candy with something dark at its center, like a worm at the core of an apple. She felt resentment, bitter hatred, anger—a terrible fierce longing for *something*—

Her eyes flew open. She was still sitting at the table, Jessamine’s ring clutched in her hand. Her skin zinged with the sharp pins and needles that always accompanied her transformations. She could feel the oddness that was the different weight of another body, not her own; could feel the

brush of Jessamine's light hair against her shoulders. Too thick to be held back by the pins that had clasped Tessa's hair, it had come down around her neck in a pale cascade.

"By the Angel," breathed Charlotte. Tessa looked around the table. They were all staring at her—Charlotte and Henry with their mouths open; Will speechless for once, a glass of water frozen halfway to his lips. And Jessamine—Jessamine was gazing at her in abject horror, like someone who has seen a vision of their own ghost. For a moment Tessa felt a stab of guilt.

It lasted only a moment, though. Slowly Jessamine lowered her hand from her mouth, her face still very pale. "Goodness, my nose is enormous," she exclaimed. "Why didn't anyone tell me?"

4

WE ARE SHADOWS

Pulvis et umbra sumus.
—Horace, *Odes*

The moment Tessa transformed back to her own shape, she had to suffer a barrage of questions. For people who lived in a shadow world of magic, the assembled Nephilim seemed surprisingly awed by her ability, which only served to underline what Tessa had already begun to suspect—that her shape-changing talent was exceedingly unusual. Even Charlotte, who had known about it before Tessa’s demonstration, seemed fascinated.

“So you must be holding something that belongs to the person you’re transforming into?” Charlotte asked for the second time. Sophie and the older woman, who Tessa suspected was the cook, had already taken away the dinner plates and had served fancy cake and tea, but none of the diners had touched it yet. “You can’t simply *look* at someone and—”

“I explained that already.” Tessa’s head was beginning to hurt. “I must be holding something that belongs to them, or a bit of hair or an eyelash. Something that’s *theirs*. Otherwise nothing happens.”

“Do you think a vial of blood would do the trick?” Will asked, in a tone of academic interest.

“Probably—I don’t know. I’ve never tried it.” Tessa took a sip of her tea, which had grown cold.

“And you’re saying that the Dark Sisters *knew* this was your talent? They knew you had this ability before you did?” Charlotte asked.

“Yes. It’s why they wanted me in the first place.”

Henry shook his head. “But *how* did they know? I don’t quite understand that part.”

“I don’t *know*,” Tessa said, not for the first time. “They never explained it to me. All I know is what I told you—that they seemed to know exactly what it was I could do, and how to train me to do it. They spent hours with me, every day . . .” Tessa swallowed against the bitterness in her mouth. Memories of how it had been rose up in her mind—the hours and hours in the cellar room at the Dark House, the way they had screamed at her that Nate would die if she couldn’t Change as they wanted her to, the agony when she finally learned to do it. “It *hurt*, at first,” she whispered. “As if my bones were snapping, melting inside my body. They would force me to Change two, three, then a dozen times a day, until I would finally lose consciousness. And then, the next day, they’d start at it again. I was locked in that room, so I couldn’t try to leave. . . .” She took a ragged breath. “That last day, they tested me by asking me to Change into a girl who had died. She had memories of being attacked with a dagger, being stabbed. Of some *thing* chasing her into an alley—”

“Perhaps it was the girl Jem and I found.” Will sat up straight, his eyes shining. “Jem and I guessed she must have escaped from an attack and run out into the night. I believe they sent the Shax demon after her to bring her back, but I killed it. They must have wondered what happened.”

“The girl I changed into was named Emma Bayliss,” Tessa said, in a half whisper. “She had very fair hair—tied in little pink bows—and she was only a little thing.”

Will nodded as if the description were familiar to him.

“Then they did wonder what had happened to her. That’s why they had me Change into her. When I told them she was dead, they seemed relieved.”

“The poor soul,” Charlotte murmured. “So you can Change into the dead? Not only the living?”

Tessa nodded. “Their voices speak in my mind when I Change too. The difference is that many of them can remember the moment they died.”

“Ugh.” Jessamine shuddered. “How *morbid*.”

Tessa looked over at Will. *Mr. Herondale*, she chided herself silently, but it was hard to think of him that way. She felt somehow as if she knew him better than she really did. But that was foolishness. “You found me because you were looking for the murderer of Emma Bayliss,” she said. “But she was only one dead human girl. One dead—what do you call it?—mundane. Why so much time and effort to find out what happened to her?”

For a moment Will’s eyes met hers, his own a very dark blue. Then his expression changed—only a slight change, but she saw it, though she could not have said what the change meant. “Oh, I wouldn’t have bothered, but Charlotte insisted. She felt there was something larger at work. And once Jem and I infiltrated the Pandemonium Club, and heard rumors of the other murders, we realized there was more going on than the death of one girl. Whether or not we like mundanes particularly, we can’t allow them to be systematically slaughtered. It’s the reason we exist.”

Charlotte leaned forward across the table. “The Dark Sisters never mentioned what use they intended to make of your abilities, did they?”

“You know about the Magister,” Tessa said. “They said they were preparing me for him.”

“For him to do what?” Will asked. “Eat you for dinner?”

Tessa shook her head. “To—to marry me, they said.”

“To marry you?” Jessamine was openly scornful. “That’s ridiculous. They were probably going to blood sacrifice you and didn’t want you to panic.”

“I don’t know about that,” Will said. “I looked in several rooms before I found Tessa. I remember one that was done up surprisingly like a wedding chamber. White hangings on an

enormous bed. A white dress hanging in the wardrobe. It looked about your size.” He eyed Tessa thoughtfully.

“Ceremonial marriage can be a very powerful thing,” Charlotte said. “Performed properly, it could allow someone access to your ability, Tessa, even the power to control you.” She drummed her fingertips thoughtfully on the tabletop. “As for ‘the Magister,’ I’ve researched the term in the archives. It is often used to denote the head of a coven or other group of magicians. The sort of group the Pandemonium Club imagines itself to be. I can’t help but feel that the Magister and the Pandemonium Club are connected.”

“We’ve investigated them before and never managed to catch them doing anything dodgy,” Henry pointed out. “It isn’t against the Law to be an idiot.”

“Lucky for you,” Jessamine said under her breath.

Henry looked hurt, but said nothing. Charlotte cast Jessamine a freezing look.

“Henry is right,” said Will. “It isn’t as if Jem and I didn’t catch them doing the odd illegal thing—drinking absinthe laced with demon powders, and so forth. As long as they were only hurting themselves, it hardly seemed worth involving ourselves. But if they’ve graduated to harming others . . .”

“Do you know who any of them are?” Henry asked curiously.

“The mundanes, no,” Will said dismissively. “There never seemed a reason to find out, and many of them went masked or disguised at club events. But I recognized quite a few of the Downworlders. Magnus Bane, Lady Belcourt, Ragnor Fell, de Quincey—”

“De Quincey? I hope he wasn’t breaking any laws. You know how much trouble we’ve had finding a head vampire we can see eye to eye with,” fretted Charlotte.

Will smiled into his tea. “Whenever I saw him, he was being a perfect angel.”

After a hard look at him, Charlotte turned to Tessa. “Did the servant girl you mentioned—Miranda—have your ability? Or what about Emma?”

“I don’t think so. If Miranda did, they would have been training her as well, wouldn’t they, and Emma didn’t remember anything like that.”

“And they never mentioned the Pandemonium Club? Some larger purpose to what they were doing?”

Tessa racked her brain. What was it the Dark Sisters had talked about when they’d thought she wasn’t listening? “I don’t think they ever said the name of the club, but they would talk sometimes about meetings they were planning on attending, and how the other members would be pleased to see how they were getting on with me. They did say a name once. . . .” Tessa screwed her face up, trying to remember. “Someone else who was in the club. I don’t remember, though I recall thinking the name sounded foreign. . . .”

Charlotte leaned forward across the table. “Can you *try*, Tessa? Try to remember?”

Charlotte meant no harm, Tessa knew, and yet her voice called up other voices in Tessa’s head—voices urging her to *try*, to reach into herself, to draw out the power. Voices that could turn hard and cold at the slightest provocation. Voices that wheedled and threatened and lied.

Tessa drew herself upright. “First, what about my brother?”

Charlotte blinked. “Your brother?”

“You said that if I gave you information about the Dark Sisters, you’d help me find my brother. Well, I told you what I knew. And I still don’t have any idea where Nate is.”

“Oh.” Charlotte sat back, looking almost startled. “Of course. We’ll start investigating his whereabouts tomorrow,” she reassured Tessa. “We’ll start with his workplace—speak to his employer and find out if he knows anything. We have contacts in all sorts of places, Miss Gray. Downworld runs on gossip like the mundane world does. Eventually we’ll turn up someone who knows something about your brother.”



The meal ended not long after that, and Tessa excused herself from the table with a feeling of relief, declining Charlotte's offer to guide her back to her room. All she wanted was to be alone with her thoughts.

She made her way down the torchlit corridor, remembering the day she had stepped off the boat at Southampton. She had come to England knowing no one but her brother, and had let the Dark Sisters force her into serving them. Now she had fallen in with the Shadowhunters, and who was to say they would treat her any better? Like the Dark Sisters, they wanted to use her—use her for the information she knew—and now that they were all aware of her power, how long would it be before they wanted to use her for that, too?

Still lost in thought, Tessa nearly walked directly into a wall. She brought herself up short—and looked around, frowning. She had been walking for much longer than it had taken her and Charlotte to reach the dining room, and still she hadn't found the room she remembered. In fact, she wasn't even sure she had found the *corridor* she remembered. She was in a hallway now, lined with torches and hung with tapestries, but was it the same one? Some of the corridors were very bright, some very dim, the torches burning with varying shades of brightness. Sometimes the torches flared up and then faded as she passed, as if responding to some peculiar stimulus she couldn't see. This particular corridor was fairly dim. She picked her way to the end of it carefully, where it branched into two more, each identical to this one.

"Lost?" inquired a voice behind her. A slow, arrogant voice, immediately familiar.

Will.

Tessa turned and saw that he was leaning carelessly against the wall behind her, as if he were lounging in a doorway, his feet in their scuffed boots crossed in front of him. He held something in his hand: his glowing stone. He pocketed it as she looked at him, dousing its light.

“You ought to let me show you around the Institute a bit, Miss Gray,” he suggested. “You know, so you don’t get lost again.”

Tessa narrowed her eyes at him.

“Of course, you can simply continue wandering about on your own if you really wish to,” he added. “I ought to warn you, though, that there are at least three or four doors in the Institute that you really shouldn’t open. There’s the one that leads to the room where we keep trapped demons, for instance. They can get a bit nasty. Then there is the weapons room. Some of the weapons have a mind of their own, and they *are* sharp. Then there are the rooms that open onto empty air. They’re meant to confuse intruders, but when you’re as high as the top of a church, you don’t want to accidentally slip and—”

“I don’t believe you,” Tessa said. “You’re an awful liar, Mr. Herondale. Still—” She bit her lip. “I don’t like wandering about. You can show me around if you promise no tricks.”

Will promised. And, to Tessa’s surprise, he was true to his word. He guided her down a succession of identical-looking corridors, talking as they walked. He told her how many rooms the Institute had (more than you could count), told her how many Shadowhunters could live in it at once (hundreds), and displayed for her the vast ballroom in which was held an annual Christmas party for the Enclave—which, Will explained, was their term for the group of Shadowhunters who lived in London. (In New York, he added, the term was “Conclave.” American Shadowhunters, it seemed, had their own lexicon.)

After the ballroom came the kitchen, where the middle-aged woman Tessa had seen in the dining room was introduced as Agatha, the cook. She sat sewing in front of a massive kitchen range and was, to Tessa’s intense mystification, also smoking an enormous pipe. She smiled indulgently around it as Will took several chocolate tarts from the plate where they had been left to cool on the table. Will offered one to Tessa.

She shuddered. “Oh, no. I *hate* chocolate.”

Will looked horrified. "What kind of monster could possibly hate chocolate?"

"He eats *everything*," Agatha told Tessa with a placid smile. "Since he was twelve, he has. I suppose it's all the training that keeps him from getting fat."

Tessa, amused at the idea of a fat Will, complimented the pipe-puffing Agatha on her mastery of the enormous kitchen. It looked like a place you could cook for hundreds, with row upon row of jarred preserves and soups, spice tins, and a huge haunch of beef roasting on a hook over the open fireplace.

"Well done," Will said after they'd left the kitchen. "Complimenting Agatha like that. Now she'll like you. It's no good if Agatha doesn't like you. She'll put stones in your porridge."

"Oh, dear," Tessa said, but she couldn't hide the fact that she was entertained. They went from the kitchen to the music room, where there were harps and a great old piano, gathering dust. Down a set of stairs was the drawing room, a pleasant place where the walls, instead of being bare stone, were papered with a bright print of leaves and lilies. A fire was going in a large grate, and several comfortable armchairs were pulled up near it. There was a great wooden desk in the room too, which Will explained was the place where Charlotte did much of the work of running the Institute. Tessa couldn't help wondering what it was that Henry Branwell did, and where he did it.

After that there was the weapons room, finer than anything Tessa imagined you might see in a museum. Hundreds of maces, axes, daggers, swords, knives, and even a few pistols hung on the walls, as well as a collection of different kinds of armor, from greaves worn to protect the shins to full suits of chain mail. A solid-looking young man with dark brown hair sat at a high table, polishing a set of short daggers. He grinned when they came in. "Evenin', Master Will."

"Good evening, Thomas. You know Miss Gray." He indicated Tessa.

“You were at the Dark House!” Tessa exclaimed, looking more closely at Thomas. “You came in with Mr. Branwell. I thought—”

“That I was a Shadowhunter?” Thomas grinned. He had a sweet, pleasant, open sort of face, and a lot of curling hair. His shirt was open at the neck, showing a strong throat. Despite his obvious youth, he was extremely tall and muscular, the width of his arms straining against his sleeves. “I’m not, miss—only trained like one.”

Will leaned back against the wall. “Did that order of misericord blades come in, Thomas? I’ve been running into a certain amount of Shax demons lately, and I need something narrow that can pierce armored carapaces.”

Thomas started to say something to Will about shipping being delayed due to weather in Idris, but Tessa’s attention had been distracted by something else. It was a tall box of golden wood, polished to a high shine, with a pattern burned into the front—a snake, swallowing its own tail.

“Isn’t that the Dark Sisters’ symbol?” she demanded. “What’s it doing here?”

“Not quite,” said Will. “The box is a Pyxis. Demons don’t have souls; their consciousness comes from a sort of energy, which can sometimes be trapped and stored. The Pyxis contains them safely—oh, and the design is an *ouroboros*—the ‘tail devourer.’ It’s an ancient alchemical symbol meant to represent the different dimensions—our world, inside the serpent, and the rest of existence, outside.” He shrugged. “The Sisters’ symbol is the first time I’ve seen anyone draw an *ouroboros* with two snakes—Oh, no you don’t,” he added as Tessa reached for the box. He deftly stepped in front of her. “The Pyxis can’t be touched by anyone who isn’t a Shadowhunter. Nasty things will happen. Now let’s go. We’ve taken up enough of Thomas’s time.”

“I don’t mind,” Thomas protested, but Will was already on his way out. Tessa glanced back at Thomas from the doorway. He’d gone back to polishing the weaponry, but there was something

about the set of his shoulders that made Tessa think he seemed a little bit lonely.

“I didn’t realize you let mundanes fight with you,” she said to Will after they’d left the weapons room behind. “Is Thomas a servant, or—”

“Thomas has been with the Institute for almost his entire life,” Will said, guiding Tessa around a sharp turn in the corridor. “There are families who have the Sight in their veins, families who have always served Shadowhunters. Thomas’s parents served Charlotte’s parents in the Institute, and now Thomas serves Charlotte and Henry. And his children will serve theirs. Thomas does everything—drives, cares for Balios and Xanthos—those are our horses—and helps with the weapons. Sophie and Agatha manage the rest, though Thomas assists them on occasion. I suspect he’s sweet on Sophie and doesn’t like to see her work too hard.”

Tessa was glad to hear it. She’d felt awful about her reaction to Sophie’s scar, and the thought that Sophie had a male admirer—and a handsome one at that—eased her conscience slightly. “Perhaps he’s in love with Agatha,” she said.

“I hope not. I intend to marry Agatha myself. She may be a thousand years old, but she makes an incomparable jam tart. Beauty fades, but cooking is eternal.” He paused in front of a door—big and oak, with thick brass hinges. “Here we are, now,” he said, and the door swung open at his touch.

The room they entered was bigger even than the ballroom she had seen before. It was longer than it was wide, with rectangular oak tables set down the middle of it, vanishing up to the far wall, which was painted with an image of an angel. Each table was illuminated by a glass lamp that flickered white. Halfway up the walls was an interior gallery with a wooden railing running around it that could be reached by means of spiral staircases on either side of the room. Rows upon rows of bookshelves stood at intervals, like sentries forming alcoves on either side of the room. There were more bookshelves upstairs as well; the books inside

were hidden behind screens of fretted metal, each screen stamped with a pattern of four Cs. Huge, outward-curving stained-glass windows, lined with worn stone benches, were set at intervals between the shelves.

A vast tome had been left out on a stand, its pages open and inviting; Tessa moved toward it, thinking it must be a dictionary, only to find that its pages were scrawled with illegible, illuminated script and etched with unfamiliar-looking maps.

“This is the Great Library,” said Will. “Every Institute has a library, but this one is the largest of them all—the largest in the West, at any rate.” He leaned against the door, his arms crossed over his chest. “I said I would get you more books, didn’t I?”

Tessa was so startled that he remembered what he had said, that it took her several seconds to respond. “But the books are all behind bars!” she said. “Like a literary sort of prison!”

Will grinned. “Some of these books are dangerous,” he said. “It’s wise to be careful.”

“One must always be careful of books,” said Tessa, “and what is inside them, for words have the power to change us.”

“I’m not sure a book has ever changed me,” said Will. “Well, there is one volume that promises to teach one how to turn oneself into an entire flock of sheep—”

“Only the very weak-minded refuse to be influenced by literature and poetry,” said Tessa, determined not to let him run wildly off with the conversation.

“Of course, why one would want to be an entire flock of sheep is another matter entirely,” Will finished. “Is there something you want to read here, Miss Gray, or is there not? Name it, and I shall attempt to free it from its prison for you.”

“Do you think the library has *The Wide, Wide World?* Or *Little Women?*”

“Never heard of either of them,” said Will. “We haven’t many novels.”

“Well, I want novels,” said Tessa. “Or poetry. Books are for reading, not for turning oneself into livestock.”

Will's eyes glittered. "I think we may have a copy of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* about somewhere."

Tessa wrinkled her nose. "Oh, that's for little children, isn't it?" she said. "I never liked it much—seemed like so much nonsense."

Will's eyes were very blue. "There's plenty of sense in nonsense sometimes, if you wish to look for it."

But Tessa had already spied a familiar volume on a shelf and went over to greet it like an old friend. "*Oliver Twist!*" she cried. "Have you any other of Mr. Dickens's novels?" She clasped her hands together. "Oh! Do you have *A Tale of Two Cities*?"

"That silly thing? Men going around getting their heads chopped off for love? Ridiculous." Will unpeeled himself from the door and made his way toward Tessa where she stood by the bookshelves. He gestured expansively at the vast number of volumes all around him. "No, here you'll find all sorts of advice about how to chop off someone's *else's* head if you need to; much more useful."

"I don't!" Tessa protested. "Need to chop off anyone's head, that is. And what's the point of a lot of books no one actually wants to *read*? Haven't you really any other novels?"

"Not unless *Lady Audley's Secret* is that she slays demons in her spare time." Will bounded up onto one of the ladders and yanked a book off the shelf. "I'll find you something else to read. Catch." He let it fall without looking, and Tessa had to dart forward to seize it before it hit the floor.

It was a large squarish volume bound in dark blue velvet. There was a pattern cut into the velvet, a swirling symbol reminiscent of the marks that decorated Will's skin. The title was stamped on the front in silver: *The Shadowhunter's Codex*. Tessa glanced up at Will. "What is this?"

"I assumed you'd have questions about Shadowhunters, given that you're currently inhabiting our sanctum sanctorum, so to speak. That book ought to tell you anything you want to know—about us, about our history, even about Downworlders like you." Will's face turned grave. "Be careful with it, though. It's six

hundred years old and the only copy of its kind. Losing or damaging it is punishable by death under the Law.”

Tessa thrust the book away from her as if it were on fire. “You can’t be serious.”

“You’re right. I’m not.” Will leaped down from the ladder and landed lightly in front of her. “You do believe everything I say, though, don’t you? Do I seem unusually trustworthy to you, or are you just a naïve sort?”

Instead of replying, Tessa scowled at him and stalked across the room toward one of the stone benches inside a window alcove. Throwing herself down onto the seat, she opened the *Codex* and began to read, studiously ignoring Will even as he moved to sit beside her. She could feel the weight of his gaze on her as she read.

The first page of the Nephilim book showed the same image she’d grown used to seeing on the tapestries in the corridors: the angel rising out of the lake, holding a sword in one hand and a cup in the other. Underneath the illustration was a note: *The Angel Raziel and the Mortal Instruments*.

“That’s how it all began,” Will said cheerfully, as if oblivious to the fact that she was ignoring him. “A summoning spell here, a bit of angel blood there, and you’ve a recipe for indestructible human warriors. You’ll never understand us from reading a book, mind you, but it’s a start.”

“Hardly human—more like avenging angels,” Tessa said softly, turning the pages. There were dozens of pictures of angels—tumbling out of the sky, shedding feathers as a star might shed sparks as it fell. There were more images of the Angel Raziel, holding open a book on whose pages runes burned like fire, and there were men kneeling around him, men on whose skin Marks could be seen. Images of men like the one she’d seen in her nightmare, with missing eyes and sewed-shut lips; images of Shadowhunters brandishing flaming swords, like warrior angels out of Heaven. She looked up at Will. “You are, then, aren’t you? Part angel?”

Will didn't answer. He was looking out the window, through a clear lower pane. Tessa followed his gaze; the window gave out onto what had to be the front of the Institute, for there was a rounded courtyard below them, surrounded by walls. Through the bars of a high iron gate surmounted by a curved arch, she could glimpse a bit of the street beyond, lit by dim yellow gaslight. There were iron letters worked into the wrought arch atop the gate; when looked at from this direction, they were backward, and Tessa squinted to decipher them.

"*Pulvis et umbra sumus*. It's a line from Horace. '*We are dust and shadows.*' Appropriate, don't you think?" Will said. "It's not a long life, killing demons; one tends to die young, and then they burn your body—dust to dust, in the literal sense. And then we vanish into the shadows of history, nary a mark on the page of a mundane book to remind the world that once we existed at all."

Tessa looked at him. He was wearing that look she found so odd and compelling—that amusement that didn't seem to pass beyond the surface of his features, as if he found everything in the world both infinitely funny and infinitely tragic all at the same time. She wondered what had made him this way, how he had come to find darkness amusing, for it was a quality he didn't appear to share with any of the other Shadowhunters she had met, however briefly. Perhaps it was something he had learned from his parents—but what parents?

"Don't you ever worry?" she said softly. "That what's out there—might come in here?"

"Demons and other unpleasantness, you mean?" Will asked, though Tessa wasn't sure if that was what she had meant, or if she had been speaking of the evils of the world in general. He placed a hand against the wall. "The mortar that made these stones was mixed with the blood of Shadowhunters. Every beam is carved of rowan wood. Every nail used to hammer the beams together is made of silver, iron, or electrum. The place is built on hallowed ground surrounded by wards. The front door can be opened only by one possessing Shadowhunter blood; otherwise it

remains locked forever. This place is a fortress. So no, I am *not* worried.”

“But why live in a fortress?” At his surprised look she elaborated. “You clearly aren’t related to Charlotte and Henry, they’re hardly old enough to have adopted you, and not all Shadowhunter children must live here or there would be more than you and Jessamine—”

“And Jem,” Will reminded her.

“Yes, but—you see what I mean. Why don’t you live with your family?”

“None of us *have* parents. Jessamine’s died in a fire, Jem’s—well Jem came from quite a distance away to live here, after his parents were murdered by demons. Under Covenant Law, the Clave is responsible for parentless Shadowhunter children under the age of eighteen.”

“So you are one another’s family.”

“If you must romanticize it, I suppose we are—all brothers and sisters under the Institute’s roof. You as well, Miss Gray, however temporarily.”

“In that case,” Tessa said, feeling hot blood rise to her face, “I think I would prefer it if you called me by my Christian name, as you do with Miss Lovelace.”

Will looked at her, slow and hard, and then smiled. His blue eyes lit when he smiled. “Then you must do the same for me,” he said. “Tessa.”

She had never thought about her name much before, but when he said it, it was as if she were hearing it for the first time—the hard *T*, the caressing *S*, the way it seemed to end on a breath. Her own breath was very short when she said, softly, “Will.”

“Yes?” Amusement glittered in his eyes.

With a sort of horror Tessa realized that she had simply said his name for the sake of saying it; she hadn’t actually had a question. Hastily she said, “How do you learn—to fight like you do? To draw those magical symbols, and the rest of it?”

Will smiled. “We had a tutor who provided our schooling and physical training—though he’s left for Idris, and Charlotte’s looking for a replacement—along with Charlotte, who takes care of teaching us history and ancient languages.”

“So she’s your governess?”

A look of dark mirth passed across Will’s features. “You could say that. But I wouldn’t call Charlotte a governess if I were you, not if you want to preserve your limbs intact. You wouldn’t think it to look at her, but she’s quite skilled with a variety of weapons, our Charlotte.”

Tessa blinked in surprise. “You don’t mean—Charlotte doesn’t *fight*, does she? Not the way you and Henry do.”

“Certainly she does. Why wouldn’t she?”

“Because she’s a woman,” Tessa said.

“So was Boadicea.”

“Who?”

“*So the Queen Boadicea, standing loftily charioted, / Brandishing in her hand a dart and rolling glances lioness-like—*” Will broke off at Tessa’s look of incomprehension, and grinned. “Tennyson? If you were English, you’d know. Remind me to find a book about her for you. Regardless, she was a powerful warrior queen. When she was finally defeated, she took poison rather than let herself be captured by the Romans. She was braver than any man. I like to think Charlotte is much in the same mold, if somewhat smaller.”

“But she can’t be any good at it, can she? I mean, women don’t have those sort of feelings.”

“What kind of feelings are those?”

“Bloodlust, I suppose,” Tessa said after a moment. “Fierceness. Warrior feelings.”

“I saw you waving that hacksaw at the Dark Sisters,” Will pointed out. “And if I recall correctly, Lady Audley’s secret was, in fact, that she was a murderer.”

“So you’ve read it!” Tessa couldn’t hide her delight.

He looked amused. "I prefer *The Trail of the Serpent*. More adventure, less domestic drama. Neither is as good as *The Moonstone*, though. Have you read Collins?"

"I adore Wilkie Collins," Tessa cried. "Oh—*Armadale*! And *The Woman in White*. . . Are you laughing at me?"

"Not *at* you," said Will, grinning, "more *because* of you. I've never seen anyone get so excited over books before. You'd think they were diamonds."

"Well, they are, aren't they? Isn't there anything *you* love like that? And don't say 'spats' or 'lawn tennis' or something silly."

"Good Lord," he said with mock horror, "it's like she knows me already."

"Everyone has something they can't live without. I'll find out what it is for you, never you fear." She meant to speak lightly, but at the look on his face, her voice trailed off into uncertainty. He was looking at her with an odd steadiness; his eyes were the same dark blue as the velvet binding of the book she held. His gaze passed over her face, down her throat, to her waist, before rising back up to her face, where it lingered on her mouth. Tessa's heart was pounding as if she had been running up stairs. Something in her chest ached, as if she were hungry or thirsty. There was something she *wanted*, but she didn't know what—

"It's late," Will said abruptly, looking away from her. "I should show you back to your room."

"I—" Tessa wanted to protest, but there was no reason to do so. He was right. It *was* late, the pinprick light of stars visible through the clear panes of the window. She rose to her feet, cradling the book to her chest, and went with Will out into the corridor.

"There are a few tricks to learning your way around the Institute that I ought to teach you," he said, still not looking at her. There was something oddly diffident in his attitude now that hadn't been there moments before, as if Tessa had done something to offend him. But what could she have done? "Ways to identify the different doors and turn—"

He broke off, and Tessa saw that someone was coming down the corridor toward them. It was Sophie, a basket of laundry tucked under one of her arms. Seeing Will and Tessa, she paused, her expression growing more guarded.

“Sophie!” Will’s diffidence turned to mischief. “Have you finished putting my room in order yet?”

“It’s done.” Sophie didn’t return his smile. “It was filthy. I hope that in future you can refrain from tracking bits of dead demon through the house.”

Tessa’s mouth fell open. How could Sophie talk to Will like that? She was a servant, and he—even if he *was* younger than she was—was a gentleman.

And yet Will seemed to take it in stride. “All part of the job, young Sophie.”

“Mr. Branwell and Mr. Carstairs seem to have no problem cleaning their boots,” Sophie said, looking darkly from Will to Tessa. “Perhaps you could learn from their example.”

“Perhaps,” said Will. “But I doubt it.”

Sophie scowled, and started off along the corridor again, her shoulders tightly set with indignation.

Tessa looked at Will in amazement. “What was that?”

Will shrugged lazily. “Sophie enjoys pretending she doesn’t like me.”

“Doesn’t like you? She *hates* you!” Under other circumstances, she might have asked if Will and Sophie had had a falling out, but one didn’t fall out with *servants*. If they were unsatisfactory, one ceased to employ them. “Did—did something happen between you?”

“Tessa,” Will said with exaggerated patience. “Enough. There are things you can’t hope to understand.”

If there was one thing Tessa hated, it was being told that there were things she couldn’t understand. Because she was young, because she was a girl—for any of a thousand reasons that never seemed to make any real sense. She set her chin stubbornly. “Well, not if you won’t tell me. But then I’d have to say that it

looks a great deal like she hates you because you did something awful to her.”

Will's expression darkened. “You can think what you like. It's not as if you know anything about me.”

“I know you don't like giving straightforward answers to questions. I know you're probably around seventeen. I know you like Tennyson—you quoted him at the Dark House, and again just now. I know you're an orphan, as I am—”

“I *never* said I was an orphan.” Will spoke with unexpected savagery. “And I loathe poetry. So, as it happens, you really don't know anything about me at all, do you?”

And with that, he spun on his heel and walked away.

5

THE SHADOWHUNTER'S CODEX

*Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in
dreams?*

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson, “The Higher Pantheism”

It took an age of wandering glumly from corridor to identical corridor before Tessa, by lucky chance, recognized a rip in yet another of the endless tapestries and realized that the door to her bedroom must be one of the ones lining that particular hallway. A few minutes of trial and error later, and she was gratefully shutting the correct door behind her and sliding the bolt home in the lock.

The moment she was back in her nightgown and had slipped under the covers, she opened *The Shadowhunter's Codex* and began to read. *You'll never understand us from reading a book*, Will had said, but that wasn't the point really. He didn't know what books meant to her, that books were symbols of truth and meaning, that this one acknowledged that she existed and that there were others like her in the world. Holding it in her hands made Tessa feel that everything that had happened to her in the past six weeks was real—more real even than living through it had been.

Tessa learned from the *Codex* that all Shadowhunters descended from an archangel named Raziel, who had given the first of them a volume called the Gray Book, filled with “the language of Heaven”—the black runic Marks that covered the skin of trained Shadowhunters such as Charlotte and Will. The

Marks were cut into their skin with a styluslike tool called a stele—the odd penlike object she'd seen Will use to draw on the door at the Dark House. The Marks provided Nephilim with all sorts of protection: healing, superhuman strength and speed, night vision, and even allowed them to hide themselves from mundane eyes with runes called glammers. But they were not a gift anyone could use. Cutting Marks into the skin of a Downworlder or human—or even a Shadowhunter who was too young or improperly trained—would be torturously painful and result in madness or death.

The Marks were not the only way they protected themselves—they wore tough, enchanted leather garments called gear when they went into battle. There were sketches of men in the gear of different countries. To Tessa's surprise, there were also sketches of women in long shirts and trousers—not bloomers, such as the sort she'd seen ridiculed in newspapers, but real men's trousers. Turning the page, she shook her head, wondering if Charlotte and Jessamine really wore such outlandish getups.

The next pages were devoted to the other gifts Raziel had given the first Shadowhunters—powerful magical objects called the Mortal Instruments—and a home country: a tiny piece of land sliced out of what was then the Holy Roman Empire, surrounded with wardings so that mundanes could not enter it. It was called Idris.

The lamp flickered low as Tessa read, her eyelids slipping lower and lower. Downworlders, she read, were supernatural creatures such as faeries, werewolves, vampires, and warlocks. In the case of vampires and werewolves, they were humans infected with demon disease. Faeries, on the other hand, were half-demon and half-angel, and therefore possessed both great beauty and an evil nature. But warlocks—warlocks were the direct offspring of humans and demons. No wonder Charlotte had asked if both her parents were human. *But they were, she thought, so I can't possibly be a warlock, thank God.* She stared down at an illustration showing a tall man with shaggy hair, standing in the center of a

pentagram chalked onto a stone floor. He looked completely normal, save for the fact that he had eyes with slit pupils like a cat's. Candles burned at each of the star's five points. The flames seemed to slide together, blurring as Tessa's own vision blurred in exhaustion. She closed her eyes—and was instantly dreaming.

In the dream she danced through whirling smoke down a corridor lined with mirrors, and each mirror she passed showed her a different face. She could hear lovely, haunting music. It seemed to come from some distance away, and yet was all around. There was a man walking ahead of her—a boy, really, slender and youthful—but though she felt that she knew him, she could neither see his face nor recognize him. He might have been her brother, or Will, or someone else entirely. She followed, calling to him, but he receded down the corridor as if the smoke carried him with it. The music rose and rose to a crescendo—

And Tessa woke, breathing hard, the book sliding off her lap as she sat up. The dream was gone, but the music remained, high and haunting and sweet. She made her way to the door and peered out into the hallway.

The music was louder in the corridor. In fact, it was coming from the room across the hall. The door was ajar slightly, and notes seemed to pour through the opening like water through the narrow neck of a vase.

A dressing gown hung on a hook by the door; Tessa drew it down and slipped it on over her nightclothes, stepping out into the hallway. As if in a dream, she crossed the corridor and put her hand gently to the door; it swung open under her touch. The room within was dark, lit only by moonlight. She saw that it was not unlike her own bedroom across the hall, the same large four-poster bed, the same dark heavy furniture. The curtains had been pulled back from one tall window, and pale silver light poured into the room like a rain of needles. In the square patch of moonlight before the window, someone was standing. A boy—he seemed too slight to be a grown man—with a violin propped against his shoulder. His cheek rested against the instrument,

and the bow sawed back and forth over the strings, wringing notes out of it, notes as fine and perfect as anything Tessa had ever heard.

His eyes were closed. “Will?” he said, without opening his eyes or ceasing to play. “Will, is that you?”

Tessa said nothing. She could not bear to speak, to interrupt the music—but in a moment the boy broke it off himself, lowering his bow and opening his eyes with a frown.

“Will—,” he started, and then, seeing Tessa, his lips parted in surprise. “You’re not Will.” He sounded curious, but not at all annoyed, despite the fact that Tessa had barged into his bedroom in the middle of the night and surprised him playing the violin in his nightclothes, or what Tessa assumed were his nightclothes. He wore a light loose-fitting set of trousers and a collarless shirt, with a black silk dressing gown tied loosely over them. She had been right. He was young, probably the same age as Will, and the impression of youth was heightened by his slightness. He was tall but very slender, and disappearing below the collar of his shirt, she could see the curling edges of the black designs that she had earlier seen on Will’s skin, and on Charlotte’s.

She knew what they were called now. Marks. And she knew what they made him. Nephilim. The descendant of men and angels. No wonder that in the moonlight his pale skin seemed to shine like Will’s witchlight. His hair was pale silver as well, as were his angular eyes.

“I’m so sorry,” she said, clearing her throat. The noise sounded terribly harsh to her, and loud in the silence of the room; she wanted to cringe. “I—I didn’t mean to come in here like this. It’s—My room is across the hall, and . . .”

“That’s all right.” He lowered the violin from his shoulder. “You’re Miss Gray, aren’t you? The shape-changer girl. Will told me a bit about you.”

“Oh,” Tessa said.

“Oh?” The boy’s eyebrows rose. “You don’t sound terribly pleased that I know who you are.”

“It’s that I think Will is angry with me,” Tessa explained. “So whatever he told you—”

He laughed. “Will is angry with everyone,” he said. “I don’t let it color my judgment.”

Moonlight spilled off the polished surface of the boy’s violin as he turned to lay it down on top of the wardrobe, the bow beside it. When he turned back to her, he was smiling. “I should have introduced myself earlier,” he said. “I’m James Carstairs. Please call me Jem—everyone does.”

“Oh, you’re Jem. You weren’t at dinner,” Tessa recalled. “Charlotte said you were ill. Are you feeling better?”

He shrugged. “I was tired, that’s all.”

“Well, I imagine it must be tiring, doing what you all do.” Having just read the *Codex*, Tessa felt herself burning up with questions about Shadowhunters. “Will said you came from a long way away to live here—were you in Idris?”

He raised his eyebrows. “You know of Idris?”

“Or did you come from another Institute? They’re in all the big cities, aren’t they? And why to London—”

He interrupted her, bemused. “You ask a lot of questions, don’t you?”

“My brother always says curiosity is my besetting sin.”

“As sins go, it isn’t the worst one.” He sat down on the steamer trunk at the foot of the bed, and regarded her with a curious gravity. “So go ahead; ask me whatever you want. I can’t sleep anyway, and distractions are welcome.”

Immediately Will’s voice rose up in the back of Tessa’s head. Jem’s parents had been killed by demons. *But I can’t ask him about that*, Tessa thought. Instead she said, “Will told me you came from very far away. Where did you live before?”

“Shanghai,” Jem said. “You know where that is?”

“China,” said Tessa with some indignation. “Doesn’t everyone know that?”

Jem grinned. “You’d be surprised.”

“What were you doing in China?” Tessa asked, with honest interest. She couldn’t quite picture the place Jem was from. When she thought of China, all that came to mind was Marco Polo and tea. She had the sense that it was very, very far, as if Jem had come from the ends of the earth—east of the sun and west of the moon, Aunt Harriet would have said. “I thought no one went there but missionaries and sailors.”

“Shadowhunters live all over the world. My mother was Chinese; my father was British. They met in London and moved to Shanghai when he was offered the position of running the Institute there.”

Tessa was startled. If Jem’s mother had been Chinese, then so was he, wasn’t he? She knew there were Chinese immigrants in New York—they mostly worked in laundries or sold hand-rolled cigars from stands on the street. She had never seen one of them who looked anything like Jem, with his odd silvery hair and eyes. Perhaps it had something to do with him being a Shadowhunter? But she couldn’t think of a way to ask that didn’t seem horrendously rude.

Fortunately, Jem didn’t seem to be waiting for her to continue the conversation. “I apologize for asking, but—your parents are dead, aren’t they?”

“Did Will tell you that?”

“He didn’t need to. We orphans learn to recognize one another. If I might ask—were you very young when it happened?”

“I was three when they died in a carriage accident. I hardly remember them at all.” *Only in tiny flashes—the scent of tobacco smoke, or the pale lilac of my mother’s dress.* “My aunt raised me. And my brother, Nathaniel. My aunt, though—” At this, to her surprise, her throat began to tighten. A vivid picture of Aunt Harriet came to her mind, lying in the narrow brass bed in her bedroom, her eyes bright with fever. Not recognizing Tessa at the end and calling her by her mother’s name, Elizabeth. Aunt Harriet had been the only mother Tessa had really ever known. Tessa had held her thin hand while she’d died, there in the room

with the priest. She remembered thinking that now she truly was alone. “She died recently. She took a fever unexpectedly. She never had been very strong.”

“I’m sorry to hear that,” Jem said, and he genuinely did sound sorry.

“It was terrible because my brother was already gone by then. He’d left for England a month before. He’d even sent us back presents—tea from Fortnum and Mason, and chocolates. And then Aunt took sick and died, and I wrote to him over and over, but my letters came back. I was in despair. And then the ticket arrived. A ticket for a steamship to Southampton, and a note from Nate saying he’d meet me at the docks, that I must come live with him in London now that Aunt was gone. Except now I don’t think he ever wrote that note at all—” Tessa broke off, her eyes stinging. “I’m sorry. I’m maundering on. You don’t need to hear all this.”

“What sort of man is your brother? What is he like?”

Tessa looked at Jem with a little surprise. The others had asked her what he might have done to get himself into his current situation, if she knew where the Dark Sisters might be keeping him, if he had the same power she did. But no one had ever asked what he was *like*.

“Aunt used to say he was a dreamer,” she said. “He always lived in his head. He never cared about how things were, only how they would be, someday, when he had everything he wanted. When *we* had everything *we* wanted,” she corrected herself. “He used to gamble, I think because he couldn’t imagine losing—it wasn’t part of his dreams.”

“Dreams can be dangerous things.”

“No—no.” She shook her head. “I’m not saying it right. He was a wonderful brother. He . . .” Charlotte was right; it was easier to fight back tears if she found something, some object, to fix her gaze on. She stared at Jem’s hands. They were slender and long, and he had the same design on the back of his hand that Will did, the open eye. She pointed at it. “What’s that meant to do?”

Jem seemed not to notice she had changed the subject. “It’s a Mark. You know what those are?” He held his hand out to her, palm down. “This one is the Voyance. It clears our Sight. Helps us to see Downworld.” He turned his hand over, and drew up the sleeve of his shirt. All along the pale inside of his wrist and inner arm were more of the Marks, very black against his white skin. They seemed to thread with the pattern of his veins, as if his blood ran through the Marks, too. “For swiftness, night vision, angelic power, to heal quickly,” he read out loud. “Though their names are more complex than that, and not in English.”

“Do they hurt?”

“They hurt when I received them. They don’t hurt at all now.” He drew his sleeve down and smiled at her. “Now, don’t tell me that’s all the questions you have.”

Oh, I have more than you think. “Why can’t you sleep?”

She saw that she had caught him off guard; a look of hesitancy flashed across his face before he spoke. *But why hesitate?* she thought. He could always lie, or simply deflect, as Will would have. But Jem, she sensed instinctively, wouldn’t lie. “I have bad dreams.”

“I was dreaming too,” she said. “I dreamed about your music.”

He grinned. “A nightmare, then?”

“No. It was lovely. The loveliest thing I’ve heard since I came to this horrible city.”

“London isn’t horrible,” Jem said equably. “You simply have to get to know it. You must come with me out into London someday. I can show you the parts of it that are beautiful—that I love.”

“Singing the praises of our fair city?” a light voice inquired. Tessa whirled, and saw Will, leaning against the frame of the doorway. The light from the corridor behind him outlined his damp-looking hair with gold. The hem of his dark overcoat and his black boots were edged with mud, as if he had just come from outdoors, and his cheeks were flushed. He was bareheaded as

always. “We treat you well here, don’t we, James? I doubt I’d have that kind of luck in Shanghai. What do you call us there, again?”

“*Yang guizi*,” said Jem, who appeared unsurprised by Will’s sudden appearance. “Foreign devils.”

“Hear that, Tessa? I’m a devil. So are you.” Will unhitched himself from the doorway and sauntered into the room. He flung himself down onto the edge of the bed, unbuttoning his coat. It had a shoulder cape attached to it, very elegant, lined in blue silk.

“Your hair’s wet,” Jem said. “Where have you been?”

“Here, there, and everywhere.” Will grinned. Despite his usual grace, there was something about the way he moved—the flush on his cheeks and the glitter in his eyes—

“Boiled as an owl, are you?” Jem said, not without affection.

Ab, Tessa thought. *He’s drunk*. She’d seen her own brother under the influence of alcohol enough times to recognize the symptoms. Somehow, she felt obscurely disappointed.

Jem grinned. “Where have you been? The Blue Dragon? The Mermaid?”

“The Devil Tavern, if you must know.” Will sighed and leaned against one of the posts of the bed. “I had such plans for this evening. The pursuit of blind drunkenness and wayward women was my goal. But alas, it was not to be. No sooner had I consumed my third drink in the Devil than I was accosted by a delightful small flower-selling child who asked me for two-pence for a daisy. The price seemed steep, so I refused. When I told the girl as much, she proceeded to rob me.”

“A little girl robbed you?” Tessa said.

“Actually, she wasn’t a little girl at all, as it turns out, but a midget in a dress with a penchant for violence, who goes by the name of Six-Fingered Nigel.”

“Easy mistake to make,” Jem said.

“I caught him in the act of slipping his hand into my pocket,” Will said, gesturing animatedly with his scarred, slender hands. “I couldn’t let that stand, of course. A fight broke out almost

immediately. I had the upper hand until Nigel leaped onto the bar and struck me from behind with a pitcher of gin.”

“Ah,” said Jem. “That does explain why your hair’s wet.”

“It was a fair fight,” Will said. “But the proprietor of the Devil didn’t see it that way. Threw me out. I can’t go back for a fortnight.”

“Best thing for you,” Jem said unsympathetically. “Glad to hear it’s business as usual, then. I was worried for a moment there that you’d come home early to see if I was feeling better.”

“You seem to be doing perfectly well without me. In fact, I see you’ve met our resident shape-shifting mystery woman,” Will said, glancing toward Tessa. It was the first time he’d acknowledged her presence since he’d appeared in the doorway. “Do you normally turn up in gentlemen’s bedrooms in the middle of the night? If I’d known that, I would have campaigned harder to make sure Charlotte let you stay.”

“I don’t see how what I do is your concern,” Tessa replied. “Especially since you abandoned me in the corridor and left me to find my own way back to my room.”

“And you found your way to Jem’s room instead?”

“It was the violin,” Jem explained. “She heard me practicing.”

“Ghastly wailing noise, isn’t it?” Will asked Tessa. “I don’t know how all the cats in the neighborhood don’t come running every time he plays.”

“I thought it was pretty.”

“That’s because it was,” Jem agreed.

Will pointed a finger accusingly in their direction. “You’re ganging up on me. Is this how it’s going to be from now on? I’ll be odd man out? Dear God, I’ll have to befriend Jessamine.”

“Jessamine can’t stand you,” Jem pointed out.

“Henry, then.”

“Henry will set you on fire.”

“Thomas,” Will suggested.

“Thomas,” Jem began—and doubled up, suddenly racked with an explosive fit of coughing so violent that he slid from the steamer trunk to crouch on his knees. Too shocked to move, Tessa could only stare as Will—his expansive drunkenness seeming to vanish in a split second—sprang off the bed and knelt down by Jem, placing a hand on his shoulder.

“James,” he said quietly. “Where is it?”

Jem held up a hand to ward him off. Racking gasps shook his thin frame. “I don’t need it—I’m all right—”

He coughed again, and a fine spray of red splattered the floor in front of him. Blood.

Will’s hand tightened on his friend’s shoulder; Tessa saw the knuckles whiten. “Where is it? Where did you put it?”

Jem waved his hand feebly toward the bed. “On—,” he gasped. “On the mantel—in the box—the silver one—”

“I’ll get it, then.” It was as gently as Tessa had ever heard Will say anything. “Stay here.”

“As if I’d go anywhere.” Jem scrubbed the back of his hand across his mouth; it came away with red streaking the open-eye Mark.

Standing up, Will turned—and saw Tessa. For a moment he looked purely startled, as if he’d forgotten she was there at all.

“Will—,” she whispered. “Is there anything—”

“Come with me.” Catching her by the arm, Will marched her, gently, toward the open door. He thrust her out into the corridor, moving to block her view of the room. “Good night, Tessa.”

“But he’s coughing blood,” Tessa protested in a low voice. “Perhaps I should get Charlotte—”

“No.” Will glanced over his shoulder, then back at Tessa. He leaned toward her, his hand on her shoulder. She could feel every one of his fingers pressing into the flesh. They were close enough that she could smell the night air on his skin, the scent of metal and smoke and fog. Something about the way he smelled was strange, but she couldn’t place exactly what it was.

Will spoke in a low voice. “He has medicine. I’ll get it for him. There’s no need for Charlotte to know about this.”

“But if he’s ill—”

“Please, Tessa.” There was a pleading urgency in Will’s blue eyes. “It would be better if you said nothing about it.”

Somehow Tessa found she could not say no. “I—all right.”

“Thank you.” Will released her shoulder, and raised his hand to touch her cheek—so lightly she thought she might almost have imagined it. Too startled to say anything, she stood in silence as he closed the door between them. As she heard the lock slide home, she realized why she had thought something was odd when Will had leaned toward her.

Though Will had said he’d been out all night drinking—though he’d even claimed to have had a pitcher of gin smashed over his head—there had been no smell of alcohol on him at all.



It was a long time before Tessa could sleep again. She lay awake, the *Codex* open at her side, the clockwork angel ticking at her chest, and she watched the lamplight trace patterns across the ceiling.



Tessa stood looking at herself in the mirror over the vanity table as Sophie did up the buttons on the back of her dress. In the morning light that streamed through the high windows, she looked very pale, the gray shadows under her eyes standing out in splotches.

She had never been one to stare in mirrors. A quick glance to see that her hair was all right and that there were no spots on her clothes. Now she could not stop looking at that thin, pale face in the glass. It seemed to ripple as she looked at it, like a reflection seen in water, like the vibration that took her just before the Change. Now that she had worn other faces, seen through other eyes, how could she ever say any face was really her own, even if it was the face she had been given at birth? When she Changed

back to herself, how was she to know there wasn't some slight shift in her very self, something that made her not who she was anymore? Or did it matter what she looked like at all? Was her face nothing but a mask of flesh, irrelevant to her true self?

She could see Sophie reflected in the mirror as well; her face was turned so that her scarred cheek was to the mirror. It looked even more awful in daylight. It was like seeing a lovely painting slashed to ribbons with a knife. Tessa itched to ask her what had happened, but knew she shouldn't. Instead she said, "I'm much obliged to you for helping me with the dress."

"Pleased to be of service, miss." Sophie's tone was flat.

"I only wanted to ask," Tessa began. Sophie stiffened. *She thinks I'm going to ask her about her face*, Tessa thought. Out loud she said, "The way you talked to Will in the corridor last night—"

Sophie laughed. It was a short laugh, but a real one. "I am permitted to speak to Mr. Herondale however I like, whenever I like. It's one of the conditions of my employment."

"Charlotte lets you make your own conditions?"

"It's not simply anyone who can work at the Institute," Sophie explained. "You need to have a touch of the Sight. Agatha has it, and so does Thomas. Mrs. Branwell wanted me right away when she knew I had it, said she'd been looking for a maid for Miss Jessamine for simply ages. She warned me about Mr. Herondale, though, said he'd likely be rude to me, and familiar. She said I could be rude right back, that nobody would mind."

"Someone ought to be rude to him. He's rude enough to everyone else."

"I'd warrant that's what Mrs. Branwell thought." Sophie shared a grin with Tessa in the mirror; she was absolutely lovely when she smiled, Tessa thought, scar or no scar.

"You like Charlotte, don't you?" she said. "She does seem awfully kind."

Sophie shrugged. "In the old house I was in service in, Mrs. Atkins—that was the housekeeper—she would keep track of every candle we used, every bit of soap we had. We had to use the

soap down to a sliver before she'd give us a new bit. But Mrs. Branwell gives me new soap whenever I want it." She said this as if it were a firm testament to Charlotte's character.

"I suppose they have a lot of money here at the Institute." Tessa thought of the gorgeous furnishings and the grandeur of the place.

"Perhaps. But I've made over enough dresses for Mrs. Branwell to know she doesn't buy them new."

Tessa thought of the blue gown Jessamine had worn to dinner the night before. "What about Miss Lovelace?"

"She has her own money," said Sophie darkly. She stepped back from Tessa. "There. You're fit to be seen now."

Tessa smiled. "Thank you, Sophie."



When Tessa came into the dining room, the others were already midway through breakfast—Charlotte in a plain gray dress, spreading jam onto a piece of toast; Henry half-hidden behind a newspaper; and Jessamine picking daintily at a bowl of porridge. Will had a pile of eggs and bacon on his plate and was digging into them industriously, which Tessa couldn't help noting was unusual for someone who claimed to have been out drinking all night.

"We were just talking about you," Jessamine said as Tessa found a seat. She pushed a silver toast rack across the table toward Tessa. "Toast?"

Tessa, picking up her fork, looked around the table anxiously. "What about me?"

"What to do with you, of course. Downworlders can't live in the Institute forever," said Will. "I say we sell her to the Gypsies on Hampstead Heath," he added, turning to Charlotte. "I hear they purchase spare women as well as horses."

"Will, stop it." Charlotte glanced up from her breakfast. "That's ridiculous."

Will leaned back in his chair. “You’re right. They’d never buy her. Too scrawny.”

“That’s enough,” Charlotte said. “Miss Gray shall remain. If for no other reason than because we’re in the middle of an investigation that requires her assistance. I’ve already dispatched a message to the Clave telling them that we’re keeping her here until this Pandemonium Club matter is cleared up and her brother is found. Isn’t that right, Henry?”

“Quite,” Henry said, setting the newspaper down. “The Pandemonium thingie is a top priority. Absolutely.”

“You’d better tell Benedict Lightwood, too,” said Will. “You know how he is.”

Charlotte blanched slightly, and Tessa wondered who Benedict Lightwood might be. “Will, today I’d like you to revisit the site of the Dark Sisters’ house; it’s abandoned now, but it’s still worth a final search. And I want you to take Jem with you—”

At that, the amusement left Will’s expression. “Is he well enough?”

“He is quite well enough.” The voice wasn’t Charlotte’s. It was Jem’s. He had come into the room quietly and was standing by the sideboard, his arms folded across his chest. He was much less pale than he had been the previous night, and the red waistcoat he wore brought a slight tinge of color to his cheeks. “In fact, he’s ready when you are.”

“You should have some breakfast first,” Charlotte fretted, pushing the plate of bacon toward him. Jem sat, and smiled at Tessa across the table. “Oh, Jem—this is Miss Gray. She’s—”

“We’ve met,” Jem said quietly, and Tessa felt a rush of heat in her face. She couldn’t help staring at him as he picked up a piece of bread and applied butter to it. It seemed hard to imagine that anyone quite so ethereal-looking could possibly eat toast.

Charlotte looked puzzled. “You have?”

“I encountered Tessa in the corridor last night and introduced myself. I think I may have given her something of a fright.” His

silver eyes met Tessa's across the table, sparkling with amusement.

Charlotte shrugged. "Very well, then. I'd like you to go with Will. In the meantime, today, Miss Gray—"

"Call me Tessa," Tessa said. "I would prefer it if everyone did."

"Very well, Tessa," said Charlotte with a little smile. "Henry and I will be paying a call on Mr. Axel Mortmain, your brother's employer, to see if he, or any of his employees, might have any information as to your brother's whereabouts."

"Thank you." Tessa was surprised. They had said they were going to look for her brother, and they were actually doing it. She hadn't expected that they would.

"I've heard of Axel Mortmain," said Jem. "He was a taipan, one of the big business heads in Shanghai. His company had offices on the Bund."

"Yes," said Charlotte, "the newspapers say he made his fortune in imports of silk and tea."

"Bah." Jem spoke lightly, but there was an edge to his voice. "He made his fortune in opium. All of them did. Buying opium in India, sailing it to Canton, trading it for goods."

"He wasn't breaking the law, James." Charlotte pushed the newspaper across the table toward Jessamine. "Meanwhile, Jessie, perhaps you and Tessa can go through the paper and make note of anything that might pertain to the investigation, or be worth a second look—"

Jessamine recoiled from the paper as if it were a snake. "A lady does not read the newspaper. The society pages, perhaps, or the theater news. Not this filth."

"But you are not a lady, Jessamine—," Charlotte began.

"Dear me," said Will. "Such harsh truths so early in the morning cannot be good for the digestion."

"What I mean," Charlotte said, correcting herself, "is that you are a Shadowhunter first, and a lady second."

“Speak for yourself,” Jessamine said, pushing her chair back. Her cheeks had turned an alarming shade of red. “You know,” she said, “I wouldn’t have expected you to notice, but it seems clear that the only thing Tessa has to put on her back is that awful old red dress of mine, and it doesn’t fit her. It doesn’t even fit me anymore, and she’s taller than I am.”

“Can’t Sophie . . . ,” Charlotte began vaguely.

“You can take a dress in. It’s another thing to make it twice as big as it was to start with. Really, Charlotte.” Jessamine blew out her cheeks in exasperation. “I think you ought to let me take poor Tessa into town to get some new clothes. Otherwise, the first time she takes a deep breath, that dress will fall right off her.”

Will looked interested. “I think she should try that out now and see what happens.”

“Oh,” Tessa said, thoroughly confused. Why was Jessamine being so kind to her suddenly when she’d been so unpleasant only the day before? “No, really it’s not necessary—”

“It is,” Jessamine said firmly.

Charlotte was shaking her head. “Jessamine, as long as you live in the Institute, you are one of us, and you have to contribute—”

“You’re the one who insists we have to take in Downworlders who are in trouble, and feed and shelter them,” Jessamine said. “I’m quite sure that includes clothing them as well. You see, I will be contributing—to Tessa’s upkeep.”

Henry leaned across the table toward his wife. “You’d better let her do it,” he advised. “Remember the last time you tried to get her to sort the daggers in the weapons room, and she used them to cut up all the linens?”

“We needed new linens,” said Jessamine, unabashed.

“Oh, all right,” Charlotte snapped. “Honestly, sometimes I despair of the lot of you.”

“What’ve I done?” Jem inquired. “I only just arrived.”

Charlotte put her face into her hands. As Henry began to pat her shoulders and make soothing noises, Will leaned across Tessa

toward Jem, ignoring her completely as he did so. “Should we leave now?”

“I need to finish my tea first,” Jem said. “Anyway, I don’t see what you’re so fired up about. You said the place hadn’t been used as a brothel in ages?”

“I want to be back before dark,” Will said. He was leaning nearly across Tessa’s lap, and she could smell that faint boy-smell of leather and metal that seemed to cling to his hair and skin. “I have an assignation in Soho this evening with a certain attractive someone.”

“Goodness,” Tessa said to the back of his head. “If you keep seeing Six-Fingered Nigel like this, he’ll expect you to declare your intentions.”

Jem choked on his tea.



Spending the day with Jessamine began as badly as Tessa had feared. The traffic was dreadful. However crowded New York might have been, Tessa had never seen anything like the snarling mess of the Strand at midday. Carriages rolled side by side with costermongers’ carts piled high with fruit and vegetables; women shawled and carrying shallow baskets full of flowers dived madly in and out of traffic as they tried to interest the occupants of various carriages in their wares; and cabs came to a full stop in the midst of traffic so that the cabdrivers could scream at one another out their windows. This noise added to the already awesome din—ice cream peddlers shouting “Hokey-pokey, penny a lump,” newspaper boys hawking the day’s latest headline, and someone somewhere playing a barrel organ. Tessa wondered how everyone living and working in London wasn’t deaf.

As she stared out the window, an old woman carrying a large metal cage full of fluttering colorful birds stepped out alongside their coach. The old woman turned her head, and Tessa saw that her skin was as green as a parrot’s feathers, her eyes wide and all black like a bird’s, her hair a shock of multicolored feathers. Tessa started, and Jessamine, following her gaze, frowned. “Close

the curtains," she said. "It keeps out the dust." And, reaching past Tessa, Jessamine did just that.

Tessa looked at her. Jessamine's small mouth was set in a thin line. "Did you see—?" Tessa began.

"No," Jessamine said, shooting Tessa what she had often seen referred to in novels as a "killing" look. Tessa glanced hastily away.

Things did not improve when they finally reached the fashionable West End. Leaving Thomas patiently waiting with the horses, Jessamine dragged Tessa in and out of various dressmakers' salons, looking at design after design, standing by while the prettiest shop assistant was chosen to model a sample. (No real lady would let a dress that might have been worn by a stranger touch her skin.) In each establishment she gave a different false name and a different story; in each establishment the owners seemed enchanted by her looks and obvious wealth and couldn't help her fast enough. Tessa, mostly ignored, lurked on the sidelines, half-dead from boredom.

In one salon, posing as a young widow, Jessamine even examined the design for a black mourning dress of crepe and lace. Tessa had to admit it would have set off her blond pallor well.

"You would look absolutely beautiful in this, and could not possibly fail to make an advantageous remarriage." The dressmaker winked in a conspiratorial fashion. "In fact, do you know what we call this design? 'The Trap Rebaited.'"

Jessamine giggled, the dressmaker smiled limpidly, and Tessa considered racing out into the street and ending it all by throwing herself under a hansom cab. As if conscious of her annoyance, Jessamine glanced toward her with a condescending smile. "I'm also looking for a few dresses for my cousin from America," she said. "The clothes there are simply horrible. She's as plain as a pin, which doesn't help, but I'm sure you can do something with her."

The dressmaker blinked as if this were the first time she'd noticed Tessa, and perhaps it was. "Would you like to choose a design, ma'am?"

The following whirlwind of activity was something of a revelation for Tessa. In New York her clothes had been bought by her aunt—ready-made pieces that had had to be altered to fit, and always cheap material in drab shades of dark gray or navy. She had never before learned, as she did now, that blue was a color that suited her and brought out her gray-blue eyes, or that she should wear rose pink to put color in her cheeks. As her measurements were taken amidst a blur of discussion of princess sheaths, cuirass bodices, and someone named Mr. Charles Worth, Tessa stood and stared at her face in the mirror, half-waiting for the features to begin to slip and change, to reform themselves. But she remained herself, and at the end of it all she had four new dresses on order to be delivered later in the week—one pink, one yellow, one striped blue and white with bone buttons, and a gold and black silk—as well as two smart jackets, one with darling beaded tulle adorning the cuffs.

"I suspect you may actually look pretty in that last outfit," Jessamine said as they climbed back up into the carriage. "It's amazing what fashion can do."

Tessa counted silently to ten before she replied. "I'm awfully obliged to you for everything, Jessamine. Shall we return to the Institute now?"

At that, the brightness went out of Jessamine's face. *She truly hates it there*, Tessa thought, puzzled more than anything else. What was so dreadful about the Institute? Of course its whole reason for existing was peculiar enough, certainly, but Jessamine had to be used to that by now. She was a Shadow-hunter like the rest.

"It's such a lovely day," Jessamine said, "and you've hardly seen anything of London. I think a walk in Hyde Park is in order. And after that, we could go to Gunter's and have Thomas get ices for us!"

Tessa glanced out the window. The sky was hazy and gray, shot through with lines of blue where the clouds briefly drifted apart from one another. In no way would this be considered a lovely day in New York, but London seemed to have different standards for weather. Besides, she owed Jessamine something now, and the last thing in the world the other girl wanted to do, clearly, was go home.

“I adore parks,” said Tessa.

Jessamine almost smiled.



“You didn’t tell Miss Gray about the cogs,” Henry said.

Charlotte looked up from her notes and sighed. It had always been a sore point for her that, however often she had requested a second, the Clave only allowed the Institute one carriage. It was a fine one—a town coach—and Thomas was an excellent driver. But it did mean that when the Institute’s Shadowhunters went their separate ways, as they were doing today, Charlotte was forced to borrow a carriage from Benedict Lightwood, who was far from her favorite person. And the only carriage he was willing to lend her was small and uncomfortable. Poor Henry, who was so very tall, was bumping his head against the low roof.

“No,” she said. “The poor girl, she seemed so dazed already. I couldn’t tell her that the mechanical devices we found in the cellar had been manufactured by the company that employed her brother. She’s so worried about him. It seemed more than she’d be able to bear.”

“It might not mean anything, darling,” Henry reminded her. “Mortmain and Company manufactures most of the machine tools used in England. Mortmain is really something of a genius. His patented system for producing ball bearings—”

“Yes, yes.” Charlotte tried to keep the impatience out of her voice. “And perhaps we should have told her. But I thought it best that we speak to Mr. Mortmain first and gather what impressions we can. You’re correct. He may know nothing at all,

and there may be little connection. But it would be quite a coincidence, Henry. And I am very wary of coincidence.”

She glanced back down at the notes she’d made about Axel Mortmain. He was the only (and likely, though the notes did not specify, illegitimate) son of Dr. Hollingworth Mortmain, who in a matter of years had risen from the humble position of ship’s surgeon on a trading vessel bound for China to wealthy private trader, buying and selling spices and sugar, silk and tea, and—it wasn’t stated, but Charlotte was in agreement with Jem on the matter—probably opium. When Dr. Mortmain had died, his son, Axel, at barely twenty years of age, had inherited his fortune, which he’d promptly invested in building a fleet of ships faster and sleeker than any others plying the seas. Within a decade the younger Mortmain had doubled, then quadrupled, his father’s riches.

In more recent years he had retired from Shanghai to London, had sold his trading ships, and had used the money to buy a large company that produced the mechanical devices needed to make timepieces, everything from pocket watches to grandfather clocks. He was a very wealthy man.

The carriage drew up in front of one of a row of white terraced houses, each with tall windows looking out over the square. Henry leaned out of the carriage and read the number off a brass plaque affixed to a front gatepost. “This must be it.” He reached for the carriage door.

“Henry,” said Charlotte, placing a hand on his arm. “Henry, do keep in mind what we talked about this morning, won’t you?”

He smiled ruefully. “I will do my best not to embarrass you or trip up the investigation. Honestly, sometimes I wonder why you bring me along on these things. You know I’m a bumbler when it comes to people.”

“You’re not a bumbler, Henry,” Charlotte said gently. She longed to reach out and stroke his face, push his hair back and reassure him. But she held herself back. She knew—she had been

advised enough times—not to force on Henry affection he probably did not want.

Leaving the carriage with the Lightwoods' driver, they mounted the stairs and rang the bell; the door was opened by a footman wearing dark blue livery and a dour expression. "Good morning," he said brusquely. "Might I inquire as to your business here?"

Charlotte glanced sideways at Henry, who was staring past the footman with a dreamy sort of expression. Lord knew what his mind was on—cogs, gears, and gadgets, no doubt—but it certainly wasn't on their present situation. With an inward sigh she said, "I am Mrs. Gray, and this is my husband, Mr. Henry Gray. We're seeking a cousin of ours—a young man named Nathaniel Gray. We haven't heard from him in nearly six weeks. He is, or was, one of Mr. Mortmain's employees—"

For a moment—it might have been her imagination—she thought she saw something, a flicker of uneasiness, in the footman's eyes. "Mr. Mortmain owns quite a large company. You can't expect him to know the whereabouts of everyone who works for him. That would be impossible. Perhaps you should inquire with the police."

Charlotte narrowed her eyes. Before they had left the Institute, she had traced the insides of her arms with persuasion runes. It was the rare mundane who was totally unsusceptible to their influence. "We have, but they don't seem to have progressed at all with the case. It's so dreadful, and we're so concerned about Nate, you see. If we could see Mr. Mortmain for a moment . . ."

She relaxed as the footman nodded slowly. "I'll inform Mr. Mortmain of your visit," he said, stepping back to allow them inside. "Please wait in the vestibule." He looked startled, as if surprised at his own acquiescence.

He swung the door wide, and Charlotte followed him in, Henry behind her. Though the footman failed to offer Charlotte a seat—a failure of politesse she attributed to the confusion brought on by the persuasion runes—he did take Henry's coat

and hat, and Charlotte's wrap, before leaving the two of them to stare curiously around the entryway.

The room was high ceiled but not ornate. It was also absent the expected pastoral landscapes and family portraits. Instead, hanging from the ceiling were long silk banners painted with the Chinese characters for good luck; an Indian platter of hammered silver propped in one corner; and pen-and-ink sketches of famous landmarks lining the walls. Charlotte recognized Mount Kilimanjaro, the Egyptian pyramids, the Taj Mahal, and a section of China's Great Wall. Mortmain clearly was a man who traveled a great deal and was proud of the fact.

Charlotte turned to look at Henry to see if he was observing what she was, but he was staring vaguely off toward the stairs, lost in his own mind again; before she could say anything, the footman rematerialized, a pleasant smile on his face. "Please come this way."

Henry and Charlotte followed the footman to the end of the corridor, where he opened a polished oak door and ushered them before him.

They found themselves in a grand study, with wide windows looking out onto the square. Dark green curtains were pulled back to let in the light, and through the windowpanes Charlotte could see their borrowed carriage waiting for them at the curb, the horse with its head dipped into a nose-bag, the driver reading a newspaper on his high seat. The green branches of trees moved on the other side of the street, an emerald canopy, but it was noiseless. The windows blocked all sound, and there was nothing audible in this room at all save the faint ticking of a wall clock with MORTMAIN AND COMPANY engraved on the face in gold.

The furniture was dark, a heavy black-grained wood, and the walls were lined with animal heads—a tiger, an antelope, and a leopard—and more foreign landscapes. There was a great mahogany desk in the center of the room, neatly arranged with stacks of paper, each pile weighted down with a heavy copper gear. A brass-bound globe bearing the legend WYLD'S GLOBE OF

THE EARTH, WITH THE LATEST DISCOVERIES! anchored one corner of the desk, the lands under the rule of the British empire picked out in pinkish red. Charlotte always found the experience of examining mundane globes a strange one. Their world was not the same shape as the one she knew.

Behind the desk sat a man, who rose to his feet as they entered. He was a small energetic-looking figure, a middle-aged man with hair graying suitably at the sideburns. His skin looked windburned, as if he had often been outside in rough weather. His eyes were a very, very light gray, his expression pleasant; despite his elegant, expensive-looking clothes, it was easy to imagine him on the deck of a ship, peering keenly into the distance. "Good afternoon," he said. "Walker gave me to understand that you are looking for Mr. Nathaniel Gray?"

"Yes," Henry said, to Charlotte's surprise. Henry rarely, if ever, took the lead in conversations with strangers. She wondered if it had anything to do with the intricate-looking blueprint on the desk. Henry was looking at it as yearningly as if it were food. "We're his cousins, you know."

"We do appreciate you taking this time to talk to us, Mr. Mortmain," Charlotte added hastily. "We know he was only an employee of yours, one of dozens—"

"Hundreds," said Mr. Mortmain. He had a pleasant baritone voice, which at the moment sounded very amused. "It is true I can't keep track of them all. But I do remember Mr. Gray. Though I must say, if he ever mentioned that he had cousins who were Shadowhunters, I can't say I recall it."

6

STRANGE EARTH

*We must not look at goblin men,
We must not buy their fruits:
Who knows upon what soil they fed
Their hungry thirsty roots?*
—Christina Rossetti, “Goblin Market”

“You know,” said Jem, “this isn’t at all what I thought a brothel would look like.”

The two boys stood at the entrance to what Tessa called the Dark House, off Whitechapel High Street. It looked dingier and darker than Will remembered, as if someone had swabbed it with a coating of extra dirt. “What were you imagining exactly, James? Ladies of the night waving from the balconies? Nude statues adorning the entranceway?”

“I suppose,” Jem said mildly, “I was expecting something that looked a bit less drab.”

Will had thought rather the same thing the first time he had been there. The overwhelming sensation one had inside the Dark House was that it was a place no one had ever really thought of as a home. The latched windows looked greasy, the drawn curtains dingy and unwashed.

Will rolled up his sleeves. “We’ll probably have to knock down the door—”

“Or,” said Jem, reaching out and giving the knob a twist, “not.”
The door swung open onto a rectangle of darkness.

“Now, that’s simply laziness,” said Will. Taking a hunting dagger from his belt, he stepped cautiously inside, and Jem followed, keeping tight hold of his jade-headed walking stick. They tended to take turns going first into dangerous situations, though Jem preferred to be rear guard much of the time—Will always forgot to look behind him.

The door swung shut behind them, imprisoning them in the half-lit gloom. The entryway looked almost the same as it had the first time Will had been there—the same wooden staircase leading up, the same cracked but still elegant marble flooring, the same air thick with dust.

Jem raised his hand, and his witchlight flared into life, frightening a group of blackbeetles. They scurried across the floor, causing Will to grimace. “Nice place to live, isn’t it? Let’s hope they left something behind other than filth. Forwarding addresses, a few severed limbs, a prostitute or two . . .”

“Indeed. Perhaps, if we’re fortunate, we can still catch syphilis.”

“Or demon pox,” Will suggested cheerfully, trying the door under the stairs. It swung open, unlocked as the front door had been. “There’s always demon pox.”

“Demon pox does not exist.”

“Oh ye of little faith,” said Will, disappearing into the darkness under the stairs.

Together they searched the cellar and the ground-floor rooms meticulously, finding little but rubbish and dust. Everything had been stripped from the room where Tessa and Will had fought off the Dark Sisters; after a long search Will discovered something on the wall that looked like a smear of blood, but there seemed no source for it, and Jem pointed out it could just as well be paint.

Abandoning the cellar, they moved upstairs, and found a long corridor lined with doors that was familiar to Will. He had raced down it with Tessa behind him. He ducked into the first room on the right, which had been the room he’d found her in. No sign

lingered of the wild-eyed girl who'd hit him with a flowered pitcher. The room was empty, the furniture having been taken away to be searched inside the Silent City. Four dark indentations on the floor indicated where a bed had once stood.

The other rooms were much the same. Will was trying the window in one when he heard Jem shout that he should come quickly; he was in the last room on the left. Will made haste and found Jem standing in the center of a large square room, his witchlight shining in his hand. He was not alone. There was one piece of furniture remaining here—an upholstered armchair, and seated in it was a woman.

She was young—probably no older than Jessamine—and wore a cheap-looking printed dress, her hair gathered up at the nape of her neck. It was dull-brown mousy hair, and her hands were bare and red. Her eyes were wide open and staring.

“Gah,” said Will, too surprised to say anything else. “Is she—”

“She’s dead,” said Jem.

“Are you certain?” Will could not take his eyes off the woman’s face. She was pale, but not with a corpse’s pallor, and her hands lay folded in her lap, the fingers softly curved, not stiff with the rigor of death. He moved closer to her and placed a hand on her arm. It was rigid and cold beneath his fingers. “Well, she’s not responding to my advances,” he observed more brightly than he felt, “so she *must* be dead.”

“Or she’s a woman of good taste and sense.” Jem knelt down and looked up into the woman’s face. Her eyes were pale blue and protuberant; they stared past him, as dead-looking as painted eyes. “Miss,” he said, and reached for her wrist, meaning to take a pulse.

She moved, jerking under his hand, and let out a low inhuman moan.

Jem stood up hastily. “What in—”

The woman raised her head. Her eyes were still blank, unfocused, but her lips moved with a grinding sound. “Beware!”

she cried. Her voice echoed around the room, and Will, with a yell, jumped back.

The woman's voice sounded like gears grating against one another. "Beware, Nephilim. As you slay others, so shall you be slain. Your angel cannot protect you against that which neither God nor the devil has made, an army born neither of Heaven nor Hell. Beware the hand of man. Beware." Her voice rose to a high, grinding shriek, and she jerked back and forth in the chair like a puppet being yanked on invisible strings. "BEWARE BEWAREBEWAREBEWARE—"

"Good God," muttered Jem.

"BEWARE!" the woman shrieked one last time, and toppled forward to sprawl on the ground, abruptly silenced. Will stared, openmouthed.

"Is she . . . ?" he began.

"Yes," Jem said. "I think she's *quite* dead this time."

But Will was shaking his head. "Dead. You know, I don't *think* so."

"What do you think, then?"

Instead of answering, Will went and knelt down by the body. He put two fingers to the side of the woman's cheek and turned her head gently until she faced them. Her mouth was wide, her right eye staring at the ceiling. The left dangled halfway down her cheek, attached to its socket by a coil of copper wire.

"She's not alive," said Will, "but not dead, either. She may be . . . like one of Henry's gadgets, I think." He touched her face. "Who could have done this?"

"I can hardly guess. But she called us Nephilim. She knew what we are."

"Or someone did," said Will. "I don't imagine she *knows* anything. I think she's a machine, like a clock. And she has run down." He stood up. "Regardless, we had best get her back to the Institute. Henry will want to have a look at her."

Jem did not reply; he was looking down at the woman on the floor. Her feet were bare beneath the hem of her dress, and dirty.

Her mouth was open and he could see the gleam of metal inside her throat. Her eye dangled eerily on its bit of copper wire as somewhere outside the windows a church clock chimed the midday hour.



Once inside the park, Tessa found herself beginning to relax. She hadn't been in a green, quiet place since she'd come to London, and she found herself almost reluctantly delighted by the sight of grass and trees, though she thought the park nowhere near as fine as Central Park in New York. The air was not as hazy here as it was over the rest of the city, and the sky overhead had achieved a color that was almost blue.

Thomas waited with the carriage while the girls made their promenade. As Tessa walked beside Jessamine, the other girl kept up a constant stream of chatter. They were making their way down a broad thoroughfare that, Jessamine informed her, was inexplicably called Rotten Row. Despite the inauspicious name, it was apparently *the* place to see and be seen. Down the center of it paraded men and women on horseback, exquisitely attired, the women with their veils flying, their laughter echoing in the summer air. Along the sides of the avenue walked other pedestrians. Chairs and benches were set up under the trees, and women sat twirling colorful parasols and sipping peppermint water; beside them bewhiskered gentlemen smoked, filling the air with the smell of tobacco mixed with cut grass and horses.

Though no one stopped to talk to them, Jessamine seemed to know who everyone was—who was getting married, who was seeking a husband, who was having an affair with so-and-so's wife and everyone knew all about it. It was a bit dizzying, and Tessa was glad when they stepped off the row and onto a narrower path leading into the park.

Jessamine slid her arm through Tessa's and gave her hand a companionable squeeze. "You don't know what a relief it is to finally have another girl around," she said cheerfully. "I mean, Charlotte's all right, but she's boring and married."

“There’s Sophie.”

Jessamine snorted. “Sophie’s a servant.”

“I’ve known girls who were quite companionable with their ladies’ maids,” Tessa protested. This was not precisely true. She had read about such girls, though she had never known one. Still, according to novels, the main function of a ladies’ maid was to listen to you as you poured your heart out about your tragic love life, and occasionally to dress in your clothes and pretend to be you so you could avoid being captured by a villain. Not that Tessa could picture Sophie participating in anything like that on Jessamine’s behalf.

“You’ve seen what her face looks like. Being hideous has made her bitter. A ladies’ maid is meant to be pretty, and speak French, and Sophie can’t manage either. I told Charlotte as much when she brought the girl home. Charlotte didn’t listen to me. She never does.”

“I can’t imagine why,” said Tessa. They had turned onto a narrow path that wound between trees. The glint of the river was visible through them, and the branches above knotted together into a canopy, blocking the brightness of the sun.

“I know! Neither can I!” Jessamine raised her face, letting what sun broke through the canopy dance across her skin. “Charlotte never listens to anyone. She’s always henpecking poor Henry. I don’t know why he married her at all.”

“I assume because he loved her?”

Jessamine snorted. “No one thinks that. Henry wanted access to the Institute so he could work on his little experiments in the cellar and not have to fight. And I don’t think he *mind*ed marrying Charlotte—I don’t think there was anyone else he wanted to marry—but if someone else had been running the Institute, he would have married them instead.” She sniffed. “And then there’s the boys—Will and Jem. Jem’s pleasant enough, but you know how foreigners are. Not really trustworthy and basically selfish and lazy. He’s always in his room, pretending to be ill, refusing to do anything to help out,” Jessamine went on blithely, apparently

forgetting the fact that Jem and Will were off searching the Dark House right now, while she promenaded in the park with Tessa. “And *Will*. Handsome enough, but behaves like a lunatic half the time; it’s as if he were brought up by savages. He has no respect for anyone or anything, no concept of the way a gentleman is supposed to behave. I suppose it’s because he’s Welsh.”

Tessa was baffled. “Welsh?” *Is that a bad thing to be?* she was about to add, but Jessamine, thinking that Tessa was doubting Will’s origins, went on with relish.

“Oh, yes. With that black hair of his, you can absolutely tell. His mother was a Welshwoman. His father fell in love with her, and that was that. He left the Nephilim. Maybe she cast a spell on him.” Jessamine laughed. “They have all kinds of odd magic and things in Wales, you know.”

Tessa did not know. “Do you know what happened to Will’s parents? Are they dead?”

“I suppose they must be, mustn’t they, or they would have come looking for him?” Jessamine furrowed her brow. “Ugh. Anyway. I don’t want to talk about the Institute anymore.” She swung around to look at Tessa. “You must be wondering why I’ve been being so nice to you.”

“Er . . .” Tessa had been wondering, rather. In novels girls like herself, girls whose families had once had money but who had fallen on hard times, were often taken in by kindly wealthy protectors and were furnished with new clothes and a good education. (Not, Tessa thought, that there had been anything wrong with her education. Aunt Harriet had been as learned as any governess.) Of course, Jessamine did not in any way resemble the saintly older ladies of such tales, whose acts of generosity were totally selfless. “Jessamine, have you ever read *The Lamplighter*?”

“Certainly not. Girls shouldn’t read novels,” said Jessamine, in the tone of someone reciting something she’d heard somewhere else. “Regardless, Miss Gray, I have a proposition to put to you.”

“Tessa,” Tessa corrected automatically.

“Of course, for we are already the best of friends,” Jessamine said, “and shall soon be even more so.”

Tessa regarded the other girl with bafflement. “What do you mean?”

“As I am sure horrid Will has told you, my parents, my dear papa and mama, are dead. But they left me a not inconsiderable sum of money. It was put aside in trust for me until my eighteenth birthday, which is only in a matter of months. You see the problem, of course.”

Tessa, who did not see the problem, said, “I do?”

“I am not a Shadowhunter, Tessa. I despise everything about the Nephilim. I have never wanted to be one, and my dearest wish is to leave the Institute and never speak to a single soul who resides there ever again.”

“But I thought that your parents were Shadowhunters. . . .”

“One does not have to be a Shadowhunter if one does not wish to,” Jessamine snapped. “My parents did not. They left the Clave when they were young. Mama was always perfectly clear. She never wanted the Shadowhunters near me. She said she would never wish that life on a girl. She wanted other things for me. That I would make my debut, meet the Queen, find a good husband, and have darling little babies. *An ordinary life.*” She said the words with a savage sort of hunger. “There are other girls in this city right now, Tessa, other girls my age, who aren’t as pretty as me, who are dancing and flirting and laughing and catching husbands. They get lessons in French. I get lessons in horrid demon languages. It’s not *fair.*”

“You can still get married.” Tessa was puzzled. “Any man would—”

“I could marry a *Shadowhunter.*” Jessamine spat out the word. “And live like Charlotte, having to dress like a man and fight like a man. It’s disgusting. Women aren’t meant to behave like that. We are meant to graciously preside over lovely homes. To decorate them in a manner that is pleasing to our husbands. To uplift and comfort them with our gentle and angelic presence.”

Jessamine sounded neither gentle nor angelic, but Tessa forbore mentioning this. "I don't see how I . . ."

Jessamine caught Tessa's arm fiercely. "Don't you? I can leave the Institute, Tessa, but I cannot live alone. It wouldn't be respectable. Perhaps if I were a widow, but I am only a girl. It just isn't done. But if I had a companion—a sister—"

"You wish me to pretend to be your *sister*?" Tessa squeaked.

"Why not?" Jessamine said, as if this were the most reasonable suggestion in the world. "Or you could be my cousin from America. Yes, that would work. You do see," she added, more practically, "that it isn't as if you have anywhere else to go, is it? I'm quite positive we would catch husbands in no time at all."

Tessa, whose head had begun to ache, wished Jessamine would cease to speak of "catching" husbands the way one might catch a cold, or a runaway cat.

"I could introduce you to all the best people," Jessamine continued. "There would be balls, and dinner parties—" She broke off, looking around in sudden confusion. "But—where are we?"

Tessa glanced around. The path had narrowed. It was now a dark trail leading between high twisted trees. Tessa could no longer see the sky, nor hear the sound of voices. Beside her, Jessamine had come to a halt. Her face creased with sudden fear. "We've wandered off the path," she whispered.

"Well, we can find our way back, can't we?" Tessa spun around, looking for a break in the trees, a patch of sunlight. "I think we came from that way—"

Jessamine caught suddenly at Tessa's arm, her fingers claw-like. Something—no, someone—had appeared before them on the path.

The figure was small, so small that for a moment Tessa thought they were facing a child. But as the form stepped forward into the light, she saw that it was a man—a hunched, wizened-looking man, dressed like a peddler, in ragged clothes, a battered hat pushed back on his head. His face was wrinkled and white, like a

mold-covered old apple, and his eyes were gleaming black between thick folds of skin.

He grinned, showing teeth as sharp as razors. "Pretty girls."

Tessa glanced at Jessamine; the other girl was rigid and staring, her mouth a white line. "We ought to go," Tessa whispered, and pulled at Jessamine's arm. Slowly, as if she were in a dream, Jessamine allowed Tessa to turn her so they faced back the way they had come—

And the man was before them once again, blocking the way back to the park. Far, far in the distance, Tessa thought she could see the park, a sort of clearing, full of light. It looked impossibly far away.

"You wandered off the path," said the stranger. His voice was singsong, rhythmic. "Pretty girls, you wandered off the path. You know what happens to girls like you."

He took a step forward.

Jessamine, still rigid, was clutching her parasol as though it were a lifeline. "Goblin," she said, "hobgoblin, whatever you are—we have no quarrel with any of the Fair Folk. But if you touch us—"

"You wandered from the path," sang the little man, coming closer, and as he did, Tessa saw that his shining shoes were not shoes after all but gleaming hooves. "Foolish Nephilim, to come to this place un-Marked. Here is land more ancient than any Accords. Here there is strange earth. If your angel blood should fall upon it, golden vines will grow from the spot, with diamonds at their tips. And I claim it. I claim your blood."

Tessa tugged at Jessamine's arm. "Jessamine, we should—"

"Tessa, be *quiet*." Shaking her arm free, Jessamine pointed her parasol at the goblin. "You don't want to do this. You don't want —"

The creature sprang. As he hurtled toward them, his mouth seemed to peel wide, his skin splitting, and Tessa saw the face beneath—fanged and vicious. She screamed and stumbled backward, her shoe catching on a tree root. She thumped to the

ground as Jessamine raised her parasol, and with a flick of Jessamine's wrist, the parasol burst open like a flower.

The goblin screamed. He screamed and fell back and rolled on the ground, still screaming. Blood streamed from a wound in his cheek, staining his ragged gray jacket.

"I told you," Jessamine said. She was breathing hard, her chest rising and falling as if she had been racing through the park. "I told you to leave us alone, you filthy creature—" She struck at the goblin again, and now Tessa could see that the edges of Jessamine's parasol gleamed an odd gold-white, and were as sharp as razors. Blood was splattered across the flowered material.

The goblin howled, throwing up his arms to protect himself. He looked like a little old hunched man now, and though Tessa knew it was an illusion, she couldn't help feeling a pang of pity. "Mercy, mistress, mercy—"

"Mercy?" Jessamine spat. "You wanted to grow flowers out of my blood! Filthy goblin! Disgusting creature!" She slashed at him again with the parasol, and again, and the goblin screamed and thrashed. Tessa sat up, shaking the dirt out of her hair, and staggered to her feet. Jessamine was still screaming, the parasol flying, the creature on the ground spasming with each blow. "I hate you!" Jessamine shrieked, her voice thin and trembling. "I hate you, and everything like you—Downworlders—disgusting, *disgusting*—"

"Jessamine!" Tessa ran to the other girl and threw her arms around her, pinning Jessamine's arms against her body. For a moment Jessamine struggled, and Tessa realized there was no way she could hold her. She was *strong*, the muscles under her soft feminine skin coiled and as tense as a whip. And then Jessamine went suddenly limp, sagging back against Tessa, her breath hitching as the parasol drooped in her hand. "No," she wailed. "No. I didn't want to. I didn't mean to. *No*—"

Tessa glanced down. The goblin's body was humped and motionless at their feet. Blood spread across the ground from the

place where he lay, running across the earth like dark vines. Holding Jessamine as she sobbed, Tessa could not help but wonder what would grow there now.



It was, unsurprisingly, Charlotte who recovered from her astonishment first. “Mr. Mortmain, I’m not sure what you could possibly mean—”

“Of course you are.” He was smiling, his lean face split from ear to ear by an impish grin. “Shadowhunters. The Nephilim. That’s what you call yourselves, isn’t it? The by-blows of men and angels. Strange, since the Nephilim in the Bible were hideous monsters, weren’t they?”

“You know, that’s not necessarily true,” Henry said, unable to restrain his inner pedant. “There’s an issue of translation from the original Aramaic—”

“Henry,” Charlotte said warningly.

“Do you really trap the souls of the demons you kill in a gigantic crystal?” Mortmain went on, wide eyed. “How magnificent!”

“D’you mean the Pyxis?” Henry looked baffled. “It’s not a crystal, more like a wooden box. And they aren’t so much souls—demons don’t *have* souls. They have energy—”

“Be *quiet*, Henry,” Charlotte snapped.

“Mrs. Branwell,” Mortmain said. He sounded dreadfully cheerful. “Please do not concern yourself. I already know everything about your kind, you see. You’re Charlotte Branwell, aren’t you? And this is your husband, Henry Branwell. You run the London Institute from the site of what was once the church of All-Hallows-the-Less. Did you honestly think I wouldn’t know who you were? *Especially* once you tried to glamour my footman? He can’t bear being glamourised, you know. Gives him a rash.”

Charlotte narrowed her eyes. “And how have you come by all this information?”

Mortmain leaned forward eagerly, templeing his hands. "I am a student of the occult. Since my time in India as a young man, when I first learned of them, I have been fascinated with the shadow realms. For a man in my position, with sufficient funds and more than sufficient time, many doors are open. There are books one may purchase, information that can be paid for. Your knowledge is not as secret as you might think."

"Perhaps," said Henry, looking deeply unhappy, "but—It is *dangerous*, you know. Killing demons—it's not like shooting tigers. They can hunt you as well as you can hunt them."

Mortmain chuckled. "My boy, I have no intention of racing out to fight demons bare-handed. Of course this sort of information is dangerous in the hands of the flighty and the hotheaded, but mine is a careful and sensible mind. I seek only an expansion of my knowledge of the world, nothing more." He looked about the room. "I must say, I've never had the honor of talking to Nephilim before. Of course, mention of you is frequent in the literature, but to read about something and to truly experience it are two very different things, I'm sure you'll agree. There is so very much you could teach me—"

"That," Charlotte said in a freezing tone, "will be quite enough of that."

Mortmain looked at her, puzzled. "Pardon me?"

"Since you seem to know so much about Nephilim, Mr. Mortmain, might I ask if you know what our mandate is?"

Mortmain looked smug. "To destroy demons. To protect humans—mundanes, as I understand you call us."

"Yes," said Charlotte, "and a great deal of the time what we are protecting humans from is their own very foolish selves. I see that you are no exception to this rule."

At that, Mortmain looked actually astonished. His glance went to Henry. Charlotte knew that look. It was a look only exchanged between men, a look that said, *Can you not control your wife, sir?* A look, she knew, that was quite wasted on Henry, who seemed

to be trying to read the upside-down blueprints on Mortmain's desk and was paying very little attention to the conversation.

"You think the occult knowledge you have acquired makes you very clever," said Charlotte. "But I have seen my share of dead mundanes, Mr. Mortmain. I cannot count the times we have attended to the remains of some human who fancied himself expert in magical practices. I remember, when I was a girl, being summoned to the home of a barrister. He belonged to some silly circle of men who believed themselves to be magicians. They spent their time chanting and wearing robes and drawing pentagrams on the ground. One evening he determined that his skill was sufficient to attempt the raising of a demon."

"And was it?"

"It was," Charlotte said. "He raised the demon Marax. It proceeded to slaughter him, and all of his family." Her tone was matter-of-fact. "We found most of them hanging headless, upside down in the carriage house. The youngest of his children was roasting on a spit over the fire. We never did find Marax."

Mortmain had paled, but retained his composure. "There are always those who overreach their abilities," he said. "But I—"

"But you would never be so foolish," Charlotte said. "Save that you are, at this very moment, being that foolish. You look at Henry and myself and you are not afraid of us. You are amused! A fairy tale come to life!" She slammed her hand down hard on the edge of his desk, making him jump. "The might of the Clave stands behind us," she said, in as cold a tone as she could muster. "Our mandate is to protect humans. Such as Nathaniel Gray. He has vanished, and something occult is clearly behind that vanishing. And here we find his erstwhile employer, clearly steeped in matters of the occult. It beggars belief that the two facts are not connected."

"I—He—Mr. Gray has vanished?" Mortmain stammered.

"He has. His sister came to us, searching for him; she had been informed by a pair of warlocks that he was in grave danger. While you, sir, are amusing yourself, he may be dying. And the

Clave does not look kindly on those who stand in the way of its mandate.”

Mortmain passed a hand over his face. When he emerged from behind it, he looked gray. “I shall, of course,” he said, “tell you whatever you want to know.”

“Excellent.” Charlotte’s heart was beating fast, but her voice betrayed no anxiety.

“I used to know his father. Nathaniel’s father. I employed him almost twenty years ago when Mortmain’s was mainly a shipping concern. I had offices in Hong Kong, Shanghai, Tianjin—” He broke off as Charlotte tapped her fingers impatiently on the desk. “Richard Gray worked for me here in London. He was my head clerk, a kind and clever man. I was sorry to lose him when he moved his family to America. When Nathaniel wrote to me and told me who he was, I offered him a job on the spot.”

“Mr. Mortmain.” Charlotte’s voice was steely. “This is not germane—”

“Oh, but it is,” the small man insisted. “You see, my knowledge of the occult has always been of assistance to me in business matters. Some years ago, for instance, a well-known Lombard Street bank collapsed—destroyed dozens of large companies. My acquaintance with a warlock helped me avoid disaster. I was able to withdraw my funds before the bank dissolved, and that saved my company. But it raised Richard’s suspicions. He must have investigated, for eventually he confronted me with his knowledge of the Pandemonium Club.”

“You are a member, then,” Charlotte murmured. “Of course.”

“I offered Richard membership in the club—even took him to a meeting or two—but he was uninterested. Shortly after that he moved his family to America.” Mortmain spread his hands wide. “The Pandemonium Club is not for everyone. Traveling widely as I have, I heard stories of similar organizations in many cities, groups of men who know of the Shadow World and wish to share their knowledge and advantages, but one pays the heavy price of secrecy for membership.”

“One pays a heavier price than that.”

“It isn’t an evil organization,” Mortmain said. He sounded almost wounded. “There were many great advancements, many great inventions. I saw a warlock create a silver ring that could transport the wearer to another location whenever he twisted one around his finger. Or a doorway that could bring you anywhere in the world you wanted to go. I’ve seen men brought back from the brink of death—”

“I’m aware of magic and what it can do, Mr. Mortmain.” Charlotte glanced at Henry, who was examining a blueprint for some sort of mechanical gadget, mounted on a wall. “There is one question that concerns me. The warlocks who appear to have kidnapped Mr. Gray are somehow associated with the club. I have always heard it called a club for mundanes. Why would there be Downworlders in it?”

Mortmain’s forehead creased. “Downworlders? You mean the supernatural folk—warlocks and lycanthropes and the like? There are levels and levels of membership, Mrs. Branwell. A mundane such as myself can become a member of the club. But the chairmen—those who run the enterprise—they are Downworlders. Warlocks, lycanthropes, and vampires. The Fair Folk shun us, though. Too many captains of industry—railroads, factories, and the like—for them. They hate such things.” He shook his head. “Lovely creatures, faeries, but I do fear progress will be the death of them.”

Charlotte was uninterested in Mortmain’s thoughts on faeries; her mind was whirling. “Let me guess. You introduced Nathaniel Gray to the club, exactly as you had introduced his father.”

Mortmain, who had seemed to be regaining a bit of his old confidence, wilted again. “Nathaniel had worked in my office in London for only a few days before he confronted me. I gathered he had learned of his father’s experience at the club, and it had given him a fierce desire to know more. I couldn’t refuse. I brought him to a meeting and thought that would be the end of it. But it wasn’t.” He shook his head. “Nathaniel took to the club

like a duck to water. A few weeks after that first meeting, he was gone from his lodging house. He sent a letter for me, terminating his employment and saying he was going to work for another Pandemonium Club member, someone who apparently was willing to pay him enough to sustain his gambling habits." He sighed. "Needless to say, he left no forwarding address."

"And that's all?" Charlotte's voice rose in disbelief. "You didn't try to look for him? Find out where he had gone? Who his new employer was?"

"A man can take employment where he likes," Mortmain said, blustering. "There was no reason to think—"

"And you haven't seen him since?"

"No. I told you—"

Charlotte cut him off. "You say he took to the Pandemonium Club like a duck to water, yet you haven't seen him at a single meeting since he left your employment?"

A look of panic flickered in Mortmain's eyes. "I . . . I have not been to a meeting since then myself. Work has kept me extremely busy."

Charlotte looked hard at Axel Mortmain across his massive desk. She was a good judge of character, she had always thought. It wasn't as if she hadn't come across men like Mortmain before. Bluff, genial, confident men, men who believed that their success in business or some other worldly pursuit meant that they would have the same success should they choose to pursue the magical arts. She thought of the barrister again, the walls of his Knightsbridge house painted scarlet with the blood of his family. She thought what his terror might have been like, in those last moments of his life. She could see the beginnings of a similar fear in Axel Mortmain's eyes.

"Mr. Mortmain," she said, "I am not a fool. I know there is something you are concealing from me." She took from her reticule one of the cogs that Will had retrieved from the Dark Sisters' house, and set it on the desk. "This looks like something your factories might produce."

With a distracted look Mortmain glanced down at the small piece of metal on his desk. “Yes—yes, that’s one of my cogs. What of it?”

“Two warlocks calling themselves the Dark Sisters—both members of the Pandemonium Club—they’ve been murdering humans. Young girls. Barely more than children. And we found this in the cellar of their home.”

“I’ve nothing to do with any murders!” Mortmain exclaimed. “I never—I thought—” He had begun to sweat.

“What did you think?” Charlotte’s voice was soft.

Mortmain picked up the cog in shaking fingers. “You can’t imagine . . .” His voice trailed off. “A few months ago one of the club’s board members—a Downworlder, and very old and powerful—came to me and asked me to sell him some mechanical equipment cheaply. Cogs and cams and the like. I didn’t ask what it was for—why would I? There seemed nothing remarkable about the request.”

“By any chance,” Charlotte said, “was this the same man whose employment Nathaniel joined after he left yours?”

Mortmain dropped the cog. As it rolled across the table, he slammed his hand down on top of it, halting its progress. Though he said nothing, Charlotte could tell by the flicker of fear in his eyes that her guess was correct. A tingle of triumph ran through her nerves.

“His name,” she said. “Tell me his name.”

Mortmain was staring at the desk. “It would be worth my life to tell you.”

“What about Nathaniel Gray’s life?” said Charlotte.

Without meeting her eyes Mortmain shook his head. “You’ve no idea how powerful this man is. How dangerous.”

Charlotte straightened up. “Henry,” she said. “Henry, bring me the Summoner.”

Henry turned away from the wall and blinked at her in confusion. “But, darling—”

“Bring me the device!” Charlotte snapped. She loathed snapping at Henry; it was like kicking a puppy. But sometimes it had to be done.

The look of confusion didn’t leave Henry’s face as he joined his wife before Mortmain’s desk, and drew something from his jacket pocket. It was a dark metal oblong, with a series of peculiar-looking dials across the face of it. Charlotte took it and brandished it at Mortmain.

“This is a Summoner,” she told him. “It will allow me to summon the Clave. Inside of three minutes they will surround your house. Nephilim will drag you from this room, screaming and kicking. They will perform upon you the most exquisite tortures until you are forced to speak. Do you know what happens to a man when demon blood is dripped into his eyes?”

Mortmain gave her a ghastly look, but said nothing.

“Please don’t test me, Mr. Mortmain.” The device in Charlotte’s hand was slippery with sweat, but her voice was even. “I would hate to watch you die.”

“Good Lord, man, tell her!” Henry burst out. “Really, there’s no need for this, Mr. Mortmain. You’re only making it harder on yourself.”

Mortmain covered his face with his hands. He had always wanted to meet real Shadowhunters, Charlotte thought, looking at him. And now he had.

“De Quincey,” he said. “I don’t know his first name. Just de Quincey.”

By the Angel. Charlotte exhaled slowly, lowering the device to her side. “De Quincey? It can’t be . . .”

“You know who he is?” Mortmain’s voice was dull. “Well, I suppose you would.”

“He’s the head of a powerful London vampire clan,” Charlotte said almost reluctantly, “a very influential Downworlder, and an ally of the Clave. I can’t imagine that he would—”

“He’s the head of the club,” said Mortmain. He looked exhausted, and a little gray. “Everyone else answers to him.”

“The head of the club. Has he a title?”

Mortmain looked faintly surprised to be asked. “The Magister.”

With a hand that shook only slightly, Charlotte slipped the device she had been holding into her sleeve. “Thank you, Mr. Mortmain. You’ve been most helpful.”

Mortmain looked at her with a sort of drained resentment. “De Quincey will find out that I’ve told you. He’ll have me killed.”

“The Clave will see that he does not. And we will keep your name out of this. He shall never know you spoke to us.”

“You would do that?” Mortmain said softly. “For what was it—a foolish mundane?”

“I have hopes for you, Mr. Mortmain. You seem to have realized your own folly. The Clave will be watching you—not only for your own protection, but to see that you stay away from the Pandemonium Club and organizations like it. For your own sake, I hope you will regard our meeting as a warning.”

Mortmain nodded. Charlotte moved to the door, Henry behind her; she already had it open and was standing on the threshold when Mortmain spoke again. “They were only cogs,” he said softly. “Only gears. Harmless.”

It was Henry, to Charlotte’s surprise, who replied, without turning, “Inanimate objects are harmless indeed, Mr. Mortmain. But one cannot always say the same of the men who use them.”

Mortmain was silent as the two Shadowhunters left the room. A few moments later they were out in the square, breathing fresh air—as fresh as the air of London ever was. It might be thick with coal smoke and dust, Charlotte thought, but at least it was free of the fear and desperation that had hung like a haze in Mortmain’s study.

Drawing the device from her sleeve, Charlotte offered it to her husband. “I suppose I ought to ask you,” she said as he received it with a grave expression, “what *is* that object, Henry?”

“Something I’ve been working on.” Henry looked at it fondly. “A device that can sense demon energies. I was going to call it a Sensor. I haven’t got it working yet, but when I do!”

“I’m sure it will be splendid.”

Henry transferred his fond expression from the device to his wife, a rare occurrence. “What pure genius, Charlotte. Pretending you could summon the Clave on the spot, just to frighten that man! But how did you know I’d have a device you could put to your uses?”

“Well, you did, darling,” said Charlotte. “Didn’t you?”

Henry looked sheepish. “You are as terrifying as you are wonderful, my dear.”

“Thank you, Henry.”



The ride back to the Institute was a silent one; Jessamine stared out the window of the cab at the snarling London traffic and refused to say a word. She held her parasol across her lap, seemingly indifferent to the fact that the blood on its edges was staining her taffeta jacket. When they reached the churchyard, she let Thomas help her down from the carriage before reaching to grip Tessa’s hand.

Surprised at the contact, Tessa could only stare. Jessamine’s fingers in hers were icy. “Come *along*,” Jessamine snapped impatiently, and pulled her companion toward the Institute doors, leaving Thomas staring after them.

Tessa let the other girl draw her up the stairs, into the Institute proper, and down a long corridor, this one almost identical to the one outside Tessa’s bedroom. Jessamine located a door, pushed Tessa through it, and followed, shutting the door behind them. “I want to show you something,” she said.

Tessa looked around. It was another of the large bedrooms of which the Institute seemed to have an infinite number. Jessamine’s, though, had been decorated somewhat to her taste. Above the wooden wainscoting the walls were papered in rose silk, and the coverlet on the bed was printed with flowers. There was a white vanity table too, its surface covered with an

expensive-looking dressing table set: a ring stand, a bottle of flower water, and a silver-backed hairbrush and mirror.

“Your room is lovely,” Tessa said, more in hopes of calming Jessamine’s evident hysteria than because she meant it.

“It’s much too small,” Jessamine said. “But come—over here.” And flinging the bloodied parasol down onto her bed, she marched across the room to a corner by the window. Tessa followed with some puzzlement. There was nothing in the corner but a high table, and on the table was a dollhouse. Not the sort of two-room cardboard Dolly’s Playhouse that Tessa had had as a child. This was a beautiful miniature reproduction of a real London town house, and when Jessamine touched it, Tessa saw that the front of it swung open on tiny hinges.

Tessa caught her breath. There were beautiful tiny rooms perfectly decorated with miniature furniture, everything built to scale, from the little wooden chairs with needlepoint cushions to the cast-iron stove in the kitchen. There were small dolls, too, with china heads, and real little oil paintings on the walls.

“This was my house.” Jessamine knelt down, bringing herself to eye level with the dollhouse rooms, and gestured for Tessa to do the same.

Awkwardly, Tessa did, trying not to kneel on Jessamine’s skirts. “You mean this was the dollhouse you had when you were a little girl?”

“No.” Jessamine sounded irritated. “This was my *house*. My father had this made for me when I was six. It’s modeled exactly on the house we lived in, on Curzon Street. This was the wallpaper we had in the dining room”—she pointed—“and those are exactly the chairs in my father’s study. You see?”

She looked at Tessa intently, so intently that Tessa felt sure she was supposed to be seeing something here, something beyond an extremely expensive toy that Jessamine should have long ago grown out of. She simply didn’t know what that could be. “It’s very pretty,” she said finally.

“See, here in the parlor is Mama,” said Jessamine, touching one of the tiny dolls with her finger. The doll wobbled in its plush armchair. “And here in the study, reading a book, is Papa.” Her hand glided over the little porcelain figure. “And upstairs in the nursery is Baby Jessie.” Inside the little crib there was indeed another doll, only its head visible above tiny coverlets. “Later they’ll have dinner here, in the dining room. And then Mama and Papa will sit in the drawing room by the fire. Some nights they go to the theater, or to a ball or a dinner.” Her voice had grown hushed, as if she were reciting a well-remembered litany. “And then Mama will kiss Papa good night, and they will go to their rooms, and they will sleep *all night long*. There will be no calls from the Clave that drive them out in the middle of the night to fight demons in the dark. There will be no one tracking blood into the house. No one will lose an arm or an eye to a werewolf, or have to choke down holy water because a vampire attacked them.”

Dear God, Tessa thought.

As if Jessamine could read Tessa’s mind, her face twisted. “When our house burned, I had nowhere else to go. It wasn’t as if there were relations that could take me in; all of Mama and Papa’s relations were Shadowhunters and hadn’t spoken to them since they’d broken with the Clave. Henry is the one who made me that parasol. Did you know that? I thought it was quite pretty until he told me that the fabric is edged with electrum, as sharp as a razor. It was always meant to be a weapon.”

“You saved us,” Tessa said. “In the park today. I can’t fight at all. If you hadn’t done what you did—”

“I shouldn’t have done it.” Jessamine stared into the doll-house with empty eyes. “I will not have this life, Tessa. *I will not have it*. I don’t care what I have to do. I won’t live like this. I’d rather die.”

Alarmed, Tessa was about to tell her not to talk like that, when the door opened behind them. It was Sophie, in her white cap and neat dark dress. Her eyes, when they rested on Jessamine,

were wary. She said, "Miss Tessa, Mr. Branwell very much wants to see you in his study. He says it's important."

Tessa turned to Jessamine to ask her if she would be all right, but Jessamine's face had closed like a door. The vulnerability and anger were gone; the cold mask was back. "Go along, then, if Henry wants you," she said. "I'm quite tired of you already, and I think I'm getting a headache. Sophie, when you return, I'll need you to massage my temples with eau de cologne."

Sophie's eyes met Tessa's across the room with something like amusement. "As you like, Miss Jessamine."

7

THE CLOCKWORK GIRL

*But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this chequer-board of Nights and Days
Hither and thither moves, and checks and slays.*
—“The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam,”
translated by Edward FitzGerald, 1859

It had grown dark outside the Institute, and Sophie’s lantern cast strange dancing shadows on the walls as she led Tessa down one flight of stone stairs after another. The steps were old, concave in the centers, where generations of feet had worn them down. The walls were roughly textured stone, the tiny windows set into them at intervals giving way eventually to blankness that seemed to indicate that they had passed belowground.

“Sophie,” Tessa said finally, her nerves rubbed raw by the darkness and silence, “are we going down into the church *crypt*, by any chance?”

Sophie chuckled, and the lights of the lantern flickered on the walls. “It used to be the crypt, before Mr. Branwell had it fixed up into a laboratory for himself. He’s always down there, tinkering with his toys and his experiments. It doesn’t half drive Mrs. Branwell wild.”

“What’s he making?” Tessa nearly tripped over an uneven stair, and had to grab for the wall to right herself. Sophie didn’t appear to notice.

“All sorts of things,” Sophie said, her voice echoing strangely off the walls. “Inventing new weapons, protective gear for the

Shadowhunters. He loves clockwork and mechanisms and that sort of thing. Mrs. Branwell sometimes says she thinks he'd love her better if she ticked like a clock." She laughed.

"It sounds," Tessa said, "as if you're fond of them. Mr. and Mrs. Branwell, I mean."

Sophie said nothing, but the already proud set of her back seemed to harden slightly.

"Fonder of them than you are of Will, anyway," Tessa said, hoping to soften the other girl's mood with humor.

"*Him.*" The disgust was plain in Sophie's voice. "He's—Well, he's a bad sort, isn't he? Reminds me of the son of my last employer. He was proud just like Mr. Herondale. And whatever he wanted, he got, from the day he was born. And if he didn't get it, well . . ." She reached up then, almost unconsciously, and touched the side of her face, where the scar ran from mouth to temple.

"Then what?"

But Sophie's brusque manner was back. "Then he'd be like to pitch a fit, that's all." Transferring her glowing lantern from one hand to the other, she peered down into the shadowy darkness. "Be careful here, miss. The stairs can get awfully damp and slippery toward the bottom."

Tessa moved closer to the wall. The stone was cold against her bare hand. "Do you think it's simply because Will's a Shadowhunter?" she inquired. "And they—Well, they rather think they're superior, don't they? Jessamine, too—"

"But Mr. Carstairs is *not* like that. He isn't at all like the others. And neither are Mr. and Mrs. Branwell."

Before Tessa could say anything else, they came to an abrupt stop at the foot of the stairs. There was a heavy oak door there with a barred grille set into it; Tessa could see nothing through the grille but shadows. Sophie reached for the wide iron bar across the door and pushed it down, hard.

The door swung open onto an enormous brightly lit space. Tessa moved into the room with wide eyes; this had clearly been

the crypt of the church that had originally stood on this spot. Squat pillars held up a roof that disappeared into darkness. The floor was made up of great stone slabs darkened with age; some were carved with words, and Tessa guessed that she stood on the gravestones—and the bones—of those who had been buried in the crypt. There were no windows, but the bright white illumination that Tessa had come to know as witchlight shone down from brass fixtures fastened to the pillars.

In the center of the room were a number of large wooden tables, their surfaces covered with all manner of mechanical objects—gears and cogs made of dully shining brass and iron; long strings of copper wire; glass beakers filled with liquids of different colors, some of them giving off wisps of smoke or bitter odors. The air smelled metallic and sharp, like the air before a storm. One table was entirely covered with a scatter of weapons, the blades shining under the witchlight. There was a half-finished suit of what looked like thinly scaled metal armor, hanging on a wire frame by a great stone table whose surface was concealed by a lumpy cluster of thick woolen blankets.

Behind the table stood Henry, and beside him, Charlotte. Henry was showing his wife something he held in his hand—a copper wheel, perhaps a gear—and was speaking to her in a low voice. He wore a loose canvas shirt over his clothes, like a fisherman's smock, and it was smeared with dirt and dark fluid. Still, what struck Tessa most about him was the assurance with which he spoke to Charlotte. There was none of his usual diffidence. He sounded confident and direct, and his hazel eyes, when he raised them to look at Tessa, were clear and steady.

“Miss Gray! So Sophie showed you the way down here, did she? Very good of her.”

“Why, yes, she—,” Tessa began, glancing behind her, but Sophie was not there. She must have turned at the door and gone soundlessly back up the stairs. Tessa felt foolish for not having noticed. “She did,” she finished. “She said that you wanted to see me?”

“Indeed,” Henry said. “We could use your help with something. Could you come over here for a moment?”

He gestured for her to join him and Charlotte by the table. As Tessa approached, she saw that Charlotte’s face was white and pinched, her brown eyes shadowed. She looked at Tessa, bit her lip, and glanced down toward the table, where the heaped fabric—*moved*.

Tessa blinked. Had she imagined it? But no, there had been a flicker of movement—and now that she was closer, she saw that what was on the table was not so much a pile of fabric as fabric *covering* something—something approximately the size and shape of a human body. She stopped in her tracks, as Henry reached out, took hold of a corner of the fabric, and drew it away, revealing what lay beneath.

Tessa, feeling suddenly dizzy, reached to grasp the edge of the table. “*Miranda.*”

The dead girl lay on her back on the table, her arms flung out to either side, her dull brown hair straggling down around her shoulders. The eyes that had so unnerved Tessa were gone. Now there were hollow black sockets in her white face. Her cheap dress had been cut open down the front, baring her chest. Tessa winced, looked away—and then looked back quickly, in disbelief. For there was no naked flesh, and no blood, despite the fact that Miranda’s chest had been sliced open down the front, her skin peeled back on either side like the skin of an orange. Beneath the grotesque mutilation gleamed the brightness of—metal?

Tessa moved forward until she was standing across from Henry at the table where Miranda lay. Where there should have been blood, torn flesh, and mutilation, there were only the two sheets of white skin folded back, and beneath them a carapace of metal. Sheets of copper, intricately fitted together, made up her chest, flowing smoothly down into a jointed cage of copper and flexible brass that was Miranda’s waist. A square of copper, about the size of Tessa’s palm, was missing from the center of the dead girl’s chest, revealing a hollow space.

“Tessa.” Charlotte’s voice was soft but insistent. “Will and Jem found this—this body in the house where you were kept. The house was completely empty except for her; she’d been left in a room, alone.”

Tessa, still staring in fascination, nodded. “Miranda. The Sisters’ maidservant.”

“Do you know anything about her? Who she might be? Her history?”

“No. No. I thought . . . I mean, she hardly ever spoke, and then she only repeated things the Sisters had said.”

Henry hooked a finger into Miranda’s lower lip and pulled her mouth open. “She has a rudimentary metal tongue, but her mouth was never really constructed for speech, or for consuming food. She has no gullet, and I would guess no stomach. Her mouth ends in a sheet of metal behind her teeth.” He turned her head from side to side, his eyes narrowing.

“But what *is* she?” Tessa asked. “A sort of Downworlder, or demon?”

“No.” Henry let go of Miranda’s jaw. “She is not precisely a *living* creature at all. She is an automaton. A mechanical creature, made to move and appear as a human being moves and appears. Leonardo da Vinci designed one. You can find it in his drawings—a mechanical creature that could sit up, walk, and turn its head. He was the first to suggest that human beings are only complex machines, that our insides are like cogs and pistons and cams made of muscle and flesh. So why could they not be replaced with copper and iron? Why couldn’t you *build* a person? But *this*. Jaquet Droz and Maillardet could never have dreamed of this. A true biomechanical automaton, self-moving, self-directing, wrapped in human flesh.” His eyes shone. “It’s beautiful.”

“Henry.” Charlotte’s voice was tight. “That flesh you’re admiring. It came from *somewhere*.”

Henry passed the back of his hand across his forehead, the light dying out of his eyes. “Yes—those bodies in the cellar.”

“The Silent Brothers have examined them. Most are missing organs—hearts, livers. Some are missing bones and cartilage, even hair. We cannot but assume the Dark Sisters were harvesting these bodies for parts to create their mechanical creatures. Creatures like Miranda.”

“And the coachman,” Tessa said. “I think he was one as well. But why would anyone do such a thing?”

“There is more,” Charlotte said. “The mechanical tools in the Dark Sisters’ cellar were manufactured by Mortmain and Company. The company your brother worked for.”

“Mortmain!” Tessa tore her gaze from the girl on the table. “You went to see him, didn’t you? What did he say about Nate?”

For a moment Charlotte hesitated, glancing at Henry. Tessa knew that glance. It was the sort of glance people gave each other when they were preparing to engage in a joint falsehood. The sort of look she and Nathaniel had given each other, once, when they’d been concealing something from Aunt Harriet.

“You’re hiding something from me,” she said. “Where’s my brother? What does Mortmain know?”

Charlotte sighed. “Mortmain is deeply involved in the occult underworld. He’s a member of the Pandemonium Club, which seems to be run by Downworlders.”

“But what has that to do with my brother?”

“Your brother found out about the club and was fascinated by it. He went to work for a vampire named de Quincey. A very influential Downworlder. De Quincey is in fact the head of the Pandemonium Club.” Charlotte sounded bitterly disgusted. “There is a title to go with the job, it seems.”

Feeling suddenly dizzy, Tessa braced her hand against the edge of the table. “The Magister?”

Charlotte looked at Henry, who had his hand inside the creature’s chest panel. He reached in and drew something out—a human heart, red and fleshy, but hard and shiny-looking as if it had been lacquered. It had been bound around with copper and silver wires. Every few moments it would give a listless thump.

Somehow it was still beating. “Would you like to hold it?” he asked Tessa. “You’d have to be careful. These copper tubes wind throughout the creature’s body, carrying oil and other flammable liquids. I have yet to identify them all.”

Tessa shook her head.

“Very well.” Henry looked disappointed. “There was something I wished you to see. If you’ll simply look here—” He turned the heart carefully in his long fingers, revealing a flat metal panel on the opposite side of it. The panel had been etched with a seal—a large *Q*, a small *D* inside it.

“De Quincey’s mark,” said Charlotte. She looked bleak. “I’ve seen it before, on correspondence from him. He’s always been an ally of the Clave, or so I thought. He was there at the Accords when they were signed. He’s a powerful man. He controls all the Night Children in the western part of the city. Mortmain says that de Quincey bought mechanical parts from him, and this would seem to bear that out. It looks as if you weren’t the only thing in the Dark Sisters’ house that was being prepared for the Magister’s use. These clockwork creatures were as well.”

“If this vampire is the Magister,” Tessa said slowly, “then he is the one who had the Dark Sisters capture me, and he is the one who forced Nate to write me that letter. He must know where my brother is.”

Charlotte almost smiled. “You *are* single-minded, aren’t you.”

Tessa’s voice was hard. “Don’t imagine that I don’t want to know what the Magister wants with me. Why he had me captured and trained. How on earth he knew I had my—my ability. And don’t think I wouldn’t want revenge if I could have it.” She took a shuddering breath. “But my brother is all I have. I must find him.”

“We will find him, Tessa,” Charlotte said. “Somehow all of this—the Dark Sisters, your brother, your own ability, and de Quincey’s involvement—fits together like a puzzle. We simply haven’t found all the missing bits of it yet.”

“I must say, I hope we find them soon,” Henry said, casting a sad glance at the body on the table. “What could a vampire want with a lot of half-mechanical people? None of this makes any sense.”

“Not yet,” said Charlotte, and she set her small chin. “But it will.”



Henry remained in his laboratory even after Charlotte had announced that it was past time for them to return upstairs for supper. Insisting that he would be along in five minutes, he waved them off absently as Charlotte shook her head.

“Henry’s laboratory—I’ve never seen anything like it,” Tessa said to Charlotte when they were halfway up the stairs. She was already out of breath, though Charlotte was moving with a steady, purposeful gait and looked as if she would never tire.

“Yes,” Charlotte replied a little sadly. “Henry would spend all day and all night there if I allowed it.”

If I allowed it. The words surprised Tessa. It was the husband, wasn’t it, who decided what was and was not allowed, and how his home should be run? The wife’s duty was simply to carry out his wishes, and to provide him with a calm and stable refuge from the chaos of the world. A place he might retreat. But the Institute was hardly that. It was part home, part boarding school, and part battle station. And whoever might be in charge of it, it clearly wasn’t Henry.

With an exclamation of surprise, Charlotte stopped short on the step above Tessa. “Jessamine! What on earth’s the matter?”

Tessa looked up. Jessamine stood at the head of the stairs, framed in the open doorway. She still wore her day clothes, though her hair, now in elaborate ringlets, had clearly been arranged for evening, no doubt by the ever-patient Sophie. There was an immense scowl on her face.

“It’s Will,” she said. “He’s being absolutely ridiculous in the dining room.”

Charlotte looked puzzled. “How is this different from his being totally ridiculous in the library or the weapons room or any of the other places he’s usually ridiculous?”

“Because,” Jessamine said, as if this should be obvious, “we have to *eat* in the dining room.” She turned and flounced off down the hallway, glancing back over her shoulder to make sure that Tessa and Charlotte were following her.

Tessa couldn’t help but smile. “It is a bit like they’re your children, isn’t it?”

Charlotte sighed. “Yes,” she said. “Except for the part where they’re required to love me, I suppose.”

Tessa could think of nothing to say in reply to that.



Since Charlotte insisted that there was something she had to do in the drawing room before supper, Tessa made her way to the dining room by herself. Once she had arrived there—quite proud of herself for not having lost her way—she found that Will was standing on one of the sideboards, tinkering with something attached to the ceiling.

Jem was seated in a chair, looking up at Will with a dubious expression. “It serves you right if you break it,” he said, and inclined his head as he caught sight of Tessa. “Good evening, Tessa.” Following her stare, he grinned. “I was hanging the gasolier crookedly, and Will is endeavoring to straighten it.”

Tessa could see nothing wrong with the gasolier, but before she could say so, Jessamine stalked into the room and shot a glare at Will. “Really! Can’t you get Thomas to do that? A gentleman needn’t—”

“Is that blood on your sleeve, Jessie?” Will inquired, glancing down.

Jessamine’s face tightened. Without another word she turned on her heel and stalked to the far end of the table, where she set herself down in a chair and stared stonily ahead.

“Did something happen while you and Jessamine were out?” It was Jem, looking genuinely worried. As he turned his head to look at Tessa, she saw something green gleam against the base of his throat.

Jessamine looked over at Tessa, a look of near panic on her face. “No,” Tessa began. “It was nothing—”

“I’ve done it!” Henry entered the room triumphantly, brandishing something in his hand. It looked like a copper tube with a black button on one side. “I’ll wager you didn’t think I could, did you?”

Will abandoned his efforts with the gasolier to glare at Henry. “None of us have the slightest idea what you’re on about. You do know that?”

“I’ve gotten my Phosphor to work at last.” Henry proudly brandished the object. “It functions on the principle of witchlight but is five times more powerful. Merely press a button, and you will see a blaze of light the like of which you have never imagined.”

There was a silence. “So,” said Will finally, “it’s a very, very bright witchlight, then?”

“Exactly,” Henry said.

“Is that useful, precisely?” Jem inquired. “After all, witchlight is just for illumination. It’s not as if it’s dangerous. . . .”

“Wait till you see it!” Henry replied. He held up the object. “Watch.”

Will moved to object, but it was too late; Henry had already pressed the button. There was a blinding flare of light and a whooshing sound, and the room was plunged into blackness. Tessa gave a yelp of surprise, and Jem laughed softly.

“Am I blind?” Will’s voice floated out of the darkness, tinged with annoyance. “I’m not going to be at all pleased if you’ve blinded me, Henry.”

“No.” Henry sounded worried. “No, the Phosphor seems to— Well, it seems to have turned all the lights in the room *off*.”

“It’s not supposed to do that?” Jem sounded mild, as always.

“Er,” said Henry, “no.”

Will muttered something under his breath. Tessa couldn't quite hear him, but was fairly sure she'd caught the words “Henry” and “fatheaded.” A moment later there was an enormous crash.

“Will!” someone cried out in alarm. Bright light filled the room, sending Tessa into a fit of blinking. Charlotte was standing in the doorway, holding a witchlight lamp aloft in one hand, and Will was lying on the floor at her feet in a welter of broken crockery from the sideboard. “What on earth . . .”

“I was trying to straighten the gasolier,” Will said crossly, sitting up and brushing crockery bits off his shirt.

“Thomas could have done that. And now you've gone and wrecked half the plates.”

“And much obliged to your idiot husband for that.” Will looked down at himself. “I think I've broken something. The pain is quite agonizing.”

“You seem quite intact to me.” Charlotte was remorseless. “Get up. I suppose we'll be eating by witchlight tonight.”

Jessamine, down at the end of the table, sniffed. It was the first noise she'd made since Will had asked her about the blood on her jacket. “I *hate* witchlight. It makes my complexion look absolutely green.”



Despite Jessamine's greenness, Tessa found she rather liked the witchlight. It laid a diffuse white glow over everything and made even the peas and onions look romantic and mysterious. As she buttered a dinner roll with a heavy silver knife, she couldn't help but think of the small apartment in Manhattan where she, her brother, and her aunt had eaten their meager suppers around a plain deal table by the light of a few candles. Aunt Harriet had always been careful to keep everything so scrupulously clean, from the white lace curtains at the front windows to the shining copper kettle on the stove. She had always said that the less you had, the more careful you had to be about everything you *did*

have. Tessa wondered if the Shadowhunters were careful about everything they had.

Charlotte and Henry were recounting what they had learned from Mortmain; Jem and Will listened attentively while Jessamine gazed in boredom at the window. Jem seemed especially interested in the description of Mortmain's house, with its artifacts from all over the globe. "I told you," he said. "Taipan. They all think of themselves as very important men. Above the law."

"Yes," Charlotte said. "He had that manner about him, as if he were used to being listened to. Men like that are often easy marks for those who want to draw them into the Shadow World. They are used to having power and expect to be able to get more power easily and with little cost to themselves. They have no idea how high the price for power in Downworld is." She turned, frowning, to Will and Jessamine, who seemed to be quarreling about something in snappish tones. "What is the matter with you two?"

Tessa took the opportunity to turn to Jem, who was sitting on her right side. "Shanghai," she said in a low voice. "It sounds so fascinating. I wish I could travel there. I've always wanted to travel."

As Jem smiled at her, she saw that gleam again at his throat. It was a pendant carved out of dull green stone. "And now you have. You're here, aren't you?"

"I've only ever traveled before in books. I know that sounds silly, but—"

Jessamine interrupted them by slamming her fork down onto the table. "Charlotte," she demanded shrilly, "make Will let me *alone*."

Will was leaning back in his chair, his blue eyes glittering. "If she'd say why she has blood on her clothes, I *would* leave her alone. Let me guess, Jessie. You ran across some poor woman in the park who had the misfortune of wearing a gown that clashed

with yours, so you slit her throat with that clever little parasol of yours. Do I have it right?"

Jessamine bared her teeth at him. "You're being ridiculous."

"You are, you know," Charlotte told him.

"I mean, I'm wearing blue. Blue goes with *everything*," Jessamine went on. "Which, really, you ought to know. You're vain enough about your own clothes."

"Blue does not go with everything," Will told her. "It does not go with red, for instance."

"I have a red and blue striped waistcoat," Henry interjected, reaching for the peas.

"And if *that* isn't proof that those two colors should never be seen together under Heaven, I don't know what is."

"Will," Charlotte said sharply. "Don't speak to Henry like that. Henry—"

Henry raised his head. "Yes?"

Charlotte sighed. "That's Jessamine's plate you're spooning peas onto, not yours. Do pay attention, darling."

As Henry looked down in surprise, the dining room door opened and Sophie came in. Her head was down, her dark hair shining. As she bent to speak softly to Charlotte, the witchlight cast its harsh glow over her face, making her scar gleam like silver against her skin.

A look of relief spread over Charlotte's face. A moment later she had risen to her feet and hurried out of the room, pausing only to touch Henry lightly on the shoulder as she went.

Jessamine's brown eyes widened. "Where's she going?"

Will looked at Sophie, his gaze sliding over her in that way that Tessa knew was like fingertips stroking over your skin. "Indeed, Sophie, my dear. Where *did* she go?"

Sophie shot him a venomous look. "If Mrs. Branwell had wanted you to know, I'm sure she would have told you," she snapped, and hurried out of the room after her mistress.

Henry, having set down the peas, attempted a genial smile. "Well, then," he said. "What was it we were discussing?"

"None of that," Will said. "We want to know where Charlotte's gone. Did something happen?"

"No," Henry said. "I mean, I don't *think* so—" He glanced around the room, saw four pairs of eyes fixed on him, and sighed. "Charlotte doesn't always tell me what she's doing. You know that." He smiled a little painfully. "Can't blame her, really. Can't count on me to be sensible."

Tessa wished she could say something to comfort Henry. Something about him made her think of Nate when he was younger, gawkish and awkward and easily hurt. Reflexively she put up her hand to touch the angel at her throat, seeking reassurance in its steady ticking.

Henry looked over at her. "That clockwork object you wear around your neck—might I see it for a moment?"

Tessa hesitated, then nodded. It was only Henry, after all. She unhooked the clasp of the chain, drew off the necklace, and handed it to him.

"This is a clever little object," he said, turning it over in his hands. "Where did you get it?"

"It was my mother's."

"Like a sort of talisman." He glanced up. "Would you mind if I examined it in the laboratory?"

"Oh." Tessa couldn't hide her anxiety. "If you're very careful with it. It's all I have of my mother's. If it were broken . . ."

"Henry won't break or damage it," Jem reassured her. "He's really very good with this sort of thing."

"It's true," said Henry, so modest and matter-of-fact about it that there seemed nothing conceited about the statement. "I'll return it to you in pristine condition."

"Well . . ." Tessa hesitated.

"I don't see what the fuss is," said Jessamine, who had looked bored throughout this exchange. "It's not like it has diamonds in

it.”

“Some people value sentiment over diamonds, Jessamine.” It was Charlotte, standing in the doorway. She looked troubled. “There is someone here who wants to speak with you, Tessa.”

“With *me*?” Tessa demanded, the clockwork angel forgotten for the moment.

“Well, who *is* it?” Will said. “Must you keep us all in suspense?”

Charlotte sighed. “It’s Lady Belcourt. She’s downstairs. In the Sanctuary Room.”

“Now?” Will frowned. “Did something happen?”

“I contacted her,” said Charlotte. “About de Quincey. Just before supper. I hoped she would have some information, and she does, but she insists on seeing Tessa first. It seems that despite all our precautions, rumors about Tessa have leaked into Downworld, and Lady Belcourt is . . . interested.”

Tessa set her fork down with a clatter. “Interested in what?” She looked around the table, realizing that four pairs of eyes were now fixed on *her*. “Who is Lady Belcourt?” When no one replied, she turned to Jem as the likeliest to give her an answer. “Is she a Shadowhunter?”

“She’s a vampire,” Jem said. “A vampire *informant*, actually. She gives information to Charlotte and keeps us apprised of what’s going on in the Night community.”

“You needn’t speak to her if you don’t want to, Tessa,” Charlotte said. “I can send her away.”

“No.” Tessa pushed her plate away. “If she’s well informed about de Quincey, perhaps she knows something about Nate as well. I can’t risk her being sent off if she might have information. I’ll go.”

“Don’t you even want to know what she wants from you?” Will asked.

Tessa looked at him measuredly. The witchlight made his skin paler, his eyes more intently blue. They were the color of the water of the North Atlantic, where the ice drifted on its blue-black surface like snow clinging to the dark glass pane of a

window. “Aside from the Dark Sisters, I’ve never really met another Downworlder,” she said. “I think—that I would like to.”

“Tessa—,” Jem began, but she was already on her feet. Not looking back at anyone at the table, she hurried out of the room after Charlotte.

8

CAMILLE

*Fruits fail and love dies and time ranges;
Thou art fed with perpetual breath,
And alive after infinite changes,
And fresh from the kisses of death;
Of langours rekindled and rallied,
Of barren delights and unclean,
Things monstrous and fruitless, a pallid
And poisonous queen.*
—Algernon Charles Swinburne, “Dolores”

Tessa was only halfway down the corridor when they caught up to her—Will and Jem, walking on either side of her. “You didn’t *really* think we weren’t going to come along, did you?” Will asked, raising his hand and letting the witchlight flare up between his fingers, lighting the corridor to daylight brightness. Charlotte, hurrying along ahead of them, turned and frowned, but said nothing.

“I know *you* can’t leave anything well enough alone,” Tessa replied, looking straight ahead. “But I thought better of Jem.”

“Where Will goes, I go,” Jem said good-naturedly. “And besides, I’m as curious as he is.”

“That hardly seems a subject for boasting. Where *are* we going?” Tessa added, startled, as they reached the end of the corridor and turned left. The next hall stretched away behind them into unprepossessing shadow. “Have we turned the wrong way?”

“Patience is a virtue, Miss Gray,” said Will. They had reached a long corridor that sloped precipitously downward. The walls were bare of tapestries or torches, and the dimness made Tessa realize why Will had carried his witchlight stone.

“This corridor leads to our Sanctuary,” said Charlotte. “It is the only part of the Institute that is not on hallowed ground. It is where we meet with those who, for whatever reason, cannot enter hallowed ground: those who are cursed, vampires, and the like. It is also often a place we choose to shelter Downworlders who are in danger from demons or other denizens of the Shadow World. For that reason, there are many protections placed on the doors, and it is difficult to enter or exit the room without possessing either a stele or the key.”

“Is it a curse? Being a vampire?” Tessa asked.

Charlotte shook her head. “No. We think it is a sort of demon disease. Most diseases that affect demons are not transmissible to human beings, but in some cases, usually through a bite or a scratch, the disease can be passed on. Vampirism. Lycanthropy —”

“Demon pox,” said Will.

“Will, there’s no such thing as demon pox, and you know it,” Charlotte said. “Now, where was I?”

“Being a vampire isn’t a curse. It’s a disease,” Tessa filled in. “But they still can’t enter hallowed ground, then? Does that mean they’re damned?”

“That depends on what you believe,” said Jem. “And whether you even believe in damnation at all.”

“But you hunt demons. You must believe in damnation!”

“I believe in good and evil,” said Jem. “And I believe the soul is eternal. But I don’t believe in the fiery pit, the pitchforks, or endless torment. I do not believe you can threaten people into goodness.”

Tessa looked at Will. “What about you? What do you believe?”

“*Pulvis et umbra sumus,*” said Will, not looking at her as he spoke. “I believe we are dust and shadows. What else is there?”

“Whatever you believe, please don’t suggest to Lady Belcourt that you think she’s damned,” said Charlotte. She had come to a halt where the corridor ended in a set of high iron doors, each carved with a curious symbol that looked like two pairs of back-to-back Cs. She turned and looked at her three companions. “She has very kindly offered to help us, and there’s no purpose in offering her such insults. That applies to you especially, Will. If you can’t be polite, I’ll send you out of the Sanctuary. Jem, I trust you to be your charming self. Tessa . . .” Charlotte turned her head, kind eyes on Tessa. “Try not to be frightened.”

She drew an iron key from a pocket of her dress, and slid it into the lock of the door. The head of the key was in the shape of an angel with outspread wings; the wings gleamed out once, briefly, as Charlotte turned the key, and the door swung open.

The room beyond was like the vault of a treasure-house. There were no windows, and no doors save the one they had entered through. Enormous stone pillars held up a shadowed roof, illuminated by the light of a row of burning candelabras. The pillars were carved all around with loops and scrolls of runes, forming intricate patterns that teased the eye. Huge tapestries hung down from the walls, each one slashed with the figure of a single rune. There was a great gilt-framed mirror, too, making the place seem twice as large. A massive stone fountain rose in the middle of the room. It had a circular base, and in the center was the statue of an angel with folded wings. Rivers of tears poured from its eyes and plashed into the fountain below.

Beside the fountain, between two of the massive pillars, stood a group of chairs upholstered in black velvet. The woman who sat in the tallest of the chairs was slender and stately. A hat was tipped forward on her head, balancing a massive black plume at its top. Her dress was of rich red velvet, her icy white skin swelling gently over the fitted bodice, though her chest never rose or fell with a breath. A rope of rubies wound her throat like a scar. Her hair was thick and pale blond, clustered in delicate icy

curls around her nape; her eyes were a luminous green that shone like a cat's.

Tessa caught her breath. So Downworlders could be beautiful.

"Douse your witchlight, Will," Charlotte said under her breath, before hurrying forward to greet her guest. "So good of you to wait for us, Baroness. I trust you have found the Sanctuary comfortable enough for your tastes?"

"As always, Charlotte." Lady Belcourt sounded bored; she had a faint accent that Tessa couldn't identify.

"Lady Belcourt. Please let me introduce you to Miss Theresa Gray." Charlotte indicated Tessa, who, not knowing what else to do, inclined her head politely. She was trying to remember how one addressed baronesses. She rather thought it had something to do with whether they were married to barons or not, but she couldn't exactly recall. "Beside her is Mr. James Carstairs, one of our young Shadowhunters, and with him is—"

But Lady Belcourt's green eyes were already resting on Will. "William Herondale," she said, and smiled. Tessa tensed, but the vampire's teeth seemed absolutely normal; no sign of sharpened incisors. "Fancy you coming to greet me."

"You *know* each other?" Charlotte looked astonished.

"William won twenty pounds from me at faro," said Lady Belcourt, her green gaze lingering on Will in a way that made Tessa's neck prickle. "A few weeks ago, in a Downworld gambling house run by the Pandemonium Club."

"He did?" Charlotte looked at Will, who shrugged.

"It was part of the investigation. I was disguised as a foolish mundane who had come to the place to partake in vice," explained Will. "It would have aroused suspicion had I refused to gamble."

Charlotte set her chin. "Nevertheless, Will, that money you won was evidence. You should have given it to the Clave."

"I spent it on gin."

"*Will.*"

Will shrugged. “The spoils of vice are a burdensome responsibility.”

“Yet one you seem strangely able to bear,” observed Jem, with an amused flash of his silvery eyes.

Charlotte threw up her hands. “I will deal with you later, William. Lady Belcourt, am I to understand that you also are a member of the Pandemonium Club?”

Lady Belcourt made a dreadful face. “Certainly not. I was at the gambling house that night because a warlock friend of mine was hoping to win a little easy money at cards. The club’s events are open to most Downworlders. The members like us to appear there; it impresses the mundanes and opens their pocketbooks. I know there are Downworlders running the enterprise, but I would never become one of them. The entire business seems so *déclassé*.”

“De Quincey is a member,” said Charlotte, and behind her large brown eyes, Tessa could see the light of her fierce intelligence. “I have been told he is the head of the organization, in fact. Did you know that?”

Lady Belcourt shook her head, clearly uninterested in this piece of information. “De Quincey and I were close years ago, but no longer, and I have been direct with him about my lack of interest in the club. I suppose he could be the head of the club; it’s a ridiculous organization, if you ask me, but doubtless very lucrative.” She leaned forward, folding her slim gloved hands in her lap. There was something oddly fascinating about her movements, even the smallest ones. They had a strange animal grace. It was like watching a cat as it slunk through the shadows. “The first thing you must understand about de Quincey,” she said, “is that he is the most dangerous vampire in London. He has made his way to the top of the city’s most powerful clan. Any vampire living within London is subject to his whim.” Her scarlet lips thinned. “The second thing you must understand is that de Quincey is old—old even for one of the Night Children. He lived most of his life before the Accords, and he loathes them, and

loathes living beneath the yoke of the Law. And most of all, he hates the Nephilim.”

Tessa saw Jem lean in and whisper something to Will, whose mouth quirked up at the corner in a smile. “Indeed,” Will said. “How could anyone despise us when we are so charming?”

“I am sure you know that you are not loved by most Downworlders.”

“But we thought de Quincey was an ally.” Charlotte rested her thin nervous hands on the back of one of the velvet chairs. “He has always cooperated with the Clave.”

“Pretense. It is in his interest to cooperate with you, so he does. But he would happily see you all sunk fathoms below the sea.”

Charlotte had gone pale, but rallied. “And you know nothing of his involvement with two women called the Dark Sisters? Nothing of his interest in automatons—mechanical creatures?”

“Ugh, the Dark Sisters.” Lady Belcourt shuddered. “Such ugly, unpleasant creatures. Warlocks, I believe. I avoided them. They were known to provide for the members of the club who might have less . . . savory interests. Demon drugs, Downworld prostitutes, that sort of thing.”

“And the automatons?”

Lady Belcourt fluttered her delicate hands in a bored fashion. “If de Quincey has some fascination with watch parts, I know nothing of it. In fact, when you first contacted me about de Quincey, Charlotte, I had no intention of coming forward with *any* information at all. It is one thing to share a few Downworld secrets with the Clave, another thing entirely to betray the most powerful vampire in London. That was, until I heard about your little shape-shifter.” Her green eyes came to rest on Tessa. The red lips smiled. “I can see the family resemblance.”

Tessa stared. “The resemblance to whom?”

“Why, to Nathaniel, of course. To your brother.”

Tessa felt as if ice water had been dumped down the back of her neck, shocking her to full alertness. “You’ve seen my

brother?”

Lady Belcourt smiled, the smile of a woman who knows she holds a room in the palm of her hand. “I saw him a few times at various Pandemonium Club occasions,” she said. “He had that hapless look about him, poor creature, of a mundane under a spell. Probably gambled away everything he had. They always do. Charlotte told me the Dark Sisters took him; that doesn’t surprise me. They love to drive a mundane into the ground with debt and then collect in the most shocking ways. . . .”

“But he’s alive?” Tessa said. “You’ve seen him alive?”

“It was some time ago, but yes.” Lady Belcourt gave a wave of her hand. Her gloves were scarlet, and her hands looked as if they had been dipped in blood. “To return to the matter at hand,” she said. “We were speaking of de Quincey. Tell me, Charlotte, did you know he holds parties at his town house in Carleton Square?”

Charlotte took her hands off the chair back. “I’ve heard it mentioned.”

“Unfortunately,” said Will, “it seems he neglected to invite us. Perhaps our invitations went astray in the post.”

“At these parties,” Lady Belcourt went on, “humans are tortured and killed. I believe their bodies are dumped into the Thames for the mudlarks to pick over. Now, did you know *that*?”

Even Will looked taken aback. Charlotte said, “But the murder of humans by the Night Children is forbidden under the Law—”

“And de Quincey despises the Law. He does this as much to mock the Nephilim as because he enjoys the killing. Though he does enjoy that, make no mistake about it.”

Charlotte’s lips were bloodless. “How long has this been going on, Camille?”

So that was her name, Tessa thought. *Camille*. It was a French-sounding name; perhaps that explained her accent.

“At least a year. Perhaps longer.” The vampire’s tone was cool, indifferent.

“And you are telling me this only now because . . .” Charlotte sounded hurt.

“The price for revealing the secrets of the Lord of London is death,” Camille said, her green eyes darkening. “And it would have done you no good, even if I had told you. De Quincey is one of your allies. You have no reason and no excuse to burst into his home as if he were a common criminal. Not with no evidence of wrongdoing on his part. My understanding is that, under these new Accords, a vampire must actually be observed harming a human before the Nephilim can take action?”

“Yes,” said Charlotte reluctantly, “but if we had been able to attend one of the parties—”

Camille let out a short laugh. “De Quincey would never let that happen! At the first sight of a Shadowhunter, he would have locked the place up tightly. You would never have been permitted to enter.”

“But *you* could,” Charlotte said. “You could have brought one of us with you—”

The plume on Camille’s hat trembled as she tossed her head. “And risk my own life?”

“Well, you’re not precisely *alive*, are you?” said Will.

“I value my existence as much as you do, Shadowhunter,” said Lady Belcourt, narrowing her eyes. “A lesson you would do well to learn. It could hardly hurt the Nephilim to cease thinking that all those who do not live exactly as they do must therefore not truly *live* at all.”

It was Jem who spoke then, for what seemed like the first time since they had entered the room. “Lady Belcourt—if you’ll pardon my asking—what is it exactly that you want from Tessa?”

Camille looked directly at Tessa then, her green eyes as brilliant as jewels. “You can disguise yourself as anyone, is that correct? A perfect disguise—appearance, voice, and manner? That’s what I have heard.” Her lip curled. “I have my sources.”

“Yes,” Tessa said hesitantly. “That is, I have been told the disguise is identical.”

Camille looked at her narrowly. "It would have to be perfect. If you were to disguise yourself as me—"

"As *you*?" Charlotte said. "Lady Belcourt, I don't see—"

"I see," said Will immediately. "If Tessa were disguised as Lady Belcourt, she could make her way into one of de Quincey's parties. She could observe him breaking the Law. Then the Clave could attack, without shattering the Accords."

"Quite the little strategist, you are." Camille smiled, revealing her white teeth once again.

"And it would also provide a perfect opportunity to search de Quincey's residence," said Jem. "See what we can discover about his interest in these automatons. If he really has been murdering mundanes, there's no reason to think that it wasn't for more purposes than mere sport." He gave Charlotte a meaningful look, and Tessa knew that he was thinking, as she was, of the bodies in the cellar of the Dark House.

"We would have to figure out some way to signal the Clave from inside de Quincey's," Will mused, his blue eyes already alight. "Perhaps Henry could devise something. It would be invaluable to have a blueprint of the house's construction—"

"*Will*," Tessa protested. "I don't—"

"And of course you wouldn't be going alone," Will said impatiently. "I would go with you. I wouldn't let anything happen to you."

"Will, no," Charlotte said. "You and Tessa alone, in a house full of vampires? I forbid it."

"Then who would you send in with her, if not me?" Will demanded. "You know I can protect her, and you know I'm the right choice—"

"I could go. Or Henry—"

Camille, who had been watching all this with a look of mixed boredom and amusement, said, "I'm afraid I agree with William. The only individuals admitted to these parties are de Quincey's close friends, vampires, and the human subjugates of vampires. De Quincey has seen Will before, passing as a mundane

fascinated by the occult; he won't be surprised to find that he's graduated to vampiric servitude."

Human subjugate. Tessa had read of them in the *Codex*: Subjugates, or darklings, were mundanes who had sworn themselves to the service of a vampire. For the vampire, they provided companionship and food, and in return received small transfusions of vampire blood at intervals. This blood kept them bound to their vampire master, and also ensured that when they died, they would become vampires as well.

"But Will is only seventeen," Charlotte protested.

"Most human subjugates *are* young," said Will. "Vampires like to acquire their subjugates when they're youthful—prettier to look at, and less chance of diseased blood. And they'll live a bit longer, though not much." He looked pleased with himself. "Most of the rest of the Enclave wouldn't be able to pass convincingly as a handsome young human subjugate—"

"Because the rest of us all are hideous, are we?" Jem inquired, looking amused. "Is that why I can't do it?"

"No," Will said. "You know why it can't be you." He said it without any inflection, and Jem, after looking at him for a moment, shrugged and looked away.

"I'm truly not sure about this," Charlotte said. "When is the next of these events set to happen, Camille?"

"Saturday night."

Charlotte took a deep breath. "I'll have to speak to the Enclave, before I can agree. And Tessa would have to agree as well."

Everyone looked at Tessa.

She licked her dry lips nervously. "You believe," she said to Lady Belcourt, "that there's a chance my brother might be there?"

"I cannot promise he will be there. He might. But *someone* there will likely know what has happened to him. The Dark Sisters were regulars at de Quincey's parties; doubtless they or their cohorts, if captured and interrogated, will yield you some answers."

Tessa's stomach churned. "I'll do it," she said. "But I want to be promised that *if* Nate is there, we'll get him out, and if he isn't, we'll find out where he is. I want to make sure it's not all about catching de Quincey. It must be about saving Nate, too."

"Of course," Charlotte said. "But I don't know, Tessa. It will be very dangerous—"

"Have you ever Changed yourself into a Downworlder?" Will inquired. "Do you even know if it's something that would be possible?"

Tessa shook her head. "I've never done anything like that. But . . . I could try." She turned to Lady Belcourt. "Could I have something of yours? A ring, or a handkerchief perhaps."

Camille reached her hands behind her head, brushing aside the thick coils of silver-blond hair that lay against her neck, and unclasped her necklace. Letting it dangle from her slender fingers, she held it out to Tessa. "Here. Take this."

With a frown Jem stepped forward to take the necklace, and then held it out to Tessa. She felt the weight of it as she took it from him. It was heavy, and the square ruby pendant the size of a bird's egg felt cold to the touch, as cold as if it had been lying in snow. Closing her hand around it was like closing her fingers around a shard of ice. She took a sharp breath, and closed her eyes.

It was strange, different this time as the transformation took hold. The darkness rose quickly, wrapping itself around her, and the light she saw in the distance was a cold silver glow. The chill that flowed from the light was scalding. Tessa drew the light toward her, surrounding herself with its icy burning light, pushing herself through to the core of it. The light rose in shimmering white walls around her—

She felt a sharp pain then, in the center of her chest, and for a moment her vision went red—deep scarlet, the color of blood. Everything was blood-colored, and she began to panic, fighting her way free, her eyelids flying open—

And she was there again, in the Sanctuary Room, with all the others staring at her. Camille was smiling slightly; the others looked startled, if not as thunderstruck as they had when she had transformed into Jessamine.

But something was terribly wrong. There was a great hollow emptiness inside her—not pain, but a cavernous sense of something *missing*. Tessa choked, and a searing shock went through her. She sank down into an armchair, her hands pressed against her chest. She was trembling all over.

“Tessa?” Jem sank down onto his heels beside the chair, taking one of her hands. She could see herself in the mirror that hung on the opposite wall—or more accurately, she could see the image of Camille. Camille’s shimmering pale hair, unpinned, rained down over her shoulders, and her white skin swelled and spilled over the bodice of Tessa’s now too-tight dress in a way that would have made Tessa flush—if she could have flushed. But blushing required blood actually running in one’s veins, and she remembered, with a dawning terror, that vampires did not breathe, did not get hot or cold, and did not have hearts that beat in their chests.

So *that* was the hollowness, the strangeness that she felt. Her heart was still, in her chest like a dead thing. She took another sobbing breath. It hurt, and she realized that while she *could* breathe, her new body did not want or need to.

“Oh, God,” she said in a soft whisper to Jem. “I—my heart’s not beating. I feel as if I’ve died. Jem—”

He stroked her hand, carefully, soothingly, and looked up at her with his silver eyes. The expression in them had not changed with the change in her; he looked at her as he had before, as if she were still Tessa Gray. “You’re alive,” he said, in a voice so soft only she could hear it. “You’re wearing a different skin, but you’re Tessa, and you’re alive. Do you know how I know that?”

She shook her head.

“Because you said the word ‘God’ just now to me. No vampire could say that.” He squeezed her hand. “Your soul is still the

same.”

She closed her eyes and sat still for a moment, concentrating on the pressure of his hand on hers, his warm skin against hers that was icy cold. Slowly the trembling that shook her body began to fade; she opened her eyes, and gave Jem a faint, shaky smile.

“Tessa,” said Charlotte. “Are you—Is everything all right?”

Tessa drew her eyes away from Jem’s face and looked at Charlotte, who was watching her with an anxious gaze. Will, beside Charlotte, wore an unreadable expression.

“You will have to practice a bit, moving and holding yourself, if you wish to convince de Quincey that you are me,” Lady Belcourt said. “I would never slump in a chair like that.” She tilted her head to the side. “Still, overall, an impressive showing. Someone trained you well.”

Tessa thought of the Dark Sisters. Had they trained her well? Had they done her a favor, unlocking this dormant power inside her, despite how much she had hated them and it? Or would it have been better if she had never known that she was different?

Slowly she let go, let the Camille skin slip away from her. It felt as if she were rising up out of icy water. Her hand tightened on Jem’s as the chill ran through her, head to toe, a freezing cascade. Something leaped inside her chest then. Like a bird that has lain stunned and motionless after flying into a window, only to gather its strength and leap from the ground to soar into the air, her heart began suddenly to beat again. Air filled her lungs, and she released Jem, her hands flying to her chest, her fingers pressed against the skin to feel the soft rhythm beneath.

She looked in the mirror across the room. She was herself again: Tessa Gray, not a miraculously beautiful vampire. She felt an overwhelming relief.

“My necklace?” Lady Belcourt said coolly, and held out her slender hand. Jem took the ruby pendant from Tessa to bring it to the vampire; as he lifted it, Tessa saw that there were words

etched on the silver frame of the pendant: *AMOR VERUS NUMQUAM MORITUR*.

She looked across the room at Will, she wasn't sure why, only to find that he was looking back at her. They both glanced hastily away. "Lady Belcourt," Will said, "since none of us have ever been in de Quincey's home, do you think it would be possible for you to provide a floor plan, or even a sketch of the grounds and rooms?"

"I shall provide you with something better." Lady Belcourt raised her arms to clasp the necklace around her throat. "Magnus Bane."

"The warlock?" Charlotte's eyebrows rose.

"Indeed," said Lady Belcourt. "He knows the town house as well as I do and is often invited to de Quincey's social events. Though, like me, he has formerly eschewed the parties at which murder is committed."

"Noble of him," muttered Will.

"He will meet you there, and guide you through the house. No one there will be surprised to see us together. Magnus Bane is my lover, you see."

Tessa's mouth opened slightly. This was not the sort of thing ladies said in polite company, or any company. But perhaps it was different for vampires? Everyone else looked as stunned as she did, except Will, who as usual looked as if he were trying not to laugh.

"How nice," Charlotte said at last, after a pause.

"Indeed it is," Camille said, and rose to her feet. "And now, if someone will escort me out. It grows late, and I have not yet fed."

Charlotte, who was regarding Tessa with concern, said, "Will, Jem, if you'll go?"

Tessa watched as the two boys flanked Camille like soldiers—which, she supposed, was what they were—and followed her from the room. Last through the door, the vampire paused and looked back over her shoulder. Her pale blond curls brushed her cheeks

as she smiled; she was so beautiful that Tessa felt a sort of pang, looking at her, overriding her instinctive feeling of aversion.

“If you do this,” said Camille, “and you succeed—whether or not you find your brother—I can promise you, little shape-shifter, that you won’t regret it.”

Tessa frowned, but Camille was already gone. She moved so fast that it was as though she had vanished between one breath and the next. Tessa turned toward Charlotte. “What do you think she meant by that? That I won’t regret it?”

Charlotte shook her head. “I don’t know.” She sighed. “I’d like to think that she meant that the knowledge of a good deed done would console you, but it’s Camille, so . . .”

“Are all vampires like that?” Tessa asked. “Cold like that?”

“Many of them have been alive a long time,” Charlotte said diplomatically. “They don’t see things the way we do.”

Tessa put her fingers to her aching temples. “Indeed, they don’t.”



Of all the things that bothered Will about vampires—the way they moved soundlessly, the low and inhuman timbre of their voices—it was the way they smelled that bothered him most. Or rather, the way they didn’t smell. All human beings smelled like *something*—sweat, soap, perfume—but vampires had no scent, like wax mannequins.

Ahead of him, Jem was holding the last of the doors that led from the Sanctuary to the outer foyer of the Institute. All these spaces had been deconsecrated so that vampires and others of their ilk could use them, but Camille could never come any farther into the Institute than that. Escorting her out was more than a courtesy. They were making sure she didn’t accidentally wander onto consecrated ground, which would be dangerous for everyone involved.

Camille brushed by Jem, hardly looking at him, and Will followed, pausing only long enough to mutter “She doesn’t smell

like anything” to Jem under his breath.

Jem looked alarmed. “You’ve been *smelling* her?”

Camille, who was waiting by the next doorway for them, turned her head at this and smiled. “I can hear everything you say, you know,” she said. “It is true, vampires have no scent. It makes us better predators.”

“That, and excellent hearing,” Jem said, and let the door swing shut behind Will. They were standing in the small square entryway with Camille now, her hand on the knob of the front door as if she meant to hurry out, but there was nothing hurried in her expression as she looked them over.

“Look at you both,” she said, “all black and silver. You could be a vampire,” she said to Jem, “with your pallor, and your looks. And you,” she said to Will, “well, I don’t think anyone at de Quincey’s will doubt that you could be my human subjugate.”

Jem was looking at Camille, with that look that Will always thought could cut glass. He said:

“Why are you doing this, Lady Belcourt? This plan of yours, de Quincey, all of it—why?”

Camille smiled. She was beautiful, Will had to admit—but then, a lot of vampires were beautiful. Their beauty had always seemed to him like the beauty of pressed flowers—lovely, but dead. “Because the knowledge of what he was doing weighed on my conscience.”

Jem shook his head. “Perhaps you are the sort who would sacrifice yourself on the altar of principle, but I doubt it. Most of us do things for reasons that are more purely personal. For love, or for hate.”

“Or for revenge,” Will said. “After all, you’ve known about what was going on for a year now, and you only just came to us.”

“That was because of Miss Gray.”

“Yes, but that’s not all it is, is it?” Jem said. “Tessa is your opportunity, but your reason, your motive, is something else.” He cocked his head to the side. “Why do you hate de Quincey so much?”

“I don’t see what business it is of yours, little silver Shadowhunter,” Camille said, and her lips had drawn back from her teeth, leaving her fangs visible, like bits of ivory against the red of her lips. Will knew that vampires could show their fangs at will, but it was still unnerving. “Why does it matter what my motives are?”

Will filled in the answer for Jem, already knowing what the other boy had been thinking. “Because otherwise we can’t trust you. Perhaps you’re sending us into a trap. Charlotte wouldn’t want to believe it, but that doesn’t make it not possible.”

“Lead you into a trap?” Camille’s tone was mocking. “And incur the terrifying wrath of the Clave? Hardly likely!”

“Lady Belcourt,” said Jem, “whatever Charlotte might have promised you, if you want our help, you will answer the question.”

“Very well,” she said. “I can see you will not be satisfied unless I give you an explanation. You,” she said, nodding toward Will, “are correct. And you seem to know a curious amount about love and revenge for one so young; we must discuss them someday, together.” She smiled again, but the smile did not reach her eyes. “I had a lover, you see,” she said. “He was a shape-changer, a lycanthrope. It is forbidden for the Night Children to love or to lie with the Moon’s Children. We were careful, but de Quincey found us out. Found us out and murdered him, in much the way he will be murdering some poor mundane prisoner at his next party.” Her eyes shone like green lamps as she looked at them both. “I loved him, and de Quincey murdered him, and the others of my kind helped and abetted him. I will not forgive them for it. Kill them all.”

The Accords, now ten years old, marked a historic moment for both Nephilim and Downworlders. No longer would the two groups strive to destroy each other. They would be united against a common foe, the demon. There were fifty men at the signing of the Accords in Idris: ten of the Night

Children; ten of Lilith's Children, known as warlocks; ten of the Fair Folk; ten of the Moon's Children; and ten of Raziel's blood—

Tessa jerked awake at the sound of a knock on her door; she had been half-drowsing on the pillow, her finger still keeping a place in *The Shadowhunter's Codex*. After setting the book down, she barely had time to sit up and draw the covers about herself before the door opened.

In came lamplight, and Charlotte with it. Tessa felt an odd twinge, almost disappointment—but who else had she been expecting? Despite the late hour, Charlotte was dressed as if she planned to go out. Her face was very serious, and there were lines of tiredness below her dark eyes. “You’re awake?”

Tessa nodded, and lifted the book she had been reading. “Reading.”

Charlotte said nothing, but crossed the room and sat down at the foot of Tessa’s bed. She held out her hand. Something gleamed in her palm; it was Tessa’s angel pendant. “You left this with Henry.”

Tessa set her book down and took the pendant. She slipped the chain over her head, and felt reassured as the familiar weight settled against the hollow of her throat. “Did he learn anything from it?”

“I’m not sure. He said it was all clogged up on the inside with years of rust, that it was a wonder it was working at all. He cleaned out the mechanism, though it doesn’t seem to have resulted in much of a change. Perhaps it ticks more regularly now?”

“Perhaps.” Tessa didn’t care; she was just happy to have the angel, the symbol of her mother and her life in New York, back in her possession.

Charlotte folded her hands in her lap. “Tessa, there is something I haven’t told you.”

Tessa's heart began to beat faster. "What is it?"

"Mortmain . . ." Charlotte hesitated. "When I said that Mortmain introduced your brother to the Pandemonium Club, that was true, but not the whole truth. Your brother already knew about the Shadow World, before Mortmain ever told him. It seems he learned about it from your father."

Stunned, Tessa was silent.

"How old were you when your parents died?" Charlotte asked.

"It was an accident," Tessa said, a little dazed. "I was three. Nate was six."

Charlotte frowned. "So young for your father to confide in your brother, but . . . I suppose it's possible."

"No," Tessa said. "No, you don't understand. I had the most ordinary, the most human, upbringing imaginable. Aunt Harriet, she was the most practical woman in the world. And she would have known, wouldn't she? She was mother's younger sister; they brought her with them from London when they came to America."

"People keep secrets, Tessa, sometimes even from the ones they love." Charlotte brushed her fingers across the cover of the *Codex*, with its embossed seal. "And you must admit, it does make sense."

"Sense? It doesn't make any kind of sense!"

"Tessa . . ." Charlotte sighed. "We don't know why you have the ability that you do. But if one of your parents was connected in some way to the magical world, doesn't it make sense that that connection might have something to do with it? If your father was a member of the Pandemonium Club, isn't that how de Quincey might have known about you?"

"I suppose." Tessa spoke grudgingly. "It's only . . . I believed so strongly when I first came to London that everything that was happening to me was a dream. That my life before had been real and this was a dreadful nightmare. I thought that if only I could find Nate, we could go back to the life we had before." She raised her eyes to Charlotte's. "But now I cannot help but wonder if

perhaps the life I had before was the dream and all this was the truth. If my parents knew of the Pandemonium Club—if they were part of the Shadow World too—then there is no world I can go back to that will be clean of all this.”

Charlotte, her hands still folded in her lap, looked at Tessa steadily. “Have you ever wondered why Sophie’s face is scarred?”

Caught off guard, Tessa could only stammer. “I—I wondered, but I—didn’t like to ask.”

“Nor should you,” said Charlotte. Her voice was cool and firm. “When I first saw Sophie, she was crouched in a doorway, filthy, with a bloody rag clutched to her cheek. She *saw* me as I went by, even though I was glamoured at the time. That’s what drew my attention to her. She has a touch of the Sight, as do Thomas and Agatha. I offered her money, but she wouldn’t take it. I wheedled her into accompanying me to a tea shop, and she told me what had happened to her. She had been a parlor maid, in a fine house in St. John’s Wood. Parlor maids, of course, are chosen for their looks, and Sophie was beautiful—which turned out to be both a great advantage and a great disadvantage for her. As you might imagine, the son of the house took an interest in seducing her. She turned him away repeatedly. In a rage, he took a knife and cut open her face, saying that if he couldn’t have her, he’d make sure no one ever wanted her again.”

“How awful,” Tessa whispered.

“She went to her mistress, the boy’s mother, but he claimed that she’d tried to seduce *him*, and he’d taken up the knife to fight her off and protect *his* virtue. Of course, they threw her out on the street. By the time I found her, her cheek was badly infected. I brought her here and had the Silent Brothers see to her, but while they cured the infection, they couldn’t heal the scar.”

Tessa put her hand to her own face in a gesture of unconscious sympathy. “Poor Sophie.”

Charlotte cocked her head to the side and looked at Tessa out of her bright brown eyes. She had such a strong presence, Tessa

thought, that it was hard to remember sometimes how physically small she was, how birdlike and tiny. “Sophie has a gift,” she said. “She has the Sight. She can see what others do not. In her old life she often wondered if she was mad. Now she knows that she is not mad but special. There, she was only a parlor maid, who would likely have lost her position once her looks had faded. Now she is a valued member of our household, a gifted girl with much to contribute.” Charlotte leaned forward. “You look back on the life you had, Tessa, and it seems safe to you in comparison to this one. But you and your aunt were very poor, if I am not mistaken. If you had not come to London, where would you have gone once she died? What would you have done? Would you have found yourself weeping in an alley like our Sophie?” Charlotte shook her head. “You have a power of incalculable value. You need ask nothing of anyone. You need depend on no one. You are free, and that freedom is a gift.”

“It is hard to think of something as a gift when you have been tormented and imprisoned for it.”

Charlotte shook her head. “Sophie said to me once that she was glad she had been scarred. She said that whoever loved her now would love her true self, and not her pretty face. This is your true self, Tessa. This power is who you are. Whoever loves you now—and you must also love yourself—will love the truth of you.”

Tessa picked up the *Codex* and hugged it against her chest. “So you are saying I am right. This is what is real, and the life I had before was the dream.”

“That is correct.” Gently Charlotte patted Tessa’s shoulder; Tessa almost jumped at the contact. It had been a long time, she thought, since anyone had touched her in such a motherly fashion; she thought of Aunt Harriet, and her throat hurt. “And now it is time to wake up.”

9

THE ENCLAVE

*May make my heart as a millstone, set my face as a
flint,
Cheat and be cheated, and die: who knows? we are
ashes and dust.*

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson, “Maud”

“Try it again,” Will suggested. “Simply walk from one end of the room to the other. We’ll tell you if you look convincing.”

Tessa sighed. Her head throbbed, as did the backs of her eyes. It was exhausting learning how to pretend to be a vampire.

It had been two days since Lady Belcourt’s visit, and Tessa had spent almost every moment since then attempting to convincingly transform herself into the vampire woman, without enormous success. She still felt as if she were sliding around on the surface of Camille’s mind, unable to reach through and grasp hold of thoughts or personality. It made it difficult to know how to walk, how to talk, and what sort of expressions she ought to be wearing when she met the vampires at de Quincey’s party—whom, no doubt, Camille knew very well, and whom Tessa would be expected to know too.

She was in the library now, and had spent the last few hours since lunch practicing walking with Camille’s odd gliding walk, and speaking with her careful drawling voice. Pinned at her shoulder was a jeweled brooch that one of Camille’s human subjugates, a wrinkled little creature called Archer, had brought over in a trunk. There had been a dress, too, for Tessa to wear to

de Quincey's, but it was much too heavy and elaborate for daytime. Tessa made do with her own new blue and white dress, which was bothersomely too tight in the bosom and too loose in the waist whenever she changed into Camille.

Jem and Will had set up camp on one of the long tables in the back of the library, ostensibly to help and advise her, but more likely, it seemed, to mock and be amused by her consternation. "You point your feet out too much when you walk," Will went on. He was busy polishing an apple on his shirtfront, and appeared not to notice Tessa glaring at him. "Camille walks delicately. Like a faun in the woods. Not like a duck."

"I do not walk like a duck."

"I like ducks," Jem observed diplomatically. "Especially the ones in Hyde Park." He glanced sideways at Will; both boys were sitting on the edge of the high table, their legs dangling over the side. "Remember when you tried to convince me to feed a poultry pie to the mallards in the park to see if you could breed a race of cannibal ducks?"

"They ate it too," Will reminisced. "Bloodthirsty little beasts. Never trust a duck."

"Do you mind?" Tessa demanded. "If you're not going to help me, you might as well both leave. I didn't let you stay here so that I could listen to you nattering on about ducks."

"Your impatience," said Will, "is most unladylike." He grinned at her around the apple. "Perhaps Camille's vampire nature is asserting itself?"

His tone was playful. It was so odd, Tessa thought. Only a few days ago he had snarled at her about his parents, and later had begged her to help him hide Jem's bloody coughing, his face burning with intensity as he did so. And now he was teasing her as if she were a friend's little sister, someone whom he knew casually, perhaps thought of with affection, but for whom he had no complex feelings at all.

Tessa bit her lip—and winced at the unexpected sharp pain. Camille's vampire teeth—*her* teeth—were ruled by an instinct she

couldn't understand. They seemed to slide forward without warning or prompting, alerting her to their presence only by sudden bursts of pain as they punctured the fragile skin of her lip. She tasted blood in her mouth—her own blood, salty and hot. She pressed her fingertips to her mouth; when she drew her hand away, her fingers were spotted with red.

“Leave it alone,” said Will, setting down his apple and rising to his feet. “You’ll find you heal very quickly.”

Tessa poked at her left incisor with her tongue. It was flat again, an ordinary tooth. “I don’t understand what makes them come out like that!”

“Hunger,” said Jem. “Were you thinking about blood?”

“No.”

“Were you thinking about eating me?” Will inquired.

“No!”

“No one would blame you,” said Jem. “He’s very annoying.”

Tessa sighed. “Camille is so *difficult*. I don’t understand the first thing about her, much less *being* her.”

Jem looked at her closely. “Are you able to touch her thoughts? The way you said you could touch the thoughts of those you transformed into?”

“Not yet. I’ve been trying, but all I get are occasional flashes, images. Her thoughts seem very well protected.”

“Well, hopefully you can break through that protection before tomorrow night,” said Will. “Or I wouldn’t say much about our chances.”

“Will,” Jem chided. “Don’t say that.”

“You’re right,” Will said. “I shouldn’t underestimate my own skills. Should Tessa make a mess of things, I’m sure I’ll be able to fight our way through the slaving vampire masses to freedom.”

Jem—as was his habit, Tessa was starting to realize—simply ignored this. “Perhaps,” he said, “you can only touch the thoughts of the dead, Tessa? Perhaps most of the objects given to you by the Dark Sisters were taken from people they had murdered.”

“No. I touched Jessamine’s thoughts when I Changed into her. So that can’t be it, thankfully. What a morbid talent that would be.”

Jem was looking at her with thoughtful silver eyes; something about the intensity of his gaze made her feel almost uncomfortable. “How clearly can you see the thoughts of the dead? For instance, if I gave you an item that had once belonged to my father, would you know what he was thinking when he died?”

It was Will’s turn to look alarmed. “James, I don’t think—,” he began, but broke off as the door to the library opened and Charlotte entered the room. She wasn’t alone. There were at least a dozen men following her, strangers whom Tessa had never seen before.

“The Enclave,” Will whispered, and gestured for Jem and Tessa to duck behind one of the ten-foot bookcases. They observed from their hiding place as the room filled with Shadowhunters—most of them men. But Tessa saw, as they filed into the room, that among them were two women.

She could not help staring at them, remembering what Will had said about Boadicea, that women could be warriors as well. The taller of the women—and she must have been nearly six feet in height—had powder white hair wound into a crown at the back of her head. She looked as if she were well into her sixties, and her presence was regal. The second of the women was younger, with dark hair, catlike eyes, and a secretive demeanor.

The men were a more mixed group. The eldest was a tall man dressed all in gray. His hair and skin were gray as well, his face bony and aquiline, with a strong, thin nose and a sharp chin. There were hard lines at the corners of his eyes and dark hollows under his cheekbones. His eyes were rimmed with red. Beside him stood the youngest of the group, a boy probably no more than a year older than Jem or Will. He was handsome in an angular sort of way, with sharp but regular features, tousled brown hair, and a watchful expression.

Jem made a noise of surprise and displeasure. “Gabriel Lightwood,” he muttered to Will under his breath. “What’s he doing here? I thought he was in school in Idris.”

Will hadn’t moved. He was staring at the brown-haired boy with his eyebrows raised, a faint smile playing about his lips.

“Just don’t get into a fight with him, Will,” Jem added hastily. “Not here. That’s all I ask.”

“Rather a lot to ask, don’t you think?” Will said without looking at Jem. Will had leaned out from behind the bookcase, and was watching Charlotte as she ushered everyone toward the large table at the front of the room. She seemed to be urging everyone to settle themselves into seats around it.

“Frederick Ashdown and George Penhallow, here, if you please,” Charlotte said. “Lilian Highsmith, if you’d sit over there by the map—”

“And where is Henry?” asked the gray-haired man with an air of brusque politeness. “Your husband? As one of the heads of the Institute, he really ought to be here.”

Charlotte hesitated for only a fraction of a second before plastering a smile onto her face. “He’s on his way, Mr. Lightwood,” she said, and Tessa realized two things—one, that the gray-haired man was most likely the father of Gabriel Lightwood, and two, that Charlotte was lying.

“He’d better be,” Mr. Lightwood muttered. “An Enclave meeting without the head of the Institute present—most irregular.” He turned then, and though Will moved to duck back behind the tall bookcase, it was too late. The man’s eyes narrowed. “And who’s back there, then? Come out and show yourself!”

Will glanced toward Jem, who shrugged eloquently. “No point hiding till they drag us out, is there?”

“Speak for yourself,” Tessa hissed. “I don’t need Charlotte angry at me if we’re not supposed to be in here.”

“Don’t work yourself into a state. There’s no reason you’d have had any idea about the Enclave meeting, and Charlotte’s

perfectly well aware of that," Will said. "She always knows exactly who to blame." He grinned. "I'd turn yourself back into yourself, though, if you take my meaning. No need to give too much of a shock to their hoary old constitutions."

"Oh!" For a moment Tessa had nearly forgotten she was still disguised as Camille. Hastily she went to work stripping away the transformation, and by the time the three of them stepped out from behind the bookshelves, she was her own self again.

"Will." Charlotte sighed on seeing him, and shook her head at Tessa and Jem. "I told you the Enclave would be meeting here at four o'clock."

"Did you?" Will said. "I must have forgotten that. Dreadful." His eyes slid sideways, and he grinned. "Lo there, Gabriel."

The brown-haired boy returned Will's look with a furious glare. He had very bright green eyes, and his mouth, as he stared at Will, was hard with disgust. "William," he said finally, and with some effort. He turned his gaze on Jem. "And James. Aren't you both a little young to be lurking around Enclave meetings?"

"Aren't you?" Jem said.

"I turned eighteen in June," Gabriel said, leaning so far back in his chair that the front legs came off the ground. "I have every right to participate in Enclave activities now."

"How fascinating for you," said the white-haired woman Tessa had thought looked regal. "So is this her, Lottie? The warlock girl you were telling us about?" The question was directed at Charlotte, but the woman's gaze rested on Tessa. "She doesn't look like much."

"Neither did Magnus Bane the first time I saw him," said Mr. Lightwood, bending a curious eye on Tessa. "Let's have it then. Show us what you can do."

"I'm not a warlock," Tessa protested angrily.

"Well, you're certainly something, my girl," said the older woman. "If not a warlock, then what?"

"That will do." Charlotte drew herself up. "Miss Gray has already proved her bona fides to me and Mr. Branwell. That will

have to be good enough for now—at least until the Enclave makes the decision that they wish to utilize her talents.”

“Of course they do,” said Will. “We haven’t a hope of succeeding in this plan without her—”

Gabriel brought his chair forward with such force that the front legs slammed into the stone floor with a cracking noise. “Mrs. Branwell,” he said furiously, “is William, or is he not, too young to be participating in an Enclave meeting?”

Charlotte’s gaze went from Gabriel’s flushed face to Will’s expressionless one. She sighed. “Yes, he is. Will, Jem, if you’ll please wait outside in the corridor with Tessa.”

Will’s expression tightened, but Jem bent a warning look on him, and he remained silent. Gabriel Lightwood looked triumphant. “I will show you out,” he announced, springing to his feet. He ushered the three of them out of the library, then swung out into the corridor after them. “You,” he spat at Will, pitching his voice low so that those in the library couldn’t overhear him. “You disgrace the name of Shadowhunters everywhere.”

Will leaned against the corridor wall and regarded Gabriel with cool blue eyes. “I didn’t realize there was much of a name left to disgrace, after your father—”

“I will thank you *not* to speak of my family,” Gabriel snarled, reaching behind himself to pull the library door shut.

“How unfortunate that the prospect of your gratitude is not a tempting one,” Will said.

Gabriel stared at him, his hair disarrayed, his green eyes brilliant with rage. He reminded Tessa of someone in that moment, though she could not have said who. “What?” Gabriel growled.

“He means,” Jem clarified, “that he doesn’t care for your thanks.”

Gabriel’s cheeks darkened to a dull scarlet. “If you weren’t underage, Herondale, it would be *monomachia* for us. Just you and me, to the death. I’d chop you into bloody carpet rags—”

“Stop it, Gabriel,” Jem interrupted, before Will could reply. “Goading Will into single combat—that’s like punishing a dog after you’ve tormented it into biting you. You know how he is.”

“Much obliged, James,” Will said, without taking his eyes off Gabriel. “I appreciate the testament to my character.”

Jem shrugged. “It is the truth.”

Gabriel shot Jem a dark glare. “Stay out of this, Carstairs. This doesn’t concern you.”

Jem moved closer to the door, and to Will, who was standing perfectly still, matching Gabriel’s cold stare with one of his own. The hairs on the back of Tessa’s neck had begun to prickle. “If it concerns Will, it concerns me,” Jem said.

Gabriel shook his head. “You’re a decent Shadowhunter, James,” he said, “and a gentleman. You have your—disability, but no one blames you for that. But this—” He curled his lip, jabbing a finger in Will’s direction. “This filth will only drag you down. Find someone else to be your *parabatai*. No one expects Will Herondale to live past nineteen, and no one will be sorry to see him go, either—”

That was too much for Tessa. Without thinking about it she burst out indignantly, “What a thing to say!”

Gabriel, interrupted midrant, looked as shocked as if one of the tapestries had suddenly started talking. “Pardon me?”

“You heard me. Telling someone you wouldn’t be sorry if they died! It’s inexcusable!” She took hold of Will by the sleeve. “Come along, Will. This—this person—obviously isn’t worth wasting your time on.”

Will looked hugely entertained. “So true.”

“You—you—” Gabriel, stammering slightly, looked at Tessa in an alarmed sort of way. “You haven’t the slightest idea of the things he’s done—”

“And I don’t care, either. You’re all Nephilim, aren’t you? Well, aren’t you? You’re supposed to be on the same side.” Tessa frowned at Gabriel. “I think you owe Will an apology.”

“I,” said Gabriel, “would rather have my entrails yanked out and tied in a knot in front of my own eyes than apologize to such a worm.”

“Gracious,” said Jem mildly. “You can’t mean that. Not the Will being a worm part, of course. The bit about the entrails. That sounds dreadful.”

“I do mean it,” said Gabriel, warming to his subject. “I would rather be dropped into a vat of Malphas venom and left to dissolve slowly until only my bones were left.”

“Really,” said Will. “Because I happen to know a chap who could sell us a vat of—”

The door of the library opened. Mr. Lightwood stood on the threshold. “Gabriel,” he said in a freezing tone. “Do you plan to attend the meeting—your first Enclave meeting, if I must remind you—or would you rather play out here in the corridor with the rest of the children?”

No one looked particularly pleased by that comment, especially Gabriel, who swallowed hard, nodded, shot one last glare at Will, and followed his father back into the library, slamming the door shut behind them.

“Well,” said Jem after the door had closed behind Gabriel. “That was about as bad as I had expected it would be. Is this the first time you’ve seen him since last year’s Christmas party?” he asked, addressing the question to Will.

“Yes,” said Will. “Do you think I should have told him I missed him?”

“No,” said Jem.

“Is he always like that?” Tessa asked. “So awful?”

“You should see his older brother,” said Jem. “Makes Gabriel look sweeter than gingerbread. Hates Will even more than Gabriel, too, if that’s possible.”

Will grinned at that, then turned and began making his way down the corridor, whistling as he went. After a moment’s hesitation, Jem went after him, gesturing for Tessa to follow.

“Why would Gabriel Lightwood hate you, Will?” Tessa asked as they went. “What did you do to him?”

“It wasn’t anything I did to him,” Will said, stalking along at a rapid pace. “It was something I did to his sister.”

Tessa looked sideways at Jem, who shrugged. “Where there’s our Will, there’s a half-dozen angry girls claiming he’s compromised their virtue.”

“Did you?” Tessa asked, hurrying to keep up with the boys. There was simply only so fast you could walk in heavy skirts that swished around your ankles as you went. The delivery of dresses from Bond Street had come the day before, and she was only just beginning to get used to wearing such expensive stuff. She remembered the light dresses she’d worn as a little girl, when she’d been able to run up to her brother, kick him in the ankle, and dart away without him being able to catch her. She wondered briefly what would happen if she tried to do that to Will. She doubted it would work out to her advantage, though the thought had a certain appeal. “Compromise her virtue, I mean.”

“You have a lot of questions,” Will said, veering sharply to the left and up a set of narrow stairs. “Don’t you?”

“I do,” Tessa said, the heels of her boots clicking loudly on the stone steps as she followed Will upward. “What’s *parabatai*? And what did you mean about Gabriel’s father being a disgrace to Shadowhunters?”

“*Parabatai* in Greek is just a term for a soldier paired with a chariot driver,” said Jem, “but when Nephilim say it, we mean a matched team of warriors—two men who swear to protect each other and guard each other’s backs.”

“Men?” said Tessa. “There couldn’t be a team of women, or a woman and a man?”

“I thought you said women didn’t have bloodlust,” Will said without turning around. “And as for Gabriel’s father, let’s say that he has something of a reputation for liking demons and Downworlders more than he should. I would be surprised if some

of the elder Lightwood's nocturnal visits to certain houses in Shadwell haven't left him with a nasty case of demon pox."

"Demon pox?" Tessa was horrified and fascinated at the same time.

"He's made that up," Jem hastily reassured her. "Really, Will. How many times do we have to tell you there's no such thing as demon pox?"

Will had stopped in front of a narrow door at a bend in the staircase. "I think this is it," he said, half to himself, and jiggled the knob. When nothing happened, he took his stele out of his jacket and scrawled a black Mark on the door. It swung open, with a puff of dust. "This ought to be a storeroom."

Jem followed him inside, and after a moment so did Tessa. She found herself in a small room whose only illumination was from an arched window set high in the wall above. Watery light poured through, showing a square space filled with trunks and boxes. It could have been any spare storage room anywhere, if it hadn't been for what looked like piles of old weapons stacked in the corners—heavy rusty-looking iron things with broad blades and chains connected to spiked chunks of metal.

Will took hold of one of the trunks and moved it sideways to create a clear square of space on the floor. More dust puffed up. Jem coughed and shot him a reproachful look. "One would think you brought us here to murder us," he said, "if it weren't that your motivations for doing so seem cloudy at best."

"Not murder," Will said. "Hold on. I need to move one more trunk."

As he pushed the heavy thing toward the wall, Tessa cast a sidelong look at Jem. "What did Gabriel mean," she asked, pitching her voice too low for Will to hear, "'your disability'?"

Jem's silvery eyes widened fractionally, before he said, "My ill health. That's all."

He was lying, Tessa knew. He had the same sort of look Nate did when he lied—a little too clear-eyed a gaze to be a truthful

one. But before she could say anything else, Will straightened up and announced, "There we are. Come sit down."

He then proceeded to seat himself on the dusty stained floor; Jem went to sit beside him, but Tessa hung back for a moment, hesitant. Will, who had his stele out, looked up at her with a crooked smile. "Not going to join us, Tessa? I suppose you don't want to ruin the pretty dress Jessamine bought you."

It was the truth, actually. Tessa had no desire to wreck the nicest item of clothing she had ever owned. But Will's mocking tone was more annoying than the thought of destroying the dress. Setting her jaw, she went and sat down opposite the boys, so that they formed a triangle between them.

Will placed the tip of the stele against the dirty floor, and began to move it. Broad dark lines flowed from the tip, and Tessa watched in fascination. There was something particular and beautiful about the way the stele scrawled—not like ink flowing from a pen, but more as if the lines had always been there, and Will was uncovering them.

He was halfway through when Jem made a noise of realization, clearly recognizing the Mark that his friend was drawing. "What do you—," he began, but Will held up the hand he wasn't drawing with, shaking his head.

"Don't," Will said. "If I make a mess of this, we could well fall through the floor."

Jem rolled his eyes, but it didn't seem to matter: Will was already finished, and was lifting the stele away from the design he had drawn. Tessa gave a little cry as the warped floorboards between them seemed to shimmer—and then became as transparent as a window. Scooting forward, forgetting entirely about her dress, she found herself staring through it as if through a pane of glass.

She was looking down into what she realized was the library. She could see the large round table and the Enclave seated at it, Charlotte between Benedict Lightwood and the elegant white-haired woman. Charlotte was easily recognizable, even from

above, by the neat knotting of her brown hair and the quick movements of her small hands as she spoke.

“Why up here?” Jem asked Will in a low voice. “Why not the weapons room? It’s next to the library.”

“Sound radiates,” said Will. “Just as easy to listen from up here. Besides which, who’s to say one of them wouldn’t decide to pay a visit to the weapons room halfway through the meeting to see what we’ve in stock? It’s happened before.”

Tessa, staring down in fascination, realized that indeed she could hear the murmur of voices. “Can they hear us?”

Will shook his head. “The enchantment is strictly one-way.” He frowned, leaning forward. “What are they talking about?”

The three of them fell silent, and in the quiet the sound of Benedict Lightwood’s voice rose clearly to their ears. “I don’t know about this, Charlotte,” he said. “This whole plan seems very risky.”

“But we cannot simply let de Quincey go on as he has,” Charlotte argued. “He’s the head vampire of the London clans. The rest of the Night Children look to him for guidance. If we allow him to cavalierly break the Law, what message does that send to Downworld? That the Nephilim have grown lax in their guardianship?”

“Just so I understand,” Lightwood said, “you’re willing to take Lady Belcourt’s word that de Quincey, a longtime ally of the Clave, is actually murdering mundanes in his own house?”

“I don’t know why you’re surprised, Benedict.” There was an edge to Charlotte’s voice. “Is it your suggestion that we *ignore* her report, despite the fact that she has given us nothing but reliable information in the past? And despite the fact that if she is once again telling the truth, the blood of everyone that de Quincey murders from this point onward will be on our hands?”

“And despite the fact that we are bound by the Law to investigate any report of the Covenant being broken,” said a slender dark-haired man at the far end of the table. “You know

that as well as the rest of us, Benedict; you're simply being stubborn."

Charlotte exhaled as Lightwood's face darkened. "Thank you, George. I appreciate that," she said.

The tall woman who had earlier called Charlotte Lottie gave a low, rumbling laugh. "Don't be so dramatic, Charlotte," she said. "You must admit, the whole business is bizarre. A shape-changing girl who may or may not be a warlock, brothels full of dead bodies, and an informant who swears he sold de Quincey some machine tools—a fact that you seem to regard as a piece of the most consummate evidence, despite refusing to tell us your informant's name."

"I swore I wouldn't involve him," Charlotte protested. "He fears de Quincey."

"Is he a Shadowhunter?" Lightwood demanded. "Because if not, he isn't reliable."

"Really, Benedict, your views are most antiquated," said the woman with the catlike eyes. "One might believe, talking to you, that the Accords had never happened."

"Lilian is correct; you're being ridiculous, Benedict," said George Penhallow. "Looking for an entirely reliable informant is like looking for a chaste mistress. If they were virtuous, they would be little use to you in the first place. An informant merely provides information; it is our job to *verify* that information, which is what Charlotte is suggesting that we do."

"I would simply hate to see the powers of the Enclave misused in this instance," Lightwood said in a silky tone. It was very odd, Tessa thought, hearing this group of elegant adults addressing one another without honorifics, simply by their first names. But it seemed to be Shadowhunter custom. "If, for instance, there were a vampire who had a grudge against the head of her clan, and perhaps wanted to see him removed from power, what better way than to get the Clave to do her dirty work for her?"

"Hell," Will muttered, exchanging a glance with Jem. "How does he know about that?"

Jem shook his head, as if to say *I don't know*.

“Know about what?” Tessa whispered, but her voice was drowned out by Charlotte and the white-haired woman both talking at once.

“Camille would *never* do that!” Charlotte protested. “She isn’t a fool, for one thing. She knows what the punishment for lying to us would be!”

“Benedict has a point,” said the older woman. “It would be better if a Shadowhunter had seen de Quincey breaking the Law —”

“But that’s the point of this whole enterprise,” Charlotte said. There was a tinge to her voice—of nervousness, a strained desire to prove herself. Tessa felt a flicker of sympathy for her. “To observe de Quincey breaking the Law, Aunt Callida.”

Tessa made a startled noise.

Jem looked up. “Yes, she’s Charlotte’s aunt,” he said. “It was her brother—Charlotte’s father—who used to run the Institute. She likes to tell people what to do. Although, of course *she* always does whatever she wants.”

“She does at that,” Will agreed. “Did you know she propositioned me once?”

Jem did not look as if he believed this even slightly. “She did not.”

“She did,” Will insisted. “It was all very scandalous. I might have acceded to her demands too, if she didn’t frighten me so much.”

Jem simply shook his head and turned his attention back to the scene unfolding in the library. “There is also the matter of de Quincey’s seal,” Charlotte was saying, “which we found inside the body of the clockwork girl. There is simply too much evidence linking him to these events, too much evidence not to investigate.”

“I agree,” said Lilian. “I for one am concerned about this matter of the clockwork creatures. Making clockwork girls is one thing, but what if he’s making a clockwork army?”

“That’s pure speculation, Lilian,” said Frederick Ashdown.

Lilian dismissed this with a wave of her hand. “An automaton is neither seraph nor demon in its alliance; it is not one of the children of God or of the Devil. Would it be vulnerable to our weapons?”

“I think you’re imagining a problem that does not exist,” said Benedict Lightwood. “There have been automatons for years now; mundanes are fascinated with the creatures. None has posed a threat to us.”

“None has been made using magic before,” said Charlotte.

“That you know of.” Lightwood looked impatient.

Charlotte straightened her back; only Tessa and the others, looking down upon her, could see that her hands were knotted tightly together in her lap. “Your concern, Benedict, seems to be that we will unfairly punish de Quincey for a crime he has not committed, and in doing so jeopardize the relationship between the Night Children and the Nephilim. Am I correct?”

Benedict Lightwood nodded.

“But all that Will’s plan calls for is for us to *observe* de Quincey. If we do not see him breaking the Law, we will not act against him, and the relationship will not be threatened. If we do see him breaking the Law, then the relationship is a lie. We cannot allow abuse of Covenant Law, however . . . convenient it might be for us to ignore.”

“I agree with Charlotte,” said Gabriel Lightwood, speaking up for the first time, and much to Tessa’s surprise. “I think her plan is a sound one. Except in one part—sending the shape-shifter girl in there with Will Herondale. He isn’t even old enough to be at this meeting. How can he be trusted with a mission of this gravity?”

“Smarmy little prig,” Will snarled, leaning farther forward, as if he longed to reach through the magical portal and strangle Gabriel. “When I get him alone . . .”

“I ought to go in with her instead,” Gabriel went on. “I can look out for her a bit more. Instead of simply looking out for

myself.”

“Hanging’s too good for him,” agreed Jem, who looked as if he were trying not to laugh.

“Tessa knows Will,” protested Charlotte. “She *trusts* Will.”

“I wouldn’t go that far,” muttered Tessa.

“Besides,” Charlotte said, “it’s Will who devised this plan, Will who de Quincey will recognize from the Pandemonium Club. It’s Will who knows what to search for inside de Quincey’s town house to tie him to the clockwork creatures and the murdered mundanes. Will’s an excellent investigator, Gabriel, and a good Shadowhunter. You have to give him that.”

Gabriel sat back in his chair, crossing his arms over his chest. “I don’t have to give him anything.”

“So Will and your warlock girl enter the house, endure de Quincey’s party until they observe some contravention of the Law, and then signal to the rest of us—how?” inquired Lilian.

“With Henry’s invention,” Charlotte said. There was a slight—only very slight—tremble to her voice as she said it. “The Phosphor. It will send up a flare of extremely bright witchlight, illuminating all the windows in de Quincey’s house, just for a moment. That will be the signal.”

“Oh, good Lord, not one of Henry’s inventions again,” said George.

“There were some complications with the Phosphor at first, but Henry demonstrated it for me last night,” Charlotte protested. “It works perfectly.”

Frederick snorted. “Remember the last time Henry offered us the use of one of his inventions? We were all cleaning fish guts off our gear for days.”

“But it wasn’t supposed to be used near water—,” Charlotte began, still in the same quavering voice, but the others had already begun talking over her, chattering excitedly about Henry’s failed inventions and the dreadful consequences thereof, while Charlotte lapsed into silence. *Poor Charlotte*, Tessa thought.

Charlotte, whose sense of her own authority was so important, and so dearly bought.

“Bastards, talking over her like that,” muttered Will. Tessa looked at him in astonishment. He was staring intently down at the scene before him, his fists tight at his sides. So he was fond of Charlotte, she thought, and she was surprised how pleased she was to realize it. Perhaps it meant Will actually did have feelings after all.

Not that it had anything to do with her, whether he did or not, of course. She looked hastily away from Will, at Jem, who seemed equally out of countenance. He was biting his lip. “Where is Henry? Shouldn’t he have arrived by now?”

As if in answer, the door to the storage room banged open with a crash, and the three of them spun around to see Henry standing wild-eyed and wild-haired in the doorway. He was clutching something in his hand—the copper tube with the black button on the side that had nearly caused Will to break his arm falling off the sideboard in the dining room.

Will eyed it fearfully. “Get that blasted object away from me.”

Henry, who was red-faced and sweating, stared at them all in horror. “Hell,” he said. “I was looking for the library. The Enclave —”

“Is meeting,” said Jem. “Yes, we know. It’s a flight down from here, Henry. Third door on the right. And you’d better go. Charlotte’s waiting for you.”

“I know,” Henry wailed. “Blast, blast, blast. I was just trying to get the Phosphor right, is all.”

“Henry,” Jem said, “Charlotte *needs* you.”

“Right.” Henry turned as if to dart out of the room, then swung around and stared at them, a look of confusion passing over his freckled face, as if he had only now had cause to wonder why Will, Tessa, and Jem might be crouching together in a mostly disused storage room. “What are you three doing in here, anyway?”

Will tilted his head to the side and smiled at Henry. "Charades," he said. "Massive game."

"Ah. Right, then," said Henry, and dashed out the door, letting it swing shut behind him.

"Charades." Jem snorted in disgust, then leaned forward again, elbows on his knees, as Callida's voice drifted up from below. "Honestly, Charlotte," she was saying, "when will you admit that Henry hasn't anything to do with running this place, and that you're doing it all by yourself? Perhaps with help from James Carstairs and Will Herondale, but neither of them is any older than seventeen. How much help can they be?"

Charlotte made a murmured noise of deprecation.

"It's too much for one person, especially someone your age," said Benedict. "You're only twenty-three years old. If you'd like to step down—"

Only twenty-three! Tessa was astonished. She'd thought Charlotte was much older, probably because she exuded such an air of competence.

"Consul Wayland assigned the running of the Institute to me and my husband five years ago," Charlotte replied sharply, apparently having found her voice again. "If you have some issue with his choice, you should take it up with him. In the meantime I shall direct the Institute as I see fit."

"I hope that means that plans such as the one you're suggesting are still up for a vote?" said Benedict Lightwood. "Or are you governing by fiat now?"

"Don't be ridiculous, Lightwood, of course it's up for a vote," said Lilian crossly, without giving Charlotte a chance to answer. "All in favor of moving on de Quincey, say aye."

To Tessa's surprise, there was a chorus of ayes, and not a single nay. The discussion had been contentious enough that she'd been certain at least one of the Shadowhunters would try to back out. Jem caught her startled look and smiled. "They're always like this," he murmured. "They like to jockey for power, but none of

them would vote no on an issue like this. They'd be branded a coward for doing so."

"Very well," said Benedict. "Tomorrow night it is, then. Is everyone sufficiently prepared? Are there—"

The door to the library banged open, and Henry charged in—looking, if possible, even more wild-eyed and wild-haired than before. "I'm here!" he announced. "Not too late, am I?"

Charlotte covered her face with her hands.

"Henry," said Benedict Lightwood dryly. "How pleasant to see you. Your wife was just briefing us on your newest invention. The Phosphor, is it?"

"Yes!" Henry held the Phosphor up proudly. "This is it. And I can promise it works as advertised. See?"

"Now, there's no need for a demonstration," Benedict began hastily, but it was too late. Henry had already pressed the button. There was a bright flash, and the lights in the library winked out suddenly, leaving Tessa staring at an unlit black square in the floor. Gasps rose up from below. There was a shriek, and something crashed to the ground and shattered. Rising above it all was the sound of Benedict Lightwood, swearing fluently.

Will looked up and grinned. "Bit awkward for Henry, of course," he remarked cheerfully, "and yet, somehow quite satisfying, don't you think?"

Tessa couldn't help but agree, on both counts.

10

PALE KINGS AND PRINCES

*I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all*
—John Keats, “La Belle Dame Sans Merci”

As the coach rattled along the Strand, Will raised a black-gloved hand and drew one of the velvet curtains back from the window, letting a splash of yellow gaslight find its way into the carriage’s dark interior. “It rather looks,” he said, “as if we might be in for rain tonight.”

Tessa followed his gaze; out the window the sky was a cloudy steel gray—the usual for London, she thought. Men in hats and long dark coats hurried along the pavement on either side of the street, their shoulders hunched against a brisk wind that carried coal dust, horse manure, and all sorts of eye-stinging rubbish in its wake. Once again Tessa thought she could smell the river.

“Is that a *church* directly in the middle of the street?” she wondered aloud.

“It’s St. Mary le Strand,” said Will, “and there’s a long story about it, but I’m not going to tell it to you now. Have you been listening to anything I’ve been saying?”

“I was,” Tessa said, “until you started on about rain. Who cares about rain? We’re on our way to some sort of—vampire society event, and I’ve no idea how I’m supposed to behave, and so far you haven’t helped me much at all.”

The corner of Will’s mouth twitched upward. “Just be careful. When we arrive at the house, you can’t look to me for help or

instruction. Remember, I am your human subjugate. You keep me about you for blood—blood whenever you want it—and nothing else.”

“So you’re not going to speak tonight,” Tessa said. “At all.”

“Not unless you instruct me to,” said Will.

“This evening sounds as if it might be better than I thought.”

Will seemed not to have heard her. With his right hand he was tightening one of the metal knife-bearing cuffs on his left wrist. He was staring off toward the window, as if seeing something that wasn’t visible to her. “You might be thinking of vampires as feral monsters, but these vampires are not like that. They are as cultured as they are cruel. Sharpened knives to humanity’s dull blade.” The line of his jaw was set hard in the dim light. “You will have to try to keep up. And for God’s sake, if you can’t, don’t say anything at all. They have a tortuous and opaque sense of etiquette. A serious social gaffe could mean instant death.”

Tessa’s hands tightened on each other in her lap. They were cold. She could feel the cold of Camille’s skin, even through her gloves. “Are you joking? The way you were in the library, about dropping that book?”

“No.” His voice was remote.

“Will, you’re frightening me.” The words came out of Tessa’s mouth before she could stop them; she tensed, expecting mockery.

Will drew his gaze away from the window and looked at her as if some realization had dawned on him. “Tess,” he said, and Tessa felt a momentary jolt; no one had ever called her Tess. Sometimes her brother had called her Tessie, but that was all. “You know you don’t have to do this if you don’t want to.”

She took a breath, one she didn’t need. “And then what? We would turn the carriage around and go home?”

He put his hands out, and took hers. Camille’s hands were so small that Will’s capable dark-gloved ones seemed to swallow them up. “One for all, and all for one,” he said.

She smiled at that, weakly. “*The Three Musketeers?*”

His steady gaze held hers. His blue eyes were very dark, uniquely so. She had known people before with blue eyes, but they had always been light blue. Will's were the color of the sky just on the edge of night. His long lashes veiled them as he said, "Sometimes, when I have to do something I don't want to do, I pretend I'm a character from a book. It's easier to know what *they* would do."

"Really? Who do you pretend you are? D'Artagnan?" Tessa asked, naming the only one of the Three Musketeers that she could remember.

"*It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done,*" Will quoted. "*It is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known.*"

"Sydney Carton? But you said you hated *A Tale of Two Cities!*"

"I don't really." Will seemed unabashed by his lie.

"And Sydney Carton was a dissipated alcoholic."

"Exactly. There was a man who was worthless, and knew he was worthless, and yet however far down he tried to sink his soul, there was always some part of him capable of great action." Will lowered his voice. "What is it he says to Lucie Manette? That though he is weak, he can still burn?"

Tessa, who had read *A Tale of Two Cities* more times than she could count, whispered, "*And yet I have had the weakness, and have still the weakness, to wish you to know with what a sudden mastery you kindled me, heap of ashes that I am, into fire.*" She hesitated. "But that was because he loved her."

"Yes," said Will. "He loved her enough to know she was better off without him." His hands were still on hers, the heat of them burning through her gloves. The wind was brisk outside, and had ruffled his ink black hair as they had crossed the Institute courtyard to the carriage. It made him look younger, and more vulnerable—and his eyes, too, were vulnerable, open like a door. The way he was looking at her, she would not have thought Will could, or would, look at anyone like that. If she could blush, she thought, how she would be blushing now.

And then she wished she had not thought of that. For that thought led, inevitably and unpleasantly, to another: Was he looking at her now, or at Camille, who was, indeed, exquisitely beautiful? Was that the reason for his change in expression? Could he see Tessa through the disguise, or only the shell of her?

She drew back, taking her hands from his, though his were closed tightly around hers. It took her a moment to disengage them.

“Tessa—,” he began, but before he could say more, the carriage came to a jerking stop that set the velvet curtains swaying. Thomas called, “We’re here!” from the driver’s seat. Will, after taking a deep breath, swung the door open and leaped down to the pavement, lifting his hand to help her down after him.

Tessa bent her head as she exited the carriage to avoid crushing any of the roses on Camille’s hat. Though Will wore gloves, as she did, she could almost imagine she felt the pulsing of blood under his skin, even through the double layer of fabric that separated them. He was flushed, the color high in his cheeks, and she wondered if it was the cold whipping the blood into his face, or something else.

They were standing in front of a tall white house with a white-pillared entrance. It was surrounded by similar houses on either side, like rows of pale dominoes. Up a row of white steps was a pair of double doors painted black. They were ajar, and Tessa could see the glimmer of candlelight from within, shimmering like a curtain.

Tessa turned to look at Will. Behind him Thomas was seated at the front of the carriage, his hat tipped forward to hide his face. The silver-handled pistol tucked into his waistcoat pocket was entirely hidden from view.

Somewhere in the back of her head, she felt Camille laugh, and she knew, without knowing how she knew, that she was sensing the vampire woman’s amusement at her admiration of Will. *There you are,* Tessa thought, relieved despite her

annoyance. She had begun to fear that Camille's inner voice would never come to her.

She drew away from Will, lifting her chin. The haughty pose wasn't natural to her—but it was to Camille. "You will address me not as Tessa but as a servant would," she said, her lip curling. "Now come." She jerked her head imperiously toward the steps, and started off without looking back to see if he followed.

An elegantly dressed footman awaited her at the top of the steps. "Your Ladyship," he murmured, and as he bowed, Tessa saw the two fang punctures in his neck, just above the collar. She turned her head to see Will behind her, and was about to introduce him to the footman when Camille's voice whispered in the back of her head, *We do not introduce our human pets to each other. They are our nameless property, unless we choose to give them names.*

Ugh, Tessa thought. In her disgust, she hardly noticed as the footman guided her down a long corridor and into a large marble-floored room. He bowed again and departed; Will moved to her side, and for a moment they both stood staring.

The space was lit only by candles. Dozens of gold candelabras dotted the room, fat white candles blazing in the holders. Hands carved of marble reached from the walls, each gripping a scarlet candle, drips of red wax blooming like roses along the sides of the carved marble.

And among the candelabras moved vampires, their faces as white as clouds, their movements graceful and liquid and strange. Tessa could see their similarities to Camille, the features they shared—the poreless skin, the jewel-colored eyes, the pale cheeks splotched with artificial rouge. Some looked more human than others; many were dressed in the fashions of bygone ages—knee breeches and cravats, skirts as full as Marie Antoinette's or gathered into trains at the back, lace cuffs and linen frills. Tessa's gaze scanned the room frantically, searching for a familiar fair-haired figure, but Nathaniel was nowhere to be seen. Instead she found herself trying not to stare at a tall skeletal woman, dressed

in the heavily wigged and powdered fashion of a hundred years ago. Her face was stark and dreadful, whiter than the white powder dusting her hair. Her name was Lady Delilah, Camille's voice whispered in Tessa's mind. Lady Delilah held a slight figure by the hand, and Tessa's mind recoiled—a child, in this place?—but when the figure turned, she saw that it was a vampire as well, sunken dark eyes like pits in its rounded childish face. It smiled at Tessa, showing bared fangs.

“We must look for Magnus Bane,” Will said under his breath. “He is meant to guide us through this mess. I shall point him out if I see him.”

She was about to tell Will that Camille would recognize Magnus for her, when she caught sight of a slender man with a shock of fair hair, wearing a black swallowtail coat. Tessa felt her heart leap—and then fall in bitter disappointment as he turned. It was not Nathaniel. This man was a vampire, with a pale, angular face. His hair was not yellow like Nate's but was almost colorless under the candlelight. He dropped Tessa a wink and began to move toward her, pushing through the crowd. There were not only vampires among them, Tessa saw, but human subjugates as well. They carried gleaming serving trays, and on the trays were sets of empty glasses. Beside the glasses lay an array of silver utensils, all sharp-pointed. Knives, of course, and thin tools like the awls shoemakers used to punch holes in leather.

As Tessa stared in confusion, one of the subjugates was stopped by the woman in the white powdered wig. She snapped her fingers imperiously, and the darkling—a pale boy in a gray jacket and trousers—turned his head to the side obediently. After plucking a thin awl from the tray with her skinny fingers, the vampire drew the sharp tip across the skin of the boy's throat, just below his jaw. The glasses rattled on the tray as his hand shook, but he didn't drop the tray, not even when the woman lifted a glass and pressed it against his throat so that the blood ran down into it in a thin stream.

Tessa's stomach tightened with a sudden mixture of revulsion—and hunger; she could not deny the hunger, even though it belonged to Camille and not her. Stronger than the thirst, though, was her horror. She watched as the vampire woman lifted the glass to her lips, the human boy beside her standing gray-faced and trembling as she drank.

She wanted to reach for Will's hand, but a vampire baroness would never hold the hand of her human subjugate. She straightened her spine, and beckoned Will to her side with a quick snap of her fingers. He looked up in surprise, then moved to join her, clearly fighting to hide his annoyance. But hide it he must. "Now, don't go wandering off, William," she said with a meaningful glance. "I don't want to lose you in the crowd."

Will's jaw set. "I'm getting the oddest feeling that you're enjoying this," he said under his breath.

"Nothing odd about it." Feeling unbelievably bold, Tessa chucked him under the chin with the tip of her lace fan. "Simply behave yourself."

"They are so hard to train, aren't they?" The man with the colorless hair emerged out of the crowd, inclining his head toward Tessa. "Human subjugates, that is," he added, mistaking her startled expression for confusion. "And then once you have them properly trained, they die of something or other. Delicate creatures, humans. All the longevity of butterflies."

He smiled. The smile showed teeth. His skin had the bluish paleness of hardened ice. His hair was nearly white and hung arrow-straight to his shoulders, just brushing the collar of his elegant dark coat. His waistcoat was gray silk, figured with a pattern of twisting silver symbols. He looked like a Russian prince out of a book. "It's good to see you, Lady Belcourt," he said, and there was an accent to his voice too, not French—more Slavic. "Did I catch a glimpse of a new carriage through the window?"

This is de Quincey, Camille's voice breathed in Tessa's mind. Images rose up suddenly in her brain, like a fountain turned on,

pouring forth visions instead of water. She saw herself dancing with de Quincey, her hands on his shoulders; she stood by a black stream under the white sky of a northern night, watching as he fed on something pale and sprawled in the grass; she sat motionless at a long table of other vampires, de Quincey at the head of it, as he shouted and screamed at her and brought his fist down so hard that the marble top of the table shivered into cracks. He was shouting at her, something about a werewolf and a relationship she would live to regret. Then she was sitting alone in a room, in the dark, and weeping, and de Quincey came in and knelt by her chair and took her hand, wanting to comfort her, though he had been the one to cause her pain. *Vampires can weep?* Tessa thought first, and then, *They have known each other a long time, Alexei de Quincey and Camille Belcourt. They were friends once, and he thinks they are friends still.*

“Indeed, Alexei,” she said, and as she said it, she knew this was the name she had been trying to recall at the dinner table the other night—the foreign name the Dark Sisters had spoken. *Alexei*. “I wanted something a bit . . . roomier.” She held her hand out, and stood still while he kissed it, his lips cold on her skin.

De Quincey’s eyes slid past Tessa to Will, and he licked his lips. “And a new subjugate as well, I see. This one is quite fetching.” He reached out a thin pale hand, and drew his forefinger down the side of Will’s cheek to his jaw. “Such unusual coloring,” he mused. “And these eyes.”

“Thank you,” said Tessa, in the manner of one being complimented on an especially tasteful choice of wallpaper. She watched nervously as de Quincey moved even closer to Will, who looked pale and strained. She wondered if he was having trouble holding himself back when surely every one of his nerves was screaming *Enemy! Enemy!*

De Quincey trailed his finger from Will’s jaw to his throat, to the point at his collarbone where his pulse beat. “There,” he said, and this time when he smiled, his white fangs were visible. They were sharp and fine at the points, like needles. His eyelids

drooped, languorous and heavy, and his voice when he spoke was thick. “You wouldn’t mind, Camille, would you, if I just had a little bite. . . .”

Tessa’s vision went white. She saw de Quincey again, the front of his white shirt scarlet with blood—and she saw a body hanging upside down from a tree at the dark stream’s edge, pale fingers dangling in the black water. . . .

Her hand whipped out, faster than she’d ever imagined she could have moved, and caught de Quincey’s wrist. “My darling, no,” she said, a wheedling tone in her voice. “I’d so like to keep him to myself for just a little while. You know how your appetite runs away with you sometimes.” She lowered her eyelids.

De Quincey chuckled. “For you, Camille, I will exercise my restraint.” He drew his wrist away, and for a moment, under the flirtatious poise, Tessa thought she saw a flash of anger in his eyes, quickly masked. “In honor of our long acquaintance.”

“Thank you, Alexei.”

“Have you given any further thought, my dear,” he said, “to my offer of a membership in the Pandemonium Club? I know the mundanes bore you, but they are a source of funds, nothing more. Those of us on the board are on the verge of some very . . . exciting discoveries. Power beyond your wildest dreams, Camille.”

Tessa waited, but Camille’s inner voice was silent. Why? She fought down panic and managed to smile at de Quincey. “My dreams,” she said, and hoped he would think the hoarseness in her voice was from amusement and not fear, “may be more wild already than you imagine.”

Beside her, she could tell that Will had shot her a surprised look; he quickly schooled his features to blandness, though, and glanced away. De Quincey, his eyes gleaming, only smiled.

“I ask only that you consider my offer, Camille. And now I must attend to my other guests. I trust I will see you at the ceremony?”

Dazed, she simply nodded. “Of course.”

De Quincey bowed, turned, and vanished into the crowd. Tessa let her breath out. She hadn't realized she'd been holding it.

"Don't," said Will softly at her side. "Vampires don't need to breathe, remember."

"My God, Will." Tessa realized she was shaking. "He would have bitten you."

Will's eyes were dark with rage. "I would have killed him first."

A voice spoke at Tessa's elbow. "And then you would both be dead."

She whirled and saw that a tall man had appeared just behind her, as soundlessly as if he had drifted there like smoke. He wore an elaborate brocade jacket, like something out of the previous century, with a riot of white lace at his collar and cuffs. Below the long jacket Tessa glimpsed knee breeches, and high buckled shoes. His hair was like rough black silk, so dark it had a bluish sheen to it; his skin was brown, the cast of his features like Jem's. She wondered if perhaps, like Jem, he was of foreign extraction. In one ear he sported a silver loop from which dangled a diamond pendant the size of a finger, which sparkled brilliantly under the lights, and there were diamonds set into the head of his silver walking stick. He seemed to gleam all over, like witchlight. Tessa stared; she had never seen anyone dressed in such a mad fashion.

"*This* is Magnus," said Will quietly, sounding relieved. "Magnus Bane."

"My darling Camille," Magnus said, bending to kiss her gloved hand. "We have been parted too long."

The moment he touched her, Camille's memories came rushing up in a flood—memories of Magnus holding her, kissing her, touching her in a distinctly intimate and personal manner. Tessa jerked her hand back with a squeak. *And now you reappear*, she thought resentfully in Camille's direction.

"I see," he murmured, straightening. His eyes, when he raised them to Tessa's, nearly made her lose her composure: They were gold-green with slit pupils, the eyes of a cat set in a distinctly

human face. They were full of shimmering amusement. Unlike Will, whose eyes held a trace of sadness even when he was amused, Magnus's eyes were full of a surprising joy. They darted sideways, and he jerked his chin toward the far side of the room, indicating that Tessa should follow him. "Come along, then. There's a private room where we can talk."

In a daze Tessa followed him, Will at her side. Was she imagining it, or did the white faces of the vampires turn to follow her as she passed? A redheaded female vampire in an elaborate blue dress glared at her as she went; Camille's voice whispered that the woman was jealous of de Quincey's regard for her. Tessa was grateful when Magnus finally reached a door—so cleverly set into the paneled wall that she didn't realize it was a door until the warlock had produced a key. He slid the door open with a soft click. Will and Tessa followed him inside.

The room was a library, obviously rarely used; though volumes lined the walls, they were grimed with dust, as were the velvet curtains that hung across the windows. When the door shut behind them, the light in the room dimmed; before Tessa could say anything, Magnus snapped his fingers and twin fires leaped up in the fireplaces on either side of the room. The flames of the fire were blue, and the fire itself had a strong scent, like burning joss sticks.

"Oh!" Tessa could not stop a small exclamation of surprise from passing her lips.

With a grin Magnus flung himself onto the great marble-topped table in the center of the room, and lay down on his side, his head propped on his hand. "Have you never seen a warlock do magic before?"

Will gave an exaggerated sigh. "Please refrain from teasing her, Magnus. I expect Camille told you she knows very little of the Shadow World."

"Indeed," Magnus said unrepentantly, "but it's hard to believe, considering what she can do." His eyes were on Tessa. "I saw your face when I kissed your hand. You knew who I was

immediately, didn't you? You know what Camille knows. There are some warlocks and demons who can shift—take on any shape. But I have never heard of one who could do what you do.”

“It cannot be said for certain that I'm a warlock,” Tessa said. “Charlotte says I'm not marked like a warlock would be marked.”

“Oh, you're a warlock. Depend on it. Just because you don't have bat ears . . .” Magnus saw Tessa frown, and raised his eyebrows. “Oh, you don't *want* to be a warlock, do you? You despise the idea.”

“I just never thought . . . ,” Tessa said in a whisper. “That I was anything other than human.”

Magnus's tone was not unsympathetic. “Poor thing. Now that you know the truth, you can never go back.”

“Leave her alone, Magnus.” Will's tone was sharp. “I must search the room. If you won't help, at least try not to torment Tessa while I do it.” He moved toward the big oak desk in the corner of the room and began rummaging among the papers atop it.

Magnus glanced toward Tessa and winked. “I think he's jealous,” he said in a conspiratorial whisper.

Tessa shook her head and moved toward the nearest bookshelf. There was a book propped open on the middle shelf as if to display it. The pages were covered with bright, intricate figures, some parts of the illustrations gleaming as if they had been painted onto the parchment with gold. Tessa exclaimed in surprise. “It's a Bible.”

“Does that astonish you?” Magnus inquired.

“I thought vampires couldn't touch holy things.”

“It depends on the vampire—how long they've been alive, what kind of faith they have. De Quincey actually collects old Bibles. He says there's hardly another book out there with so much blood on the pages.”

Tessa glanced toward the closed door. The faint swell of voices on the other side was audible. “Won't we excite some sort of

comment, hiding in here like this? The others—the vampires—I'm sure they were staring at us as we came in."

"They were staring at Will." In some ways Magnus's smile was as unnerving as a vampire's, even though he didn't have fangs. "Will looks wrong."

Tessa glanced over at Will, who was rummaging through the desk drawers with gloved hands. "I find that hard to credit coming from someone dressed as you are," Will said.

Magnus ignored this. "Will doesn't behave like the other human subjugates. He doesn't stare at his mistress with blind adoration, for instance."

"It's that monstrous hat of hers," said Will. "Puts me off."

"Human subjugates are never 'put off,'" said Magnus. "They adore their vampire masters, whatever they wear. Of course, the guests were also staring because they know of my relationship with Camille, and are wondering what we might be doing here in the library . . . alone." He wiggled his eyebrows at Tessa.

Tessa thought back to her visions. "De Quincey . . . He said something to Camille about regretting her relationship with a werewolf. He made it sound as if it were a crime she committed."

Magnus, who was now lying on his back and twirling his walking stick over his head, shrugged. "To him it would be. Vampires and werewolves despise each other. They claim it has something to do with the fact that the two races of demons that spawned them were involved in a blood feud, but if you ask me, it's simply that they're both predators, and predators always resent incursions into their territory. Not that vampires are all that fond of the fey, or my kind either, but de Quincey rather likes me. He thinks we're friends. In fact, I suspect he'd like to be more than friends." Magnus grinned, to Tessa's confusion. "But I despise him, though he doesn't know it."

"Then, why spend time with him at all?" asked Will, who had moved to a tall secretary between two of the windows and was examining its contents. "Why come to his house?"

“Politics,” said Magnus with another shrug. “He is the head of the clan; for Camille not to come to his parties when invited would be construed as an insult. And for me to allow her to go alone would be . . . careless. De Quincey is dangerous, and no less to those of his own kind. Especially those who have displeased him in the past.”

“Then you should—,” Will began, and broke off, his voice altering. “I’ve found something.” He paused. “Perhaps you should have a look at this, Magnus.” Will came over to the table and set down on it what looked like a long sheet of rolled paper. He gestured for Tessa to join him, and unrolled the paper across the table’s surface. “There was little of interest in the desk,” he said, “but I did find this, hidden in a false drawer in the cabinet. Magnus, what do you think?”

Tessa, who had moved to stand beside Will at the table, gazed down at the paper. It was covered with a rough blueprint drawing of a human skeleton made up of pistons, cogs, and plates of hammered metal. The skull had a hinged jaw, open sockets for eyes, and a mouth that ended just behind the teeth. There was a panel in the chest too, just like Miranda’s. All along the left side of the page were scrawled what looked like notes, in a language Tessa could not decipher. The letters were utterly unfamiliar.

“Blueprint for an automaton,” said Magnus, cocking his head to the side. “An artificial human being. Humans have always been fascinated by the creatures—I suppose because they are humanoid but cannot die or be hurt. Have you ever read *The Book of Knowledge of Ingenious Mechanical Devices*?”

“I’ve never even heard of it,” said Will. “Are there any bleak moors in it, shrouded in mysterious mists? Ghostly brides wandering the halls of ruined castles? A handsome fellow rushing to the rescue of a beauteous yet penniless maiden?”

“No,” said Magnus. “There’s a rather racy bit about cogs halfway through, but really most of it is rather dry.”

“Then Tessa won’t have read it, either,” said Will.

Tessa glared at him, but said nothing; she *hadn't* read it, and she wasn't in the mood to let Will get to her.

"Well, then," said Magnus. "It was written by an Arab scholar, two centuries before Leonardo da Vinci, and described how machines could be built that would mimic the actions of human beings. Now, there is nothing alarming about that in and of itself. But it is this"—Magnus's long finger brushed gently across the writing on the left side of the page—"that concerns me."

Will leaned closer. His sleeve brushed Tessa's arm. "Yes, that was what I wanted to ask you about. Is it a spell?"

Magnus nodded. "A binding spell. Meant to infuse demonic energy into an inanimate object, thus giving that object a sort of life. I've seen the spell used. Before the Accords vampires liked to amuse themselves by creating little demonic mechanisms like music boxes that would play only at night, mechanical horses that could ride only after sundown, that sort of silliness." He tapped thoughtfully on the head of his walking stick. "One of the great problems of creating convincing automatons, of course, has always been their appearance. No other material quite gives the semblance of human flesh."

"But what if one were to use it—human flesh, I mean?" Tessa asked.

Magnus paused delicately. "The problem there, for human designers, is, ah, obvious. Preserving the flesh destroys its appearance. One would have to use magic. And then magic again, to bind the demon energy to the mechanical body."

"And what would that achieve?" Will asked, an edge to his voice.

"Automatons have been built that can write poems, draw landscapes—but only those they are directed to create. They have no individual creativity or imagination. Animated by a demon energy, however, an automaton would have a measure of thought and will. But any bound spirit is enslaved. It would inevitably be entirely obedient to whoever had done the binding."

“A clockwork army,” Will said, and there was a sort of bitter humor in his voice. “Born of neither Heaven nor Hell.”

“I wouldn’t go that far,” Magnus said. “Demon energies are hardly an easy item to come by. One must summon demons up, then bind them, and you know what a difficult process that is. Obtaining enough demon energies to create an army would be well-nigh impossible and extraordinarily risky. Even for an evil-minded bastard like de Quincey.”

“I see.” And with that, Will rolled up the paper and slipped it into his jacket. “Much obliged for your help, Magnus.”

Magnus looked faintly puzzled, but his response was courteous: “Of course.”

“I gather you wouldn’t be sorry to see de Quincey gone and another vampire in his place,” said Will. “Have you actually observed him breaking the Law?”

“Once. I was invited here to witness one of his ‘ceremonies.’ As it turned out—” Magnus looked uncharacteristically grim. “Well, let me show you.”

He turned and moved toward the bookshelf that Tessa had been examining earlier, gesturing for them to join him. Will followed, Tessa beside him. Magnus snapped his fingers again, and as blue sparks flew, the illustrated Bible slid to the side, revealing a small hole that had been cut into the wood at the back of the shelf. As Tessa leaned forward in surprise, she saw that it offered a view into an elegant music room. At least, that was what she thought at first, seeing the chairs set up in rows facing the back of the room; it made a sort of theater. Rows of lit candelabras were set up for illumination. Red satin floor-length curtains blocked off the back walls, and the floor was slightly raised, creating a sort of makeshift stage. There was nothing on it but a single chair with a high wooden back.

Steel manacles were attached to the arms of the chair, glittering like insect carapaces in the candlelight. The wood of the chair was blotched, here and there, with dark red stains. The legs of the chair, Tessa saw, were nailed to the floor.

“This is where they have their little . . . performances,” said Magnus, an undertone of distaste in his voice. “They bring out the human and lock him—or her—to the chair. Then they take turns draining their victim slowly, while the crowd watches and applauds.”

“And they enjoy that?” Will said. The disgust in his voice was more than an undertone. “The mundanes’ pain? Their fear?”

“Not all the Night Children are like this,” Magnus said quietly. “These are the worst of them.”

“And the victims,” said Will, “where do they find them?”

“Criminals, mostly,” said Magnus. “Drunkards, addicts, whores. The forgotten and lost. Those who will not be missed.” He looked squarely at Will. “Would you like to elaborate on your plan?”

“We begin when we see the Law being broken,” said Will. “The moment a vampire moves to harm a human, I will signal the Enclave. They’ll attack.”

“Really,” Magnus said. “How will they get in?”

“Don’t worry about that.” Will was unfazed. “Your job is to take Tessa at that point and get her safely out of here. Thomas is waiting outside with the carriage. Bundle yourselves into it and he’ll take you back to the Institute.”

“Seems a waste of my talents, assigning me to look after one moderately sized girl,” Magnus observed. “Surely you could use me—”

“This is a Shadowhunter affair,” said Will. “We make the Law, and we uphold the Law. The assistance you’ve given us so far has been invaluable, but we require no more from you.”

Magnus met Tessa’s eyes over Will’s shoulder; his look was wry. “The proud isolation of the Nephilim. They have use for you when they have use for you, but they cannot bring themselves to share a victory with Downworlders.”

Tessa turned to Will. “You’re sending me away as well, before the fighting starts?”

“I must,” said Will. “It would be best for Camille not to be seen to be cooperating with Shadowhunters.”

“That’s nonsense,” said Tessa. “De Quincey will know I—she—brought you here. He’ll know she lied about where she found you. Does she think that after this, the rest of the clan won’t know she’s a traitor?”

Somewhere in the back of her head, Camille’s soft laughter purred. She did not sound afraid.

Will and Magnus exchanged a look. “She does not expect,” said Magnus, “that a single vampire who is here tonight will survive the evening to accuse her.”

“The dead can tell no tales,” said Will softly. The flickering light in the room painted his face in alternating shades of black and gold; the line of his jaw was hard. He looked toward the peephole, eyes narrowing. “Look.”

The three of them jostled to get close to the peephole, through which they saw the pocket doors at one end of the music room slide open. Through them was the large candlelit drawing room; vampires began to stream through the doors, taking their places in the seats before the “stage.”

“It’s time,” Magnus said softly, and slid the peephole closed.



The music room was nearly full. Tessa, arm in arm with Magnus, watched as Will threaded his way through the crowd, looking for three seats together. He was keeping his head bowed, his eyes on the floor, but even so—

“They’re still looking at him,” she said to Magnus under her breath. “At Will, I mean.”

“Of course they are,” said Magnus. His eyes reflected light like a cat’s as they surveyed the room. “Look at him. The face of a bad angel and eyes like the night sky in Hell. He’s very pretty, and vampires like that. I can’t say I mind either.” Magnus grinned. “Black hair and blue eyes are my favorite combination.”

Tessa reached up to pat Camille’s pale blond curls.

Magnus shrugged. "Nobody's perfect."

Tessa was spared answering; Will had found a set of chairs together, and was beckoning them over with a gloved hand. She tried not to pay attention to the way the vampires were looking at him as she let Magnus lead her toward the seats. It was true that he was beautiful, but what did they care? Will was just food to them, wasn't he?

She sat down with Magnus on one side of her and Will on the other, her silk taffeta skirts rustling like leaves in a stiff wind. The room was cool, not like a room crowded with human beings, who would have been giving off body heat. Will's sleeve slid up his arm as he reached to pat the pocket of his waistcoat, and she saw that his arm was dotted with goose bumps. She wondered if the human companions of vampires were always cold.

A rustle of whispers went through the room, and Tessa tore her eyes from Will. The light of the candelabras did not reach the far recesses of the room; portions of the "stage"—the back of the room—were blotched with shadows, and even Tessa's vampire eyes could not discern what was moving within the darkness until de Quincey appeared suddenly from the shadows.

The audience was silent. Then de Quincey grinned. It was a manic grin, showing fangs, and it transformed his face. He looked wild and savage now, wolflike. A murmur of hushed appreciation went through the room, the way a human audience might show appreciation for an actor with a particularly good stage presence.

"Good evening," said de Quincey. "Welcome, friends. Those of you who have joined me here"—and he smiled directly at Tessa, who was too nervous to do anything but stare back—"are proud sons and daughters of the Night Children. We do not bend our necks beneath the oppressive yoke called the Law. We do not answer to Nephilim. Nor shall we abandon our ancient customs at their whim."

It was impossible not to notice the effect de Quincey's speech was having on Will. He was as taut as a bow, his hands clenched in his lap, the veins standing out in his neck.

“We have a prisoner,” de Quincey went on. “His crime is betraying the Night Children.” He swept his gaze across the audience of waiting vampires. “And what is the punishment for such treason?”

“It is death!” cried a voice, the vampire woman Delilah. She was straining forward in her seat, a terrible eagerness on her face.

The other vampires took up her cry. “Death! Death!”

More shadowy forms slipped between the curtains that formed the makeshift stage. Two male vampires, holding between them the struggling form of a human man. A black hood concealed the man’s features. All Tessa could see was that he was slender, probably young—and filthy, his fine clothes torn and ragged. His bare feet left bloody smears on the boards as the men dragged him forward and flung him into the chair. A faint gasp of sympathy escaped Tessa’s throat; she felt Will tense beside her.

The man continued to thrash feebly, like an insect on the end of a pin, as the vampires strapped his wrists and ankles to the chair, and then stepped back. De Quincey grinned; his fangs were out. They shone like ivory pins as he surveyed the crowd. Tessa could sense the vampires’ restlessness—and more than their restlessness, their hunger. No longer did they resemble a well-bred audience of human theatergoers. They were as avid as lions scenting prey, lurching forward in their chairs, their eyes wide and glowing, their mouths open.

“When can you summon the Enclave?” Tessa said to Will in an urgent whisper.

Will’s voice was tight. “When he draws blood. We must *see* him do it.”

“Will—”

“Tessa.” He whispered her real name, his fingers gripping hers. “Be *quiet*.”

Reluctantly Tessa returned her attention to the stage, where de Quincey was approaching the shackled prisoner. He paused by the chair—reached out—and his thin pale fingers brushed the man’s shoulder, as light as a spider’s touch. The prisoner

convulsed, jerking in desperate terror as the vampire's hand slid from his shoulder to his neck. De Quincey laid two white fingers to the man's pulse point, as if he were a doctor checking a patient's heartbeat.

De Quincey wore a silver ring on one finger, Tessa saw, one side of which sharpened to a needle point that protruded when he tightened his hand into a fist. There was a flash of silver, and the prisoner screamed—the first sound he had made. There was something familiar about the sound.

A thin line of red appeared on the prisoner's throat, like a loop of red wire. Blood welled and spilled down into the hollow of his collarbone. The prisoner thrashed and struggled as de Quincey, his face now a rictus mask of hunger, reached to touch two fingers to the red liquid. He lifted the stained fingertips to his mouth. The crowd was hissing and moaning, barely able to stay in their seats. Tessa glanced toward a woman in a white-plumed hat. Her mouth was open, her chin wet with drool.

"Will," Tessa murmured. "Will, *please*."

Will glanced past her, at Magnus. "Magnus. Take her out of here."

Something in Tessa rebelled at the idea of being sent away. "Will, no, I'm all right here—"

Will's voice was quiet, but his eyes blazed. "We've been over this. Go, or I won't summon the Enclave. Go, or that man will die."

"Come." It was Magnus, his hand on her elbow, guiding her to stand. Reluctantly she allowed the warlock to draw her to her feet, and then toward the doors. Tessa glanced around anxiously to see if anyone noticed their departure, but no one was looking at them. All attention was riveted on de Quincey and the prisoner, and many vampires were already on their feet, hissing and cheering and making inhuman hungry sounds.

Among the seething crowd, Will was still seated, leaning forward like a hunting dog yearning to be released from the leash.

His left hand slid into his waistcoat pocket, and emerged with something copper held between his fingers.

The Phosphor.

Magnus swung the door open behind them. "Hurry."

Tessa hesitated, looking back at the stage. De Quincey was standing behind the prisoner now. His grinning mouth was smeared with blood. He reached out and took hold of the prisoner's hood.

Will rose to his feet, the Phosphor held aloft. Magnus swore and pulled at Tessa's arm. She half-turned as if to go with him, then froze as de Quincey whipped off the black hood to reveal the prisoner beneath.

His face was swollen and bruised with beatings. One of his eyes was black and swelled shut. His blond hair was pasted to his skull with blood and sweat. But none of that mattered; Tessa would have known him anyway, anywhere. She knew now why his cry of pain had sounded so familiar to her.

It was Nathaniel.

FEW ARE ANGELS

*We all are men,
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our flesh; few are angels
—Shakespeare, King Henry VIII*

Tessa screamed.

Not a human scream but a vampire scream. She barely recognized the sound that came from her own throat—it sounded like shattering glass. Only later did she even realize that she was screaming words. She would have thought she'd cry her brother's name, but she didn't.

"Will!" she screamed. "Will, now! Do it now!"

A gasp ran through the room. Dozens of white faces swung toward Tessa. Her scream had broken through their blood-lust. De Quincey was motionless on the stage; even Nathaniel was looking at her, dazed and staring, as if wondering if her screams were a dream born out of his agony.

Will, his finger on the button of the Phosphor, hesitated. His eyes met Tessa's across the room. It was only for a split second, but de Quincey saw their glance. As if he could read it, the look on his face changed, and he swung his hand up to point directly at Will.

"The boy," he spat. "Stop him!"

Will tore his gaze from Tessa's. The vampires were already rising to their feet, moving toward him, their eyes glittering with rage and hunger. Will looked past them, at de Quincey, who was

staring at Will with fury. There was no fear on Will's face as his gaze met the vampire's—no hesitation, and no surprise.

"I am not a boy," he said. "I am Nephilim."

And he pressed the button.

Tessa braced herself for a flare of white witchlight. Instead there was a great *whoosh* of sound as the flames of the candelabras shot toward the ceiling. Sparks flew, scattering the floor with glowing embers, catching in the curtains, in the skirts of women's dresses. Suddenly the room was full of billowing black smoke and screams—high-pitched and horrible.

Tessa could no longer see Will. She tried to dart forward, but Magnus—she had nearly forgotten he was there—caught her firmly by the wrist. "Miss Gray, no," he said, and when she responded by pulling away harder, he added, "Miss Gray! You're a vampire now! If you catch fire, you'll go up like kindling wood —"

As if to illustrate his point, at that moment a stray spark landed atop Lady Delilah's white wig. It burst into flames. With a cry she tried to rip it from her head, but as her hands came in contact with the flames, they, too, caught fire as if they were made of paper instead of skin. In less than a second both her arms were burning like torches. Howling, she raced toward the door, but the fire was faster than she was. Within seconds a bonfire raged where she had stood. Tessa could just see the outline of a blackened screaming creature writhing inside it.

"Do you see what I mean?" Magnus shouted in Tessa's ear, struggling to make himself heard over the howls of the vampires, who were diving this way and that, trying to avoid the flames.

"Let me go!" Tessa shrieked. De Quincey had leaped into the melee; Nathaniel was slumped alone onstage, apparently unconscious, only his manacles holding him to the chair. "That's my brother up there. My *brother!*"

Magnus stared at her. Taking advantage of his confusion, Tessa jerked her arm free and began to run toward the stage. The room was chaos: vampires rushing to and fro, many of them

stampeding toward the doorway. The vampires who had reached the door were pushing and shoving to get through it first; others had turned course and were streaming toward the French doors that looked out over the garden.

Tessa veered to avoid a fallen chair, and nearly ran headlong into the redheaded vampire in the blue dress who had glared at her earlier. She looked terrified now. She plunged toward Tessa—then seemed to stumble. Her mouth opened in a scream, and blood poured from it like a fountain. Her face crumpled, folding in on itself, the skin resolving into dust and raining down from the bones of her skull. Her red hair shriveled and turned gray; the skin of her arms melted and turned to powder, and with a last despairing shriek the vampire woman collapsed into a stringy heap of bones and dust lying atop an empty satin dress.

Tessa gagged, tore her eyes away from the remains, and saw Will. He stood directly in front of her, holding a long silver knife; the blade was smeared with scarlet blood. His face was bloody too, his eyes wild. “What the *hell* are you still doing here?” he shouted at Tessa. “You *unbelievably* stupid—”

Tessa heard the noise before Will did, a thin whining sound, like a piece of broken machinery. The fair-haired boy in the gray jacket—the human servant Lady Delilah had drunk from earlier—was rushing at Will, a high-pitched wailing sound coming from his throat, his face smeared with tears and blood. He was carrying a torn-off chair leg in one hand; the end of it was ragged and sharp.

“Will, look *out!*” Tessa shouted, and Will spun. He moved *fast*, Tessa saw, like a dark blur, and the knife in his hand was a flash of silver in the smoky dimness. When he stopped moving, the boy was lying on the ground, the blade protruding from his chest. Blood welled around it, thicker and darker than vampire blood.

Will, staring down, was ashen. “I thought . . .”

“He would have killed you if he could,” Tessa said.

“You know nothing of it,” Will said. He shook his head, once, as if clearing it of her voice, or of the sight of the boy on the

ground. The subjugate looked very young, his twisted face softer in death. "I told you to go—"

"That's my brother," Tessa said, pointing toward the back of the room. Nathaniel was still unconscious, limp in his manacles. If it weren't for the blood still flowing from the wound in his neck, she would have thought he was dead. "Nathaniel. In the chair."

Will's eyes widened in astonishment. "But how—?" he began. He didn't get a chance to finish his question. At that moment the sound of shattering glass filled the room. The French windows burst inward, and the room was suddenly flooded with Shadowhunters in their dark fighting gear. They were driving before them in a screaming, ragged group the vampires who had fled into the garden. As Tessa stared, more Shadowhunters began flooding in from the other doors as well, herding more vampires in front of them, like dogs herding sheep into a pen. De Quincey staggered before the other vampires, his pale face smeared with black ash, his teeth bared.

Tessa saw Henry among the Nephilim, easily recognizable by his ginger hair. Charlotte was there too, dressed like a man all in dark fighting gear, like the women pictured in Tessa's Shadowhunter book. She looked small and determined and surprisingly fierce. And then there was Jem. His gear made him appear all the more startlingly pale, and the black Marks on his skin stood out like ink on paper. In the crowd she recognized Gabriel Lightwood; his father, Benedict; slim black-haired Mrs. Highsmith; and behind them all strode Magnus, blue sparks flying from his hands as he gestured.

Will exhaled, some of the color returning to his face. "I wasn't sure they'd come," he muttered, "not with the Phosphor malfunctioning." He tore his eyes away from his friends and looked at Tessa. "Go attend to your brother," he said. "That'll get you out of the worst of it. I hope."

He turned and walked away from her without a backward glance. The Nephilim had herded the remaining vampires, those

who had not been killed by the fire—or by Will—into the center of a makeshift circle of Shadowhunters. De Quincey towered among the group, his pale face twisted in rage; his shirt was stained with blood—his own or someone else’s, she couldn’t tell. The other vampires huddled behind him like children behind a parent, looking both fierce and wretched at the same time.

“The Law,” de Quincey growled, as Benedict Lightwood advanced on him, a shining blade in his right hand, its surface scored with black runes. “The Law protects us. We surrender to you. The Law—”

“You have broken the Law,” snarled Benedict. “Therefore its protection no longer extends to you. The sentence is death.”

“One mundane,” said de Quincey, sparing a glance toward Nathaniel. “One mundane who has *also* broken Covenant Law—”

“The Law does not extend to mundanes. They cannot be expected to follow the laws of a world they know nothing of.”

“He is worthless,” de Quincey said. “You do not know how worthless. Do you really desire to shatter our alliance over one worthless mundane?”

“It is more than just one mundane!” Charlotte cried, and from her jacket she drew the paper Will had taken from the library. Tessa had not seen Will pass it to Charlotte, but he must have. “What of these spells? Did you think we would not discover them? This—this black sorcery is absolutely forbidden by the Covenant!”

De Quincey’s still face betrayed only a hint of his surprise. “Where did you find that?”

Charlotte’s mouth was a hard thin line. “That doesn’t matter.”

“Whatever it is you think you know—,” de Quincey began.

“We know enough!” Charlotte’s voice was full of passion. “We know you hate and despise us! We know your alliance with us has been a sham!”

“And have you made it against Covenant Law now to dislike Shadowhunters?” de Quincey said, but the sneer was gone from his voice. He sounded ragged.

“Do not play your games with us,” spat Benedict. “After all we’ve done for you, after we passed the Accords into Law—Why? We’ve tried to make you equal to ourselves—”

De Quincey’s face twisted. “*Equal?* You don’t know what the word means. You cannot let go of your own conviction, let go of your belief in your inherent superiority, for long enough to even *consider* what that would mean. Where are our seats on the Council? Where is our embassy in Idris?”

“But that—that’s ridiculous,” Charlotte said, though she had blanched.

Benedict shot Charlotte an impatient look. “And irrelevant. None of this excuses your behavior, de Quincey. While you sat in council with us, pretending you were interested in peace, behind our backs you broke the Law and mocked our power. Surrender yourself, tell us what we want to know, and we might let your clan survive. Otherwise, there will be no mercy.”

Another vampire spoke. It was one of the men who had strapped Nathaniel to his chair, a big flame-haired man with an angry face. “If we needed any further proof that the Nephilim have never meant their promises of peace, here it is. Dare to attack us, Shadowhunters, and you’ll have a war on your hands!”

Benedict only grinned. “Then let the war begin here,” he said, and flung the blade at de Quincey. It whipped through the air—and plunged hilt-deep into the chest of the redheaded vampire, who had flung himself in front of his clan leader. He exploded in a shower of blood as the other vampires shrieked. With a howl de Quincey rushed Benedict. The other vampires seemed to awaken from their panicked stupor, and swiftly followed suit. Within seconds the room was a melee of screams and chaos.

The sudden chaos unfroze Tessa as well. Catching up her skirts, she ran for the stage, and dropped to her knees next to Nathaniel’s chair. His head lolled to the side, his eyes closed. The blood from the wound in his neck had flowed to a slow trickle. Tessa caught at his sleeve. “Nate,” she whispered. “Nate, it’s me.”

He moaned, but made no other reply. Biting her lip, Tessa went to work on the manacles that fastened his wrists to the chair. They were hard iron, fastened to the sturdy chair arms with rows of nails—clearly designed to withstand even vampire strength. She pulled at them until her fingers bled, but they didn't budge. If only she had one of Will's knives.

She glanced out over the room. It was still dark with smoke. In among the swirls of blackness, she could see the bright flashes of weapons, the Shadowhunters brandishing the brilliant white daggers Tessa knew now were called seraph blades, each one brought into shimmering life by the name of an angel. Vampire blood flew from the blades' edges, as bright as a scatter of rubies. She realized—with a shock of surprise, for the vampires at first had terrified her—that the vampires were clearly overmatched here. Though the Night Children were vicious and fast, the Shadowhunters were nearly as fast, and had weapons and training on their side. Vampire after vampire fell under the onslaught of the seraph blades. Blood ran in sheets across the floor, soaking the edges of the Persian rugs.

The smoke cleared in a spot, and Tessa saw Charlotte dispatching a burly vampire in a gray morning jacket. She slashed the blade of her knife across his throat, and blood sprayed across the wall behind them. He sank, snarling, to his knees, and Charlotte finished him with a thrust of her blade to his chest.

A blur of motion exploded behind Charlotte; it was Will, followed by a wild-eyed vampire brandishing a silver pistol. He pointed it at Will, aimed, and fired. Will dived out of the way and skidded across the bloody floor. He rolled to his feet, and bounded up onto a velvet-seated chair. Ducking another shot, he leaped again, and Tessa watched with amazement as he ran lightly along the *backs* of a row of chairs, leaping down from the last of them. He whirled to face the vampire, now a distance from him across the room. Somehow a short-bladed knife gleamed in his hand, though Tessa had not seen him draw it. He threw it. The vampire ducked aside, but was not quite fast enough; the

knife sank into his shoulder. He roared in pain and was reaching for the knife when a slim, dark shadow reared up out of nowhere. There was a flash of silver, and the vampire blew apart in a shower of blood and dust. As the mess cleared, Tessa saw Jem, a long blade still raised in his fist. He was grinning, but not at her; he kicked the silver pistol—now lying abandoned among the vampire’s remains—hard, and it skidded across the floor, fetching up at Will’s feet. Will nodded toward Jem with a return of his grin, swept the pistol off the floor, and shoved it through his belt.

“Will!” Tessa called to him, though she wasn’t sure if he could hear her over the din. “Will—”

Something seized her by the back of her dress and hauled her up and backward. It was like being caught in the talons of an enormous bird. Tessa screamed once, and found herself flung forward, skidding across the floor. She hit the stack of chairs. They crashed to the floor in a deafening mass, and Tessa, sprawled among the mess, looked up with a shout of pain.

De Quincey stood over her. His black eyes were wild, rimmed with red; his white hair straggled over his face in matted clumps, and his shirt was slashed open across the front, the edges of the tear soaked with blood. He must have been cut, though not deeply enough to kill him, and had healed. The skin under the torn shirt looked unmarked now. “*Bitch*,” he snarled at Tessa. “Lying traitorous bitch. You brought that boy in here, Camille. That Nephilim.”

Tessa scrambled backward; her back hit the wall of fallen chairs.

“I welcomed you back to the clan, even after your disgusting little—interlude—with the lycanthrope. I tolerate that ridiculous warlock of yours. And this is how you repay me. Repay *us*.” He held his hands out to her; they were streaked with black ash. “You see this,” he said. “The dust of our dead people. Dead *vampires*. And you betrayed them for *Nephilim*.” He spat the word as if it were poison.

Something bubbled up out of Tessa's throat. Laughter. Not her laughter; Camille's. "*Disgusting interlude?*" The words came out of Tessa's mouth before she could stop them. It was as if she had no control over what she was saying. "I loved him—like you never loved me—like you've never loved anything. And you killed him just to show the clan that you could. I want you to know what it is like to lose everything that matters to you. I want you to know, as your home burns and your clan is brought to ashes and your own miserable life ends, that *I am the one who is doing this to you.*"

And Camille's voice was gone just as quickly as it had come, leaving Tessa feeling drained and shocked. That didn't stop her, though, from using her hands, behind her, to scabble among the smashed chairs. Surely there had to be *something*, some broken-off piece that she could use as a weapon. De Quincey was staring at her in shock, his mouth open. Tessa imagined that no one had ever talked to him like that. Certainly not another vampire.

"Perhaps," he said. "Perhaps I underestimated you. Perhaps you will destroy me." He advanced on her, his hands out, reaching. "But I will bring you with me—"

Tessa's fingers closed around the leg of a chair; without even thinking about it, she swung the chair up and over and brought it crashing down on de Quincey's back. She felt elated as he yelled and staggered back. She scrambled to her feet as the vampire straightened up, and she swung the chair at him again. This time a jagged bit of broken chair arm caught him across the face, opening up a long red cut. His lips curled back from his teeth in a silent snarl, and he *sprang*—there was no other word for it. It was like the silent spring of a cat. He struck Tessa to the ground, landing on top of her and knocking the chair from her hand. He lunged at her throat, teeth bared, and she raked her clawed hand across his face. His blood, where it dripped on her, seemed to burn, like acid. She screamed and struck out at him harder, but he only laughed; his pupils had disappeared into the black of his eyes, and he looked entirely inhuman, like some sort of monstrous predatory serpent.

He caught her wrists in his grasp and forced them down on either side of her, hard against the floor. “Camille,” he said, leaning down over her, his voice thick. “Be still, little Camille. It will be over in moments—”

He threw his head back like a striking cobra. Terrified, Tessa struggled to free her trapped legs, meaning to kick him, kick him as hard as she could—

He yelled. Yelled and writhed, and Tessa saw that there was a hand caught in his hair, yanking his head up and back, dragging him to his feet. A hand inked all over with swirling black Marks.

Will’s hand.

De Quincey was hauled screaming to his feet, his hands clamped to his head. Tessa struggled upright, staring, as Will flung the howling vampire contemptuously away from him. Will wasn’t smiling anymore, but his eyes were glittering, and Tessa could see why Magnus had described their color as the sky in Hell.

“*Nephilim*.” De Quincey staggered, righted himself, and spat at Will’s feet.

Will drew the pistol from his belt and aimed it at de Quincey. “One of the Devil’s own abominations, aren’t you? You don’t even deserve to live in this world with the rest of us, and yet when we let you do so out of pity, you throw our gift back in our faces.”

“As if we need your pity,” de Quincey replied. “As if we could ever be less than you. You *Nephilim*, thinking you are—” He stopped abruptly. He was so smeared with filth that it was hard to tell, but it looked as if the cut on his face had already healed.

“Are what?” Will cocked the pistol; the click was loud even above the noise of the battle. “Say it.”

The vampire’s eyes burned. “Say what?”

“God,” said Will. “You were going to tell me that we *Nephilim* play at God, weren’t you? Except you can’t even say the word. Mock the Bible all you want with your little collection, you still can’t say it.” His finger was white on the trigger of the gun. “Say it. Say it, and I’ll let you live.”

The vampire bared his teeth. “You cannot kill me with that—that stupid human toy.”

“If the bullet passes through your heart,” Will said, his aim unwavering, “you’ll die. And I am a very good shot.”

Tessa stood, frozen, staring at the tableau before her. She wanted to step backward, to go to Nathaniel, but she was afraid to move.

De Quincey raised his head. He opened his mouth. A thin rattle came out as he tried to speak, tried to shape a word his soul would not let him say. He gasped again, choked, and put a hand to his throat. Will began to laugh—

And the vampire sprang. His face twisted in a mask of rage and pain, he launched himself at Will with a howl. There was a blur of movement. Then the gun went off and there was a spray of blood. Will hit the floor, the pistol skidding from his grip, the vampire on top of him. Tessa scrambled to retrieve the pistol, caught it, and turned to see that de Quincey had seized Will from the back, his forearm jammed against Will’s throat.

She raised the pistol, her hand shaking—but she had never used a pistol before, had never shot anything, and how to shoot the vampire without injuring Will? Will was clearly choking, his face suffused with blood. De Quincey snarled something and tightened his grip—

And Will, ducking his head, sank his teeth into the vampire’s forearm. De Quincey yelled and jerked his arm away; Will flung himself to the side, retching, and rolled to his knees to spit blood onto the stage. When he looked up, glittering red blood was smeared across the lower half of his face. His teeth shone red too when he—Tessa couldn’t believe it—*grinned*, actually grinned, and looking at de Quincey, said, “How do *you* like it, vampire? You were going to bite that mundane earlier. Now you know what it’s like, don’t you?”

De Quincey, on his knees, stared from Will to the ugly red hole in his own arm, which was already beginning to close up, though

dark blood still trickled from it thinly. “For that,” he said, “you will die, Nephilim.”

Will spread his arms wide. On his knees, grinning like a demon, blood dripping from his mouth, he barely looked human himself. “Come and get me.”

De Quincey gathered himself to spring—and Tessa pulled the trigger. The gun kicked back, hard, into her hand, and the vampire fell sideways, blood streaming from his shoulder. She had missed the heart. *Damn it.*

Howling, de Quincey began to pull himself to his feet. Tessa raised her arm, pulled the trigger on the pistol again—nothing. A soft click let her know the gun was empty.

De Quincey laughed. He was still clutching his shoulder, though the blood flow had already slowed to a trickle. “*Camille,*” he spat at Tessa. “I will be back for you. I will make you sorry you were ever reborn.”

Tessa felt a chill at the pit of her stomach—not just *her* fear. *Camille’s*. De Quincey bared his teeth one last time and whirled with incredible speed. He raced across the room and flung himself into a high glass window. It shattered outward in an explosion of glass, carrying him forward as if his body were being carried on a wave, vanishing into the night.

Will swore. “We can’t lose him—,” he began, and started forward. Then he spun as Tessa screamed. A ragged-looking male vampire had risen up behind her like a ghost appearing out of the air, and had snatched her by the shoulders. She tried to pull free, but his grip was too strong. She could hear him murmuring in her ear, horrible words about how she was a traitor to the Night Children, and how he would tear her open with his teeth.

“*Tessa,*” Will shouted, and she wasn’t sure if he sounded angry, or something else. He reached for the gleaming weapons at his belt. His hand closed around the hilt of a seraph blade, just as the vampire spun Tessa around. She caught sight of his leering white face, the blood-tipped fangs out, ready to tear. The vampire lunged forward—

And exploded in a shower of dust and blood. He dissolved, the flesh melting away from his face and hands, and Tessa caught sight for a moment of the blackened skeleton beneath before it, too, crumbled, leaving an empty pile of clothes behind. Clothes, and a gleaming silver blade.

She looked up. Jem stood a few feet away, looking very pale. He held the blade in his left hand; his right was empty. There was a long cut along one of his cheeks, but he seemed otherwise uninjured. His hair and eyes gleamed a brutal silver in the light of the dying flames. "I think," he said, "that that was the last of them."

Surprised, Tessa glanced around the room. The chaos had subsided. Shadowhunters moved here and there in the wreckage—some were seated on chairs, being attended to by stele-wielding healers—but she could not see a single vampire. The smoke of the burning had subsided as well, though white ash from the torched curtains still floated down over the room like unexpected snow.

Will, blood still dripping from his chin, looked at Jem with his eyebrows raised. "Nice throw," he said.

Jem shook his head. "You bit de Quincey," he said. "You fool. He's a *vampire*. You know what it means to bite a vampire."

"I had no choice," said Will. "He was choking me."

"I know," Jem said. "But really, Will. *Again?*"



It was Henry, in the end, who freed Nathaniel from the torture chair by the simple expedient of smashing it apart with the flat side of a sword until the manacles came free. Nathaniel slid to the floor, where he lay moaning, Tessa cradling him. Charlotte fussed a bit, bringing wet cloths to clean Nate's face, and a ragged bit of curtain to throw over him, before she raced off to engage Benedict Lightwood in an energetic conversation—during which she alternated between pointing back at Tessa and Nathaniel and waving her hands in a dramatic manner. Tessa,

utterly dazed and exhausted, wondered what on earth Charlotte could be doing.

It hardly mattered, really. Everything seemed to be going on in a dream. She sat on the floor with Nathaniel as the Shadowhunters moved around her, drawing on one another with their steles. It was incredible to watch their injuries vanishing as the healing Marks went onto their skin. They all seemed equally able to draw the Marks. She watched as Jem, wincing, unbuttoned his shirt to show a long cut along one pale shoulder; he looked away, his mouth tight, as Will drew a careful Mark below the injury.

It wasn't until Will, having finished with Jem, came sauntering over to her that she realized why she was so tired.

"Back to yourself, I see," he said. He had a damp towel in one hand but hadn't yet bothered to clean the blood off his face and neck.

Tessa glanced down at herself. It was true. At some point she had lost Camille and become herself again. She must have been dazed indeed, she thought, not to have noticed the return of her own heartbeat. It pulsed inside her chest like a drum.

"I didn't know you knew how to use a pistol," Will added.

"I don't," Tessa said. "I think Camille must have. It was—instinctive." She bit her lip. "Not that it matters, since it didn't work."

"We rarely use them. Etching runes into the metal of a gun or bullet prevents the gunpowder from igniting; no one knows why. Henry has tried to address the problem, of course, but not with any success. Since you can't kill a demon without a runed weapon or a seraph blade, guns aren't much use to us. Vampires die if you shoot them through the heart, admittedly, and werewolves can be injured if you have a silver bullet, but if you miss the vitals, they'll just come at you angrier than ever. Runed blades simply work better for our purposes. Get a vampire with a runed blade and it's much harder for them to recover and heal."

Tessa looked at him, her gaze steady. "Isn't it hard?"

Will tossed the damp cloth aside. It was scarlet with blood. “Isn’t *what* hard?”

“Killing vampires,” she said. “They may not be people, but they *look* like people. They feel as people do. They scream and bleed. Isn’t it hard to slaughter them?”

Will’s jaw tightened. “No,” he said. “And if you really knew anything about them—”

“Camille feels,” she said. “She loves and hates.”

“And *she* is still alive. Everyone has choices, Tessa. Those vampires would not have been here tonight if they hadn’t made theirs.” He glanced down at Nathaniel, limp in Tessa’s lap. “Nor, I imagine, would your brother have been.”

“I don’t know why de Quincey wanted him dead,” Tessa said softly. “I don’t know what he could have done to incur the wrath of vampires.”

“Tessa!” It was Charlotte, darting up to Tessa and Will like a hummingbird. She still seemed so tiny, and so harmless, Tessa thought—despite the fighting gear she wore and the black Marks that laced her skin like curling snakes. “We’ve been given permission to bring your brother back to the Institute with us,” she announced, gesturing at Nathaniel with a small hand. “The vampires may well have drugged him. He’s certainly been bitten, and who knows what else? He could turn darkling—or worse, if we don’t prevent it. In any case, I doubt they’ll be able to help him in a mundane hospital. With us, at least the Silent Brothers can see to him, poor thing.”

“Poor thing?” echoed Will rather rudely. “He rather got himself into this, didn’t he? No one told him to run off and get himself involved with a bunch of Downworlders.”

“Really, Will.” Charlotte eyed him coldly. “Can’t you have a little empathy?”

“Dear God,” said Will, looking from Charlotte to Nate and back again. “Is there anything that makes women sillier than the sight of a wounded young man?”

Tessa slitted her eyes at him. “You might want to clean the rest of the blood off your face before you continue arguing in *that* vein.”

Will threw his arms up into the air and stalked off. Charlotte looked at Tessa, a half smile curving the side of her mouth. “I must say, I rather like the way you manage Will.”

Tessa shook her head. “No one manages Will.”



It was quickly decided that Tessa and Nathaniel would go with Henry and Charlotte in the town coach; Will and Jem would ride home in a smaller carriage borrowed from Charlotte’s aunt, with Thomas as their driver. The Lightwoods and the rest of the Enclave would stay behind to search de Quincey’s house, leaving no evidence of their battle for the mundanes to find in the morning. Will had wanted to stay and take part in the search, but Charlotte had been firm. He had ingested vampire blood and needed to return to the Institute as soon as possible to begin the cure.

Thomas, however, would not allow Will into the carriage as covered in blood as he was. After announcing that he would return in “half a tick,” Thomas had gone off to find a damp piece of cloth. Will leaned against the side of the carriage, watching as the Enclave rushed in and out of de Quincey’s house like ants, salvaging papers and furniture from the remains of the fire.

Returning with a soapy rag, Thomas handed it over to Will, and leaned his big frame against the side of the carriage. It rocked under his weight. Charlotte had always encouraged Thomas to join Jem and Will for the physical parts of their training, and as the years had gone by, Thomas had grown from a scrawny child to a man so large and muscular that tailors despaired over his measurements. Will might have been the better fighter—his blood made him that—but Thomas’s commanding physical presence was not easy to ignore.

Sometimes Will could not help remembering Thomas as he had first come to the Institute. He belonged to a family that had

served the Nephilim for years, but he had been born so frail they'd thought he wouldn't live. When he'd reached twelve years of age, he'd been sent to the Institute; at that time he'd still been so small that he'd looked barely nine. Will had made fun of Charlotte for wanting to employ him, but had secretly hoped he would stay so that there might be another boy his own age in the house. And they had been friends of a sort, the Shadowhunter and the servant boy—until Jem had come and Will had forgotten Thomas almost completely. Thomas had never seemed to hold it against him, treating Will always with the same friendliness with which he treated everyone else.

“Always rum to see this sort of thing goin' on, and none of the neighbors out for so much as a gander,” Thomas said now, glancing up and down the street. Charlotte had always demanded that the Institute servants speak “proper” English within its walls, and Thomas's East End accent tended to come and go depending on whether he remembered.

“There are heavy glamours at work here.” Will scrubbed at his face and neck. “And I would imagine there are quite a few on this street who are not mundanes, who know to mind their own business when Shadowhunters are involved.”

“Well, you are a terrifying lot, that's true,” Thomas said, so equably that Will suspected he was being made fun of. Thomas pointed at Will's face. “You'll have a stunner of a mouse tomorrow, if you don't get an *iratze* on there.”

“Maybe I *want* a black eye,” said Will peevishly. “Did you think of that?”

Thomas just grinned and swung himself up into the driver's box at the front of the carriage. Will went back to scrubbing dried vampire blood off his hands and arms. The task was absorbing enough that he was able to almost completely ignore Gabriel Lightwood when the other boy appeared out of the shadows and sauntered over to Will, a superior smile plastered on his face.

“Nice work in there, Herondale, setting the place on fire,” Gabriel observed. “Good thing we were there to clean up after

you, or the whole plan would have gone down in flames, along with the shreds of your reputation.”

“Are you implying that shreds of my reputation remain intact?” Will demanded with mock horror. “Clearly I have been doing something wrong. Or *not* doing something wrong, as the case may be.” He banged on the side of the carriage. “Thomas! We must away at once to the nearest brothel! I seek scandal and low companionship.”

Thomas snorted and muttered something that sounded like “bosh,” which Will ignored.

Gabriel’s face darkened. “Is there *anything* that isn’t a joke to you?”

“Nothing that comes to mind.”

“You know,” Gabriel said, “there was a time I thought we could be friends, Will.”

“There was a time I thought I was a ferret,” Will said, “but that turned out to be the opium haze. Did you know it had that effect? Because I didn’t.”

“I think,” Gabriel said, “that perhaps you might consider whether jokes about opium are either amusing or tasteful, given the . . . situation of your friend Carstairs.”

Will froze. Still in the same tone of voice, he said, “You mean his disability?”

Gabriel blinked. “What?”

“That’s what you called it. Back at the Institute. His ‘disability.’” Will tossed the bloody cloth aside. “And you wonder why we aren’t friends.”

“I just wondered,” Gabriel said, in a more subdued voice, “if perhaps you have ever had enough.”

“Enough of what?”

“Enough of behaving as you do.”

Will crossed his arms over his chest. His eyes glinted dangerously. “Oh, I can never get enough,” he said. “Which, incidentally, is what your sister said to me when—”

The carriage door flew open. A hand shot out, grabbed Will by the back of the shirt, and hauled him inside. The door banged shut after him, and Thomas, sitting bolt upright, seized the reins of the horses. A moment later the carriage had lurched forth into the night, leaving Gabriel staring, infuriated, after it.



“What were you thinking?” Jem, having deposited Will onto the carriage seat opposite him, shook his head, his silvery eyes shining in the dimness. He held his cane between his knees, his hand resting lightly atop the dragon’s-head carving. The cane had belonged to Jem’s father, Will knew, and had been designed for him by a Shadowhunter weapons maker in Beijing. “Baiting Gabriel Lightwood like that—why do you do it? What’s the point?”

“You heard what he said about you—”

“I don’t care what he says about me. It’s what everyone thinks. He just has the nerve to say it.” Jem leaned forward, resting his chin on his hand. “You know, I cannot function as your missing sense of self-preservation forever. Eventually you will have to learn to manage without me.”

Will, as he always did, ignored this. “Gabriel Lightwood is hardly much of a threat.”

“Then forget Gabriel. Is there a particular reason you keep biting vampires?”

Will touched the dried blood on his wrists, and smiled. “They don’t expect it.”

“Of course they don’t. They know what happens when one of us consumes vampire blood. *They* probably expect you to have more sense.”

“That expectation never seems to serve them very well, does it?”

“It hardly serves you, either.” Jem looked at Will thoughtfully. He was the only one who never fell out of temper with Will. Whatever Will did, the most extreme reaction he seemed to be

able to provoke in Jem was mild exasperation. “What happened in there? We were waiting for the signal—”

“Henry’s bloody Phosphor didn’t work. Instead of sending up a flare of light, it set the curtains on fire.”

Jem made a choked noise.

Will glared at him. “It’s not funny. I didn’t know whether the rest of you were going to show up or not.”

“Did you really think we wouldn’t come after you when the whole place went up like a torch?” Jem asked reasonably. “They could have been roasting you over a spit, for all we knew.”

“And Tessa, the silly creature, was supposed to be out the door with Magnus, but she wouldn’t leave—”

“Her brother *was* manacled to a chair in the room,” Jem pointed out. “I’m not sure I would have left either.”

“I see you’re determined to miss my point.”

“If your point is that there was a pretty girl in the room and it was distracting you, then I think I’ve taken your point handily.”

“You think she’s pretty?” Will was surprised; Jem rarely opined on this sort of thing.

“Yes, and you do too.”

“I hadn’t noticed, really.”

“Yes, you have, and I’ve noticed you noticing.” Jem was smiling. Despite the stress of the battle, he looked healthy tonight. There was color in his cheeks, and his eyes were a dark and steady silver. There were times, when the illness was at its worst, when all the color drained even from his eyes, leaving them horribly pale, nearly white, with that black speck of pupil in the center like a speck of black ash on snow. It was times like that when he also became delirious. Will had held Jem down while he’d thrashed about and cried out in another language and his eyes had rolled back into his head, and every time it happened, Will thought that this was it, and Jem was really going to die this time. He sometimes then thought about what he would do afterward, but he couldn’t imagine it, any more than he

could look back and remember his life before he had come to the Institute. Neither bore thinking about for very long.

But then there were other times, like this, when he looked at Jem and saw no mark of illness on him, and wondered what it would be like in a world where Jem was not dying. And that did not bear thinking about either. It was a terrible black place in himself that the fear came from, a dark voice he could only silence with anger, risk, and pain.

“Will.” Jem’s voice cut into Will’s unpleasant reverie. “Have you heard a single word I’ve said in the past five minutes?”

“Not really.”

“We needn’t talk about Tessa if you don’t want to, you know.”

“It’s not Tessa.” This was true. Will hadn’t been thinking about Tessa. He was getting good at not thinking about her, really; all it took was determination and practice. “One of the vampires had a human servant who rushed me. I killed him,” said Will. “Without even thinking about it. He was just a stupid human boy, and I killed him.”

“He was a darkling,” said Jem. “He was Turning. It would have been a matter of time.”

“He was just a boy,” Will said again. He turned his face toward the window, though the brightness of the witchlight in the carriage meant that all he could see was his own face, reflected back at him. “I’m going to get drunk when we get home,” he added. “I think I’m going to have to.”

“No, you won’t,” said Jem. “You know exactly what will happen when we get home.”

Because he was right, Will scowled.



Ahead of Will and Jem, in the first carriage, Tessa sat on the velvet bench seat across from Henry and Charlotte; they were talking in murmurs about the night and how it had gone. Tessa let the words wash over her, barely caring. Only two Shadowhunters had been killed, but de Quincey’s escape was a disaster, and

Charlotte was worried that the Enclave would be angry with her. Henry made soothing noises, but Charlotte seemed inconsolable. Tessa would have felt bad for her, if she'd had the energy to feel much at all.

Nathaniel lay across Tessa, his head in her lap. She bent over him, stroking his filthy matted hair with her gloved fingers. "Nate," she said, so softly that she hoped Charlotte couldn't hear her. "It's all right now. Everything's all right."

Nathaniel's lashes fluttered and his eyes opened. His hand came up—the fingernails broken, his joints swollen and twisted—and he took tight hold of her hand, lacing his fingers through hers. "Don't go," he said thickly. His eyes fluttered shut again; he was clearly drifting in and out of consciousness, if he was really conscious at all. "Tessie—stay."

No one else ever called her that; she shut her eyes, willing the tears back. She did not want Charlotte—or any Shadowhunter—to see her cry.

12

BLOOD AND WATER

*I dare not always touch her, lest the kiss
Leave my lips charred. Yea, Lord, a little bliss,
Brief bitter bliss, one bath for a great sin;
Nathless thou knowest how sweet a thing it is.*
—Algernon Charles Swinburne, “Laus Veneris”

When they reached the Institute, Sophie and Agatha were waiting at the open doors with lanterns. Tessa stumbled with tiredness as she left the carriage, and was surprised—and grateful—when Sophie came to help her up the steps. Charlotte and Henry half-carried Nathaniel. Behind them the carriage with Will and Jem in it rattled through the gates, Thomas’s voice carrying on the cool night air as he called out a greeting.

Jessamine, not to Tessa’s surprise, was nowhere to be seen.

They installed Nathaniel in a bedroom much like Tessa’s—the same dark heavy wood furniture, the same grand bed and wardrobe. As Charlotte and Agatha settled Nathaniel into the bed, Tessa sank into the chair beside it, half-feverish with worry and exhaustion. Voices—soft sickroom voices—swirled around her. She heard Charlotte say something about the Silent Brothers, and Henry answered in a subdued voice. At some point Sophie appeared at her elbow and urged her to drink something hot and sweet-sour that brought energy slowly flooding back into her veins. Soon enough she was able to sit up and look around her a bit, and she realized to her surprise that except for herself and her brother, the room was empty. Everyone had gone.

She glanced down at Nathaniel. He lay corpse-still, his face lividly bruised, his matted hair tangled against the pillows. Tessa could not help but recall with a pang the beautifully dressed brother of her memories, his fair hair always so carefully brushed and arranged, shoes and cuffs spotless. This Nathaniel did not look like someone who had ever spun his sister around the living room in a dance, humming to himself under his breath for the sheer joy of being alive.

She leaned forward, meaning to look more closely at his face, and saw a flicker of movement out of the corner of her eye. Turning her head, she saw it was only herself, reflected in the mirror on the far wall. In Camille's dress, she looked to her own eyes like a child playing dress-up. She was too slight for the sophisticated style of it. She looked like a child—a silly child. No wonder Will had—

“Tessie?” Nathaniel's voice, weak and frail, broke her instantly out of her thoughts of Will. “Tessie, don't leave me. I think I'm ill.”

“Nate.” She reached for his hand, seized it between her gloved palms. “You're all right. You'll be all right. They've sent for doctors. . . .”

“Who are 'they'?” His voice was a thin cry. “Where are we? I don't know this place.”

“This is the Institute. You'll be safe here.”

Nathaniel blinked. There were dark rings, almost black, around each of his eyes, and his lips were crusted with what looked like dried blood. His eyes wandered from side to side, not fixing on anything. “Shadowhunters.” He sighed the word on an exhale of breath. “I didn't think they really existed. . . . The Magister,” Nathaniel whispered suddenly, and Tessa's nerves jumped. “He said they were the Law. He said they were to be feared. But there is no law in this world. There is no punishment—just killing or being killed.” His voice rose. “Tessie, I'm so sorry—about everything—”

“The Magister. Do you mean de Quincey?” Tessa demanded, but Nate made a choking sound then, and stared behind her with a look of terrible fear. Releasing his hand, Tessa turned to see what he was staring at.

Charlotte had come into the room almost noiselessly. She was still wearing her men’s clothes, though she had thrown an old-fashioned long cloak on over them, with a double clasp at the throat. She looked very small, in part because Brother Enoch stood beside her, casting a vast shadow across the floor. He wore the same parchment robes he had before, though now his staff was black, its head carved in the shape of dark wings. His hood was up, casting his face in shadow.

“Tessa,” Charlotte said. “You remember Brother Enoch. He is here to help Nathaniel.”

With an animal howl of terror, Nate caught at Tessa’s wrist. She looked down at him in bewilderment. “Nathaniel? What’s wrong?”

“De Quincey told me about them,” Nathaniel gasped. “The Gregori—the Silent Brothers. They can kill a man with a thought.” He shuddered. “Tessa.” His voice was a whisper. “Look at his *face*.”

Tessa looked. While she had been talking to her brother, Brother Enoch had soundlessly drawn back his hood. The smooth pits of his eyes reflected the witchlight, the glare unforgiving on the black, scarred stitching around his mouth.

Charlotte took a step forward. “If Brother Enoch might examine Mr. Gray—”

“No!” Tessa cried. Wrenching her arm from Nate’s grasp, she put herself between her brother and the other two occupants of the room. “Don’t touch him.”

Charlotte paused, looking troubled. “The Silent Brothers are our best healers. Without Brother Enoch, Nathaniel . . .” Her voice trailed off. “Well, there isn’t much we can do for him.”

Miss Gray.

It took her a moment to realize that the word, her name, hadn't been spoken out loud. Instead, like a snatch of a half-forgotten song, it had echoed inside her own head—but not in the voice of her own thoughts. This thought was alien, inimical—*other*. Brother Enoch's voice. It was the way he had spoken to her as he had left the room on her first day at the Institute.

It is interesting, Miss Gray, Brother Enoch went on, that you are a Downworlder, and yet your brother is not. How did such a thing come to pass?

Tessa went still. "You—you can tell that just by looking at him?"

"Tessie!" Nathaniel pushed himself upright against the pillows, his pale face flushed. "What are you doing, talking to the Gregori? He's dangerous!"

"It's all right, Nate," Tessa said, not taking her eyes off Brother Enoch. She knew she ought to be frightened, but what she really felt was a stab of disappointment. "You mean there's nothing unusual about Nate?" she asked, in a low voice. "Nothing supernatural?"

Nothing at all, said the Silent Brother.

Tessa hadn't realized how much she was half-hoping that her brother was like her until this moment. Disappointment sharpened her voice. "I don't suppose, since you know so much, that you know what I am? Am I a warlock?"

I cannot tell you. There is that about you that marks you as one of Lilith's Children. Yet there is no demon's sign on you.

"I did notice that," Charlotte said, and Tessa realized that she could hear Brother Enoch's voice as well. "I thought perhaps she wasn't a warlock. Some humans are born with some slight power, like the Sight. Or she could have faerie blood—"

She isn't human. She is something else. I will study on it. Perhaps there is something in the archives to guide me. Eyeless as he was, Brother Enoch seemed to be searching Tessa's face with his gaze. *There is a power I sense you have. A power no other warlock does.*

"The Changing, you mean," said Tessa.

No. I do not mean that.

“Then what?” Tessa was astonished. “What could I—?” She broke off at a noise from Nathaniel. Turning, she saw that he had fought free of his blankets and was lying half-off the bed, as if he’d attempted to get up; his face was sweaty and deathly white. Guilt stabbed at her. She’d been caught up in what Brother Enoch had been saying and had forgotten her brother.

She darted to the bed, and with Charlotte’s assistance she wrestled Nate back onto the pillows, pulling the blanket up around him. He seemed much worse than he had been moments before. As Tessa tucked the blanket around him, he caught at her wrist again, his eyes wild. “Does he know?” he demanded. “Does he know where I am?”

“Who do you mean? De Quincey?”

“Tessie.” He squeezed her wrist tightly, pulling her down to hiss a whisper into her ear. “You must forgive me. He told me you would be the queen of them all. He said they were going to kill me. I don’t want to die, Tessie. I don’t *want* to die.”

“Of course not,” she soothed, but he didn’t seem to hear her. His eyes, fixed on her face, went suddenly wide, and he screamed.

“Keep it away from me! Keep it away from me!” he howled. He pushed at her, thrashing his head back and forth on the pillows. “Dear God, don’t let it touch me!”

Frightened, Tessa snatched her hand back, turning to Charlotte—but Charlotte had moved away from the bed, and Brother Enoch stood in her place, his eyeless face immobile. *You must let me help your brother. Or he will likely die*, he said.

“What is he raving about?” Tessa demanded wretchedly. “What’s wrong with him?”

The vampires gave him a drug, to keep him calm while they fed. If he is not cured, the drug will drive him mad and then kill him. Already he has begun to hallucinate.

“It’s not my fault!” Nathaniel shrieked. “I had no choice! It’s not my fault!” He turned his face toward Tessa; she saw to her

horror that his eyes had gone entirely black, like an insect's eyes. She gasped, backing away.

"Help him. Please help him." She caught at Brother Enoch's sleeve, and immediately regretted it; the arm beneath the sleeve was as hard as marble, and freezing to the touch. She dropped her hand in horror, but the Silent Brother did not seem to even notice her presence. He had stepped past her, and now put his scarred fingers against Nathaniel's forehead. Nathaniel sank back against the pillows, his eyes closing.

You must leave. Brother Enoch spoke without turning from the bed. Your presence will only slow his healing.

"But Nate asked me to stay—"

Go. The voice in Tessa's mind was icy.

Tessa looked at her brother; he was still against the pillows, his face gone slack. She turned toward Charlotte, meaning to protest, but Charlotte met her glance with a small shake of the head. Her eyes were sympathetic, but unyielding. "As soon as your brother's condition changes, I will find you. I promise."

Tessa looked at Brother Enoch. He had opened the pouch at his waist and was setting objects down on the bedside table, slowly and methodically. Glass vials of powder and liquid, bunches of dried plants, sticks of some black substance like soft coal. "If anything happens to Nate," Tessa said, "I shall never forgive you. Never."

It was like speaking to a statue. Brother Enoch did not respond to her with so much as a twitch.

Tessa fled from the room.



After the dimness of Nate's sickroom, the brightness of the sconces in the corridor stung Tessa's eyes. She leaned against the wall by the door, willing her tears back. It was the second time that evening she had nearly cried, and she was annoyed with herself. Clenching her right hand into a fist, she slammed it

against the wall behind her, hard, sending a shock wave of pain up her arm. *That* cleared the tears, and her head.

“That looked like it hurt.”

Tessa turned. Jem had come up behind her in the corridor, as silent as a cat. He had changed out of his gear. He wore loose dark trousers tied at the waist, and a white shirt only a few shades lighter than his skin. His fine bright hair was damp, curling against his temples and the nape of his neck.

“It did.” Tessa cradled her hand against her chest. The glove she wore had softened the blow, but her knuckles still ached.

“Your brother,” Jem said. “Is he going to be all right?”

“I don’t know. He’s in there with one of those—those monk creatures.”

“Brother Enoch.” Jem regarded her with sympathetic eyes. “I know how the Silent Brothers look, but they’re really very good doctors. They set great store by healing and medicinal arts. They live a long time, and know a great deal.”

“It hardly seems worth living a long time if you’re going to look like *that*.”

The corner of Jem’s mouth twitched. “I suppose it depends on what you’re living for.” He looked at her more closely. There was something about the *way* Jem looked at her, she thought. Like he could see into and through her. But nothing inside her, nothing he saw or heard, could bother or upset or disappoint him.

“Brother Enoch,” she said suddenly. “Do you know what he said? He told me that Nate isn’t like me. He’s fully human. No special powers at all.”

“And that upsets you?”

“I don’t know. On the one hand I wouldn’t wish this—this *thing* I am—on him, or anyone. But if he isn’t like me, then it means he isn’t completely my brother. He’s my parents’ son. But whose daughter am I?”

“You can’t concern yourself with that. Certainly it would be wonderful if we all knew exactly who we were. But that knowledge doesn’t come from outside, but from inside. ‘*Know*

thyself,' as the oracle says." Jem grinned. "My apologies if that sounds like sophistry. I'm only telling you what I've learned from my own experience."

"But I *don't* know myself." Tessa shook her head. "I'm sorry. After the way you fought at de Quincey's, you must think I'm a terrible coward, crying because my brother *isn't* a monster and I don't have the courage to be a monster all by myself."

"You're not a monster," said Jem. "Or a coward. On the contrary, I was quite impressed by the way you shot at de Quincey. You would almost certainly have killed him if there'd been any more bullets in the gun."

"Yes, I think I would have. I *wanted* to kill them all."

"That's what Camille asked us to do, you know. *Kill them all*. Perhaps it was her emotions you were feeling?"

"But Camille has no reason to care about Nate, or what happens to him, and that was when I felt most murderous. When I saw Nate there, when I realized what they were planning to do—" She took a shuddering breath. "I don't know how much of that was me and how much was Camille. And I don't even know if it's right to have those sort of feelings—"

"You mean," asked Jem, "for a girl to have those feelings?"

"For anyone to have them, maybe—I don't know. Maybe I mean for a girl to have them."

Jem seemed to look through her then, as if he were seeing something beyond her, beyond the corridor, beyond the Institute itself. "Whatever you are physically," he said, "male or female, strong or weak, ill or healthy—all those things matter less than what your heart contains. If you have the soul of a warrior, you are a warrior. Whatever the color, the shape, the design of the shade that conceals it, the flame inside the lamp remains the same. *You* are that flame." He smiled then, seeming to have come back to himself, slightly embarrassed. "That's what I believe."

Before Tessa could reply, Nate's door opened, and Charlotte came out. She responded to Tessa's questioning look with an exhausted-looking nod. "Brother Enoch has helped your brother

a great deal," she said, "but there is much left to be done, and it will be morning before we know more. I suggest you go to sleep, Tessa. Exhausting yourself won't help Nathaniel."

With an effort of will Tessa forced herself simply to nod, and not to fling herself at Charlotte with a barrage of questions she knew she wouldn't get answers to.

"And Jem." Charlotte turned to him. "If I could talk to you for a few moments? Will you walk with me to the library?"

Jem nodded. "Of course." He smiled at Tessa, inclining his head. "Tomorrow, then," he said, and followed Charlotte down the corridor.

The moment they vanished around the corner, Tessa tried the door of Nate's room. It was locked. With a sigh she turned and headed the other way down the corridor. Perhaps Charlotte was right. Perhaps she ought to get some sleep.

Halfway down the corridor she heard a commotion. Sophie, a metal pail in each of her hands, suddenly appeared in the hallway, banging a door shut behind her. She looked livid. "His Highness is in a particularly fine temper this evening," she announced as Tessa approached. "He threw a pail at my head, he did."

"Who?" Tessa asked, and then realized. "Oh, you mean Will. Is he all right?"

"Well enough to throw pails," Sophie said crossly. "And to call me a nasty name. I don't know what it meant. I think it was in French, and that usually means someone's calling you a whore." She tightened her lips. "I'd best run and get Mrs. Branwell. Maybe *she* can get him to take the cure, if I can't."

"The cure?"

"He must drink this." Sophie thrust a pail toward Tessa; Tessa couldn't quite see what was in it, but it looked like ordinary water. "He *has* to. Or I wouldn't like to say as what'll happen."

A mad impulse took hold of Tessa. "I'll get him to do it. Where is he?"

"Upstairs, in the attic." Sophie's eyes were large. "But I wouldn't if I was you, miss. He's downright nasty when he's like

this.”

“I don’t care,” Tessa said, reaching for the pail. Sophie handed it to her with a look of relief and apprehension. It was surprisingly heavy, filled to the brim with water and slopping over. “Will Herondale needs to learn to take his medicine like a man,” Tessa added, and pushed open the door to the attic, Sophie looking after her with an expression that clearly said she thought Tessa had gone out of her head.

Beyond the door was a narrow flight of stairs going up. She held the pail in front of her as she went; it slopped water onto the bodice of her dress, raising goose bumps on her skin. By the time she had reached the top of the steps, she was damp and breathless.

There was no door at the head of the stairs; they ended abruptly at the attic, a huge room whose roof was so steeply gabled that it gave the impression of being low-ceilinged. Rafters just above Tessa’s head ran the length of the room, and there were very low square windows set at intervals in the walls, through which Tessa could see the gray dawn light. The floor was bare polished boards. There was no furniture at all, and no light beyond the pale illumination that came from the windows. A set of even narrower stairs led to a closed trapdoor in the ceiling.

In the center of the room lay Will, barefoot, flat on his back on the floor. A number of pails surrounded him—and the floor around him, Tessa saw as she approached, was soaked with water. Water ran in rivulets down the boards and pooled in the uneven hollows of the floor. Some of the water was tinged reddish, as if it had been mixed with blood.

Will had an arm thrown over his face, hiding his eyes. He was not lying still, but moving restlessly, as if he were in some pain. As Tessa neared, he said something in a low voice, something that sounded like a name. *Cecily*, Tessa thought. Yes, it sounded very much as if he had said the name *Cecily*.

“Will?” she said. “Who are you talking to?”

“Back, are you, Sophie?” Will replied without raising his head. “I told you if you brought me another one of those infernal pails, I’d—”

“It’s not Sophie,” Tessa said. “It’s me. Tessa.”

For a moment Will was silent—and motionless, save for the rise and fall of his chest as he breathed. He wore only a pair of dark trousers and a white shirt, and like the floor around him, he was soaking wet. The fabric of his clothes clung to him, and his black hair was pasted to his head like wet cloth. He must have been freezing cold.

“They sent *you*?” he said finally. He sounded incredulous, and something else, too.

“Yes,” answered Tessa, though this was not strictly true.

Will opened his eyes and turned his head toward her. Even in the dimness she could see the intensity of his eye color. “Very well, then. Leave the water and go.”

Tessa glanced down at the pail. For some reason her hands did not seem to want to let go of the metal handle. “What is it, then? I mean to say—what am I bringing you, exactly?”

“They didn’t tell you?” He blinked at her in surprise. “It’s holy water. To burn out what’s in me.”

It was Tessa’s turn to blink. “You mean—”

“I keep forgetting everything you don’t know,” Will said. “Do you recall earlier this evening when I bit de Quincey? Well, I swallowed some of his blood. Not much, but it doesn’t take much to do it.”

“To do what?”

“To turn you into a vampire.”

At that, Tessa nearly did drop the pail. “You’re turning into a *vampire*?”

Will grinned at that, propping himself up on one elbow. “Don’t alarm yourself unduly. It requires days for the transformation to occur, and even then, I would have to die before it took hold. What the blood *would* do is make me irresistibly drawn to

vampires—drawn to them in the hopes that they'd make me one of them. Like their human subjugates.”

“And the holy water . . .”

“Counteracts the effects of the blood. I must keep drinking it. It makes me sick, of course—makes me cough up the blood and everything else in me.”

“Good Lord.” Tessa thrust the pail toward him with a grimace. “I suppose I had better give it to you, then.”

“I suppose you had.” Will sat up, and put his hands out to take the pail from her. He scowled down at the contents, then held it up and tipped it toward his mouth. After swallowing a few mouthfuls, he grimaced and dumped the rest unceremoniously over his head. Finished, he tossed the bucket aside.

“Does that help?” Tessa asked with honest curiosity. “Pouring it over your head like that?”

Will made a strangled noise that was only somewhat of a laugh. “The questions you ask . . .” He shook his head, flinging droplets of water from his hair onto Tessa's clothes. Water soaked the collar and front of his white shirt, turning it transparent. The way it clung to him, showing the lines of him underneath—the ridges of hard muscle, the sharp line of collarbone, the Marks burning through like black fire—it made Tessa think of the way one might lay thin paper down over a brass engraving, brushing charcoal over it to bring the shape through. She swallowed, hard. “The blood makes me feverish, makes my skin burn,” Will said. “I can't get cool. But, yes, the water helps.”

Tessa just stared at him. When he had come into her room at the Dark House, she had thought he was the most beautiful boy she'd ever seen, but just now, looking at him—she had never looked at a boy like that, not in this way that brought blood hot to her face, and tightened her chest. More than anything else she wanted to touch him, to touch his wet hair, to see if his arms, corded with muscle, were as hard as they looked, or if his callused palms were rough. To put her cheek against his, and feel his eyelashes brush her skin. Such long lashes . . .

“Will,” she said, and her voice sounded thin to her own ears. “Will, I want to ask you . . .”

He looked up at her. The water made his lashes cling to one another, so that they formed starlike sharp points. “What?”

“You act like you don’t care about anything,” she said on an exhale of breath. She felt as if she had been running, and had crested a hill and was racing down the other side, and there was no stopping now. Gravity was taking her where she had to go. “But—everyone cares about *something*. Don’t they?”

“Do they?” Will said softly. When she didn’t answer, he leaned back on his hands. “Tess,” he said. “Come over here and sit by me.”

She did. It was cold and damp on the floor, but she sat, gathering her skirts up around her so only the tips of her boots showed. She looked at Will; they were very close together, facing each other. His profile in the gray light was cold and clean; only his mouth had any softness.

“You never laugh,” she said. “You behave as if everything is funny to you, but you never laugh. Sometimes you smile when you think no one is paying attention.”

For a moment he was silent. Then, “You,” he said, half-reluctantly. “You make me laugh. From the moment you hit me with that bottle.”

“It was a jug,” she said automatically.

His lips quirked up at the corners. “Not to mention the way that you always correct me. With that funny look on your face when you do it. And the way you shouted at Gabriel Lightwood. And even the way you talked back to de Quincey. You make me . . .” He broke off, looking at her, and she wondered if she looked the way she felt—stunned and breathless. “Let me see your hands,” he said suddenly. “Tessa?”

She gave them to him, palms up, hardly looking at them herself. She could not look away from his face.

“There’s still blood,” he told her. “On your gloves.” And, looking down, she saw it was true. She had not taken off

Camille's white leather gloves, and they were streaked with blood and dirt, shredded near the fingertips where she had pried at Nate's manacles.

"Oh," she said, and began to draw her hands back, meaning to take the gloves off, but Will let go of only her left hand. He continued to hold the right one, lightly, by the wrist. There was a heavy silver ring on his right index finger, she saw, carved with a delicate design of birds in flight. His head was bent, his damp black hair falling forward; she couldn't see his face. He brushed his fingers lightly over the surface of the glove. There were four pearl buttons fastening it closed at the wrist, and as he ran his fingertips over them, they sprang open and the pad of his thumb brushed against the bare skin of her inner wrist, where the blue veins pulsed.

She nearly jumped out of her skin. "*Will.*"

"Tessa," he said. "What do you want from me?"

He was still stroking the inside of her wrist, his touch doing odd delicious things to her skin and nerves. Her voice shook when she spoke. "I—I want to understand you."

He looked up at her, through his lashes. "Is that really necessary?"

"I don't know," Tessa said. "I'm not sure anyone *does* understand you, except possibly Jem."

"Jem doesn't understand me," Will said. "He cares for me—like a brother might. It's not the same thing."

"Don't you *want* him to understand you?"

"Dear God, no," he said. "Why should he need to know my reasons for living my life as I do?"

"Maybe," Tessa said, "he simply wants to know that there *is* a reason."

"Does it matter?" Will asked softly, and with a swift motion he slipped her glove entirely off her hand. The chilly air of the room struck the bare skin of her fingers with a shock, and a shiver passed over Tessa's entire body, as if she had found herself

suddenly naked in the cold. “Do reasons matter when there’s nothing that can be done to change things?”

Tessa reached for an answer, and found none. She was shivering, almost too hard to speak.

“Are you cold?” Lacing his fingers with hers, Will took her hand and pressed it to his cheek. She was startled by the feverish heat of his skin. “Tess,” he said, his voice thick and soft with desire, and she leaned toward him, swaying like a tree whose branches were weighted by snow. Her whole body ached; *she* ached, as if there were a terrible hollow emptiness inside her. She was more conscious of Will than she had ever been of anything or anyone else in her life, of the faint shine of blue beneath his half-closed lids, of the shadow of light stubble across his jaw where he hadn’t shaved, of faint white scars that dotted the skin of his shoulders and throat—and more than anything else of his mouth, the crescent shape of it, the slight dent in the center of his bottom lip. When he leaned toward her and brushed his lips across hers, she reached for him as if she would otherwise drown.

For a moment their mouths pressed hotly together, Will’s free hand tangling in her hair. Tessa gasped when his arms went around her, her skirts snagging on the floor as he pulled her hard against him. She put her hands lightly around his neck; his skin was burning hot to the touch. Through the thin wet material of his shirt, she could feel the muscles of his shoulders, hard and smooth. His fingers found her jeweled hair clasp and pulled at it, and her hair spilled down around her shoulders, the comb rattling to the floor, and Tessa gave a little cry of surprise against his mouth. And then, without warning, he ripped his hands from her and pushed hard against her shoulders, shoving her away from him with such force that she nearly fell backward, and only stopped herself awkwardly, her hands braced on the floor behind her.

She sat with her hair hanging down around her like a tangled curtain, staring at him in amazement. Will was on his knees, his chest hitching up and down as if he had been running incredibly

fast and far. He was pale, except for two fever splotches of red across his cheeks. “God in Heaven,” he whispered. “What was that?”

Tessa felt her cheeks turn scarlet. Wasn't Will the one who was supposed to know exactly what *that* was, and wasn't she the one who was supposed to have pushed him away?

“I *can't*.” His hands were fists at his sides; she could see them trembling. “Tessa, I think you had better go.”

“Go?” Her mind whirled; she felt as if she had been in a warm, safe place and without warning had been cast out into a freezing, empty darkness. “I . . . I should not have been so forward. I'm sorry—”

A look of intense pain flashed across his face. “God. Tessa.” The words seemed dragged out of him. “Please. Just leave. I can't have you here. It's—not possible.”

“Will, please—”

“No.” He jerked his gaze away from hers, averting his face, his eyes fixed on the floor. “I'll tell you anything you want to know tomorrow. Anything. Just leave me alone now.” His voice broke unevenly. “Tessa. I'm begging you. Do you understand? I'm *begging you*. Please, *please* leave.”

“Very well,” Tessa said, and saw with a mixture of amazement and pain that the lines of tension went out of his shoulders. Was it that much of a horror having her there, and that much of a relief that she was leaving? She rose to her feet, her dress damp and cold and heavy, her feet nearly slipping on the wet floor. Will didn't move or look up, but stayed where he was on his knees, staring at the ground as Tessa made her way across the room and down the stairs, without looking back.



Some time later, her room half-lit with the wan glow of the London sunrise, Tessa lay on the bed, too exhausted to change out of Camille's clothes—too exhausted, even, to sleep. It had been a day of firsts. The first time she had used her power at her

own wish and discretion, and had felt good about it. The first time she had fired a pistol. And—the only first she had ever dreamed of, for years—her first kiss.

Tessa rolled over, burying her face in the pillow. For so many years she had wondered what her first kiss would be like—if he would be handsome, if he would love her, if he would be kind. She had never imagined that the kiss would be so brief and desperate and wild. Or that it would taste of holy water. Holy water and blood.

13

SOMETHING DARK

*Sometimes we are less unhappy in being deceived
by those we love, than in being undeceived by them.*
—François La Rochefoucauld, *Maxims*

Tessa woke the next day to Sophie lighting the lamp by her bedside. With a moan Tessa made a move to cover her aching eyes.

“Now, then, miss.” Sophie addressed Tessa with her usual briskness. “You’ve gone and slept the day away. It’s past eight o’clock in the evening, and Charlotte said to wake you.”

“Past eight? At *night*?” Tessa threw back her blankets, only to realize, to her surprise, that she was still wearing Camille’s gown, now crushed and crumpled, not to mention stained. She must have collapsed into bed still entirely dressed. Memories of the night before began to flood into her mind—the white faces of vampires, the fire eating its way up the curtains, Magnus Bane laughing, de Quincey, Nathaniel, and Will. *Oh, God*, she thought. *Will*.

She pushed the thought of him from her mind and sat up, looking anxiously at Sophie. “My brother,” she said. “Is he . . .”

Sophie’s smile wavered. “No worse, really, but no better, either.” Seeing Tessa’s stricken expression, she said, “A hot bath and food, miss, that’s what you need. It won’t make your brother any better for you to starve and let yourself get filthy.”

Tessa looked down at herself. Camille’s dress was ruined, that was evident—torn and stained with blood and ash in a dozen

places. Her silk stockings were ripped, her feet filthy, her hands and arms streaked with grime. She hesitated to think about the state of her hair. "I suppose you're right."

The bathtub was an oval claw-footed affair hidden behind a Japanese screen in a corner of the room. Sophie had filled it with hot water that was already beginning to cool. Tessa slid behind the screen, undressed, and lowered herself into the bath. The hot water came up to her shoulders, warming her. For a moment she sat motionless, letting the heat soak into her chilled bones. Slowly she began to relax, and closed her eyes—

Memories of Will flooded in on her. Will, the attic, the way he had touched her hand. The way he had kissed her, then ordered her away.

She ducked under the surface of the water as if she could hide from the humiliating memory. It didn't work. *Drowning yourself won't help*, she told herself sternly. *Now, drowning Will, on the other hand . . .* She sat up, reached for the cake of lavender soap on the edge of the bath, and scrubbed her skin and hair with it until the water turned black with ash and dirt. Perhaps it wasn't actually possible to scrub away your thoughts of someone, but she could try.

Sophie was waiting for Tessa when she emerged from behind the screen. There was a tray of sandwiches and tea at the ready. In front of the mirror, she helped Tessa dress in her yellow gown trimmed with dark braid; it was fussier than Tessa would have preferred, but Jessamine had liked the design very much in the shop and had insisted that Tessa have it made for her. *I can't wear yellow, but it's ever so suitable for girls with dull brown hair like yours*, she'd said.

The feeling of the brush going through her hair was very pleasant; it reminded Tessa of when she had been a small girl and Aunt Harriet had brushed her hair for her. It was soothing enough that when Sophie spoke next, it jolted her slightly.

"Did you manage to get Mr. Herondale to take his medicine last night, miss?"

“Oh, I—” Tessa scrambled to collect herself, but it was too late; scarlet color had flooded up her neck into her face. “He didn’t want to,” she finished lamely. “But I convinced him in the end.”

“I see.” Sophie’s expression didn’t change, but the rhythmic strokes of the brush through Tessa’s hair began to come faster. “I know it’s not my place, but—”

“Sophie, you can say anything you want to me, truly.”

“It’s just—Master Will.” Sophie’s words came out in a rush. “He isn’t someone you should care for, Miss Tessa. Not like that. He isn’t to be trusted, or relied on. He—he isn’t what you think he is.”

Tessa clasped her hands in her lap. She felt a vague sense of unreality. Had things really gone so far that she needed to be warned off Will? And yet it was good to have someone to talk to about him. She felt a bit like a starving person being offered food. “I don’t know what I think he is, Sophie. He’s like one thing sometimes, and then he can change completely, like the wind changing, and I don’t know why, or what’s happened—”

“Nothing. Nothing’s happened. He just doesn’t care about anyone but himself.”

“He cares about Jem,” Tessa said quietly.

The brush went still; Sophie had paused, frozen. There was something she wanted to say, Tessa thought, something she was holding herself back from saying. But what was it?

The brush began to move again. “That’s not enough, though.”

“You mean that I shouldn’t wring my heart out over some boy who will never care for me—”

“No!” Sophie said. “There are worse things than that. It’s all right to love someone who doesn’t love you back, as long as they’re worth you loving them. As long as they *deserve* it.”

The passion in Sophie’s voice surprised Tessa. She twisted around to look at the other girl. “Sophie, is there someone you care for? Is it Thomas?”

Sophie looked astonished. “*Thomas?* No. What ever gave you that idea?”

“Well, because I think he cares for you,” Tessa said. “I’ve seen him looking at you. He watches you when you’re in the room. I suppose I thought . . .”

Her voice trailed off at Sophie’s flabbergasted look.

“Thomas?” Sophie said again. “No, that couldn’t be. I’m sure he hasn’t any such thoughts about me.”

Tessa didn’t move to contradict her; clearly, whatever feelings Thomas might have had, Sophie didn’t return them. Which left . . .

“Will?” Tessa said. “Do you mean you cared for Will once?” *Which would explain the bitterness and the dislike*, she thought, considering how Will treated girls who fancied him.

“Will?” Sophie sounded absolutely horrified—horrified enough to forget to call Will Mr. Herondale. “Are you asking me if I was ever in love with *him*?”

“Well, I thought—I mean, he’s awfully handsome.” Tessa realized she sounded rather feeble.

“There’s more to someone being lovable than the way they *look*. My last employer,” Sophie said, her careful accent slipping with her excitement as she spoke, so that “last” sounded more like “larst,” “he was always off on safari in Africa and India, shooting tigers and things. And he told me that the way you can tell if a bug or a snake is poisonous, like, is if it’s got really lovely, bright markings. The more beautiful its skin is, the more deadly it is. That’s what Will’s like. All that pretty face and whatnot just hides how twisted up and rotten he is on the inside.”

“Sophie, I don’t know—”

“There’s something dark in him,” Sophie said. “Something black and dark that he’s hiding. He’s got some sort of secret, the kind that eats you up inside.” She set the silver-haired brush down on the vanity, and Tessa saw with surprise that her hand was shaking. “You mark my words.”



After Sophie left, Tessa took the clockwork angel from her bedside table and strung it around her neck. As it settled against her chest, she felt immediately reassured. She had missed it while she'd been disguised as Camille. Its presence was a comfort, and—though it was foolish, she knew—she thought perhaps that if she visited Nate while wearing it, he might feel its presence and be reassured as well.

She kept her hand on it as she shut the bedroom door behind her, made her way down the corridor, and knocked on his door softly. When there was no answer, she took hold of the knob and pushed the door open. The curtains in the room were drawn back, the room half-filled with light, and she could see Nate asleep on his back against a mound of pillows. He had one arm flung across his forehead, and his cheeks were bright with fever.

He wasn't alone, either. In the armchair by the head of the bed sat Jessamine, a book open on her lap. She met Tessa's surprised look with a cool and level stare.

"I—," Tessa began, and collected herself. "What are you doing here?"

"I thought I would read to your brother for a while," Jessamine said. "Everyone's been asleep half the day, and he was being cruelly neglected. Just Sophie checking in on him, and you can't count on *her* for decent conversation."

"Nate's unconscious, Jessamine; he doesn't *want* conversation."

"You can't be sure," Jessamine said. "I've heard that people can hear what you say to them even if they're quite unconscious, or even dead."

"He's not *dead*, either."

"Certainly not." Jessamine gave him a lingering look. "He's far too handsome to die. Is he married, Tessa? Or is there a girl back in New York who has a claim on him?"

"On *Nate*?" Tessa stared. There had always been girls, all sorts of girls, who'd been interested in Nate, but he had the attention span of a butterfly. "Jessamine, he isn't even conscious. Now is hardly the time—"

“He’ll get better,” Jessamine announced. “And when he does, he’ll know I’m the one who nursed him back to health. Men always fall in love with the woman who nurses them back to health. ‘When pain and anguish wring the brow, / A ministering angel thou!’” she finished, with a self-satisfied smirk. Seeing Tessa’s horrified look, she scowled. “What’s wrong? Am I not good enough for your precious brother?”

“He doesn’t have any money, Jessie—”

“I have enough money for both of us. I just need someone to take me away from this place. I told you that.”

“In fact, you asked me if I’d be the one to do it.”

“Is *that* what’s putting you out of countenance?” Jessamine asked. “Really, Tessa, we can still be the best of friends once we’re sisters-in-law, but a man is always better than a woman for this sort of thing, don’t you think?”

Tessa could think of nothing to say in reply.

Jessamine shrugged. “Charlotte wishes to see you, by the way. In the drawing room. She wanted me to tell you. You don’t need to worry about Nathaniel. I’ve been checking his temperature every quarter hour and putting cold compresses on his forehead besides.”

Tessa wasn’t sure she believed any of this, but as Jessamine was patently uninterested in giving up her place by Nathaniel’s side, and it hardly seemed worth a battle, she turned with a disgusted sigh and left the room.

The door to the drawing room, when she reached it, was slightly ajar; she could hear raised voices from the other side. She hesitated, her hand half-lifted to knock—then she heard the sound of her own name and she froze.

“This isn’t the London Hospital. Tessa’s brother shouldn’t be here!” It was Will’s voice, raised to a shout. “He’s not a Downworlder, just a stupid, venal mundane who found himself mixed up in something he couldn’t manage—”

Charlotte replied, “He can’t be treated by mundane doctors. Not for what’s wrong with him. Be reasonable, Will.”

“He already knows about Downworld.” The voice was Jem’s: calm, logical. “In fact, he may know quite a bit of important information that *we* don’t know. Mortmain claimed Nathaniel was working for de Quincey; he might have information about de Quincey’s plans, the automatons, the whole Magister business—all of it. De Quincey wanted him dead, after all. Perhaps it was because he knew something he shouldn’t.”

There was a long silence. Then, “We can call in the Silent Brothers again, then,” said Will. “They can claw through his mind, see what they find. We needn’t wait for him to wake up.”

“You know that sort of process is delicate with mundanes,” protested Charlotte. “Brother Enoch has already said that the fever has driven Mr. Gray into hallucinations. It’s impossible for him to sort through what in the boy’s mind is the truth and what is feverish delirium. Not without damaging his mind, possibly permanently.”

“I doubt it was that much of a mind to begin with.” Tessa heard Will’s tone of disgust even through the door and felt her stomach tighten with rage.

“You know nothing about the man.” Jem spoke more coldly than Tessa had ever heard him speak before. “I can’t imagine what’s driving this mood of yours, Will, but it does you no credit.”

“I know what it is,” Charlotte said.

“You do?” Will sounded appalled.

“You’re as upset as I am about how last night went. We had only two fatalities, true, but de Quincey’s escape doesn’t reflect well on us. It was my plan. I pushed it on the Enclave, and now they will blame me for anything that went wrong. Not to mention that Camille has had to go into hiding since we’ve no idea where de Quincey is, and by now he probably has a blood price on her head. And Magnus Bane, of course, is furious with us that Camille has vanished. So our best informant and our best warlock are lost to us at the moment.”

“But we did stop de Quincey from murdering Tessa’s brother and who knows how many more mundanes,” Jem said. “That

should count for something. Benedict Lightwood didn't want to believe in de Quincey's betrayal at first; now he has no choice. He knows you were right."

"That," said Charlotte, "is likely only going to make him angrier."

"Perhaps," said Will. "And perhaps if you hadn't insisted on tying the success of *my* plan to the functionality of one of Henry's ridiculous inventions, we wouldn't be having this conversation now. You can dance around it all you like, but the reason everything went wrong last night is because the Phosphor didn't work. Nothing Henry invents ever works. If you'd just admit your husband's a useless fool, we'd all be a lot better off."

"*Will.*" Jem's voice held cold fury.

"No. James, don't." Charlotte's voice shook; there was a sort of thump, as if she'd sat herself down very suddenly in a chair. "Will," she said, "Henry is a good, kind man and he loves you."

"Don't be maudlin, Charlotte." Will's voice held only scorn.

"He's known you since you were a boy. He cares for you like you were his own younger brother. As do I. All I've ever done is love you, Will—"

"Yes," said Will, "and I wish you wouldn't."

Charlotte made a pained noise, like a kicked puppy. "I know you don't mean that."

"I mean everything I say," said Will. "Especially when I tell you that we're better off sifting through Nathaniel Gray's mind now rather than later. If you're too sentimental to do it—"

Charlotte began to interrupt, but it didn't matter. This was too much for Tessa. She hurled the door open and stalked inside. The inside of the room was lit by a roaring fire, in contrast to the squares of dark gray glass that let in what there was of the cloudy twilight. Charlotte sat behind the large desk, Jem in a chair beside her. Will, on the other hand, was leaning against the fireplace mantel; he was flushed with obvious anger, his eyes blazing, his shirt collar askew. His eyes met Tessa's for a moment of pure astonishment. Any hope she had entertained that he

might have magically forgotten what had happened in the attic the night before vanished. He flushed at the sight of her, his fathomless blue eyes darkening—and looked away, as if he couldn't stand to hold her gaze.

“I suppose you've been eavesdropping, then?” he asked. “And now you're here to give me a piece of your mind about your precious brother?”

“At least I have a mind to give you a piece of, which Nathaniel won't, if you have your way.” Tessa turned to Charlotte. “I won't let Brother Enoch go pawing through Nate's mind. He's sick enough already; it would probably kill him.”

Charlotte shook her head. She looked exhausted, her face gray, her eyelids drooping. Tessa wondered if she'd slept at all. “Most assuredly, we will allow him to heal before we think about questioning him.”

“What if he's ill for weeks? Or months?” Will said. “We might not have that much time.”

“Why not? What's so urgent you want to risk my brother's life on it?” Tessa snapped.

Will's eyes were slivers of blue glass. “All you've ever cared about is finding your brother. And now you've found him. Good for you. But that was never *our* goal. You do realize that, don't you? We don't usually go quite this far out of our way for the sake of one delinquent mundane.”

“What Will is trying to say,” Jem interjected, “though failing at civility, is—” He broke off, and sighed. “De Quincey said that your brother was someone he had trusted. And now de Quincey is gone, and we have no idea where he's hiding. The notes we found in his office hint that de Quincey believed there would soon be a war between Downworlders and Shadowhunters, a war those clockwork creatures he was working on doubtless figured into prominently. You can see why we want to know where he is, and what else your brother might know.”

“Maybe *you* want to know those things,” Tessa said, “but it's not my fight. I'm not a Shadowhunter.”

“Indeed,” said Will. “Don’t think we don’t know that.”

“Be quiet, Will.” Charlotte’s tone held more than its usual asperity. She turned from him to Tessa, her brown eyes beseeching. “We trust you, Tessa. You need to trust us, too.”

“No,” Tessa said. “No, I don’t.” She could feel Will’s gaze on her and was suddenly filled with a startling rage. How *dare* he be cold to her, angry at her? What had she done to deserve it? She’d let him kiss her. That was all. Somehow, it was as if that alone had erased everything else she had done that evening—as if now that she’d kissed Will, it no longer mattered that she had also been brave. “You wanted to use me—just like the Dark Sisters did—and the moment you had a chance to, the moment Lady Belcourt came along and you needed what I could do, you wanted me to do it. Never mind how dangerous it was! You behave as if I have some responsibility to your world, your laws and your Accords, but it’s your world, and you’re the ones meant to govern it. It’s not my fault if you’re doing a rotten job!”

Tessa saw Charlotte whiten and sit back. She felt a sharp twinge in her chest. It wasn’t Charlotte she had meant to hurt. Still, she went on. She couldn’t help herself, the words coming out in a flood, “All your talk about Downworlders and how you don’t hate them. That’s all nothing, isn’t it? Just words. You don’t mean them. And as for mundanes, have you ever thought maybe you’d be better at protecting them if you didn’t despise them all so much?” She looked at Will. He was pale, his eyes blazing. He looked—she wasn’t sure she could describe his expression. Horrified, she thought, but not at her; the horror ran deeper than that.

“Tessa,” Charlotte protested, but Tessa was already fumbling for the door. She turned at the last moment, on the threshold, to see them all staring at her.

“Stay away from my brother,” she snapped. “And *don’t* follow me.”



Anger, Tessa thought, was satisfying in its own way, when you gave in to it. There was something peculiarly gratifying about shouting in a blind rage until your words ran out.

Of course, the aftermath was less pleasant. Once you'd told everyone you hated them and not to come after you, where exactly did you go? If she went back to her own room, it was as much as saying she was just having a tantrum that would wear off. She couldn't go to Nate and bring her black mood into his sickroom, and lurking anywhere else meant risking being found sulking by Sophie or Agatha.

In the end she took the narrow, winding stairs that led down through the Institute. She made her way through the witch-lit nave and came out onto the broad front steps of the church, where she sank down on the top stair and wrapped her arms around herself, shivering in the unexpectedly cold breeze. It must have rained sometime during the day, for the steps were damp, and the black stone of the courtyard shone like a mirror. The moon was out, darting in between racing scuds of cloud, and the huge iron gate gleamed blackly in the fitful light. *We are dust and shadows.*

"I know what you're thinking." The voice that came from the doorway behind Tessa was soft enough that it could almost have been part of the wind that rattled the leaves on the tree branches.

Tessa turned. Jem stood in the arch of the doorway, the white witchlight behind him lighting his hair so that it shone like metal. His face, though, was hidden in shadow. He held his cane in his right hand; the dragon's eyes gleamed watchfully at Tessa.

"I don't think you do."

"You're thinking, *If they call this damp nastiness summer, what must winter be like?* You'd be surprised. Winter's actually much the same." He moved away from the door and sat down on the step beside Tessa, though not too close. "It's spring that's really lovely."

"Is it?" Tessa said, without much real interest.

“No. It’s actually quite foggy and wet as well.” He looked sideways at her. “I know you said not to follow you. But I was rather hoping you just meant Will.”

“I did.” Tessa twisted round to look up at him. “I shouldn’t have shouted like that.”

“No, you were quite right to say what you did,” said Jem. “We Shadowhunters have been what we are for so long, and are so insular, that we often forget to look at any situation from someone else’s point of view. It is only ever about whether something is good for the Nephilim or bad for the Nephilim. Sometimes I think we forget to ask whether it is good or bad for the world.”

“I never meant to hurt Charlotte.”

“Charlotte is very sensitive about the way the Institute is run. As a woman, she must fight to be heard, and even then her decisions are second-guessed. You heard Benedict Lightwood at the Enclave meeting. She feels she has no freedom to make a mistake.”

“Do any of us? Do any of *you*? Everything is life and death to you.” Tessa took a long breath of the foggy air. It tasted of city, metal and ashes and horses and river water. “I just—I feel sometimes as if I can’t bear it. Any of it. I wish I’d never learned what I was. I wish Nate had stayed home and none of this had ever happened!”

“Sometimes,” Jem said, “our lives can change so fast that the change outpaces our minds and hearts. It’s those times, I think, when our lives have altered but we still long for the time before everything was altered—that is when we feel the greatest pain. I can tell you, though, from experience, you grow accustomed to it. You learn to live your new life, and you can’t imagine, or even really remember, how things were before.”

“You’re saying I’ll get used to being a warlock, or whatever it is that I am.”

“You’ve always been what you are. That’s not new. What you’ll get used to is knowing it.”

Tessa took a deep breath, and let it out slowly. "I didn't mean what I said upstairs," she said. "I don't think the Nephilim are as dreadful as all that."

"I know you didn't mean it. If you had, you wouldn't be here. You'd be at your brother's side, guarding him against our dire intentions."

"Will didn't really mean what he said, either, did he," Tessa said after a moment. "He wouldn't hurt Nate."

"Ah." Jem looked out toward the gate, his gray eyes thoughtful. "You're correct. But I'm surprised you know it. *I* know it. But I have had years to understand Will. To know when he means what he says and when he doesn't."

"So you don't ever get angry at him?"

Jem laughed out loud. "I would hardly say *that*. Sometimes I want to strangle him."

"How on earth do you prevent yourself?"

"I go to my favorite place in London," said Jem, "and I stand and look at the water, and I think about the continuity of life, and how the river rolls on, oblivious of the petty upsets in our lives."

Tessa was fascinated. "Does that work?"

"Not really, but after that I think about how I could kill him while he slept if I really wanted to, and then I feel better."

Tessa giggled. "So where is it, then? This favorite place of yours?"

For a moment Jem looked pensive. Then he bounded to his feet, and held out the hand that did not clasp the cane. "Come along, and I'll show you."

"Is it far?"

"Not at all." He smiled. He had a lovely smile, Tessa thought—and a contagious one. She couldn't help smiling back, for what felt like the first time in ages.

Tessa let herself be pulled to her feet. Jem's hand was warm and strong, surprisingly reassuring. She glanced back at the

Institute once, hesitated, and let him draw her through the iron gate and out into the shadows of the city.

BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE

*Twenty bridges from Tower to Kew
Wanted to know what the River knew,
For they were young and the Thames was old,
And this is the tale that the River told.*
—Rudyard Kipling, “The River’s Tale”

Stepping through the Institute’s iron gate, Tessa felt a bit like Sleeping Beauty leaving her castle behind its wall of thorns. The Institute was in the center of a square, and streets left the square in each cardinal direction, plunging into narrow labyrinths between houses. Still with his hand courteously on her elbow, Jem led Tessa down a narrow passage. The sky overhead was like steel. The ground was still damp from the rain earlier in the day, and the sides of the buildings that seemed to press in on either side were streaked with damp and stained with black residues of dust.

Jem talked as they went, not saying much of import but keeping up a soothing chatter, telling her what he had thought of London when he had first come here, how everything had seemed to him a uniform shade of gray—even the people! He had been unable to believe it could rain so much in one place, and so unceasingly. The damp had seemed to come up from the floors and into his bones, so that he’d thought he would eventually sprout mold, in the manner of a tree. “You *do* get used to it,” he said as they came out from the narrow passage and into the

broadness of Fleet Street. “Even if sometimes you feel as if you ought to be able to be wrung out like a washrag.”

Remembering the chaos of the street during the day, Tessa was comforted to see how much quieter it was in the evening, the thronging crowds reduced to the occasional figure striding along the pavement, head down, keeping to the shadows. There were still carriages and even single riders in the road, though none seemed to notice Tessa and Jem. A glamour at work? Tessa wondered, but didn't ask. She was enjoying just listening to Jem talk. This was the oldest part of the city, he told her, where London had been born. The shops that lined the street were closed, their blinds drawn, but advertisements still blared from every surface, advertisements for everything from Pears soap to hair tonic to announcements urging people to attend a lecture on spiritualism. As Tessa walked, she caught glimpses of the spires of the Institute between the buildings, and couldn't help but wonder if anyone else could see them. She remembered the parrot woman with the green skin and feathers. Was the Institute really hidden in plain sight? Curiosity getting the better of her, she asked Jem as much.

“Let me show you something,” he said. “Stop here.” He took Tessa by the elbow and turned her so that she was facing across the street. He pointed. “What do you see there?”

She squinted across the street; they were near the intersection of Fleet Street and Chancery Lane. There seemed nothing remarkable about where they stood. “The front of a bank. What else is there to see?”

“Now let your mind wander a bit,” he said, still in the same soft voice. “Look at something else, the way you might avoid looking directly at a cat so as not to frighten it. Glance at the bank again, out of the corner of your eye. Now look at it, directly, and very fast!”

Tessa did as directed—and stared. The bank was gone; in its place was a half-timbered tavern, with great diamond-paned windows. The light within the windows was tinted with a reddish

glow, and through the open front door more red light poured out onto the pavement. Through the glass dark shadows moved—not the familiar shadows of men and women, but shapes too tall and thin, too oddly elongated or many-limbed to be human. Bursts of laughter interrupted a high, sweet, thin music, haunting and seductive. A sign hanging over the door showed a man reaching to tweak the nose of a horned demon. Lettered below the image were the words THE DEVIL TAVERN.

This is where Will was the other night. Tessa looked toward Jem. He was staring at the tavern, his hand light on her arm, his breathing slow and soft. She could see the red light of the pub reflected in his silvery eyes like sunset on water. “Is *this* your favorite place?” she asked.

The intensity went out of his gaze; he looked at her, and laughed. “Lord, no,” he said. “Just something I wanted you to see.”

Someone came out the tavern door then, a man in a long black overcoat, an elegant watered silk hat placed firmly on his head. As he glanced up the street, Tessa saw that his skin was an inky dark blue, his hair and beard as white as ice. He moved east toward the Strand as Tessa watched, wondering if he would garner curious stares, but his passage was no more noted by passersby than that of a ghost would be. In fact, the mundanes who passed in front of the Devil Tavern seemed barely to notice it at all, even when several spindly, chittering figures exited and nearly knocked over a tired-looking man wheeling an empty cart. He paused to look around for a moment, puzzled, then shrugged and went on.

“There was a very ordinary tavern there once,” said Jem. “As it grew more and more infested with Downworlders, the Nephilim became concerned about the intertwining of the Shadow World with the mundane world. They barred mundanes from the place by the simple expedient of using a glamour to convince them that the tavern had been knocked down and a bank erected in its place. The Devil is a nearly exclusively Downworlder haunt now.”

Jem glanced up at the moon, a frown crossing his face. “It’s growing late. We’d better move on.”

After a single glance back at the Devil, Tessa moved after Jem, who continued to chat easily as they went, pointing out things of interest—the Temple Church, where the law courts were now, and where once the Knights Templar had sustained pilgrims on their route to the Holy Land. “They were friends of the Nephilim, the knights. Mundanes, but not without their own knowledge of the Shadow World. And of course,” he added, as they came out from the network of streets and onto Blackfriars Bridge itself, “many think that the Silent Brothers are the original Black Friars, though no one can prove it. This is it,” he added, gesturing before him. “My favorite place in London.”

Looking out over the bridge, Tessa couldn’t help but wonder what Jem liked so much about the place. It stretched from one bank of the Thames to the other, a low granite bridge with multiple arches, the parapets painted dark red and gilded with gold and scarlet paint that gleamed in the moonlight. It would have been pretty if it hadn’t been for the railway bridge that ran along the east side of it, silent in the shadows but still an ugly latticework of iron railings stretching away to the river’s opposite bank.

“I know what you’re thinking,” Jem said again, just as he had outside the Institute. “The railway bridge, it’s hideous. But it means people rarely come here to admire the view. I enjoy the solitude, and just the look of the river, silent under the moon.”

They walked to the center of the bridge, where Tessa leaned against a granite parapet and looked down. The Thames was black in the moonlight. The expanse of London stretched away on either bank, the great dome of St. Paul’s looming up behind them like a white ghost, and everything shrouded in the softening fog that laid a gently blurring veil over the harsh lines of the city.

Tessa glanced down at the river. The smell of salt and dirt and rot came off the water, mixing with the fog. Still there was something portentous about London’s river, as if it carried the

weight of the past in its currents. A bit of old poetry came into her head. “*Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song,*” she said, half under her breath. Normally she would never have quoted poetry aloud in front of anyone, but there was something about Jem that made her feel that whatever she did, he wouldn’t pass judgment on her.

“I’ve heard that bit of rhyme before,” was all he said. “Will’s quoted it at me. What is it?”

“Spenser. ‘Prothalamion.’” Tessa frowned. “Will does seem to have an odd affinity for poetry for someone so . . . so . . .”

“Will reads constantly, and has an excellent memory,” said Jem. “There is very little he does not remember.” There was something in his voice that lent weight to his assertion beyond the mere statement of fact.

“You like Will, don’t you?” said Tessa. “I mean, you’re fond of him.”

“I love him as if he were my brother,” said Jem matter-offactly.

“You can say that,” Tessa said. “However horrid he is to everyone else, he loves *you*. He’s kind to you. What did you ever do, to make him treat you so differently from all the rest?”

Jem leaned sideways against the parapet, his gaze on her but still faraway. He tapped his fingers thoughtfully against the jade top of his cane. Taking advantage of his clear distraction, Tessa let herself stare at him, marveling a little at his strange beauty in the moonlight. He was all silver and ashes, not like Will’s strong colors of blue and black and gold.

Finally he said, “I don’t know, really. I used to think it was because we were both without parents, and therefore he felt we were the same—”

“I’m an orphan,” Tessa pointed out. “So is Jessamine. He doesn’t think he is like us.”

“No. He doesn’t.” Jem’s eyes were guarded, as if there were something he wasn’t saying.

“I don’t understand him,” Tessa said. “He can be kind one moment and absolutely awful the next. I cannot decide if he is

kind or cruel, loving or hateful—”

“Does it matter?” Jem said. “Is it required that you make such a decision?”

“The other night,” she went on, “in your room, when Will came in. He said he had been drinking all night, but then, later, when you—later he seemed to become instantly sober. I’ve seen my brother drunk. I know it doesn’t vanish like that in an instant; even my aunt throwing a pail of cold water in Nate’s face wouldn’t have roused him from stupor, not if he were truly intoxicated. And Will didn’t smell of alcohol, or seem ill the next morning. But why would he lie and say he was drunk if he wasn’t?”

Jem looked resigned. “And there you have the essential mystery of Will Herondale. I used to wonder the same thing myself. How anyone could drink as much as he claimed and survive, much less fight as well as he does. So one night I followed him.”

“You *followed* him?”

Jem grinned crookedly. “Yes. He went out, claiming an assignation or some such, and I followed him. If I’d known what to expect, I would have worn sturdier shoes. All night he walked through the city, from St. Paul’s to Spitalfields Market to Whitechapel High Street. He went down to the river and wandered about the docks. Never did he stop to speak to a single soul. It was like following a ghost. The next morning he was ready with some ribald tale of false adventures, and I never demanded the truth. If he wishes to lie to me, then he must have a reason.”

“He lies to you, and yet you trust him?”

“Yes,” Jem said. “I trust him.”

“But—”

“He lies consistently. He always invents the story that will make him look the worst.”

“Then, has he told you what happened to his parents? Either the truth or lies?”

“Not entirely. Bits and pieces,” Jem said after a long pause. “I know that his father left the Nephilim. Before Will was ever born. He fell in love with a mundane girl, and when the Council refused to make her a Shadowhunter, he left the Clave and moved with her to a very remote part of Wales, where they thought they wouldn’t be interfered with. The Clave was furious.”

“Will’s mother was a mundane? You mean he is only half a Shadowhunter?”

“Nephilim blood is dominant,” said Jem. “That’s why there are three rules for those who leave the Clave. First, you must sever contact with any and all Shadowhunters you have ever known, even your own family. They can never speak to you again, nor can you speak to them. Second, you cannot call upon the Clave for help, no matter what your danger. And the third . . .”

“What’s the third?”

“Even should you leave the Clave,” said Jem, “they can still lay claim to your children.”

A little shiver went through Tessa. Jem was still staring out at the river, as if he could see Will in its silvered surface. “Every six years,” he said, “until the child is eighteen, a representative of the Clave comes to your family and asks the child if they would like to leave their family and join the Nephilim.”

“I can’t imagine anyone would,” Tessa said, appalled. “I mean, you’d never be able to speak to your family again, would you?”

Jem shook his head.

“And Will agreed to that? He joined the Shadowhunters regardless?”

“He refused. Twice, he refused. Then, one day—Will was twelve or so—there was a knock on the Institute door and Charlotte answered it. She would have been eighteen then, I think. Will was standing there on the steps. She told me he was covered in road dust and dirt as if he’d been sleeping in hedgerows. He said, ‘I am a Shadowhunter. One of you. You have to let me in. I have nowhere else to go.’”

“He said that? Will? ‘I have nowhere else to go’?”

He hesitated. "You understand, all this is information I heard from Charlotte. Will's never mentioned a word of any of it to me. But that's what she claims he said."

"I don't understand. His parents—they're dead, aren't they? Or they would have come looking for him."

"They did," Jem said quietly. "A few weeks after Will arrived, Charlotte told me, his parents followed. They came to the front door of the Institute and banged on it, calling for him. Charlotte went into Will's room to ask him if he wanted to see them. He had crawled under the bed and had his hands over his ears. He wouldn't come out, no matter what she did, and he wouldn't see them. I think Charlotte finally went down and sent them away, or they left of their own accord, I'm not sure—"

"Sent them away? But their child was inside the Institute. They had a right—"

"They had no right." Jem spoke gently enough, Tessa thought, but there was something in his tone that put him as far away from her as the moon. "Will chose to join the Shadowhunters. Once he made that choice, they had no more claim on him. It was the right and responsibility of the Clave to turn them away."

"And you've never asked him why?"

"If he wanted me to know, he'd tell me," Jem said. "You asked why I think he tolerates me better than other people. I'd imagine it's precisely *because* I've never asked him why." He smiled at her, wryly. The cold air had whipped color into his cheeks, and his eyes were bright. Their hands were close to each other's on the parapet. For a brief, half-confused moment Tessa thought that he might be about to put his hand over hers, but his gaze slid past her and he frowned. "Bit late for a walk, isn't it?"

Following his gaze, she saw the shadowy figures of a man and a woman coming toward them across the bridge. The man wore a workman's felt hat and a dark woolen coat; the woman had her hand on his arm, her face inclined toward his. "They probably think the same thing about us," Tessa said. She looked up into

Jem's eyes. "And you, did you come to the Institute because you had nowhere else to go? Why didn't you stay in Shanghai?"

"My parents ran the Institute there," said Jem, "but they were murdered by a demon. He—it—was called Yanluo." His voice was very calm. "After they died, everyone thought that the safest thing for me would be to leave the country, in case the demon or its cohorts came after me as well."

"But why here, why England?"

"My father was British. I spoke English. It seemed reasonable." Jem's tone was as calm as ever, but Tessa sensed there was something he wasn't telling her. "I thought I would feel more at home here than I would in Idris, where neither of my parents had ever been."

Across the bridge from them the strolling couple had paused at a parapet; the man seemed to be pointing out features of the railway bridge, the woman nodding as he spoke. "And did you—feel more at home, that is?"

"Not precisely," Jem said. "Almost the first thing I realized when I came here was that my father never thought of himself as British, not the way an Englishman would. Real Englishmen are British first, and gentlemen second. Whatever else it is they might be—a doctor, a magistrate or landowner—comes third. For Shadowhunters it's different. We are Nephilim, first and foremost, and only after that do we make a nod to whatever country we might have been born and bred in. And as for third, there is no third. We are only ever Shadowhunters. When other Nephilim look at me, they see only a Shadowhunter. Not like mundanes, who look at me and see a boy who is not entirely foreign but not quite like them either."

"Half one thing and half another," Tessa said. "Like me. But *you* know you're human."

Jem's expression softened. "As are you. In all the ways that matter."

Tessa felt the backs of her eyes sting. She glanced up and saw that the moon had passed behind a cloud, giving it a pearlescent

luster. “I suppose we should go back. The others must be worried.”

Jem moved to offer her his arm—and paused. The strolling couple Jem had noted before were suddenly in front of them, blocking their way. Though they must have moved very swiftly to reach the far side of the bridge so fast, they stood eerily still now, their arms linked. The woman’s face was concealed in the shadow of a plain bonnet, the man’s hidden beneath the brim of his felt hat.

Jem’s hand tightened on Tessa’s arm, but his voice was neutral when he spoke. “Good evening. Is there something we can help you with?”

Neither of them spoke, but they moved a step closer, the woman’s skirt rustling in the wind. Tessa looked around, but there was no one else on the bridge, no one visible at either embankment. London seemed utterly deserted under the blurring moon.

“Pardon me,” Jem said. “I’d appreciate it if you’d let me and my companion go by.” He took a step forward, and Tessa followed. They were close enough now to the silent couple that when the moon came out from behind its cloud, flooding the bridge with silvery light and illuminating the face of the man in the felt hat, Tessa recognized him instantly.

The tangled hair; the wide once-broken nose and scarred chin; and most of all the protruding, popping eyes, the same eyes as the woman who stood beside him, her blank stare fixed on Tessa in a manner terribly reminiscent of Miranda’s.

But you’re dead. Will killed you. I saw your body. Tessa whispered, “It’s him, the coachman. He belongs to the Dark Sisters.”

The coachman chuckled. “*I belong,*” he said, “to the Magister. While the Dark Sisters served him, I served them. Now I serve him alone.”

The coachman’s voice sounded different from how Tessa remembered—less thick, more articulate, with an almost sinister

smoothness. Beside Tessa, Jem had gone very still. "Who are you?" he demanded. "Why are you following us?"

"The Magister has directed us to follow you," the coachman said. "You are Nephilim. You are responsible for the destruction of his home, the destruction of his people, the Children of the Night. We are here to deliver a declaration of war. And we are here for the girl." He turned his eyes to Tessa. "She is the property of the Magister, and he will have her."

"The Magister," said Jem, his eyes very silver in the moonlight. "Do you mean de Quincey?"

"The name you give him does not matter. He is the Magister. He has told us to deliver a message. That message is war."

Jem's hand tightened on the head of his cane. "You serve de Quincey but are not vampires. What are you?"

The woman standing beside the coachman made a strange sighing noise, like the high whistle of a train. "Beware, Nephilim. As you slay others, so shall you be slain. Your angel cannot protect you against that which neither God nor the Devil has made."

Tessa began to turn toward Jem, but he was already in motion. His hand swung up, the jade-headed cane in it. There was a flash. A wickedly sharp and shimmering blade shot from the end of the cane. With a swift turn of his body, Jem plunged the blade forward and slashed it into the coachman's chest. The man staggered back, a high whirring sound of surprise issuing from his throat.

Tessa drew in her breath. A long slash across the coachman's shirt gaped open, and beneath it was visible neither flesh nor blood but shining metal, raggedly scored by Jem's blade.

Jem drew his blade back, letting out a breath, satisfaction mixed with relief. "I knew it—"

The coachman snarled. His hand darted into his coat and withdrew a long serrated knife, the kind butchers used to cut through bone, while the woman, snapping into action, moved toward Tessa, her ungloved hands outstretched. Their movements

were jerky, uneven—but very, very fast, much faster than Tessa would have guessed they could move. The coachman’s companion advanced on Tessa, her face expressionless, her mouth half-open. Something metallic gleamed inside it—metal, or copper. *She has no gullet, and I would guess, no stomach. Her mouth ends in a sheet of metal behind her teeth.*

Tessa retreated until her back hit the parapet. She looked for Jem, but the coachman was advancing on him again. Jem slashed away at him with the blade, but it seemed only to slow the man down. The coachman’s coat and shirt hung away from his body now in ragged strips, clearly showing the metal carapace beneath.

The woman grabbed for Tessa, who darted aside. The woman lumbered forward and crashed into the parapet. She seemed to feel no more pain than the coachman did; she drew herself stiffly upright and turned to move toward Tessa again. The impact seemed to have damaged her left arm, though, for it hung bent at her side. She swung toward Tessa with her right arm, fingers grasping, and seized her by the wrist. Her grip was tight enough to make Tessa scream as the small bones in her wrist flared with pain. She clawed at the hand that held her, her fingers sinking deep into slick, soft skin. It peeled away like the skin of a fruit, Tessa’s nails scraping against the metal beneath with a harshness that sent shivers up her spine.

She tried to jerk her hand back, but she only succeeded in pulling the woman toward her; she was making a whirring, clicking noise in her throat that sounded unpleasantly insectile, and up close her eyes were pupil-less and black. Tessa pulled her foot back to kick out—

And there was the sudden clang of metal on metal; Jem’s blade flashed down with a clean slice, cutting the woman’s arm in half at the elbow. Tessa, released, fell back, the bodiless hand falling from her wrist, striking the ground at her feet; the woman was jerking around toward Jem, *whir-click, whir-click*. He moved forward, striking at the woman hard with the flat of the cane, knocking her back a step, and then another and another until she

hit the railing of the bridge so hard that she overbalanced. Without a cry she fell, plunging toward the water below; Tessa raced to the railing just in time to see her slip beneath the surface. No bubbles rose to show where she had vanished.

Tessa spun back around. Jem was clutching his cane, breathing hard. Blood ran down the side of his face from a cut, but he seemed otherwise unharmed. He held his weapon loosely in one hand as he gazed at a dark humped shape on the ground at his feet, a shape that moved and jerked, flashes of metal showing between the ribbons of its torn clothing. When Tessa moved closer she saw that it was the body of the coachman, writhing and jerking. His head had been sliced cleanly away, and a dark oily substance pumped from the stump of his neck, staining the ground.

Jem reached up to push his sweat-dampened hair back, smearing the blood across his cheek. His hand shook. Hesitantly Tessa touched his arm. "Are you all right?"

His smile was faint. "I should be asking *you* that." He shuddered slightly. "Those mechanical *things*, they unnerve me. They—" He broke off, staring past her.

At the south end of the bridge, moving toward them with sharp staccato motions, were at least a half dozen more of the clockwork creatures. Despite the jerkiness of their movements, they were approaching swiftly, almost hurtling forward. They were already a third of the way across the bridge.

With a sharp *click* the blade vanished back into Jem's cane. He seized Tessa's hand, his voice breathless. "*Run.*"

They ran, Tessa clutching his hand, glancing behind only once, in terror. The creatures had made it to the center of the bridge and were moving toward them, gathering speed. They were male, Tessa saw, dressed in the same kind of dark woolen coats and felt hats as the coachman had been. Their faces gleamed in the moonlight.

Jem and Tessa reached the steps at the end of the bridge, and Jem kept a tight grip on Tessa's hand as they hurtled down the

stairs. Her boots slipped on the damp stone, and he caught her, his cane clattering awkwardly against her back; she felt his chest rise and fall against hers, hard, as if he were gasping. But he couldn't be out of breath, could he? He was a Shadowhunter. The *Codex* said they could run for miles. Jem pulled away, and she saw that his face was tight, as if he were in pain. She wanted to ask him if he'd been hurt, but there was no time. They could hear clattering footsteps on the stairs above them. Without a word Jem took hold of her wrist again and pulled her after him.

They passed the Embankment, lit by the glow of its dolphin lamps, before Jem turned aside and plunged between two buildings into a narrow alley. The alley sloped up, away from the river. The air between the buildings was dank and close, the cobblestones slick with filth. Washing flapped like ghosts from windows overhead. Tessa's feet were screaming in their fashionable boots, her heart slamming against her chest, but there was no slowing down. She could *hear* the creatures behind them, hear the *whir-click* of their movements, closer and closer.

The alley opened out into a wide street, and there, rising up before them, was the looming edifice of the Institute. They dashed through the entrance, Jem releasing her as he whirled to slam and lock the gates behind them. The creatures reached them just as the bolts slid home; they crashed against the gate like windup toys unable to stop themselves, rattling the iron with a tremendous crash.

Tessa backed up, staring. The clockwork creatures were pressed up against the gates, their hands reaching through the gaps in the iron. She looked around wildly. Jem stood beside her. He was as white as paper, one hand pressed to his side. She reached for his hand, but he stepped back, out of her reach. "Tessa." His voice was uneven. "Get into the Institute. You need to get inside."

"Are you hurt? Jem, are you injured?"

"No." His voice was muffled.

A rattle from the gate made Tessa look up. One of the clockwork men had his hand through a gap in the gate and was pulling at the iron chain that held it closed. As she stared in fascinated horror, she saw that he was dragging at the loops of metal with such force that the skin was peeling away from his fingers, showing the jointed metal hands beneath. There was obviously tremendous strength in those hands. The metal was warping and twisting in his grip; it was clearly a matter of minutes before the chain split and broke.

Tessa seized hold of Jem's arm. His skin was burning hot to the touch; she could feel it through his clothes. "Come on."

With a groan he let her pull him toward the front door of the church; he was staggering, and leaning on her heavily, his breath rattling in his chest. They lurched up the stairs, Jem sliding out of her grip almost the moment they reached the top step. He hit the ground on his knees, choking coughs ripping through him, his whole body spasming.

The gate burst open. The clockwork creatures spilled through into the drive, led by the one who had torn the chain apart, his skin-stripped hands gleaming in the moonlight.

Remembering what Will had said, that one had to have Shadowhunter blood to open the door, Tessa reached for the bellpull that hung beside it and yanked it, hard, but heard no sound. Desperate, she whirled back to Jem, still crouched on the ground. "Jem! Jem, please, you have to open the door—"

He raised his head. His eyes were open, but there was no color to them. They were all white, like marbles. She could see the moon reflected in them.

"Jem!"

He tried to rise to his feet, but his knees gave out; he slumped to the ground, blood running from the corners of his mouth. The cane had rolled from his hand, almost to Tessa's feet.

The creatures had reached the foot of the steps; they began to surge upward, lurching a little, the one with the skinned hands in the lead. Tessa flung herself against the doors of the Institute,

pounding her fists against the oak. She could hear the hollow reverberations of her blows echoing on the other side, and despaired. The Institute was so huge, and there was no *time*.

At last she gave up. Turning away from the door, she was horrified to see that the leader of the creatures had reached Jem; it was bending over him, its skinned metal hands on his chest.

With a cry she seized up Jem's cane and brandished it. "Get away from him!" she cried.

The creature straightened up, and in the moonlight, for the first time, she saw its face clearly. It was smooth, almost featureless, only indentations where the eyes and mouth should have been, and no nose. It raised its skinned hands; they were stained dark with Jem's blood. Jem himself lay very still, his shirt torn, blood pooling blackly around him. As Tessa stared in horror, the clockwork man wiggled his bloody fingers at her, in a sort of grotesque parody of a wave—then turned and sprang away down the steps, almost scuttling, like a spider. He dashed through the gates and was lost to view.

Tessa moved toward Jem, but the other automatons moved swiftly to block her way. They were *all* as blank-faced as their leader, a matching set of faceless warriors, as if there had not quite been time to *finish* them.

With a *whir-click* a pair of metal hands reached for her, and she swung the cane, almost blindly. It connected with the side of a clockwork man's head. She felt the impact of wood against metal ringing up her arm, and he staggered to the side, but only for a moment. His head whipped back around with incredible speed. She swung again, the cane slamming against his shoulder this time; he lurched, but other hands flashed out, seizing the cane, yanking it from her grasp with such force that the skin of her hand burned. She remembered the painful strength of Miranda's grip on her, as the automaton who had snatched the cane from her brought it down across his knee with stunning force.

It snapped in half with an awful sound. Tessa whirled to run, but metal hands clamped down on her shoulders, yanking her

back. She struggled to pull free—

And the doors of the Institute burst open. The light that poured from them blinded her momentarily, and she could see nothing but the outline of dark figures, ringed in light, spilling from the church's interior. Something whistled by her head, grazing her cheek. There was the grinding sound of metal on metal, and then the clockwork creature's arms relaxed and she fell forward onto the steps, choking.

Tessa looked up. Charlotte stood above her, her face pale and set, a sharp metal disc in one hand. Another, matching, disc was buried in the chest of the mechanical man who had held her. He was twisting and spasming in a circle, like a malfunctioning toy. Blue sparks flew from the gash in his neck.

Around him the rest of the creatures were spinning and lurching as the Shadowhunters converged on them, Henry bringing his seraph blade down in an arc, slicing open the chest of one of the automatons, sending it reeling and jerking into the shadows. Beside him was Will, swinging what looked like a sort of scythe, over and over, chopping another of the creatures to bits with such fury that it sent up a fountain of blue sparks. Charlotte, darting down the steps, threw the second of her disks; it sheared through the head of a metal monster with a sickening noise. He crumpled to the ground, leaking more sparks and black oil.

The remaining two creatures, seeming to think better of the situation, turned and sprang toward the gates. Henry darted after them with Charlotte on his heels, but Will, dropping his weapon, turned and raced back toward the steps. "What happened?" he shouted at Tessa. She stared, too dazed to answer. His voice rose, tinged with furious panic. "Are you hurt? Where's Jem?"

"I'm not hurt," she whispered. "But Jem, he collapsed. There." She pointed to where Jem lay, crumpled in the shadows beside the door.

Will's face went blank, like a slate wiped clean of chalk. Without looking at her again he raced up the stairs and dropped

down by Jem, saying something in a low voice. When there was no reply, Will raised his head, shouting for Thomas to come help him carry Jem, and shouting something else, something Tessa couldn't make out through her dizziness. Perhaps he was shouting at her. Perhaps he thought this was all her fault? If she hadn't grown so angry, if she hadn't run away and made Jem follow her—

A dark shadow loomed in the lit doorway. It was Thomas, tousle-haired and serious, who went without a word to kneel down by Will. Together they lifted Jem to his feet, an arm slung around each of their shoulders. They hurried inside without a backward glance.

Dazed, Tessa looked out over the courtyard. Something was strange, different. It was the sudden silence after all the clamor and noise. The destroyed clockwork creatures lay in shattered pieces about the courtyard, the ground was slick with viscous fluid, the gates hung open, and the moon shone blankly down on everything just as it had shone down on her and Jem on the bridge, when he had told her that she was human.

15

FOREIGN MUD

*Ah God, that love were as a flower or flame,
That life were as the naming of a name,
That death were not more pitiful than desire,
That these things were not one thing and the same!*
—Algernon Charles Swinburne, “Laus Veneris”

“Miss Tessa.” The voice was Sophie’s. Tessa turned and saw her framed in the doorway, a lantern swinging from her hand. “Are you all right?”

Tessa felt pitifully grateful to see the other girl. She had been feeling so alone. “I’m not hurt. Henry has gone after the creatures, though, and Charlotte—”

“They’ll be just fine.” Sophie put a hand on Tessa’s elbow. “Come, let’s get you inside, miss. You’re bleeding.”

“I am?” Puzzled, Tessa put her fingers up to touch her forehead; they came away stained red. “I must have struck my head when I fell against the steps. I didn’t even feel it.”

“Shock,” Sophie said calmly, and Tessa thought how many times in her employment here Sophie must have done these things—bandaged up cuts, wiped away blood. “Come along, and I’ll get a compress for your head.”

Tessa nodded. With a last glance over her shoulder at the destruction in the courtyard, she let Sophie guide her back inside the Institute. The next short while was something of a blur. After Sophie helped her upstairs and into an armchair in the drawing

room, she bustled off and returned moments later with Agatha, who pressed a cup of something hot into Tessa's hand.

Tessa knew what it was the moment she smelled it—brandy and water. She thought of Nate and hesitated, but once she'd had a few mouthfuls, things began to swim back into focus. Charlotte and Henry returned, bringing with them the smell of metal and fighting. Tight-lipped, Charlotte set her weapons down on a table and called for Will. He didn't respond, but Thomas did, hurrying down the corridor, his coat stained with blood, to tell her that Will was with Jem, and that Jem was going to be all right.

"The creatures injured him, and he lost some blood," Thomas said, running a hand through his tangled brown hair. He looked at Sophie as he said it. "But Will gave him an *iratze*—"

"And his medicine?" Sophie asked quickly. "Has he had some of that?"

Thomas nodded, and the tight set of Sophie's shoulders relaxed just a bit. Charlotte's gaze softened as well. "Thank you, Thomas," she said. "Perhaps you can see if he requires anything else?"

Thomas nodded, and set off back down the corridor with a last glance over his shoulder at Sophie, who did not seem to notice. Charlotte sank down onto the ottoman opposite Tessa. "Tessa, can you tell us what happened?"

Clutching the cup, her fingers cold despite its heat, Tessa shuddered. "Did you catch the ones that escaped? The—whatever they are. The metal monsters?"

Charlotte shook her head gravely. "We pursued them through the streets, but they disappeared once we reached Hungerford Bridge. Henry thinks there was some magic involved."

"Or a secret tunnel," Henry said. "I did also suggest a secret tunnel, my dear." He looked at Tessa. His friendly face was streaked with blood and oil, his brightly striped waistcoat slashed and torn. He looked like a schoolboy who'd been in a bad scrape of some sort. "Did you see them coming out of a tunnel, perhaps, Miss Gray?"

“No,” Tessa said, her voice half a whisper. To clear her throat, she took another sip of the drink Agatha had given her, and set the cup down before running through it all—the bridge, the coachman, the chase, the words the creature had spoken, the way they had burst through the Institute gates. Charlotte listened with a pinched white face; even Henry looked grim. Sophie, sitting quietly on a chair, attended to the story with the grave intensity of a schoolgirl.

“They said it was a declaration of war,” Tessa finished. “That they were coming to wreak revenge on us—on you, I suppose—for what happened to de Quincey.”

“And the creature referred to him as the Magister?” Charlotte asked.

Tessa pressed her lips together firmly to keep them from trembling. “Yes. He said the Magister wanted me and that he had been sent to retrieve me. Charlotte, this is my fault. If it weren’t for me, de Quincey wouldn’t have sent those creatures tonight, and Jem—” She looked down at her hands. “Maybe you should just let him have me.”

Charlotte was shaking her head. “Tessa, you heard de Quincey last night. He hates Shadowhunters. He would strike at the Clave regardless of you. And if we gave you to him, all we would be doing is placing a potentially valuable weapon in his hands.” She looked at Henry. “I wonder why he waited this long. Why not come for Tessa when she was out with Jessie? Unlike demons, these clockwork creatures can go out during the day.”

“They *can*,” said Henry, “but not without alarming the populace—not yet. They don’t look enough like ordinary human beings to pass without exciting comment.” He took a shining gear from his pocket and held it up. “I examined the remains of the automatons down in the courtyard. These ones de Quincey sent after Tessa on the bridge are not like the one in the crypt. They’re more sophisticated, made of tougher metals, and with a more advanced jointure. Someone’s been working on the design in

those blueprints Will found, refining it. The creatures are faster now, and deadlier.”

But how refined? “There was a spell,” Tessa said quickly. “On the blueprint. Magnus deciphered it. . . .”

“The binding spell. Meant to tie a demon energy to an automaton.” Charlotte looked at Henry. “Did de Quincey—?”

“Succeed in performing it?” Henry shook his head. “No. Those creatures are simply configured to follow a pattern, like music boxes. But they are not animate. They do not have intelligence or will or life. And there is nothing demonic about them.”

Charlotte exhaled in relief. “We *must* find de Quincey before he succeeds in his goal. Those creatures are difficult enough to kill as it is. The Angel knows how many of them he’s made, or how difficult they’d be to kill if they had the cunning of demons.”

“An army born neither of Heaven nor Hell,” said Tessa softly.

“Exactly,” said Henry. “De Quincey must be found and stopped. And in the meantime, Tessa, you must stay in the Institute. Not that we want to keep you a prisoner here, but it would be safer if you remained inside.”

“But for how long—?” Tessa began—and broke off, as Sophie’s expression changed. She was looking at something over Tessa’s shoulder, her hazel eyes suddenly wide. Tessa followed her gaze.

It was Will. He stood in the doorway of the drawing room. There was a streak of blood across his white shirt; it looked like paint. His face was still, almost masklike, his gaze fixed on Tessa. As their eyes met across the room, she felt the pulse jump in her throat.

“He wants to talk to you,” Will said.

There was a moment of silence as everyone in the drawing room looked at him. There was something forbidding about the intensity of Will’s gaze, the tension of his stillness. Sophie had her hand at her throat, her fingers nervously fluttering at her collar.

“Will,” Charlotte said finally. “Do you mean Jem? Is he all right?”

“He’s awake and talking,” Will said. His gaze slid momentarily to Sophie, who had glanced down, as if to hide her expression. “And now he wants to speak to Tessa.”

“But . . .” Tessa looked toward Charlotte, who seemed troubled. “Is he all right? Is he well enough?”

Will’s expression didn’t change. “He wants to talk to you,” he said, enunciating each word very clearly. “So you will get up, and you will come with me, and you will talk to him. Do you understand?”

“Will,” Charlotte began sharply, but Tessa was already rising, smoothing down her rumpled skirts with the flat of her hands. Charlotte looked worriedly at her, but said nothing more.

Will was utterly silent as they made their way down the corridor, witchlight sconces throwing their shadows against the far walls in spindly patterns. There was blackish oil as well as blood splattered on his white shirt, smudging his cheek; his hair was tangled, his jaw set. She wondered if he had slept at all since dawn, when she had left him in the attic. She wanted to ask him, but everything about him—his posture, his silence, the set of his shoulders—said that no questions would be welcome.

He pushed open the door of Jem’s room and ushered her in ahead of him. The only light in the room came from the window and from a taper of witchlight on the bedside table. Jem lay half-under the covers of the high carved bed. He was as white as his nightshirt, the lids of his closed eyes dark blue. Leaning against the side of the bed was his jade-headed cane. Somehow it had been repaired and was whole again, gleaming as if new.

Jem turned his face toward the sound of the door, not opening his eyes. “Will?”

Will did something then that amazed Tessa. He forced his face into a smile, and said, in a passably cheerful tone, “I brought her, like you asked.”

Jem’s eyes flicked open; Tessa was relieved to see that they had returned to their usual color. Still, they had the look of shadowed holes in his pale face.

“Tessa,” he said, “I’m so sorry.”

Tessa looked at Will—for permission or guidance, she wasn’t sure, but he was staring straight ahead. Clearly he would be no help. Without another glance at him she hurried across the room and sank down in the chair by the side of Jem’s bed. “Jem,” she said in a low voice, “you shouldn’t be sorry, or be apologizing to me. I should be the one apologizing. You didn’t do anything wrong. I was the target of those clockwork things, not you.” She patted the coverlet gently; wanting to touch his hand but not daring to. “If it wasn’t for me, you never would have been hurt.”

“Hurt.” Jem spoke the word on an exhale of breath, almost with disgust. “I wasn’t hurt.”

“James.” Will’s tone held a warning note.

“She should know, William. Otherwise she’ll think this was all her fault.”

“You were ill,” Will said, not looking at Tessa as he spoke. “It’s nobody’s fault.” He paused. “I just think you should be careful. You’re not well still. Talking will just tire you out.”

“There are more important things than being careful.” Jem struggled to sit up, the cords in his neck straining as he lifted himself, propping his back against the pillows. When he spoke again, he was slightly breathless. “If you don’t like it, Will, you don’t have to stay.”

Tessa heard the door open and close behind her with a soft click. She knew without looking that Will had gone. She couldn’t help it—a slight pang went through her, the way it always seemed to do when he left a room.

Jem sighed. “He’s so stubborn.”

“He was right,” Tessa said. “At least, he was right that you don’t need to tell me anything you don’t want to. I know none of it was your fault.”

“Fault has nothing to do with it,” Jem said. “I just think you might as well have the truth. Concealing it rarely helps anything.” He looked toward the door for a moment, as if his words were half-meant for the absent Will. Then he sighed again, raking his

hands through his hair. “You know,” he said, “that for most of my life I lived in Shanghai with my parents? That I was raised in the Institute there?”

“Yes,” Tessa said, wondering if he was still a little dazed. “You told me, on the bridge. And you told me that a demon had killed your parents.”

“*Yanluo*,” said Jem. There was hatred in his voice. “The demon had a grudge against my mother. She’d been responsible for the death of a number of its demon offspring. They’d had a nest in a small town called Lijiang, where they’d been feeding on local children. She burned the nest out and escaped before the demon found her. *Yanluo* bided its time for years—Greater Demons live forever—but it never forgot. When I was eleven, *Yanluo* found a weak spot in the ward that protected the Institute, and tunneled inside. The demon killed the guards and took my family prisoner, binding us all to chairs in the great room of the house. Then it went to work.

“*Yanluo* tortured me in front of my parents,” Jem went on, his voice empty. “Over and over it injected me with a burning demon poison that scorched my veins and tore at my mind. For two days I went in and out of hallucinations and dreams. I saw the world drowned in rivers of blood, and I heard the screams of all the dead and dying throughout history. I saw London burning, and great metal creatures striding here and there like huge spiders—” He caught his breath. He was very pale, his nightshirt stuck to his chest with sweat, but he waved away Tessa’s expression of concern. “Every few hours I would come back to reality long enough to hear my parents screaming for me. Then on the second day, I came back and heard only my mother. My father had been silenced. My mother’s voice was raw and cracked, but she was still saying my name. Not my name in English, but the name she had given me when I was born: Jian. I can still hear her sometimes, calling out for me.”

His hands were tight on the pillow he held, tight enough that the fabric had begun to tear.

“Jem,” Tessa said softly. “You can stop. You needn’t tell me all of it now.”

“You remember when I said that Mortmain had probably made his money smuggling opium?” he asked. “The British bring opium into China by the ton. They have made a nation of addicts out of us. In Chinese we call it ‘foreign mud’ or ‘black smoke.’ In some ways Shanghai, my city, is built on opium. It wouldn’t exist as it does without it. The city is full of dens where hollow-eyed men starve to death because all they want is the drug, more of the drug. They’ll give anything for it. I used to despise men like that. I couldn’t understand how they were so weak.”

He took a deep breath.

“By the time the Shanghai Enclave became worried at the silence from the Institute and broke in to save us, both my parents were already dead. I don’t remember any of it. I was screaming and delirious. They took me to the Silent Brothers, who healed my body as well as they could. There was one thing they couldn’t fix, though. I had become addicted to the substance the demon had poisoned me with. My body was dependent on it the way an opium addict’s body is dependent on the drug. They tried to wean me off it, but going without it caused terrible pain. Even when they were able to block the pain with warlock spells, the lack of the drug pushed my body to the brink of death. After weeks of experimentation they decided that there was nothing to be done: I could not live without the drug. The drug itself meant a slow death, but to take me off it would mean a very quick one.”

“Weeks of experimentation?” Tessa echoed. “When you were only eleven years old? That seems cruel.”

“Goodness—real goodness—has its own sort of cruelty to it,” said Jem, looking past her. “There, beside you on the bedside table, is a box. Can you give it to me?”

Tessa lifted the box. It was made of silver, its lid inlaid with an enamel scene that depicted a slim woman in white robes, barefoot, pouring water out of a vase into a stream. “Who is she?” she asked, handing the box to Jem.

“Kwan Yin. The goddess of mercy and compassion. They say she hears every prayer and every cry of suffering and does what she can to answer it. I thought perhaps if I kept the cause of my suffering in a box with her image on it, it might make that suffering a little less.” He flicked open the clasp on the box, and the lid slid back. Inside was a thick layer of what Tessa thought at first was ash, but the color was too bright. It was a layer of thick silvery powder almost the same bright silver color as Jem’s eyes.

“This is the drug,” he said. “It comes from a warlock dealer we know in Limehouse. I take some of it every day. It’s why I look so—so ghostly; it’s what drains the color from my eyes and hair, even my skin. I wonder sometimes if my parents would even recognize me. . . .” His voice trailed off. “If I have to fight, I take more. Taking less weakens me. I had taken none today before we went out to the bridge. That’s why I collapsed. Not because of the clockwork creatures. Because of the drug. Without any in my system, the fighting, the running, was too much for me. My body started feeding on itself, and I collapsed.” He shut the box with a snap, and handed it back to Tessa. “Here. Put it back where it was.”

“You don’t need any?”

“No. I’ve had enough tonight.”

“You said that the drug meant a slow death,” Tessa said. “So do you mean the drug is killing you?”

Jem nodded, strands of bright hair falling across his forehead.

Tessa felt her heart skip a painful beat. “And when you fight, you take more of it? So, why don’t you stop fighting? Will and the others—”

“Would understand,” Jem finished for her. “I know they would. But there is more to life than not dying. I am a Shadowhunter. It is what I am, not just what I do. I can’t live without it.”

“You mean you don’t want to.”

Will, Tessa thought, would have been angry if she’d said that to him, but Jem just looked at her intently. “I mean I don’t want to. For a long time I searched for a cure, but eventually I stopped,

and asked Will and the rest to stop as well. I am not this drug, or its hold on me. I believe that I am better than that. That my life is about more than that, however and whenever it might end.”

“Well, I don’t want you to die,” Tessa said. “I don’t know why I feel it so strongly—I’ve just met you—but I don’t want you to die.”

“And I trust you,” he said. “I don’t know why—I’ve just met you—but I do.” His hands were no longer clutching the pillow, but lying flat and still on the tasseled surface. They were thin hands, the knuckles just slightly too big for the rest of them, the fingers tapering and slender, a thick white scar running across the back of his right thumb. Tessa wanted to slide her own hand over his, wanted to hold his tightly and comfort him—

“Well, this is all very touching.” It was Will, of course, having come soundlessly into the room. He had changed his bloody shirt, and he seemed to have washed up hastily. His hair looked damp, his face scrubbed, though the crescents of his nails were still black with dirt and oil. He looked from Jem to Tessa, his face carefully blank. “I see that you told her.”

“I did.” There was nothing challenging in Jem’s tone; he never looked at Will with anything but affection, Tessa thought, no matter how provoking Will was. “It’s done. There’s no more need for you to fret about it.”

“I disagree,” said Will. He gave Tessa a pointed look. She remembered what he had said about not tiring Jem out, and rose from her chair.

Jem gave her a wistful look. “Must you go? I was rather hoping you’d stay and be a ministering angel, but if you must go, you must.”

“I’ll stay,” Will said a bit crossly, and threw himself down in the armchair Tessa had just vacated. “I can minister angelically.”

“None too convincingly. And you’re not as pretty to look at as Tessa is,” Jem said, closing his eyes as he leaned back against the pillow.

“How rude. Many who have gazed upon me have compared the experience to gazing at the radiance of the sun.”

Jem still had his eyes closed. “If they mean it gives you a headache, they aren’t wrong.”

“Besides,” Will said, his eyes on Tessa, “it’s hardly fair to keep Tessa from her brother. She hasn’t had a chance to look in on him since this morning.”

“That’s true.” Jem’s eyes fluttered open for a moment; they were silvery black, dark with sleep. “My apologies, Tessa. I nearly forgot.”

Tessa said nothing. She was too busy being horrified that Jem wasn’t the only one who had nearly forgotten about her brother. *It’s all right*, she wanted to say, but Jem’s eyes were shut again, and she thought he might be asleep. As she watched, Will leaned forward and drew up the blankets, covering Jem’s chest.

Tessa turned around and let herself out as quietly as she could.

The light in the corridors was burning low, or perhaps it had simply been brighter in Jem’s room. Tessa stood for a moment, blinking, before her eyes adjusted. She gave a start. “Sophie?”

The other girl was a series of pale smudges in the dimness—her pale face, and the white cap dangling from her hand by one of its ties.

“Sophie?” Tessa said. “Is something wrong?”

“Is he all right?” Sophie demanded, a strange small hitch in her voice. “Is he going to be all right?”

Too startled to make sense of her question, Tessa said, “Who?”

Sophie stared at her, her eyes mutely tragic. “Jem.”

Not Master Jem, or Mr. Carstairs. Jem. Tessa looked at her in utter astonishment, suddenly remembering. *It’s all right to love someone who doesn’t love you back, as long as they’re worth you loving them. As long as they deserve it.*

Of course, Tessa thought. *I’m so stupid. It’s Jem she’s in love with.*

“He’s fine,” she said as gently as she could. “He’s resting, but he was sitting up and talking. He’ll be quite recovered soon, I’m

sure. Perhaps if you wanted to see him—”

“No!” Sophie exclaimed at once. “No, that wouldn’t be right or proper.” Her eyes were shining. “I’m much obliged to you, miss. I —”

She turned then, and hurried away down the corridor. Tessa looked after her, troubled and perplexed. How could she not have seen it earlier? How could she have been so blind? How strange to have the power to literally transform yourself into other people, and yet be so unable to put yourself in their place.



The door to Nate’s room was slightly ajar; Tessa pushed it open the rest of the way as quietly as she could, and peered inside.

Her brother was a heaped mound of blankets. The light from the guttering candle on the bedside table illuminated the fair hair spread across his pillow. His eyes were closed, his chest rising and falling regularly.

In the armchair beside the bed sat Jessamine. She, too, was asleep. Her blond hair was coming out of its carefully arranged chignon, the curls tumbling down onto her shoulders. Someone had thrown a heavy woolen blanket over her, and her hands clutched it, drawing it up against her chest. She looked younger than Tessa had ever seen her look, and vulnerable. There was nothing about her of the girl who had slaughtered the faerie in the park.

It was so odd, Tessa thought, what brought out tenderness in people. It was never what you would have expected. As quietly as she could, she turned away, shutting the door behind her.



Tessa slept fitfully that night, waking often amid dreams of clockwork creatures coming for her, reaching out their spindly metal-jointed hands to catch and tear at her skin. Eventually that dissolved into a dream of Jem, who lay asleep in a bed while silver powder rained down on him, burning where it struck the coverlet

he lay under, until eventually the whole bed burned, and Jem slept peacefully on, oblivious to Tessa's warning cries.

Finally she dreamed of Will, standing at the apex of the dome of St. Paul's, alone under the light of a white, white moon. He wore a black frock coat, and the Marks on his skin were plain to be seen on his neck and hands under the glow of the sky. He looked down on London like a bad angel pledged to save the city from its own worst dreams, while below him London slept on, indifferent and unknowing.

Tessa was torn from her dream by a voice in her ear, and a hand vigorously shaking her shoulder. "Miss!" It was Sophie, her voice sharp. "Miss Gray, you simply *must* wake. It's your brother."

Tessa shot upright, scattering pillows. Afternoon light poured through the bedroom windows, illuminating the room—and Sophie's anxious face. "Nate's awake? He's all right?"

"Yes—I mean, no. I mean, I don't know, miss." There was a little catch in Sophie's voice. "You see, he's gone missing."

16

THE BINDING SPELL

*And once, or twice, to throw the dice
Is a gentlemanly game,
But he does not win who plays with Sin
In the secret House of Shame.*
—Oscar Wilde, “The Ballad of Reading Gaol”

“Jessamine! Jessamine, what’s going on? Where’s Nate?”

Jessamine, who was standing just outside Nate’s room, whirled to face Tessa as she hurried up the corridor. Jessamine’s eyes were red-rimmed, her expression angry. Loose curls of blond hair were coming out of the usually neatly arranged knot at the back of her head. “I don’t *know*,” she snapped. “I fell asleep in the chair beside the bed, and when I woke up, he was gone—just gone!” She narrowed her eyes. “Gracious, you look ghastly.”

Tessa glanced down at herself. She hadn’t bothered with a crinoline, or even shoes. She’d just thrown on a dress and slid her bare feet into slippers. Her hair was straggling down around her shoulders, and she imagined she likely resembled the madwoman Mr. Rochester kept in his attic in *Jane Eyre*. “Well, Nate can’t have gone very far, not as ill as he is,” Tessa said. “Isn’t anyone *looking* for him?”

Jessamine threw up her hands. “Everyone’s looking for him. Will, Charlotte, Henry, Thomas, even Agatha. I don’t suppose you want us to roust poor Jem out of bed and make him part of the search party too?”

Tessa shook her head. “Honestly, Jessamine—” She broke off, turning away. “Well, I’m going to look as well. You can stay here if you like.”

“I do like.” Jessamine tossed her head as Tessa spun away and stalked off down the corridor, her mind whirling. Where on earth could Nate have gone? Had he been feverish, delirious? Had he gotten out of bed not knowing where he was and staggered off to look for her? The thought made her heart clench. The Institute was a baffling maze, she thought as she turned yet another blind corner into yet another tapestry-lined corridor. If she could barely find her way around it even now, how could Nate possibly—

“Miss Gray?”

Tessa turned and saw Thomas emerging from one of the doors along the hall. He was in shirtsleeves, his hair tousled as usual, his brown eyes very serious. She felt herself go very still. *Oh, God, it’s bad news.* “Yes?”

“I’ve found your brother,” Thomas said, to Tessa’s astonishment.

“You *have*? But where was he?”

“In the drawing room. Got himself a bit of a hiding place, behind the curtains, he had.” Thomas spoke hastily, looking sheepish. “Minute he saw me, he went right off his chump. Started screamin’ and yellin’. Tried to bolt right past me, an’ I nearly had to give him one over the gash to keep him quiet—” At Tessa’s look of incomprehension, Thomas paused, and cleared his throat. “That is to say, I’m afraid I may have frightened him, miss.”

Tessa put her hand over her mouth. “Oh, dear. But he’s all right?”

It seemed that Thomas did not know quite where to look. He was embarrassed to have found Nate cowering behind Charlotte’s curtains, Tessa thought, and she felt a wave of indignation on Nate’s behalf. Her brother wasn’t a Shadow-hunter; he hadn’t grown up killing things and risking his life. Of course he was terrified. And he was probably delirious with fever, on top of that.

“I had better go in and see him. Just me, you understand? I think he needs to see a familiar face.”

Thomas looked relieved. “Yes, miss. And I’ll wait out here, just for now. You just let me know when you want me to summon the others.”

Tessa nodded and moved past Thomas to push the door open. The drawing room was dim, the only illumination the gray afternoon light that spilled through the tall windows. In the shadows the sofas and armchairs scattered about the room looked like crouched beasts. In one of the larger armchairs by the fire sat Nate. He had found the bloodstained shirt and trousers he had been wearing at de Quincey’s, and had put them on. His feet were bare. He sat with his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands. He looked wretched.

“Nate?” Tessa said softly.

At that he looked up—and sprang to his feet, a look of incredulous happiness on his face. “Tessie!”

With a little cry Tessa rushed across the room and threw her arms around her brother, hugging him fiercely. She heard him give a little whimper of pain, but his arms went around her too, and for a moment, embracing him, Tessa was back in her aunt’s little kitchen in New York, with the smell of cooking all around her and her aunt’s soft laughter as she scolded them for making so much noise.

Nate pulled away first, and looked down at her. “God, Tessie, you look so different. . . .”

A shudder went through her. “What do you mean?”

He patted her cheek, almost absently. “Older,” he said. “Thinner. You were a round-faced little girl when I left New York, weren’t you? Or is that just the way I remember you?”

Tessa reassured her brother that she was still the same little sister he’d always known, but her mind was only partly engaged with his question. She couldn’t help staring at him worriedly; he no longer looked as gray as he had, but he was still pale, and

bruises stood out in blue, black, and yellow patches on his face and neck. “Nate . . .”

“It’s not as bad as it looks,” he said, reading the anxiety on her face.

“Yes, it is. You should be in bed, resting. What are you doing in here?”

“I was trying to find *you*. I knew you were here. I saw you, before that bald bastard with the missing eyes got at me. I figured they’d imprisoned you, too. I was going to try to get us out.”

“Imprisoned? Nate, no, it’s not like that.” She shook her head. “We’re safe here.”

He narrowed his eyes at her. “This is the Institute, isn’t it? I was warned about this place. De Quincey said it was run by madmen, monsters who called themselves Nephilim. He said they keep the damned souls of men penned up in some kind of box of theirs, screaming—”

“What, the Pyxis? It holds bits of demon energy, Nate, not men’s souls! It’s perfectly harmless. I’ll show it to you later, in the weapons room, if you don’t believe me.”

Nate looked no less grim. “He said that if the Nephilim got their hands on me, they’d take me apart, piece by piece, for breaking their Laws.”

A cold shiver went up Tessa’s spine; she drew away from her brother, and saw that one of the drawing room windows was open, the curtains fluttering in the breeze. So her shiver had been more than just nerves. “Did you open the window? It’s so cold in here, Nate.”

Nate shook his head. “It was open when I came in.”

Shaking her head, Tessa went across the room and drew the window down. “You’ll catch your death—”

“Never mind my death,” Nate said irritably. “What about the Shadowhunters? Are you saying they haven’t kept you imprisoned here?”

“No.” Tessa turned away from the window. “They haven’t. They’re strange people, but the Shadowhunters have been kind to me. I *wanted* to stay here. They’ve been generous enough to let me.”

Nate shook his head. “I don’t understand.”

Tessa felt a spark of anger, which surprised her; she pushed it back. It wasn’t Nate’s fault. There was so much he didn’t know. “Where else was I going to go, Nate?” she asked, crossing the room to him and taking his arm. She led him back over to the armchair. “Sit down. You’re exhausting yourself.”

Nate sat obediently, and looked up at her. There was a distant look in his eyes. Tessa knew that look. It meant he was plotting, hatching some mad plan, dreaming a ridiculous dream. “We can still get away from this place,” he said. “Get to Liverpool, get on a steamer. Go back to New York.”

“And do what?” Tessa said as gently as she could. “There’s nothing there for us. Not with Aunt dead. I had to sell all our things to pay for the funeral. The apartment’s gone. There was no rent money. There’s no place for us in New York, Nate.”

“We’ll make a place. A new life.”

Tessa looked at her brother sadly. There was pain in seeing him like this, his face full of hopeless pleading, bruises blossoming on his cheekbones like ugly flowers, his fair hair still matted in places with blood. Nate was not like other people, Aunt Harriet had always said. He had a beautiful innocence about him that had to be protected at all costs.

And Tessa had tried. She and her aunt had hidden Nate’s own weaknesses from him, the consequences of his own flaws and failings. Never telling him of the work Aunt Harriet had had to do to make up the money he had lost gambling, of the taunts Tessa had endured from other children, calling her brother a drunk, a wastrel. They had hidden these things from him to keep him from being hurt. But he had been hurt anyway, Tessa thought. Maybe Jem was right. Maybe the truth was always best.

Sitting down on the ottoman opposite her brother, she looked at him steadily. "It can't be like that, Nate. Not yet. This mess we're both in now, it will follow us even if we run. And if we run, we'll be alone when it does find us. There will be no one to help or protect us. We need the Institute, Nate. We need the Nephilim."

Nate's blue eyes were dazed. "I guess so," he said, and the phrase struck Tessa, who had heard nothing but British voices for nearly two months, as so American that she felt homesick. "It's because of me that you're here. De Quincey tortured me. Made me write those letters, send you that ticket. He told me he wouldn't hurt you once he had you, but then he never let me see you, and I thought—I thought—" He raised his head and looked at her dully. "You ought to hate me."

Tessa's voice was firm. "I could never hate you. You're my brother. You're my blood."

"Do you think when all this is over, we can go back home?" Nate asked. "Forget all this ever happened? Live normal lives?"

Live normal lives. The words conjured up an image of herself and Nate in some small, sunny apartment. Nate could get another job, and in the evening she could cook and clean for him, while on weekends they could walk in the park or take the train to Coney Island and ride the carousel, or go to the top of the Iron Tower and watch the fireworks explode at night over the Manhattan Beach Hotel. There would be real sunshine, not like this gray watery version of summer, and Tessa could be an ordinary girl, with her head in a book and her feet planted firmly on the familiar pavement of New York City.

But when she tried to hold this mental picture in her head, the vision seemed to crumble and fall away from her, like a cobweb when you tried to lift it whole in your hands. She saw Will's face, and Jem's, and Charlotte's, and even Magnus's as he said, *Poor thing. Now that you know the truth, you can never go back.*

"But we are not normal," said Tessa. "I am not normal. And you know that, Nate."

He looked down at the floor. "I know." He gave a helpless little wave of his hand. "So it's true. You are what de Quincey said you were. Magical. He said you had the power to change shape, Tessie, to become anything you wanted to be."

"Did you even believe him? It's true—well, almost true—but I barely believed it myself at first. It's so strange—"

"I've seen stranger things." His voice was hollow. "God, it ought to have been me."

Tessa frowned. "What do you mean?"

But before he could answer, the door swung open. "Miss Gray." It was Thomas, looking apologetic. "Miss Gray, Master Will is—"

"Master Will is right here." It was Will, ducking nimbly around Thomas, despite the other boy's bulk. He was still in the clothes he'd changed into the night before, and they looked ruffled. Tessa wondered if he'd slept in the chair in Jem's room. There were blue-gray shadows under his eyes, and he looked tired, though his eyes brightened—with relief? amusement? Tessa couldn't tell—as his gaze fell on Nate.

"Our wanderer, found at last," he said. "Thomas tells me you were hiding behind the curtains?"

Nate looked at Will dully. "Who are you?"

Quickly Tessa made the introductions, though neither boy seemed all that happy to meet the other. Nate still looked as if he were dying, and Will was regarding Nate as if he were a new scientific discovery, and not a very attractive one at that.

"So you're a Shadowhunter," Nate said. "De Quincey told me that you lot were monsters."

"Was that before or after he tried to eat you?" Will inquired.

Tessa rose quickly to her feet. "Will. Might I speak to you in the corridor for a moment, please?"

If she had expected resistance, she didn't get it. After a last hostile look at Nate, Will nodded and went with her silently out into the hall, closing the drawing room door behind him.

The illumination in the windowless corridor was variable, the witchlight casting discrete bright pools of light that didn't quite touch one another. Will and Tessa stood in the shadows between two of the pools, looking at each other—warily, Tessa thought, like angry cats circling in an alley.

It was Will who broke the silence. "Very well. You have me alone in the corridor—"

"Yes, yes," said Tessa impatiently, "and thousands of women all over England would pay handsomely for the privilege of such an opportunity. Can we put aside the display of your wit for a moment? This is important."

"You want me to apologize, do you?" Will said. "For what happened in the attic?"

Tessa, caught off guard, blinked. "The *attic*?"

"You want me to say I'm sorry that I kissed you."

At the words, the memory rose up again in Tessa with an unexpected clarity—Will's fingers in her hair, the touch of his hand on her glove, his mouth on hers. She felt herself flush and hoped furiously that it wouldn't be visible in the dimness. "What—no. No!"

"So you don't want me to be sorry," Will said. He was smiling very slightly now, the sort of smile a small child might bend upon the castle he has just built out of toy blocks, before he destroys it with a wave of his arm.

"I don't care whether you're sorry or not," Tessa said. "That's not what I wanted to talk to you about. I wanted to tell you to be kind to my brother. He's been through an awful ordeal. He doesn't need to be interrogated like some sort of criminal."

Will replied more quietly than Tessa would have thought. "I understand that. But if he's hiding anything—"

"Everyone hides things!" Tessa burst out, surprising herself. "There are things I know he's ashamed of, but that doesn't mean they need to matter to you. It's not as if you tell everyone everything, do you?"

Will looked wary. "What are you on about?"

What about your parents, Will? Why did you refuse to see them? Why do you have nowhere to go but here? And why, in the attic, did you send me away? But Tessa said none of those things. Instead she said, “What about Jem? Why didn’t you tell me he was ill the way he is?”

“Jem?” Will’s surprise seemed genuine. “He didn’t want me to. He considers it his business. Which it is. You might recall, I wasn’t even in favor of him telling you himself. He thought he owed you an explanation, but he didn’t. Jem owes nothing to anyone. What happened to him wasn’t his fault, and yet he carries the burden of it and is ashamed—”

“He has nothing to be ashamed of.”

“You might think so. Others see no difference between his illness and an addiction, and they despise him for being weak. As if he could just stop taking the drug if he had enough willpower.” Will sounded surprisingly bitter. “They’ve said as much, sometimes to his face. I didn’t want him to have to hear you say it too.”

“I would never have said that.”

“How would I have guessed what you might say?” Will said. “I don’t really know you, Tessa, do I? Any more than you know me.”

“You don’t want anyone to know you,” Tessa snapped. “And very well, I won’t try. But don’t pretend that Jem is just like you. Perhaps he’d rather people knew the truth of who he is.”

“Don’t,” Will said, his blue eyes darkening. “Don’t think you know Jem better than I do.”

“If you care about him so much, why aren’t you doing anything to help him? Why not look for a cure?”

“Do you think we *haven’t*? Do you think Charlotte hasn’t looked, Henry hasn’t looked, that we haven’t hired warlocks, paid for information, called in favors? Do you imagine Jem’s death is just something we have all accepted without ever fighting against it?”

“Jem told me that he had asked you all to stop looking,” Tessa said, calm in the face of his anger, “and that you had. Haven’t

you?”

“He told you that, did he?”

“*Have* you stopped?”

“There is nothing to find, Tessa. There is no cure.”

“You don’t know that. You could keep looking and not ever tell him you were looking. There might be something. Even the littlest chance—”

Will raised his eyebrows. The flickering corridor light deepened the shadows under his eyes, the angular bones of his cheeks. “You think we should disregard his wishes?”

“I think that you should do whatever you can, even if it means you must lie to him. I think I don’t understand your acceptance of his death.”

“And I think that *you* do not understand that sometimes the only choice is between acceptance and madness.”

Behind them in the corridor someone cleared their throat. “What’s going on here, then?” asked a familiar voice. Both Tessa and Will had been so caught up in their conversation that they had not heard Jem approaching. Will gave a guilty start before turning to look at his friend, who was regarding them both with calm interest. Jem was fully dressed but looked as if he had just woken from a feverish sleep, his hair mussed and his cheeks burning with color.

Will looked surprised, and not entirely pleased, to see him. “What are you doing out of bed?”

“I ran into Charlotte in the hall. She said we were all meeting in the drawing room to talk with Tessa’s brother.” Jem’s tone was mild, and it was impossible to tell from his expression how much of Tessa and Will’s conversation he had overheard. “I’m well enough to listen, at least.”

“Oh, good, you’re all here.” It was Charlotte, hurrying up the corridor. Behind her strode Henry, and on either side of him, Jessamine and Sophie. Jessie had changed into one of her nicest dresses, Tessa observed, a sheer blue muslin, and she was

carrying a folded blanket. Sophie, beside her, held a tray with tea and sandwiches on it.

“Are those for Nate?” Tessa asked, surprised. “The tea, and the blankets?”

Sophie nodded. “Mrs. Branwell thought he’d likely be hungry —”

“And *I* thought he might be cold. He was shivering so last night,” Jessamine put in eagerly. “Should we bring these things in to him, then?”

Charlotte looked to Tessa for her approval, which disarmed her. Charlotte would be kind to Nate; she couldn’t help it. “Yes. He’s waiting for you.”

“Thank you, Tessa,” Charlotte said softly, and then she pushed the drawing room door open and went in, followed by the others. As Tessa moved to go after them, she felt a hand on her arm, a touch so light she almost might not have noticed it.

It was Jem. “Wait,” he said. “Just a moment.”

She turned to look at him. Through the open doorway she could hear a murmur of voices—Henry’s friendly baritone, Jessamine’s eager falsetto rising as she said Nate’s name. “What is it?”

He hesitated. His hand on her arm was cool; his fingers felt like thin stems of glass against her skin. She wondered if the skin over the bones of his cheeks, where he was flushed and feverish, would be warmer to the touch.

“But my sister—” Nate’s voice floated into the hallway, sounding anxious. “Is she joining us? Where is she?”

“Never mind. It’s nothing.” With a reassuring smile Jem dropped his hand. Tessa wondered, but turned and went into the drawing room, Jem behind her.

Sophie was kneeling by the grate, building up the fire; Nate was still in the armchair, where he sat with Jessamine’s blanket thrown over his lap. Jessamine, upright on a stool nearby, was beaming proudly. Henry and Charlotte sat on the sofa opposite Nate—Charlotte clearly bursting with curiosity—and Will, as

usual, was holding up the nearest wall by leaning against it and looking both irritable and amused at the same time.

As Jem went to join Will, Tessa fixed her attention on her brother. Some of the tension had gone out of him when she'd come back into the room, but he still looked miserable. He was plucking at Jessamine's blanket with his fingertips. She crossed the room and sank down onto the ottoman at his feet, resisting the urge to ruffle his hair or pat his shoulder. She could feel all the eyes in the room on her. Everyone was watching her and her brother, and she could have heard a pin drop.

"Nate," she said softly. "I assume everyone has introduced themselves?"

Nate, still picking at the blanket, nodded.

"Mr. Gray," said Charlotte, "we have spoken to Mr. Mortmain already. He has told us a great deal about you. About your fondness for Downworld. And gambling."

"*Charlotte*," Tessa protested.

Nate spoke heavily. "It's true, Tessie."

"No one blames your brother for what happened, Tessa." Charlotte made her voice very gentle as she turned back to Nate. "Mortmain says you already knew he was involved in occult practices when you arrived in London. How did you know that he was a member of the Pandemonium Club?"

Nate hesitated.

"Mr. Gray, we simply need to understand what happened to you. De Quincey's interest in you—I know you aren't well, and we have no wish to cruelly interrogate you, but if you could offer us even a little information, it might be of the most invaluable assistance—"

"It was Aunt Harriet's sewing notions," Nate said in a low voice.

Tessa blinked. "It was what?"

Nate continued, in a low voice. "Our aunt Harriet always kept mother's old jewelry box on the nightstand by her bed. She said she kept sewing notions in it, but I—" Nate took a deep breath,

looking at Tessa as he spoke. “I was in debt. I’d made a few rash bets, had lost some money, and I was in a bad way. I didn’t want you or Aunt to know. I remembered there was a gold bracelet Mother used to wear when she was alive. I got it into my head that it was still in that jewelry box and that Aunt Harriet was just too stubborn to sell it. You know how she is—how she *was*. Anyway, I couldn’t let the idea go. I knew that if I could pawn the bracelet, I could get the money to pay off my debts. So one day when you and Aunt were out, I got hold of the box and searched it.

“Of course the bracelet wasn’t in it. But I did find a false bottom to the case. There was nothing in it of any worth, just a wadded-up bunch of old papers. I snatched them when I heard you coming up the stairs, and took them back to my room.”

Nate paused. All eyes were on him. After a moment Tessa, no longer able to hold her questions in, said, “*And?*”

“They were Mother’s diary pages,” Nate said. “Torn out of their original binding, with quite a few missing, but it was enough for me to put together a strange story.

“It began when our parents were living in London. Father was gone often, working in Mortmain’s offices down at the docks, but mother had Aunt Harriet to keep her company, and me to keep her occupied. I had just been born. That was, until Father began to come home night after night increasingly distressed. He reported odd doings on the factory floor, bits of machinery malfunctioning in strange ways, noises heard at all hours, and even the night watchman gone missing one night. There were rumors, too, that Mortmain was involved in occult practices.” Nate sounded as if he were remembering as much as reciting the tale. “Father shrugged the rumors off at first but eventually repeated them to Mortmain, who admitted everything. I gather he managed to make it sound rather harmless, as if he were just having a bit of a lark with spells and pentagrams and things. He called the organization he belonged to the Pandemonium Club.

He suggested that Father come to one of their meetings, and bring Mother.”

“Bring Mother? But he couldn’t possibly have wanted to do that—”

“Probably not, but with a new wife and a new baby, Father would have been eager to please his employer. He agreed to go, and to bring Mother with him.”

“Father should have gone to the police—”

“A rich man like Mortmain would have had the police in his pocket,” interrupted Will. “Had your father gone to the police, they would have laughed at him.”

Nathaniel pushed the hair back off his forehead; he was sweating now, strands of hair sticking to his skin. “Mortmain arranged a carriage to come for both of them late at night, when no one would be watching. The carriage brought them to Mortmain’s town house. After that there were many missing pages, and no details about what happened that night. It was the first time they went, but not, I learned, the last. They met with the Pandemonium Club several times over the course of the next few months. Mother, at least, hated going, but they continued to attend the meetings until something changed abruptly. I don’t know what it was; there were few pages after that. I was able to discern that when they left London, they did it under cover of night, that they told no one where they were going, and they left no forwarding address. They might as well have vanished. Nothing in the diary, though, said anything about why—”

Nathaniel broke off his story with a fit of dry coughing. Jessamine scrambled for the tea that Sophie had left on the side table, and a moment later was pressing a cup into Nate’s hand. She gave Tessa a superior expression as she did so, as if to point out that Tessa really ought to have thought of it first.

Nate, having quieted his coughing with tea, continued. “Having found the diary pages, I felt as if I’d stumbled across a gold mine. I’d heard of Mortmain. I knew the man was as rich as Croesus, even if he was evidently a bit mad. I wrote to him and

told him I was Nathaniel Gray, the son of Richard and Elizabeth Gray, that my father was dead, and so was my mother, and in among her papers I had found evidence of his occult activities. I intimated that I was eager to meet him and discuss possible employment, and that if he proved less eager to meet me, there were several newspapers that I imagined would be interested in my mother's diary."

"That was enterprising." Will sounded nearly impressed.

Nate smiled. Tessa shot him a furious look. "Don't look pleased with yourself. When Will says 'enterprising,' he means 'morally deficient.'"

"No, I mean enterprising," said Will. "When I mean morally deficient, I say, 'Now, that's something *I* would have done.'"

"That's enough, Will," Charlotte interrupted. "Let Mr. Gray finish his story."

"I thought perhaps he'd send me a bribe, some money to shut me up," Nate went on. "Instead I got a first-class steamer ticket to London and the official offer of a job once I arrived. I figured I was onto a good thing, and for the first time in my life, I didn't plan on messing it up.

"When I got to London, I went straight to Mortmain's house, where I was ushered into the study to meet him. He greeted me with great warmth, telling me how glad he was to see me and how I looked just like my dear dead mother. Then he grew serious. He sat me down and told me he had always liked my parents and had been saddened when they had left England. He had not known they were dead until he received my letter. Even if I were to go public with what I knew about him, he claimed he would happily give me a job and do whatever he could for me, for my parents' sake.

"I told Mortmain that I would keep his secret—if he brought me with him to attend a meeting of the Pandemonium Club, that he owed it to me to show me what it was he had shown my parents. The truth was, the mentioning of gambling in my mother's diary had sparked my interest. I imagined a meeting of a

group of men silly enough to believe in magic and devils. Surely it wouldn't be difficult to win a bit of money off such fools." Nate closed his eyes.

"Mortmain agreed, reluctantly, to take me. I suppose he had no choice. That night the meeting was at de Quincey's town house. The moment the door opened, I knew I was the fool. This was no group of amateurs dabbling in spiritualism. This was the real thing, the Shadow World my mother had made only glancing reference to in her diary. It was *real*. I can barely describe my sense of shock as I stared around me—creatures of indescribable grotesqueness filled the room. The Dark Sisters were there, leering at me from behind their whist cards, their nails like talons. Women with their faces and shoulders powdered white smiled at me with blood running out the corners of their mouths. Little creatures whose eyes changed color scuttled across the floor. I had never imagined such things were real, and I said as much to Mortmain.

"There are more things in Heaven and earth, Nathaniel, than are dreamt of in your philosophy,' he said.

"Well, I knew the quote because of you, Tessa. You were always reading Shakespeare at me, and I even paid attention some of the time. I was about to tell Mortmain not to make fun of me, when a man came up to us. I saw Mortmain go stiff as a board, as if this were someone he was frightened of. He introduced me as Nathaniel, a new employee, and told me the man's name. De Quincey.

"De Quincey smiled. I knew immediately he wasn't human. I'd never seen a vampire before, with that death white skin of theirs, and of course when he smiled, I saw his teeth. I think I just stared. 'Mortmain, you're keeping things from me again,' he said. 'This is more than just a new employee. This is Nathaniel Gray. Elizabeth and Richard Gray's son.'

"Mortmain stammered something, looking baffled. De Quincey chuckled. 'I do hear things, Axel,' he said. Then he

turned to me. 'I knew your father,' he told me. 'I liked him quite a bit. Perhaps you'd join me for a game of cards?'

"Mortmain shook his head at me, but I'd seen the card room when I'd come into the house, of course. I was drawn to the gaming tables like a moth to light. I sat playing faro all night with a vampire, two werewolves, and a wild-haired warlock. I made my jack that night—won a great deal of money, and drank a great deal of the colorful sparkling drinks that were passed around the room on silver trays. At some point Mortmain left, but I didn't care. I emerged in the dawn light feeling exultant, on top of the world—and with an invitation from de Quincey to return to the club whenever I liked.

"I was a fool, of course. I was having such a high old time of it because the drinks were mixed with warlock potions, addictive ones. And I had been *allowed* to win that evening. I went back of course, without Mortmain, night after night. At first I won—won steadily, which was how I was able to send money back to you and Aunt Harriet, Tessie. It certainly wasn't from working at Mortmain's. I went into the office irregularly, but I could barely concentrate even on the simple tasks I was assigned. All I thought about was getting back to the club, drinking more of those drinks, winning more money.

"Then I started to lose. The more I lost, the more obsessed I became with winning it back. De Quincey suggested I start playing on tick, so I borrowed money; I stopped coming into the office at all. I slept all day, and gambled all night. I lost everything." His voice was remote. "When I got your letter that Aunt had died, Tessa, I thought it was a judgment on me. A punishment for my behavior. I wanted to rush out and buy a ticket to return to New York that day—but I had no money. Desperate, I went to the club—I was unshaved, miserable, red-eyed. I must have looked like a man at his lowest ebb, because it was then that de Quincey approached me with a proposition. He drew me into a back room and pointed out that I had lost more money to the club than any one man could ever pay back. He

seemed amused by it all, the devil, flicking invisible dust off his cuffs, grinning at me with those needle teeth. He asked me what I'd be willing to give to pay off my debts. I said, 'Anything.' And he said, 'What about your sister?'"

Tessa felt the hairs on her arms rise, and was uncomfortably aware of the eyes of everyone in the room on her. "What—what did he say about me?"

"I was utterly taken off guard," said Nate. "I didn't recall having discussed you with him, ever, but I had been drunk so many times at the club, and we had spoken very freely. . . ." The teacup in his hand rattled in its saucer; he set them both down, hard. "I asked him what he could possibly want with my sister. He told me that he had reason to know that one of my mother's children was . . . special. He had thought it might be me, but having had leisure to observe me, the only thing unusual about me was my foolishness." Nate's tone was bitter. "'But your sister, your sister is something else again,' he told me. 'She has all the power you do not. I have no intention of harming her. She is far too important.'"

"I spluttered and begged for more information, but he was unyielding. Either I procured Tessa for him, or I would die. He even told me what it was I had to do."

Tessa exhaled slowly. "De Quincey told you to write me that letter," she said. "He had you send me the tickets for the *Main*. He had you bring me here."

Nate's eyes pleaded with her to understand. "He swore he wouldn't hurt you. He told me all he wanted was to teach you to use your power. He told me you'd be honored and wealthy beyond imagining—"

"Well, that's just fine, then," interrupted Will. "It's not as if there are more important things than money." His eyes were blazing with indignation; Jem looked no less disgusted.

"It's not Nate's fault!" Jessamine snapped. "Didn't you hear him? De Quincey would have killed him. And he knew who Nate

was, where he came from; he would have found Tessa eventually anyway, and Nate would have died for no reason.”

“So that’s your objective ethical opinion, is it, Jess?” Will said. “And I suppose it has nothing to do with the fact that you’ve been drooling over Tessa’s brother since he arrived. Any mundane will do, I suppose, no matter how useless—”

Jessamine let out an indignant squawk, and rose to her feet. Charlotte, her voice rising, tried to quiet them both as they shouted at each other, but Tessa had stopped listening; she was looking at Nate.

She had known for some time her brother was weak, that what her aunt had called innocence was really spoiled pettish childishness; that being a boy, the firstborn, and beautiful, Nate had always been the prince of his own tiny kingdom. She had understood that, while it had been his job as older brother to protect her, really it had always been she, and her aunt, who had protected him.

But he was her brother; she loved him; and the old protectiveness rose in her, as it always did where Nate was concerned, and probably always would. “Jessamine’s right,” she said, raising her voice to cut through the angry voices in the room. “It wouldn’t have done him any good to refuse de Quincey, and there’s no point arguing about it now. We still need to know what de Quincey’s plans are. Do you know, Nate? Did he tell you what he wanted with me?”

Nate shook his head. “Once I agreed to send for you, he kept me trapped in his town house. He had me send a letter to Mortmain, of course, resigning from his employment; the poor man must have thought I was throwing his generosity back in his face. De Quincey wasn’t planning on taking his eyes off me until he had you in hand, Tessie; I was his insurance. He gave the Dark Sisters my ring to prove to you that I was in their power. He promised me over and over that he wouldn’t hurt you, that he was simply having the Sisters teach you to use your power. The

Dark Sisters reported on your progress every day, so I knew you were still alive.

“Since I was there in the house anyway, I found myself observing the workings of the Pandemonium Club. I saw that there was an organization to the ranks. There were those who were very low down, clinging to the fringes, like Mortmain and his ilk. De Quincey and the higher-ups mostly kept them around because they had money, and they teased them with little glimpses of magic and the Shadow World to keep them coming back for more. Then there were those such as the Dark Sisters and others, those who had more power and responsibility in the club. They were all supernatural creatures, no humans. And then, at the top, was de Quincey. The others called him the Magister.

“They often held meetings to which the humans and those lower down weren’t invited. That was where I first heard about Shadowhunters. De Quincey despises Shadowhunters,” Nate said, turning to Henry and Charlotte. “He has a grudge against them—against you. He kept talking about how much better things would be when Shadowhunters were destroyed and Downworlders could live and trade in peace—”

“What tosh.” Henry looked genuinely offended. “Don’t know what kind of peace he thinks there’d be, without Shadowhunters.”

“He talked about how there’d never been a way to defeat Shadowhunters before because their weapons were so superior. He said the legend was that God had meant the Nephilim to be superior warriors, so no living creature could destroy them. So, apparently he thought, ‘Why not a creature who *wasn’t* living at all?’”

“The automatons,” said Charlotte. “His machine army.”

Nate looked puzzled. “You’ve seen them?”

“A few of them attacked your sister last night,” said Will. “Fortunately, we Shadowhunter monsters were around to save her.”

“Not that she was doing too badly by herself,” Jem murmured.

“Do you know anything about the machines?” Charlotte demanded, leaning forward eagerly. “Anything at all? Did de Quincey ever talk about them in front of you?”

Nate shrank back in his chair. “He did, but I didn’t understand most of it. I don’t have a mechanical mind, really—”

“It’s simple.” It was Henry, using the tone of someone trying to calm a frightened cat. “Right now these machines of de Quincey’s just run on mechanisms. They have to be wound up, like clocks. But we found a copy of a spell in his library that indicates that he’s trying to find a way to make them *live*, a way to bind demon energy to the clockwork shell and bring it to life.”

“Oh, that! Yes, he talked about *that*,” Nathaniel replied, like a child pleased to be able to give the right answer in a schoolroom. Tessa could practically see the ears of the Shadowhunters pricking up with excitement. This was what they really wanted to know. “That’s what he hired the Dark Sisters for—not just for training Tessa. They’re warlocks, you know, and they were meant to be figuring out how it could be done. And they did. It wasn’t long ago—a few weeks—but they did.”

“They did?” Charlotte looked shocked. “But, then why hasn’t de Quincey done it yet? What’s he waiting for?”

Nate looked from her anxious face to Tessa’s, and all around the room. “I—I thought you knew. He said the binding charm could only be generated at the full moon. When that happens, the Dark Sisters will get to work, and then—he’s got dozens of the things stored in his hideaway, and I know he plans to make many more—hundreds, thousands, perhaps. I suppose he’ll animate them, and . . .”

“The full moon?” Charlotte, glancing toward the window, bit her lip. “That will be very soon—tomorrow night, I think.”

Jem straightened up like a shot. “I can check the lunar tables in the library. I’ll be right back.” He vanished through the door.

Charlotte turned to Nate. “You’re quite sure about this?”

Nate nodded, swallowing hard. “When Tessa escaped from the Dark Sisters, de Quincey blamed me, even though I hadn’t

known anything about it. He told me he was going to let the Night Children drain my blood as a punishment. He kept me imprisoned for days before the party. He didn't care what he said in front of me then. He knew I was going to die. I heard him talking about how the Sisters had mastered the binding spell. That it wasn't going to be long before the Nephilim were destroyed, and all the members of the Pandemonium Club could rule London in their stead."

Will spoke, his voice harsh. "Have you any idea where de Quincey might be hiding now that his house has burned?"

Nate looked exhausted. "He has a hideaway in Chelsea. He would have gone to ground there with those who are loyal to him—there are still probably a hundred vampires of his clan who weren't at the town house that night. I know exactly where the place is. I can show you on a map—" He broke off as Jem burst into the room, his eyes very wide.

"It's not tomorrow," Jem said. "The full moon. It's tonight."

CALL THE DARKNESS DOWN

*The old church tower and garden wall
Are black with autumn rain,
And dreary winds foreboding call
The darkness down again.*

—Emily Brontë, “The Old Church Tower”

While Charlotte dashed to the library to notify the Enclave that emergency action would need to be taken that evening, Henry remained in the drawing room with Nathaniel and the others. He was surprisingly patient as Nate painstakingly indicated on a map of London the spot where he believed de Quincey’s hideaway to be—a house in Chelsea, near the Thames. “I don’t know which one it is exactly,” Nate said, “so you’ll have to be careful.”

“We are always careful,” Henry said, ignoring Will’s wry look in his direction. Not long after that, however, he sent Will and Jem to the weapons room with Thomas to ready a stock of seraph blades and other armaments. Tessa remained in the drawing room with Jessamine and Nate while Henry hurried off to the crypt to retrieve some of his more recent inventions.

As soon as the others had gone, Jessamine commenced fluttering around Nate—building up the fire for him, going to fetch another blanket to wrap around his shoulders, and offering to find a book to read aloud to him, which he declined. If Jessamine was hoping to win Nate’s heart by fussing over him, Tessa thought, she would be in for a disappointment. Nate

expected to be fussed over and would hardly notice her special attentions.

“So what’s going to happen now?” he asked finally, half-buried under a mound of blankets. “Mr. and Mrs. Branwell—”

“Oh, call them Henry and Charlotte. Everyone does,” Jessamine said.

“They’ll be notifying the Enclave—that’s all the rest of London’s Shadowhunters—of the location of de Quincey’s hideaway, so they can plan an attack,” said Tessa. “But really, Nate, you shouldn’t be worrying about these things. You should be resting.”

“So it’ll just be us.” Nate’s eyes were closed. “In this big old place. Seems strange.”

“Oh, Will and Jem won’t be going with them,” said Jessamine. “I heard her talking to them in the weapons room when I went to get the blanket.”

Nate’s eyes opened. “They *won’t*?” He sounded astonished. “Why not?”

“They’re too young,” said Jessamine. “Shadowhunters are considered adults at eighteen, and for this kind of undertaking—something dangerous that the whole Enclave is participating in—they tend to leave the younger ones at home.”

Tessa felt a strange little pang of relief, which she covered by asking hurriedly, “But that’s so odd. They let Will and Jem go to de Quincey’s—”

“And that’s why they can’t go now. Apparently, Benedict Lightwood is arguing that the raid on de Quincey’s turned out as badly as it did because Will and Jem are insufficiently trained, though how any of it was meant to be Jem’s fault, I’m not sure. If you ask me, he wants an excuse to make Gabriel stay at home, even though he’s already eighteen. He babies him horribly. Charlotte said he told her that there have been whole Enclaves wiped out in a single night before, and the Nephilim have an obligation to leave the younger generation standing, to carry on, as it were.”

Tessa's stomach twisted. Before she could say anything, the door opened and Thomas came in. He was carrying a stack of folded clothes. "These are old things of Master Jem's," he said to Nate, looking slightly embarrassed. "It looks like you might be about the same size, and, well, you ought to have something to wear. If you'll accompany me back to your room, we can see if they fit."

Jessamine rolled her eyes. Tessa wasn't sure why. Perhaps she thought castoffs weren't good enough for Nate.

"Thank you, Thomas," Nate said, rising to his feet. "And I must tender my apologies for my earlier behavior, when I, ah, hid from you. I must have been feverish. That's the only explanation."

Thomas flushed. "Just doing my job, sir."

"Perhaps you should get some sleep," Tessa said, noting the dark rings of exhaustion around her brother's eyes. "There won't be much for us to do now, not until they return."

"Actually," Nate said, looking from Jessamine to Tessa, "I think I've had enough of rest. A fellow ought to get back on his feet eventually, oughtn't he? I could stand to eat a bite of something, and I wouldn't mind some company. If you wouldn't mind my joining you here once I'm dressed?"

"Of course not!" Jessamine looked delighted. "I'll ask Agatha to prepare something light. And perhaps a game of cards to keep us occupied after we eat. Sandwiches and tea, I think." She clapped her hands together as Thomas and Nate left the room, and turned to Tessa, her eyes bright. "Won't that be fun?"

"Cards?" Tessa, who had been shocked nearly speechless by Jessamine's suggestion, found her voice. "You think we ought to play *cards*? While Henry and Charlotte are off fighting de Quincey?"

Jessamine tossed her head. "As if our moping around would help them! I'm sure they'd rather we were cheerful and active in their absence rather than idle and morose."

Tessa frowned. "I really don't think," she said, "that suggesting cards to Nate was a kind idea, Jessamine. You know perfectly

well he has . . . trouble . . . with gambling.”

“We’re not going to *gamble*,” Jessamine said airily. “Just a friendly game of cards. Really, Tessa, must you be such a wet blanket?”

“A *what*? Jessamine, I know you’re only trying to keep Nate happy. But this isn’t the way—”

“And I suppose *you’ve* mastered the art of winning men’s affections?” Jessamine snapped, her brown eyes sparking with anger. “You think I haven’t seen you looking at Will with puppy-dog eyes? As if he were even—Oh!” She threw up her hands. “Never mind. You make me sick. I’m going to talk to Agatha without you.” With that, she rose to her feet and flounced out of the room, pausing in the doorway only to say “And I know you don’t care how you look, but you ought to at least fix your hair, Tessa. It looks like birds are living in it!” before the door slammed shut behind her.



Silly as Tessa knew it was, Jessamine’s words stung. She hastened back to her room to splash water on her face and run a hairbrush through her tangled hair. Looking at her own white face in the mirror, she tried not to wonder if she still looked like the sister Nate remembered. Tried not to imagine how she might have changed.

Finished, she hurried out into the corridor—and nearly walked directly into Will, who was leaning against the corridor wall opposite her door, examining his nails. With his usual disregard for manners, he was in shirtsleeves, and over the shirt was a series of leather straps crisscrossing his chest. Across his back hung a long, thin blade; she could see the hilt of it just over his shoulder. Thrust through his belt were several long, thin white seraph blades.

“I—” Jessamine’s voice echoed in Tessa’s head: *You think I haven’t seen you looking at Will with puppy-dog eyes?* The witchlight was burning low. Tessa hoped it was too dim in the corridor for him to see her blush. “I thought you weren’t going

with the Enclave tonight,” she said finally, more to have something to say than anything else.

“I’m not. I’m bringing these down to Charlotte and Henry in the courtyard. Benedict Lightwood is sending his carriage for them. It’s faster. It should be here shortly.” It was dark in the corridor, dark enough that though Tessa thought that Will was smiling, she wasn’t sure. “Concerned about my safety, are you? Or had you planned to gift me with a favor so I could wear it into battle like Wilfred of *Ivanhoe*?”

“I never liked that book,” Tessa said. “Rowena was such a ninny. *Ivanhoe* should have chosen Rebecca.”

“The dark-haired girl, not the blonde? Really?” Now she was almost sure he was smiling.

“Will—?”

“Yes?”

“Do you think the Enclave will actually manage to kill him? De Quincey, that is?”

“Yes.” He spoke without hesitation. “The time for negotiation has passed. If you’ve ever seen terriers in a rat-baiting pit—well, I don’t suppose you would have. But that’s what it will be like tonight. The Clave will dispatch the vampires one by one until they are wiped out utterly.”

“You mean there will be no more vampires in London?”

Will shrugged. “There are always vampires. But de Quincey’s clan will be gone.”

“And once it’s over—once the Magister is gone—I suppose there will be no more reason for Nate and me to stay in the Institute, will there?”

“I—” Will seemed genuinely taken aback. “I suppose—Yes, well, that’s true. I imagine that you would prefer to stay in a less . . . violent locale. Perhaps you could even see some of the nicer parts of London. Westminster Abbey—”

“I would prefer to go home,” Tessa said. “To New York.”

Will said nothing. The witchlight in the corridor had faded; in the shadows she couldn't clearly see his face.

"Unless there were a reason for me to stay," she went on, half-wondering what she herself even meant by that. It was easier to talk to Will like this, when she couldn't see his face, and could only sense his presence near hers in the dark corridor.

She didn't see him move, but she felt his fingers touch the back of her hand lightly. "Tessa," he said. "Please don't worry. Soon it will all be settled."

Her heart thumped painfully against her ribs. Soon *what* would be settled? He couldn't mean what she thought he did. He had to mean something else. "Don't *you* wish to go home?"

He didn't move, his fingers still brushing her hand. "I can't ever go home."

"But why not?" she whispered, but it was too late. She felt him retreating from her. His hand drew back from hers. "I know your parents came to the Institute when you were twelve and you refused to see them. Why? What did they do to you that was so dreadful?"

"They did nothing." He shook his head. "I must go. Henry and Charlotte are waiting."

"Will," she said, but he was already walking away, a slim dark shadow moving toward the stairs. "Will," she called after him. "Will, who is Cecily?"

But he was already gone.



By the time Tessa returned to the drawing room, Nate and Jessamine were there, and the sun had begun to set. She went immediately to the window and looked out. In the courtyard below, Jem, Henry, Will, and Charlotte were gathered, their shadows cast long and dark across the Institute's steps. Henry was putting a last *iratze* rune on his arm while Charlotte seemed to be giving Jem and Will instructions. Jem was nodding, but Tessa could tell even at this distance that Will, whose arms were

crossed over his chest, was being recalcitrant. *He wants to go with them*, she thought. *He doesn't want to stay here*. Jem probably wanted to go as well, but he wouldn't complain about it. That was the difference between the two boys. One of the differences, at any rate.

"Tessie, are you sure you don't want to play?" Nate turned to look at his sister. He was back in his armchair, a rug over his legs, cards laid out on a small table between him and Jessamine beside a silver tea service and a small plate of sandwiches. His hair looked slightly damp, as if he had washed it, and he was wearing Jem's clothes. Nathaniel had lost weight, Tessa could tell, but Jem was slender enough that his shirt was still a little tight on Nate at the collar and cuffs—though Jem's shoulders were still broader, and Nate looked a little slighter of frame in Jem's jacket.

Tessa was still looking out the window. A great black carriage had drawn up, with a design on the door of two burning torches, and Henry and Charlotte were getting into it. Will and Jem had vanished from view.

"She's sure." Jessamine sniffed when Tessa didn't answer. "Just look at her. She looks so disapproving."

Tessa tore her gaze from the window. "I'm not disapproving. It just seems wrong to play games while Henry and Charlotte and others are out risking their lives."

"Yes, I know, you said that before." Jessamine set her cards down. "Really, Tessa. This happens all the time. They go off to battle; they come back. There's nothing worth getting worked up over."

Tessa bit her lip. "I feel I ought to have said good-bye or good luck, but with all the rushing about—"

"You needn't worry," Jem said, coming into the drawing room, Will just behind him. "Shadowhunters don't say goodbye, not before a battle. Or good luck. You must behave as if return is certain, not a matter of chance."

"We don't require luck," said Will, throwing himself into a chair beside Jessamine, who shot him an angry look. "We have a

heavenly mandate, after all. With God on your side, what does luck matter?" He sounded surprisingly bitter.

"Oh, stop being so depressing, Will," said Jessamine. "We're playing cards. You can either join the game or be quiet."

Will raised an eyebrow. "What are you playing?"

"Pope Joan," said Jessamine coolly, dealing out cards. "I was just explaining the rules to Mr. Gray."

"Miss Lovelace says you win by ridding yourself of all your cards. That seems backward to me." Nate grinned across the table at Jessamine, who dimpled annoyingly.

Will poked at the steaming cup that sat beside Nathaniel's elbow. "Is there any tea in this," he inquired, "or is it simply *pure* brandy?"

Nate flushed. "Brandy is restorative."

"Yes," said Jem, a little edge to his voice. "It often restores men right to the poorhouse."

"Really! The two of you! Such hypocrites. It isn't as if Will doesn't drink, and Jem—" Jessamine broke off, biting her lip. "You two are just fussing because Henry and Charlotte wouldn't take you along with them," she said finally. "Because you're too *young*." She smiled at Nate across the table. "I prefer the company of a more mature gentleman, myself."

Nate, Tessa thought disgustedly, is exactly two years older than Will. Hardly a century. Nor is he by any stretch of the imagination "mature." But before she could say anything, a great, echoing boom sounded through the Institute.

Nate raised his eyebrows. "I thought this wasn't a real church. I thought there were no bells."

"There aren't. That sound isn't church bells ringing." Will rose to his feet. "That's the summoning bell. It means someone is downstairs and demands conference with the Shadow-hunters. And since James and I are the only ones here . . ."

He looked at Jessamine, and Tessa realized he was waiting for Jessamine to contradict him, to say that she was a Shadowhunter too. But Jessamine was smiling at Nate, and he was leaning in to

say something in her ear; neither of them was paying attention to what else was going on in the room.

Jem looked at Will and shook his head. They both turned toward the door; as they went out, Jem looked at Tessa and gave her a little shrug. *I wish you were a Shadowhunter*, she thought his eyes were saying, but maybe it was simply what she hoped they were saying. Perhaps he was merely smiling at her kindly and there was no meaning in it.

Nate poured himself another hot water and brandy. He and Jessamine had abandoned the pretense that they were playing cards and were leaning close to each other, murmuring in low voices. Tessa felt a dull thump of disappointment. Somehow she had expected that Nate's ordeal would have made him more thoughtful—more inclined to understand that there were larger things at work in the world, more important things than his own immediate pleasures. She expected nothing better of Jessamine, but what had once seemed charming in Nate now grated on her nerves in a way that surprised her.

She leaned toward the window again. There was a carriage in the courtyard. Will and Jem were on the front steps. With them was a man in evening dress—elegant black tailcoat, high silk hat, a white waistcoat that shone under the witchlight torches. He looked like a mundane to Tessa, though at this distance it was difficult to tell. As she watched, he raised his arms and made a broad gesture. She saw Will look at Jem, and Jem nod, and wondered what on earth they were talking about.

She looked past the man to the coach behind him—and froze. Instead of a coat of arms, the name of a business enterprise was painted across one of the doors: MORTMAIN AND COMPANY.

Mortmain. The man her father had worked for, whom Nathaniel had blackmailed, who had introduced her brother to the Shadow World. What was he doing here?

She looked at Nate again, her feeling of annoyance washed away by a wave of protectiveness. If he knew Mortmain was here, he would doubtless be upset. It would be better if she found out

what was going on before he did. She slid off the windowsill and made her way quietly to the door; deep in conversation with Jessamine, Nate hardly seemed to notice as she left the room.



It was surprisingly easy for Tessa to find her way to the huge stone-bound spiral stairway that speared through the center of the Institute. She must have been learning her way around the place at last, she decided as she made her way down the steps to the ground floor, and found Thomas standing in the entryway.

He was holding a massive sword, point down, his face very serious. Behind him the massive double doors of the Institute were open on a rectangle of blue-black London twilight, lit by the blaze of the courtyard's witchlight torches. He looked taken aback at the sight of Tessa. "Miss Gray?"

She pitched her voice low. "What's going on out there, Thomas?"

He shrugged. "Mr. Mortmain," he said. "He wanted to speak with Mr. and Mrs. Branwell, but since they're not here—"

Tessa started toward the door.

Thomas, startled, moved to prevent her. "Miss Gray, I don't think—"

"You'll have to use that sword on me to stop me, Thomas," Tessa said in a cold voice, and Thomas, after a moment's hesitation, moved aside. Tessa, with a twinge, hoped she hadn't hurt his feelings, but he looked more astonished than anything else.

She moved past him, onto the steps outside the Institute, where Will and Jem were standing. A hard breeze was coming up, ruffling her hair and making her shiver. At the foot of the stairs stood the man she had seen from the window. He was shorter than she would have imagined: small and wiry-looking, with a tanned, friendly face beneath the brim of his tall hat. Despite the elegance of his clothes, he had the bluff, natural bearing of a sailor or tradesman.

“Yes,” he was saying, “Mr. and Mrs. Branwell were kind enough to call on me last week. And were even kinder, I understand, in keeping our meeting something of a secret.”

“They didn’t tell the Enclave about your occult experimentations, if that is what you mean,” Will said a bit shortly.

Mortmain reddened. “Yes. It was a favor. And I had thought to return the favor in kind—” He broke off, looking past Will at Tessa. “And who is this? Another Shadowhunter?”

Will and Jem both turned at the same time and saw Tessa. Jem looked pleased to see her; Will, of course, looked exasperated, and perhaps a touch amused. “Tessa,” he said. “Couldn’t keep your nose out, could you?” He turned back to Mortmain. “This is Miss Gray, of course. Nathaniel Gray’s sister.”

Mortmain looked appalled. “Oh, good God. I should have realized. You look like him. Miss Gray—”

“I don’t think she does, actually,” Will said, but rather quietly, so Tessa doubted Mortmain could hear him.

“You can’t see Nate,” Tessa said. “I don’t know if that’s why you’ve come here, Mr. Mortmain, but he isn’t well enough. He needs to recover from his ordeal, not be reminded of it.”

The lines deepened at the corners of Mortmain’s mouth. “I’m not here to see the boy,” he said. “I recognize that I failed him, failed him abominably. Mrs. Branwell made that clear—”

“You should have looked for him,” Tessa said. “My brother. You let him sink into the Shadow World without a trace.” Some small part of Tessa’s mind was amazed she was being so bold, but she went on, regardless. “When he told you he’d gone to work for de Quincey, you should have done something. You knew what kind of man de Quincey was—if you can even call him a man.”

“I know.” Mortmain looked gray beneath his hat. “That is why I am here. To try to make up for what I’ve done.”

“And how do you propose to do that?” asked Jem, in his clear, strong voice. “And why *now*?”

Mortmain looked at Tessa. “Your parents,” he said, “were good, kind people. I have always regretted introducing them to the Shadow World. At the time, I thought it all a delightful game and a bit of a joke. I have learned otherwise since. To assuage that guilt, I will tell you what I know. Even if it means I must flee England to escape de Quincey’s wrath.” He sighed. “Some time ago, de Quincey ordered from me a number of mechanical parts—cogs, cams, gears, and the like. I never asked what he needed them for. One does not inquire such things of the Magister. Only when you Nephilim came to see me did it occur to me that his need for them might be connected to a nefarious purpose. I investigated, and an informant within the club told me that de Quincey intended to build an army of mechanical monsters meant to destroy the ranks of Shadowhunters.” He shook his head. “De Quincey and his ilk may despise Shadowhunters, but I do not. I am only a human man. I know they are all that stand between me and a world in which I and my kind are the playthings of demons. I cannot stand behind what de Quincey is doing.”

“That is all very well,” Will said, a hint of impatience in his voice, “but you are not telling us anything we do not already know.”

“Did you also know,” Mortmain said, “that he paid a pair of warlocks called the Dark Sisters to create a binding spell that would animate these creatures not with mechanics but with demonic energies?”

“We did,” said Jem. “Though I believe there is only one Dark Sister remaining. Will destroyed the other one.”

“But her sister brought her back via a necromantic charm,” said Mortmain, a hint of triumph in his tone, as if he were relieved to at last have a piece of information that they did not. “Even now the two of them are ensconced in a mansion in Highgate—it used to belong to a warlock, until de Quincey had him killed—working on the binding spell. If my sources are

correct, the Dark Sisters will attempt to implement the spell tonight.”

Will’s blue eyes were dark and thoughtful. “Thank you for the information,” he said, “but de Quincey will soon be no more of a threat to us, or his mechanical monsters, either.”

Mortmain’s eyes widened. “Is the Clave to move against the Magister? Tonight?”

“Goodness,” said Will. “You really do know all the terms, don’t you. It’s very disconcerting in a mundane.” He smiled pleasantly.

“You mean you’re not going to tell me,” said Mortmain ruefully. “I suppose you wouldn’t. But you should know that de Quincey has at his disposal hundreds of those clockwork creatures. An army. The moment the Dark Sisters work their spell, the army will rise and join with de Quincey. If the Enclave is to defeat him, it would be wise to ensure that that army does not rise, or they will be nearly impossible to defeat.”

“Are you aware of the Dark Sisters’ location, beyond the fact that it is in Highgate?” asked Jem.

Mortmain nodded. “Most certainly,” he said, and rattled off a street name and house number.

Will nodded. “Well, we’ll certainly take all this under advisement. Thank you.”

“Indeed,” said Jem. “Good evening, Mr. Mortmain.”

“But—” Mortmain looked taken aback. “Are you going to do something about what I’ve told you, or not?”

“I said we’d take it under advisement,” Will told him. “As for you, Mr. Mortmain, you look like a man with somewhere to be.”

“What?” Mortmain glanced down at his evening dress, and chuckled. “I suppose so. It’s just—if the Magister finds out that I’ve told you all this, my life could be in danger.”

“Then perhaps it is time for a holiday,” Jem suggested. “I’ve heard Italy is very pleasant this time of year.”

Mortmain looked from Will to Jem and back again, and then seemed to give up. His shoulders sagged. He raised his eyes to

Tessa. "If you could pass along my apologies to your brother . . ."

"I don't think so," Tessa said, "but thank you, Mr. Mortmain."

After a long pause he nodded, then turned away. The three of them watched as he climbed back into his carriage. The sound of the horses' hooves was loud in the courtyard as the carriage pulled away and rattled through the Institute gates.

"What are you going to do?" Tessa asked the moment the carriage was out of sight. "About the Dark Sisters?"

"Go after them, of course." Will's color was high, his eyes glittering. "Your brother said de Quincey had dozens of those creatures at his disposal; Mortmain says there are hundreds. If Mortmain's correct, we must get to the Dark Sisters before they work their spell, or the Enclave may well be walking into a slaughter."

"But—perhaps it would be better to warn Henry and Charlotte and the others—"

"How?" Will managed to make the one word sound cutting. "I suppose we could send Thomas to warn the Enclave, but there is no guarantee he will get there in time, and if the Dark Sisters manage to raise the army, he could simply be killed with the rest. No, we must manage the Dark Sisters on our own. I killed one of them before; Jem and I ought to be able to manage two."

"But perhaps Mortmain is wrong," Tessa said. "You have only his word; he might have faulty information."

"He might," Jem acknowledged, "but can you imagine if he doesn't? And we ignored him? The consequence to the Enclave could be utter destruction."

Tessa, knowing he was right, felt her heart sink. "Maybe I could help. I fought the Dark Sisters with you once before. If I could accompany you—"

"No," Will said. "It's out of the question. We have so little time to prepare that we must rely on our fighting experience. And you have none."

"I fought off de Quincey at the party—"

“I said no.” Will’s tone was final. Tessa looked at Jem, but he gave only an apologetic shrug as if to say that he was sorry but Will was right.

She turned her gaze back to Will. “But what about Boadicea?”

For a moment she thought he’d forgotten what he’d said to her in the library. Then the glimmer of a smile tugged at the corner of his mouth, as if he’d tried to fight it and couldn’t. “You will be Boadicea someday, Tessa,” he said, “but not tonight.” He turned to Jem. “We ought to get Thomas and tell him to ready the carriage. Highgate’s not close; we’d best get started.”



Full night had descended on the city by the time Will and Jem stood out by the carriage, preparing to depart. Thomas was checking the fastenings on the horses while Will, his stele a white flash in the dimness, scrawled a Mark on Jem’s bare forearm. Tessa, having registered her disapproval, stood on the steps and watched them, a hollow feeling in her stomach.

After satisfying himself that the harnesses were secure, Thomas turned and ran lightly up the steps, stopping when Tessa raised a hand to halt him. “Are they going now?” she asked. “Is that all?”

He nodded. “All ready to go, miss.” He had tried to get Jem and Will to take him along, but Will was concerned that Charlotte would be angry at Thomas for participating in their exploit and had told him not to come.

“Besides,” Will had said, “we ought to have a man in the house—someone to protect the Institute while we’re gone. Nathaniel doesn’t count,” he’d added, with a sideways glance at Tessa, who had ignored him.

Will slid Jem’s sleeve down, covering the Marks he had made. As he returned his stele to his pocket, Jem stood looking up at him; their faces were pale smudges in the torchlight. Tessa raised her hand, then lowered it slowly. What was it he had said?

Shadowhunters don't say good-bye, not before a battle. Or good luck. You must behave as if return is certain, not a matter of chance.

The boys, as if alerted by her gesture, looked up toward her. She thought she could see the blue of Will's eyes, even from where she stood. He wore a strange look as their eyes locked, the look of someone who has just woken up and wonders if what they are looking at is real or a dream.

It was Jem who broke away and ran up the stairs to her. As he reached her, she saw that he had high color in his face, and his eyes were bright and hot. She wondered how much of the drug Will had let him take, so that he would be ready to fight.

"Tessa—," he said.

"I didn't mean to say good-bye," she said quickly. "But—it seems odd to let you leave without saying anything at all."

He looked at her curiously. He did something that surprised her then, and took her hand, turning it over. She looked down at it, at her bitten fingernails, the still-healing scratches along the backs of her fingers.

He kissed the back of it, just a light touch of his mouth, and his hair—as soft and light as silk—brushed her wrist as he lowered his head. She felt a shock go through her, strong enough to startle her, and she stood speechless as he straightened, his mouth curving into a smile.

"*Mizpah*," he said.

She blinked at him, a little dazed. "What?"

"A sort of good-bye without saying good-bye," he said. "It is a reference to a passage in the Bible. '*And Mizpah, for he said, the Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another.*'"

There was no chance for Tessa to say anything in response, for he had turned and run down the steps to join Will, who was as motionless as a statue, his face upturned, at the foot of the steps. His hands, sheathed in black gloves, were in fists at his sides, Tessa thought. But perhaps it was a trick of the light, for when Jem reached him and touched him on the shoulder, he turned

with a laugh, and without another look at Tessa, he swung himself up into the driver's seat, Jem following him. He cracked the whip, and the carriage rattled through the gate, which slammed shut behind it as if pushed by invisible hands. Tessa heard the lock catch, a hard click in the silence, and then the sound of church bells ringing somewhere in the city.

Sophie and Agatha were waiting in the entryway for Tessa when she came back inside; Agatha was saying something to Sophie, but Sophie didn't appear to be listening. She looked over at Tessa as she came in, and something about the way she looked, for a moment, reminded Tessa of the way Will had looked at her in the courtyard. But that was ridiculous; there were no two people in the world more unlike than Sophie and Will.

Tessa stepped aside as Agatha went to close the great, heavy double doors. She had just pushed them shut, panting slightly, when the knob of the leftmost door, untouched, began to turn.

Sophie frowned. "They can't be back so soon, can they?"

Agatha gazed down, perplexed, at the turning knob, her hands still braced against the door—then stood back as the doors swung wide before her.

A figure stood on the doorstep, backlit by the light outside. For a moment all Tessa could tell was that he was tall and clad in a frayed jacket. Agatha, her head tipping back as she gazed upward, said in a startled voice, "Oh, my Lor'—"

The figure moved. Light flashed on metal; Agatha screamed and staggered. She seemed to be trying to back away from the stranger, but something was preventing her.

"Dear God in Heaven," Sophie whispered. "*What is that?*"

For a moment Tessa saw the whole scene frozen, as if it were a painting—the open door, the clockwork automaton, the one with the stripped bare hands, still in the same worn gray jacket. And still, dear God, with Jem's blood on its hands, dried red-black on the dull gray flesh, and the strips of copper showing through where the skin had been scraped or pulled away. One bloodstained hand gripped Agatha's wrist; clamped in the other

was a long, thin knife. Tessa moved forward, but it was already too late. The creature swung the blade with blinding speed, and buried it in Agatha's chest.

Agatha choked, her hands going to the blade. The creature stood, ragged and terrifying and unmoving as she clawed at the knife hilt; then, with appalling swiftness, it yanked the blade back, letting her crumple to the ground. Nor did the automaton remain to watch her fall, but turned and walked back out the door through which it had come.

Galvanized, Sophie screamed "Agatha!" and ran to her side. Tessa dashed to the door. The clockwork creature was walking down the steps, into the empty courtyard. She stared after it. What on earth had it come for, and why was it leaving now? But there was no time to dwell on that. She reached for the rope of the summoning bell and pulled it, hard. As the sound clanged through the building, she slammed the door shut, dropping the lock bar into place, then turned to help Sophie.

Together they managed to lift Agatha and half-carry, half-drag her across the room, where they fell to their knees beside her. Sophie, ripping strips of fabric from her white apron and pressing them over Agatha's wound, said in a tone of wild panic, "I don't understand, miss. Nothing should be able to touch that door—none but one with Shadowhunter blood should be able to turn the doorknob."

But he had Shadowhunter blood, Tessa thought with a sudden horror. Jem's blood, staining its metal hands like paint. Could that be why it had bent over Jem that night after the bridge? Could that be why it had fled, once it had gotten what it wanted—his blood? And didn't that mean it could come back whenever it wanted?

She began to rise to her feet, but it was already too late. The bar that held the door closed cracked with a noise like a gunshot, and tumbled to the ground in two pieces. Sophie looked up and screamed again, though she didn't move away from Agatha as the door burst open, a window onto the night.

The steps of the Institute were no longer empty; they were teeming, but not with people. Clockwork monsters swarmed up them, their movements jerky, their faces blank and staring. They were not quite like the ones Tessa had seen before. Some looked as though they had been put together so hastily that they had no faces at all, just smooth ovals of metal patched here and there with uneven bits of human skin. Even more horrible, quite a few of them had bits of machinery in place of arms or legs. One automaton had a scythe where his arm ought to have been; another sported a saw that stuck out of the hanging sleeve of his shirt like a parody of a real arm.

Tessa rose and flung herself against the open door, trying to heave it shut. It was heavy, and seemed to move agonizingly slowly. Behind her, Sophie was screaming, helplessly, over and over; Agatha was horribly silent. With a ragged gasp Tessa pushed at the door one more time—

And jerked her hands back as the door was torn out of her grasp, ripped from its hinges like a handful of weeds ripped out of the earth. She fell back as the automaton who had seized the door flung it aside and heaved itself forward, its metal feet clanking against the stone as it lurched over the threshold—followed by another and then another of its mechanical brethren, at least a dozen of them, advancing toward Tessa with their monstrous arms outstretched.



By the time Will and Jem reached the mansion in Highgate, the moon had begun to rise. Highgate was on a hill in the north part of London, commanding an excellent view of the city below, pale under the moon's light, which turned the fog and coal smoke that hung over the city into a silvery cloud. *A dream city*, Will thought, *floating in the air*. A bit of poetry hung at the edges of his mind, something about the terrible wonder of London, but his nerves were tight with the jangling tension of impending battle, and he could not remember the words.

The house was a great Georgian pile, set in abundant parkland. A high brick wall ran around it, the slanting dark mansard roof just visible above it from the street. A shiver of cold passed over Will as they drew near it, but he was unsurprised to feel such a thing in Highgate. They were near what Londoners called the Gravel Pit Woods at the city's edge, where thousands of bodies had been dumped during the Great Plague. Lacking a proper burial, their angry shades haunted the neighborhood even now, and Will had been sent up here more than once, thanks to their activities.

A black metal gate set into the mansion's wall kept out intruders, but Jem's Open rune made short work of the lock. After leaving the carriage just inside the gate, the two Shadowhunters found themselves on the curving drive that led up to the house's front entrance. The path was weed-ridden and overgrown, and the gardens stretched out around it, dotted with crumbling outbuildings and the blackened stumps of dead trees.

Jem turned to Will, eyes feverish. "Shall we get on with it?"

Will drew a seraph blade from his belt. "*Israfel*," he whispered, and the weapon blazed up like a fork of contained lightning. Seraph blades burned so brightly that Will always expected them to give off heat, but their blades were ice cold to the touch. He remembered Tessa telling him that Hell was cold, and he fought back the odd urge to smile at the memory. They'd been running for their lives, she ought to have been terrified, and there she had been, telling him about the *Inferno* in precise American tones.

"Indeed," he said to Jem. "It's time."

They ascended the front steps and tried the doors. Though Will had expected them to be locked, they were open, and gave way at the touch with a resonant creaking. He and Jem edged inside the house, the light of their seraph blades illuminating the way.

They found themselves in a grand foyer. The arched windows behind them had probably once been magnificent. Now they alternated whole panes with broken ones. Through the spiderwebbing cracks in the glass, a view of the tangled and

overgrown parkland beyond was visible. The marble underfoot was cracked and broken, weeds growing up through it as they had been growing through the stones of the drive. Before Will and Jem, a great curving staircase swept upward, toward the shadowy first floor.

“This can’t be right,” Jem whispered. “It’s as if no one’s been here in fifty years.”

Barely had he finished speaking when a sound rose on the night air, a sound that lifted the hairs on Will’s neck and made the Marks on his shoulders burn. It was singing—but not pleasant singing. It was a voice capable of reaching notes no human voice could reach. Overhead, the chandelier’s crystal pendants rattled like wineglasses set to vibrating at the touch of a finger.

“*Someone’s* here,” Will muttered back. Without another word he and Jem turned so that their backs were to each other. Jem faced the open front doorway; Will, the vast curving stairs.

Something appeared at the head of the stairs. At first Will saw only an alternating pattern of black and white, a shadow that moved. As it drifted downward, the singing sound grew louder, and the hairs on Will’s neck prickled more. Sweat dampened the hair at his temples and ran down the small of his back, despite the chill air.

She was halfway down the stairs before he recognized her—Mrs. Dark, her long, bony body clad in a sort of nun’s habit, a shapeless dark robe that fell from her neck to her feet. A lightless lantern swung from one clawed hand. She was alone—though not quite, Will realized as she paused on the landing, for the thing she was clutching in her hand was not a lantern after all. It was her sister’s severed head.

“By the Angel,” Will whispered. “Jem, look.”

Jem looked, and swore too. Mrs. Black’s head dangled from a plait of gray hair, which Mrs. Dark clutched as if it were a priceless artifact. The head’s eyes were open, and perfectly white, like boiled eggs. Its mouth hung open too, a line of dried black blood threading from one corner of the lips.

Mrs. Dark stopped her song and giggled, like a schoolgirl. “Naughty, naughty,” she said. “Breaking into my house like this. Bad little Shadowhunters.”

“I thought,” Jem said under his breath, “that the other sister was alive.”

“Maybe this one brought her sister back to life and then chopped her head off again?” Will muttered. “Seems a lot of work for no real gain, but then . . .”

“Murdering Nephilim,” Mrs. Dark snarled, fixing her gaze on Will. “Not content with killing my sister once, are you? You must return and prevent me even from giving her a second life. Do you know—have you any idea—what it’s like to be entirely *alone*?”

“More than you can ever imagine,” Will said tightly, and saw Jem glance at him sideways, puzzled. *Stupid*, Will thought. *I shouldn’t say such things.*

Mrs. Dark swayed on her feet. “You are mortal. You are alone for a moment of time, a single breath of the universe. I am alone forever.” She clutched the head to her tightly. “What difference does it make to you? Surely there are darker crimes in London that more urgently require the attention of the Shadow-hunters than my poor attempts to bring back my sister.”

Will’s gaze met Jem’s. The other boy shrugged. Clearly he was as confused as Will was. “It’s true that necromancy is against the Law,” Jem said, “but so is binding demon energies. And that does require our attention, quite urgently.”

Mrs. Dark stared at them. “Binding demon energies?”

“There is no point in pretending. We know your plans exactly,” said Will. “We know of the automatons, the binding spell, your service to the Magister—whom the rest of our Enclave is, right now, tracking to his hiding place. By tonight’s end he will be utterly erased. There is no one for you to call on, nowhere for you to hide.”

At that, Mrs. Dark paled markedly. “The Magister?” she whispered. “You have found the Magister? But how . . .”

“That’s right,” Will said. “De Quincey escaped us once, but not this time. We know where he is, and—”

But his words were drowned out—by laughter. Mrs. Dark was bent over the staircase railing, howling with mirth. Will and Jem stared in confusion as she straightened up. Blackish tears of hilarity streaked her face. “De Quincey, the Magister!” she cried. “That poncing, preening vampire! Oh, what a joke! You fools, you stupid little fools!”

18

THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER

*Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
One task more declin'd, one more foot-path untrod,
One more devil's-triumph and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!*
—Robert Browning, “The Lost Leader”

Tessa staggered back from the door. Behind her, Sophie was frozen, kneeling over Agatha, her hands pressed to the older woman's chest. Blood soaked through the pitiful cloth bandage under her fingers; Agatha had gone a horrible putty color and was making a noise like a teakettle boiling. When she saw the clockwork automatons, her eyes widened and she tried to push Sophie away with her bloody hands, but Sophie, still screaming, clung tenaciously to the older woman, refusing to move.

“Sophie!” There was a clatter of footsteps on the stairs, and Thomas burst into the entryway, his face very white. In his hand he gripped the massive sword Tessa had seen him holding earlier. With him was Jessamine, parasol in hand. Behind her was Nathaniel, looking absolutely terrified. “What on earth—?”

Thomas broke off, staring from Sophie, Tessa, and Agatha to the door and back again. The automatons had come to a halt. They stood in a line just inside the doorway, as still as puppets whose strings were no longer being pulled. Their blank faces stared straight ahead.

“Agatha!” Sophie's voice rose to a wail. The older woman was still, her eyes wide open but unfocused. Her hands hung limply at

her sides.

Though it made her skin prickle to turn her back on the machines, Tessa bent and put her hand on Sophie's shoulder. The other girl shook her off; she was making little whimpering noises, like a kicked dog. Tessa darted a glance behind her toward the automatons. They were still as motionless as chess pieces, but how long could that last? "Sophie, please!"

Nate was breathing in pants, his eyes fixed on the door, his face as white as chalk. He looked as if he wanted nothing more than to turn and run. Jessamine glanced at him once, a look of surprise and disdain, before turning to Thomas. "Get her on her feet," she said. "She'll listen to you."

After a single startled glance at Jessamine, Thomas bent down and, gently but firmly, pried Sophie's hands from Agatha, raising her to her feet. She clung to him. Her hands and arms were as red as if she had come from a slaughterhouse, and her apron was nearly ripped in half and was printed with bloodied handprints. "Miss Lovelace," he said in a low voice, keeping Sophie close against him with the hand not holding the sword. "Take Sophie and Miss Gray to the Sanctuary—"

"No," said a drawling voice from behind Tessa, "I don't think so. Or rather, certainly, take the servant girl and go where you like with her. But Miss Gray will be remaining here. As will her brother."

The voice was familiar—shockingly so. Very slowly Tessa turned.

Standing among the frozen machines as if he had simply appeared there by magic was a man. Just as ordinary-looking as Tessa had thought he was before, though his hat was gone now, and his graying head was bare under the witchlight.

Mortmain.

He was smiling. Not as he had been smiling earlier, with affable cheerfulness. His smile now was almost sickening in its glee. "Nathaniel Gray," he said. "Excellently done. I admit that

my faith in you was tested—tested sorely—but you have recovered admirably from your past missteps. I’m proud of you.”

Tessa whirled to look at her brother, but Nate seemed to have forgotten she was there—that anyone else was there. He was staring past her at Mortmain, the oddest expression—a mix of fear and worship—stamped on his face. He moved forward, pushing past Tessa; she reached to hold him back, but he shook off her reaching hand with a flick of annoyance. At last he was standing directly in front of Mortmain.

With a cry he went to his knees and clasped his hands in front of him, almost as if he were praying.

“It was only ever my desire,” he said, “to serve you, Magister.”



Mrs. Dark was still laughing.

“But what is it?” Jem said in bewilderment, raising his voice to be heard over her peals of laughter. “What do you mean?”

Despite her ragged appearance Mrs. Dark managed an air of triumph. “De Quincey isn’t the Magister,” she sneered. “He’s just a stupid bloodsucker, no better than the others. That you were so easily fooled proves you have no idea who the Magister is—or what you’re facing. You’re dead, little Shadowhunters. Little walking dead men.”

That was too much for Will’s temper. With a snarl he lunged toward the steps, his seraph blade outstretched. Jem called for him to stop, but it was too late. Mrs. Dark, her lips drawn back from her teeth like a hissing cobra’s, swung her arm forward and flung her sister’s severed head toward Will. With a yell of disgust he ducked aside, and she took the opportunity to charge down the steps, past Will, and through the arched doorway at the west side of the foyer, into the shadows beyond.

Mrs. Black’s head, meanwhile, bumped down several stairs and came to rest gently against the toe of Will’s boot. He looked down, and winced. One of her eyelids had drooped closed, and

her tongue hung, gray and leathery, out of her mouth, for all the world as if she were leering at him.

"I may be sick," he announced.

"There's no time for you to be sick," said Jem. "Come on—"

And he dashed through the archway after Mrs. Dark. Nudging the warlock's severed head out of the way with the toe of his boot, Will followed after his friend at a run.



"Magister?" Tessa repeated blankly. *But that's impossible. De Quincey is the Magister. Those creatures on the bridge, they said they served him. Nate said . . .* She stared at her brother. "Nate?"

Speaking aloud was a mistake. Mortmain's gaze fell on Tessa, and he grinned. "Seize the shape-changer," he said to the clockwork creatures. "Don't let her go."

"Nate!" Tessa cried, but her brother did not so much as turn to look at her, as the creatures, brought back to sudden life, lurched forward, whirring and clicking, moving toward Tessa. One of them seized her, its metal arms like a vise as they encircled her chest, crushing the breath out of her.

Mortmain grinned at Tessa. "Don't be too hard on your brother, Miss Gray. He really is cleverer than I gave him credit for. It was his idea that I lure young Carstairs and Herondale out of the place with a far-fetched tale, that I might enter unmolested."

"What's going on?" Jessamine's voice trembled as she looked from Nate, to Tessa, to Mortmain, and back again. "I don't understand. Who is this, Nate? Why are you kneeling to him?"

"He is the Magister," said Nate. "If you were wise, you would kneel too."

Jessamine looked incredulous. "This is de Quincey?"

Nate's eyes flashed. "De Quincey is a peon, a serf. He *answers* to the Magister. Few even know the Magister's true identity; I am one of the chosen. The favored."

Jessamine made a rude noise. “Chosen to kneel on the ground, are you?”

Nate’s eyes flashed, and he scrambled to his feet. He shouted something at Jessamine, but Tessa could not hear it. The metal mannequin had tightened its grip on her to the point where she could barely breathe, and dark spots were beginning to float in front of her eyes. She was dimly aware of Mortmain shouting at the creature to loosen its grip on her, but it did not obey. She clawed at its metal arms with weakening fingers, barely aware of something fluttering at her throat, a fluttering that felt as if a bird or a butterfly were trapped beneath the collar of her dress. The chain around her neck was vibrating and twitching. She managed to look down, her vision blurred, and saw to her amazement that the little metal angel had emerged from beneath the collar of her dress; it soared upward, lifting the chain over her head. Its eyes seemed to glow as it flew upward. For the first time its metallic wings were spread, and Tessa saw that each wing was edged with something shimmering and razor-sharp. As she watched in amazement, the angel dived like a hornet, slashing with the edges of its wings at the head of the creature holding her—slicing through copper and metal, sending up a shower of red sparks.

The sparks stung Tessa’s neck like a shower of hot cinders, but she barely noticed; the creature’s arms loosened around her, and she wrenched herself away as it spun and staggered, its arms jerking blindly in front of it. She couldn’t help but be reminded somehow of a sketch she’d seen of an angry gentleman at a garden party waving off bees. Mortmain, noticing a beat too late what was going on, shouted, and the other creatures lurched into motion, surging toward Tessa. She looked around wildly, but could no longer see the tiny angel. It seemed to have vanished.

“Tessa! Get out of the way!” A cold little hand caught at her wrist. It was Jessamine, yanking her backward as Thomas, having released Sophie, dived in front of her. Jessamine thrust Tessa behind her, toward the stairs at the back of the entryway, and moved forward with her parasol whirling. Her face was set with

determination. It was Thomas who struck the first blow. Lunging forward with his sword, he sheared through the chest of a creature who was lurching toward him, hands outstretched. The machine man staggered backward, whirring loudly, red sparks spraying from its chest like blood. Jessamine laughed at the sight and laid about her with her parasol. The whirling edge of it sliced through the legs of two of the creatures, sending them toppling forward to flop on the ground like landed fish.

Mortmain looked vexed. “Oh, for goodness’ sake. You—” He snapped his fingers, pointing at an automaton, one that had something that looked like a metal tube welded to its right wrist. “Get rid of her. The Shadowhunter.”

The creature raised its arm jerkily. A bolt of streaky red fire shot from the metal tube. It hit Jessamine square in the chest, knocking her backward. Her parasol skittered from her hand as she struck the ground, her body twitching, her eyes open and glassy.

Nathaniel, who had moved to stand beside Mortmain on the sidelines of the melee, laughed.

A sizzling bolt of hatred went through Tessa, shocking her with its intensity. She wanted to throw herself at Nate and rip her nails down his cheek, kick him until he screamed. It wouldn’t take much, she knew. He’d always been a coward where pain was concerned. She started forward, but the creatures, having dealt with Jessamine, had already swung back around toward her. Thomas, his hair plastered to his face with sweat and a long bloody rent slashed across the front of his shirt, moved to place himself in front of her. He was laying about himself magnificently with the sword, with great, sweeping strokes. It was hard to believe he wasn’t slashing the creatures to ribbons—and yet they proved surprisingly dexterous. Ducking out of his way, they kept coming, their eyes fixed on Tessa. Thomas spun to look at her, his gaze wild. “Miss Gray! Now! Take Sophie!”

Tessa hesitated. She did not want to run. She wanted to stand her ground. But Sophie was huddling, transfixed behind her, her

eyes full of terror.

“Sophie!” Thomas cried, and Tessa could hear what was in his voice, and knew she had been right about his feelings for Sophie. “The Sanctuary! Go!”

“No!” Mortmain shouted, turning to the clockwork creature that had attacked Jessamine. As it raised its arm, Tessa caught hold of Sophie’s wrist and began to drag her toward the stairs. A bolt of red fire hit the wall beside them, scorching the stone. Tessa shrieked but didn’t slow, yanking Sophie up the spiral staircase, the smell of smoke and death following them as they ran.



Will dashed through the archway that separated the foyer from the room beyond—and came up short. Jem was already there, staring around him in bewilderment. Though there were no exits from the room other than the one they had just come through, Mrs. Dark was nowhere to be seen.

The room, though, was far from empty. It had most likely been a dining room once, and huge portraits adorned the walls, though they had been ripped and slashed to unrecognizability. A great crystal chandelier hung overhead, fronded with strings of gray cobweb that drifted in the disturbed air like ancient lace curtains. It had probably once hung over a grand table. Now it swung over a bare marble floor that had been painted with a series of necromantic patterns—a five-pointed star inside a circle inside a square. Inside the pentagram stood a repulsive stone statue, the figure of some hideous demon, with twisted limbs and clawed hands. Horns rose from its head.

All around the room were scattered the remains of dark magic—bones and feathers and strips of skin, pools of blood that seemed to bubble like black champagne. There were empty cages lying on their sides, and a low table on which was spread an array of bloody knives and stone bowls filled with unpleasant dark liquids.

In all the gaps between the pentagram's five points were runes and squiggles that hurt Will's eyes when he looked at them. They were the opposite of the runes in the Gray Book, which seemed to speak of glory and peace. These were necromantic symbols that spoke of ruin and death.

"Jem," Will said, "these are not the preparations for a binding spell. This is the work of necromancy."

"She was trying to bring back her sister, isn't that what she said?"

"Yes, but she was doing nothing else." A dreadful dark suspicion had begun to blossom in the back of Will's mind.

Jem did not reply; his attention seemed to be fixed on something across the room. "There's a cat," he said in a low whisper, pointing. "In one of those cages over there."

Will glanced where his friend pointed. Indeed, a bristling gray cat was huddled in one of the locked animal cages along the wall. "And?"

"It's still alive."

"It's a cat, James. We have bigger things to worry about—"

But Jem was already walking away. He reached the animal's cage and scooped it up, holding the cage at eye level. The cat looked to be a gray Persian, with a squashed-in face and yellow eyes that regarded Jem malevolently. Suddenly it arched its back and hissed loudly, its eyes fixed on the pentagram. Jem looked up—and stared.

"*Will*," he said in a warning tone. "Look."

The statue in the middle of the pentagram had moved. Instead of crouching, it had straightened until it was standing upright. Its eyes burned with a sulfuric glow. It was only when its triple row of mouths smiled that Will realized it was not stone after all, just a creature of hard gray stonelike skin. A demon.

Will ducked back and flung *Israfel* reflexively, not really expecting the gesture to do much good. It didn't. As it sailed near the pentagram, the blade bounced off an invisible wall and clattered to the marble floor. The demon in the pentagram

cackled. "You attack me here?" it demanded in a high, thin voice. "You could bring the host of Heaven against me and they could do nothing! No angelic power can breach this circle!"

"Mrs. Dark," Will said between his teeth.

"So you recognize me now, do you? No one ever claimed you Shadowhunters were clever." The demon bared its greenish fangs. "This is my true form. An ugly surprise for you, I suppose."

"I daresay it's an improvement," said Will. "You weren't much to look at before, and at least the horns are dramatic."

"What are you, then?" Jem demanded, setting the cage, the cat still in it, down on the floor at his feet. "I thought you and your sister were warlocks."

"My sister was a warlock," hissed the creature that had been Mrs. Dark. "I am a full-blood demon—*Eidolon*. A shape-changer. Like your precious Tessa. But unlike her I cannot *become* what I transform into. I cannot touch the minds of the living or the dead. So the Magister did not want me." Thin hurt was in the creature's voice. "He enlisted me to train her. His precious little protégée. My sister as well. We know the ways of the Change. We were able to force it on her. But she was never grateful."

"That must have hurt you," Jem said in his most soothing voice. Will opened his mouth, but seeing Jem's warning look, closed it again. "Seeing Tessa get what you wanted, and not appreciating it."

"She never understood. The honor that was being done her. The glory that would be hers." The yellow eyes burned. "When she fled, the Magister's rage fell on me—I had disappointed him. He swore out a bounty on me."

That jolted Jem, or seemed to. "You mean de Quincey wanted you dead?"

"How many times must I tell you that de Quincey is not the Magister? The Magister is—" The demon broke off with a growl. "You try to trick me, little Shadowhunter, but your trick will not work."

Jem shrugged. "You cannot remain in that pentagram forever, Mrs. Dark. Eventually the rest of the Enclave will come. We will starve you out. And then you will be ours, and you know how the Clave deals with those who break the Law."

Mrs. Dark hissed. "Perhaps he has forsaken me," she said, "but I still fear the Magister more than I fear you, or your Enclave."

More than I fear the Enclave. She should have been afraid, Will thought. What Jem had said to her was true. She ought to be afraid, but she wasn't. In Will's experience, when someone who ought to be afraid wasn't, the reason was rarely bravery. Usually it meant that they knew something you didn't.

"If you will not tell us who the Magister is," said Will, his voice edged with steel, "perhaps you can answer a simple question instead. Is Axel Mortmain the Magister?"

The demon let out a wail, then clapped its bony hands over its mouth and sank, burning-eyed, to the ground. "The Magister. He will think I told you. I will never earn his forgiveness now—"

"Mortmain?" echoed Jem. "But he is the one who warned us— Ah." He paused. "I see." He had gone very white; Will knew his thoughts were chasing down the same winding road Will's just had. He would probably have gotten there first—Will suspected Jem was in fact cleverer than he was himself—but he lacked Will's tendency to assume the absolute worst about people and proceed from there. "Mortmain lied to us about the Dark Sisters and the binding spell," he added, thinking out loud. "In fact, it was Mortmain who put the idea in Charlotte's head in the first place that de Quincey was the Magister. If it were not for him, we would never have suspected the vampire. But why?"

"De Quincey is a loathsome beast," wailed Mrs. Dark, still crouched inside her pentagram. She seemed to have decided there was no more point in concealment. "He disobeyed Mortmain at every turn, wishing to be the Magister himself. Such insubordination must be punished."

Will's gaze met Jem's. He could tell they were both thinking the same thing. "Mortmain saw an opportunity to throw suspicion on a rival," Jem said. "That is why he chose de Quincey."

"He could have hidden those plans for automatons in de Quincey's library," agreed Will. "It is not as if de Quincey ever admitted they were his, or even seemed to recognize them when Charlotte showed them to him. And Mortmain could have told those automatons on the bridge to claim they were working for the vampire. In fact, he could have etched de Quincey's seal into that clockwork girl's chest and left her in the Dark House for us to find, as well—all to divert suspicion from himself."

"But Mortmain is not the only one who ever pointed the finger at de Quincey," said Jem, and his voice was heavy. "Nathaniel Gray, Will. Tessa's brother. When two people tell the same lie . . ."

"They are working together," Will finished. He felt, for a moment, something almost like satisfaction, which quickly faded. He had disliked Nate Gray, had hated the way Tessa had treated him as if he could do no wrong, and then he'd despised himself for his own jealousy. To know that he had been correct about Nate's character was one thing, but at what price?

Mrs. Dark laughed, a high, whining sound. "Nate Gray," she spat. "The Magister's little human lapdog. He sold his sister to Mortmain, you know. Just for a handful of silver, he did it. Just for a few sops to his vanity. I would never have treated my own sister so. And you say it is demons who are evil, and the humans who need protecting from us!" Her voice rose to a cackle.

Will ignored her; his mind was whirling. Dear God, that whole story of Nathaniel's about de Quincey had been a trick, a lie to set the Clave off on a false track. Then why have Mortmain appear as soon as they had gone? *To get rid of us, Jem and I, Will thought grimly. Nate couldn't have known we two wouldn't be going with Charlotte and Henry. He had to improvise something quickly when we stayed behind.* Thus Mortmain and this extra trickery. Nate had been in it with Mortmain since the beginning.

And now Tessa is in the Institute with him. Will felt sick to his stomach. He wanted to turn and run out the door, race back to the Institute, and beat Nathaniel's head against a wall. Only years of training, and fear for Henry and Charlotte, kept him where he was.

Will whirled on Mrs. Dark. "What is his plan? What will the Enclave find when they reach Carleton Square? Certain slaughter? *Answer me!*" he shouted. Fear made his voice crack. "Or by the Angel, I will make sure that the Clave tortures you before you die. What is his plan for them?"

Mrs. Dark's yellow eyes flashed. "What does the Magister care about?" she hissed. "What has he ever cared about? He despises the Nephilim, but what is it that he wants?"

"Tessa," said Jem immediately. "But she is safe in the Institute, and even his blasted clockwork army can't break inside. Even without us there—"

In a wheedling voice Mrs. Dark said, "Once, when I was in the Magister's confidence, he spoke to me of a plan he had to invade the Institute. He planned to paint the hands of his mechanical creatures with the blood of a Shadowhunter, thus allowing him to open the doors."

"The blood of a Shadowhunter?" Will echoed. "But—"

"Will." Jem had his hand at his chest, where the clockwork creature had torn the skin that night on the steps of the Institute. "My blood."

For a moment Will stood perfectly still, staring at his friend. Then, without a word, he turned and raced for the dining room doors; Jem, pausing only to seize the cat's cage, followed. As they reached them, the doors slammed shut as if pushed, and Will came to a skidding halt. He spun to see Jem behind him, looking baffled.

In her pentagram Mrs. Dark was howling with laughter. "Nephilim," she gasped between peals. "Stupid, stupid Nephilim. Where is your angel now?"

As they stared, enormous flames leaped up around the walls, licking up the curtains covering the windows, shimmering along the edges of the floor. The flames burned with a weird blue-green color, and the smell was thick and ugly—a demon smell. Inside its cage the cat was going wild, throwing itself against the bars again and again and howling.

Will drew a second seraph blade from his belt and cried, “*Anael!*” Light burst from the blade, but Mrs. Dark only laughed.

“When the Magister sees your charred corpses,” she cried, “then he will forgive me! Then he will welcome me back!”

Her laughter rose, high and horrible. Already the room was dim with smoke. Jem, raising his sleeve to cover his mouth, said to Will in a choking voice, “Kill her. Kill her, and the fire will die.”

Will, his grip tight on the hilt of *Anael*, growled, “Don’t you think I would if I could? She’s in the pentagram.”

“*I know.*” Jem’s eyes were full of meaning. “Will, cut it *down.*”

Because it was Jem, Will knew what he meant immediately, without being told explicitly. Spinning to face the pentagram, he raised the shining *Anael*, took aim, and flung the blade—not toward the demon but up toward the thick metal chain that supported the massive chandelier. The blade sheared through the chain like a knife through paper, there was a rending sound, and the demon had time only to scream once before the massive chandelier descended, a crashing comet of twisting metal and shattering glass. Will threw his arm across his eyes as debris rained over them all—smashed bits of stone, fragments of crystal, and chunks of rust. The floor shook underneath him as if the earth were quaking.

When all was quiet at last, he opened his eyes. The chandelier lay like the wreck of some immense ship twisted and destroyed at the bottom of the sea. Dust rose like smoke from the wreckage, and from one corner of the pile of smashed glass and metal a trickle of greenish black blood threaded across the marble. . . .

Jem had been right. The flames were gone. Jem himself, still gripping the handle of the cat’s cage, was gazing at the wreckage.

His already pale hair had whitened further with plaster dust, and his cheeks were streaked with ash. “Nicely done, William,” he said.

Will did not reply; there was no time for it. Throwing the doors—which opened easily under his hands now—wide, he raced out of the room.



Tessa and Sophie flew up the Institute’s steps together until Sophie gasped, “Here! This door!” and Tessa flung it open and burst into the corridor beyond. Sophie pulled her wrist out of Tessa’s grasp and spun to slam the door shut behind them and slide the bolt closed. She leaned against it for a moment, breathing hard, her face streaked with tears.

“Miss Jessamine,” she whispered. “Do you think—”

“I don’t know,” Tessa said. “But you heard Thomas. We must get to the Sanctuary, Sophie. It’s where we’ll be safe.” *And Thomas wants me to make sure you stay safe.* “You’re going to have to show me where it is. I can’t find my way there by myself.”

Slowly Sophie nodded and drew herself upright. In silence she led Tessa through a winding mass of corridors until they reached the one corridor she remembered from the night when she had met Camille. After taking a lamp from a holder on the wall, Sophie lit it, and they hurried on, until they finally reached the great iron doors with their pattern of Cs. Brought up sharply in front of the doors, Sophie put a hand to her mouth. “The key!” she whispered. “I’ve forgotten the bloody—pardon me, miss—key!”

Tessa felt a wave of frustrated anger, but pushed it back. Sophie had just had a friend die in her arms; she could hardly be blamed for forgetting a key. “But you know where Charlotte keeps it?”

Sophie nodded. “I’ll run and fetch it. You wait here, miss.”

She hurried off down the corridor. Tessa watched her go until her white cap and sleeves faded into the shadows, leaving Tessa

alone in the darkness. The only light in the corridor came from the illumination that seeped beneath the doors to the Sanctuary. She pressed herself back against the wall as the shadows gathered thickly around her, as if she could disappear into the wall. She kept seeing the blood pouring out of Agatha's chest, staining Sophie's hands; kept hearing the brittle sound of Nate's laughter as Jessamine collapsed—

It came again, harsh and as brittle as glass, echoing out of the darkness behind her.

Sure she was imagining things, Tessa whirled, her back toward the Sanctuary doors. Before her in the hallway, where a moment before there had been empty air, someone was standing. Someone with fair hair and a grin plastered across his face. Someone carrying a long, thin knife in his right hand.

Nate.

"My Tessie," he said. "That was very impressive. I wouldn't have thought either you or the servant could run that fast." He twirled the knife between his fingers. "Unfortunately for you, my master has gifted me with certain . . . powers. I can move faster than you can think." He smirked. "Probably much faster, to judge by how long it took you to catch on to what was going on downstairs."

"Nate." Tessa's voice shook. "It's not too late. You can stop this."

"Stop *what*?" Nate looked directly at her, for the first time since he had knelt to Mortmain. "Stop acquiring incredible power and immense knowledge? Stop being the favored acolyte of the most powerful man in London? I'd be a fool to stop all this, little sister."

"Favored acolyte? Where was he when de Quincey was about to drain your blood?"

"I had disappointed him," Nate said. "*You* disappointed him. You ran from the Dark Sisters, knowing what it would cost me. Your sisterly affection leaves something to be desired, Tessie."

“I let the Dark Sisters torture me for your sake, Nate. I did *everything* for you. And you—you let me believe de Quincey was the Magister. All the things you claimed de Quincey did were done by Mortmain, weren’t they? He’s the one who wanted me brought here. He’s the one who employed the Dark Sisters. All that rubbish about de Quincey was just to lure the Enclave away from the Institute.”

Nate smirked. “What was it Aunt Harriet used to say, that cleverness that comes too late is hardly cleverness at all?”

“And what will the Enclave find when they go to the address you claimed was de Quincey’s nest? Nothing? An empty house, a burned-out ruin?” She began to retreat from him, until her back struck the cold iron doors.

Nate followed, his eyes gleaming like the blade in his hand. “Oh, dear me, no. That bit was true. It wouldn’t do to have the Enclave realize so soon that they’d been made fools of, would it? Better to keep them busy, and cleaning out de Quincey’s little hiding place will keep them quite busy indeed.” He shrugged. “You’re the one who gave me the idea to let the blame for everything fall on the vampire, you know. After what happened the other night, he was a dead man, anyway. The Nephilim had their sights set on him, which made him useless to Mortmain. Sending the Enclave off to get rid of him and Will and Jem off to rid my master of that pestiferous Mrs. Dark—well, it’s three birds with one stone, really, isn’t it? And quite a clever plan of mine, if I do say so myself.”

He was preening, Tessa thought in disgust. Proud of himself. Most of her wanted to spit in his face, but she knew she should keep him talking, give herself a chance to think of a way out of the situation. “You certainly fooled us,” she said, hating herself. “How much of that story you told was the truth? How much was lies?”

“Quite a bit was the truth, if you really want to know. The best lies are based on the truth, at least in part,” he bragged. “I came to London thinking I was going to blackmail Mortmain with my

knowledge of his occult activities. The fact was, he couldn't have cared less about that. He wanted to get a look at me because he wasn't sure, you see. Wasn't sure if I was our parents' first child or their second. He thought I might be *you*." He grinned. "He was as pleased as punch when he realized I wasn't the child he was looking for. He wanted a girl, you see."

"But why? What does he want with me?"

Nate shrugged. "I don't know. Nor do I care. He told me that if I procured you for him, and you turned out to be all he hoped you would be, he would make me his disciple. After you fled, he gave me to de Quincey in revenge. When you brought me here, to the heart of the Nephilim, it was a second chance to offer the Magister what I'd lost for him before."

"You contacted him?" Tessa felt sick. She thought of the open window in the drawing room, Nate's flushed face, his claim that he hadn't opened it. Somehow, she knew, he had sent Mortmain a message. "You let him know you were here? That you were willing to betray us? But you could have stayed! You would have been safe!"

"Safe, and powerless. Here I'm an ordinary human, weak and contemptible. But as Mortmain's disciple, I will stand at his right hand when he rules the British Empire."

"You're mad," Tessa said. "The whole thing's ridiculous."

"I assure you it isn't. By this time next year Mortmain will be ensconced in Buckingham Palace. The Empire will bow before his rule."

"But you won't be beside him. I see how he looks at you. You're not a disciple; you're a tool to be used. When he gets what he wants, he will throw you aside like rubbish."

Nate's grip tightened on the knife. "Not true."

"It is true," Tessa said. "Aunt always said you were too trusting. It's why you're such an awful gambler, Nate. You're such a liar yourself, but you never can tell when you're being lied to. Aunt said—"

“Aunt Harriet.” Nate laughed softly. “So unfortunate the way she died.” He grinned. “Didn’t you think it was a bit odd that I’d sent you a box of chocolates? Something I knew *you* wouldn’t eat? Something I knew she would?”

Nausea gripped Tessa, a pain in her stomach as if Nate’s knife were twisting there. “Nate—you wouldn’t—Aunt Harriet loved you!”

“You have no idea what I would do, Tessie. No idea at all.” He spoke rapidly, almost fevered in his intensity. “You think of me as a fool. Your foolish brother who needs to be protected from the world. So easily duped and taken advantage of. I heard you and Aunt discussing me. I know neither of you ever thought I’d make anything of myself, ever do anything you could be proud of me for. But now I have. *Now I have,*” he snarled, as if completely unaware of the irony in his words.

“You’ve made a murderer of yourself. And you think I ought to be proud? I’m ashamed to be related to you.”

“Related to me? You’re not even human. You are some *thing*. You are no part of me. From the moment Mortmain told me what you really are, you were dead to me. I have no sister.”

“Then why,” said Tessa in a voice so quiet she could barely hear it herself, “do you keep calling me Tessie?”

He looked at her for a moment in stark confusion. And as she looked back at her brother—the brother she had thought was all she had left in the world—something moved beyond Nate’s shoulder, and Tessa wondered if she was seeing things, if perhaps she was going to faint.

“I wasn’t calling you Tessie,” he said. He sounded baffled, almost lost.

A feeling of unbearable sadness gripped her. “You’re my brother, Nate. You’ll always be my brother.”

His eyes narrowed. For a moment Tessa thought perhaps he had *heard* her. Perhaps he would reconsider. “When you belong to Mortmain,” he said, “I shall be bound to him forever. For I am the one who made it possible for him to have you.”

Her heart sank. The thing beyond Nate's shoulder moved again, a disturbance of the shadows. It was real, Tessa thought. Not her imagination. There was something behind Nate. Something moving toward them both. She opened her mouth, then closed it again. *Sophie*, she thought. She hoped the other girl would have the sense to run away before Nate came for her with the knife.

"Come along, then," he said to Tessa. "There's no reason to make a fuss. The Magister isn't going to hurt you—"

"You cannot be sure of that," Tessa said. The figure behind Nate was almost upon him. There was something pale and glimmering in its hand. Tessa fought to keep her eyes locked on Nate's face.

"I am sure." He sounded impatient. "I am not a fool, Tessa—"

The figure exploded into movement. The pale and glimmering object rose above Nate's head and came down with a heavy crash. Nate pitched forward, crumpling to the ground. The blade rolled from his hand as he struck the carpet and lay still, blood staining his pale blond hair.

Tessa looked up. In the dim light she could see Jessamine standing over Nate, a furious expression on her face. The remains of a shattered lamp were still clutched in her left hand.

"Not a fool, perhaps." She prodded Nate's recumbent form with a disdainful toe. "But not your most shining moment, either."

Tessa could only stare. "*Jessamine?*"

Jessamine looked up. The neckline of her dress was torn, her hair had come down out of its pins, and there was a purpling bruise on her right cheek. She dropped the lamp, which narrowly missed hitting Nate once again in the head, and said, "I'm quite all right, if that's what you're so pop-eyed about. It wasn't me they wanted, after all."

"Miss Gray! Miss Lovelace!" It was Sophie, out of breath from running up and down stairs. In one hand she held the slender iron Sanctuary key. She looked down at Nate as she reached the

end of the corridor, her mouth opening in surprise. “Is he all right?”

“Oh, who cares if he’s all right?” Jessamine said, bending to pick up the knife that Nate had dropped. “After all the lies he told! He lied to *me*! I really thought—” She flushed dark red. “Well, it doesn’t matter now.” She straightened and whirled on Sophie, her chin held high. “Now, don’t just stand there staring, Sophie, do let us into the Sanctuary before God knows what comes after us all and tries to kill us again.”



Will burst out of the mansion and onto the front steps, Jem just behind him. The lawn ahead of them was stark in the moonlight; their carriage was where they had left it in the center of the drive. Jem was relieved to see that the horses hadn’t spooked despite all the noise, though he supposed that Balios and Xanthos, belonging to Shadowhunters as they did, had probably seen much worse.

“Will.” Jem came to a stop beside his friend, trying to conceal the fact that he needed to catch his breath. “We must get back to the Institute as soon as possible.”

“You will get no disagreement from me on that front.” Will gave Jem a keen look; Jem wondered if his face was as flushed and feverish-looking as he feared. The drug, which he had taken in a great quantity before they’d left the Institute, was wearing off faster than it should have been; at another time the realization would have prickled Jem with anxiety. Now he put it aside.

“Do you think Mortmain expected us to kill Mrs. Dark?” he asked, less because he felt the question was an urgent one than because he needed a few more moments to catch his breath before he climbed into the carriage.

Will had his jacket open and was rummaging in one of the pockets. “I imagine so,” he said, almost absently, “or probably he hoped we’d all kill one another, which would have been ideal for him. Clearly he wants de Quincey dead as well and has decided to use the Nephilim as his own band of personal assassins.” Will

drew a folding knife from his inner pocket and looked at it with satisfaction. "A single horse," he observed, "is much faster than a carriage."

Jem gripped the cage he was holding tighter. The gray cat, behind its bars, was looking around with wide yellow interested eyes. "Please tell me you aren't going to do what I suspect you're going to do, Will."

Will flipped the knife open and started up the drive. "There's no time to lose, James. And Xanthos can pull the carriage perfectly well by himself, if you're the only one in it."

Jem went after him, but the heavy cage, as well as his own fevered exhaustion, slowed his progress. "What are you doing with that knife? You're not going to murder the horses, are you?"

"Of course not." Will raised the blade and began to slash at the harness fastening Balios, his favored of the two animals, to the carriage.

"Ah," said Jem. "I see. You're going to ride off on that horse like Dick Turpin and leave me here. Have you gone mad?"

"Someone's got to look after that cat." The girth and traces fell away, and Will swung himself up onto Balios.

"But—" Really alarmed now, Jem set the cage down. "Will, you can't—"

It was too late. Will dug his heels into the horse's sides. Balios reared and neighed, Will clinging on resolutely—Jem could have sworn he was *grinning*—and then the horse wheeled and pounded toward the gates. Inside of a moment, horse and rider were out of sight.

19

BOADICEA

*Seal'd her mine from her first sweet breath.
Mine, mine by a right, from birth till death
Mine, mine—our fathers have sworn.
—Alfred, Lord Tennyson, "Maud"*

As the doors of the Sanctuary closed behind them, Tessa looked around apprehensively. The room was darker than it had been when she had come here to meet Camille. There were no candles burning in the great candelabras, only flickering witchlight that emanated from sconces on the walls. The angel statue continued to weep its endless tears into the fountain. The air in the room was bone-chillingly cold, and she shivered.

Sophie, having slipped the key back into her pocket, looked as nervous as Tessa felt. "Here we are, then," she said. "It's awful cold in this place."

"Well, we won't be here long, I'm sure," said Jessamine. She was still holding Nate's knife, which glittered in her hand. "*Someone* will come back to rescue us. Will, or Charlotte—"

"And find the Institute full of clockwork monsters," Tessa reminded her. "And Mortmain." She shuddered. "I'm not sure it'll be quite so simple as you make it out to be."

Jessamine looked at Tessa with cold dark eyes. "Well, you needn't sound as if it's my fault. If it weren't for you, we wouldn't be in this mess."

Sophie had moved to stand among the massive pillars, and was looking very small. Her voice echoed off the stone walls. "That's

not very kind, miss.”

Jessamine perched herself on the edge of the fountain, then rose to her feet again, frowning. She brushed at the back of her dress, now stained with damp, in an exasperated manner. “Perhaps not, but it’s true. The only reason the Magister is here is because of Tessa.”

“I told Charlotte all this was my fault.” Tessa spoke quietly. “I told her to send me away. She wouldn’t.”

Jessamine tossed her head. “Charlotte’s softhearted, and so is Henry. And Will—Will thinks he’s Galahad. Wants to save everyone. Jem, too. None of them are practical.”

“I suppose,” Tessa said, “if it had been your decision to make . . .”

“You’d have been out the door with nothing but the key of the street to your name,” Jessamine said, and sniffed. Seeing the way Sophie was looking at her, she added, “Oh, really! Don’t be such a mush-mouth, Sophie. Agatha and Thomas would still be alive if I’d been in charge, wouldn’t they?”

Sophie went pale, her scar standing out along her cheek like the mark of a slap. “Thomas is dead?”

Jessamine looked as if she knew she’d made a mistake. “I didn’t mean that.”

Tessa looked at her, hard. “What happened, Jessamine? We saw you injured—”

“And precious little any of you did about it either,” Jessamine said, and sat down with a flounce on the fountain wall, apparently forgetting to worry about the state of her dress. “I was unconscious . . . and when I awoke, I saw that all of you had gone but Thomas. Mortmain was gone too, but those creatures were still there. One of them began to come after me, and I looked for my parasol, but it had been trampled to shreds. Thomas was surrounded by those creatures. I went toward him, but he told me to run, so . . . I ran.” She tilted her chin up defiantly.

Sophie’s eyes flashed. “You left him there? Alone?”

Jessamine set the knife down on the wall with an angry clatter. “I’m a lady, Sophie. It is expected that a man sacrifice himself for a lady’s safety.”

“That’s *rubbish!*” Sophie’s hands were tight little fists at her sides. “You’re a *Shadowhunter!* And Thomas is just a mundane! You could have helped him. You just wouldn’t—because you’re selfish! And—and awful!”

Jessamine gaped at Sophie, her mouth wide open. “How dare you speak to me like—”

She broke off as the door of the Sanctuary resounded with the noise of the heavy knocker falling. It sounded again, and then a familiar voice, raised, called out to them, “Tessa! Sophie! It’s Will.”

“Oh, thank God,” Jessamine said—clearly just as relieved to be free of her conversation with Sophie as she was to be rescued—and hurried toward the door. “Will! It’s Jessamine. I’m in here too!”

“And you’re all three all right?” Will sounded anxious in a way that tightened Tessa’s chest. “What happened? We raced here from Highgate. I saw the door of the Institute open. How in the Angel’s name did Mortmain get in?”

“He evaded the wards somehow,” Jessamine said bitterly, reaching for the door handle. “I’ve no idea how.”

“It hardly matters now. He’s dead. The clockwork creatures are destroyed.”

Will’s tone was reassuring—so why, Tessa thought, did she not feel reassured? She turned to look at Sophie, who was staring at the door, a sharp vertical frown line between her eyes, her lips moving very slightly as if she were whispering something under her breath. Sophie had the Sight, Tessa remembered—Charlotte had said so. Tessa’s sense of unease rose and crested like a wave.

“Jessamine,” she called. “Jessamine, don’t open the door—”

But it was too late. The door had swung wide. And there on the threshold stood Mortmain, flanked by clockwork monsters.



Thank the Angel for glammers, Will thought. The sight of a boy riding bareback on a charging black horse down Farringdon Road would normally be enough to raise eyebrows even in a metropolis as jaded as London. But as Will went by—the horse kicking up great puffs of London dust as it reared and snorted its way through the streets—no one turned a hair or batted the lash of an eye. Yet even as they seemed not to see him, they found reasons to move out of his way—a dropped pair of eyeglasses, a step to the side to avoid a puddle in the road—and avoid being trampled.

It was almost five miles from Highgate to the Institute; it had taken them three-quarters of an hour to cover the distance in the carriage. It took Will and Balios only twenty minutes to make the return trip, though the horse was panting and lathered with sweat by the time Will pounded through the Institute gates and drew up in front of the steps.

His heart sank immediately. The doors were open. Wide open, as if inviting in the night. It was strictly against Covenant Law to leave the doors of an Institute standing ajar. He had been correct; something was terribly wrong.

He slid from the horse's back, boots clattering loudly against the cobblestones. He looked for a way to secure the animal, but as he'd cut its harness, there was none, and besides, Balios looked inclined to bite him. He shrugged and made for the steps.



Jessamine gasped and leaped back as Mortmain stepped into the room. Sophie screamed and ducked behind a pillar. Tessa was too shocked to move. The four automatons, two on either side of Mortmain, stared straight ahead with their shining faces like metal masks.

Behind Mortmain was Nate. A makeshift bandage, stained with blood, was tied around his head. The bottom of his shirt—Jem's shirt—had a ragged strip torn from it. His baleful gaze fell on Jessamine.

"You stupid whore," he snarled, and started forward.

“Nathaniel.” Mortmain’s voice cracked like a whip; Nate froze. “This is not an arena in which to enact your petty revenges. There is one more thing I need from you; you know what it is. Retrieve it for me.”

Nate hesitated. He was looking at Jessamine like a cat with its gaze fixed on a mouse.

“Nathaniel. To the weapons room. Now.”

Nate dragged his gaze from Jessie. For a moment he looked at Tessa, the rage in his expression softening into a sneer. Then he turned on his heel and stalked from the room; two of the clockwork creatures peeled themselves from Mortmain’s side and followed him.

The door closed behind him, and Mortmain smiled pleasantly. “The two of you,” he said, looking from Jessamine to Sophie, “get out.”

“No.” The voice was Sophie’s, small but stubborn, though to Tessa’s surprise, Jessamine showed no inclination to leave either. “Not without Tessa.”

Mortmain shrugged. “Very well.” He turned to the clockwork creatures. “The two girls,” he said. “The Shadowhunter and the servant. Kill them both.”

He snapped his fingers and the clockwork creatures sprang forward. They had the grotesque speed of skittering rats. Jessamine turned to run, but she had gone only a few steps when one of them seized her, lifting her off the ground. Sophie darted among the pillars like Snow White fleeing into the woods, but it did her little good. The second creature caught up to her swiftly and bore her to the ground as she screamed. In contrast Jessamine was utterly silent; the creature holding her had one metal hand clamped across her mouth and the other around her waist, fingers digging in cruelly. Her feet kicked uselessly in the air like the feet of a criminal dangling at the end of a hangman’s rope.

Tessa heard her own voice as it emerged from her throat as if it were a stranger’s. “Stop it. Please, please, stop it!”

Sophie had broken away from the creature holding her and was scrambling across the floor on her hands and knees. Reaching out, it caught her by the ankle and jerked her backward across the floor, her apron tearing as she sobbed.

“Please,” Tessa said again, fixing her eyes on Mortmain.

“You can stop it, Miss Gray,” he said. *“Promise me you won’t try to run.”* His eyes burned as he looked at her. *“Then I’ll let them go.”*

Jessamine’s eyes, visible above the metal arm clamping her mouth, pleaded with Tessa. The other creature was on its feet, holding Sophie, who dangled limply in its grip.

“I’ll stay,” Tessa said. *“You have my word. Of course I will. Just let them go.”*

There was a long pause. Then, *“You heard her,”* Mortmain said to his mechanical monsters. *“Take the girls out of this room. Bring them downstairs. Don’t harm them.”* He smiled then, a thin, crafty smile. *“Leave Miss Gray alone with me.”*



Even before he passed through the front doors, Will felt it—the jangling sense that something dreadful was happening here. The first time he’d ever felt this sensation, he’d been twelve years old, holding that blasted box—but he’d never imagined feeling it in the fastness of the Institute.

He saw Agatha’s body first, the moment he stepped over the threshold. She lay on her back, her glassy eyes staring up at the ceiling, the front of her plain gray dress soaked with blood. A wave of almost overwhelming rage washed over Will, leaving him light-headed. Biting his lip hard, he bent to close her eyes before he rose and looked around.

The signs of a melee were everywhere—torn scraps of metal, bent and broken gears, splashes of blood mixing with pools of oil. As Will moved toward the stairs, his foot came down on the shredded remains of Jessamine’s parasol. He gritted his teeth and moved on to the staircase.

And there, slumped across the lowest steps, lay Thomas, eyes closed, motionless in a widening pool of scarlet. A sword rested on the ground beside him, a little ways away from his hand; its edge was chipped and dented as if he had been using it to hack apart rocks. A great jagged piece of metal protruded from his chest. It looked a little like the torn blade of a saw, Will thought as he crouched down by Thomas's side, or like a sharp bit of some larger metal contraption.

There was a dry burning in the back of Will's throat. His mouth tasted of metal and rage. He rarely grieved during a battle; he saved his emotions for afterward—those he had not already learned to bury so deeply that he barely felt them at all. He had been burying them since he was twelve years old. His chest knotted with pain now, but his voice was steady when he spoke. "Hail and farewell, Thomas," he said, reaching to close the other boy's eyes. "Ave—"

A hand flew up and gripped his wrist. Will stared down, dumbfounded, as Thomas's glassy eyes slid toward him, pale brown under the whitish film of death. "Not," he said, with a clear effort to get the words out, "a Shadowhunter."

"You defended the Institute," Will said. "You did as well as any of us would have done."

"No." Thomas closed his eyes, as if exhausted. His chest rose, barely; his shirt was soaked almost black with blood. "You'd've fought 'em off, Master Will. You know you would."

"Thomas," Will whispered. He wanted to say, *Be quiet, and you'll be all right when the others get here.* But Thomas manifestly would not be all right. He was human; no healing rune could help him. Will wished that Jem were here, instead of himself. Jem was the one you wanted with you when you were dying. Jem could make anyone feel that things were going to be all right, whereas Will privately suspected that there were few situations that his presence did not make worse.

"She's alive," Thomas said, not opening his eyes.

"What?" Will was caught off guard.

“The one you come back for. Her. Tessa. She’s with Sophie.” Thomas spoke as if it were a fact obvious to anyone that Will would have come back for Tessa’s sake. He coughed, and a great mass of blood poured out of his mouth and down his chin. He didn’t seem to notice. “Take care of Sophie, Will. Sophie is—”

But Will never found out what Sophie was, because Thomas’s grip went suddenly slack, and his hand fell away and struck the stone floor with an ugly thump. Will drew back. He had seen death enough times, and knew when it had come. There was no need to close Thomas’s eyes; they were closed already. “Sleep, then,” he said, not quite knowing where the words came from, “good and faithful servant of the Nephilim. And thank you.”

It wasn’t enough, not nearly enough, but it was all there was. Will scrambled to his feet and dashed up the staircase.



The doors had closed behind the clockwork creatures; the Sanctuary was very silent. Tessa could hear the water splashing in the fountain behind her.

Mortmain stood regarding her calmly. He still wasn’t frightening to look at, Tessa thought. A small, ordinary man, with dark hair going gray at his temples, and those odd light eyes. “Miss Gray,” he said, “I had hoped our first time alone together would be a more pleasant experience for us both.”

Tessa’s eyes burned. She said, “What are you? A warlock?”

His smile was swift, and without feeling. “Merely a human being, Miss Gray.”

“But you did magic,” she said. “You spoke in Will’s voice—”

“Anyone can learn to imitate voices, with the proper training,” he said. “A simple trick, like sleight of hand. No one ever expects them. Certainly not Shadowhunters. They believe humans are good at nothing, as well as being good for nothing.”

“No,” Tessa whispered. “They don’t think that.”

His mouth twisted. “How quickly you have grown to love them, your natural enemies. We will soon train you out of that.”

He moved forward, and Tessa shrank back. "I will not hurt you," he said. "I merely want to show you something." He reached into the pocket of his coat and drew out a gold watch, very fine-looking, on a thick gold chain.

Is he wondering what *time* it is? The mad urge to giggle rose up in the back of Tessa's throat. She forced it down.

He held the watch out to her. "Miss Gray," he said, "please take this."

She stared at him. "I don't want it."

He moved toward her again. Tessa retreated until the back of her skirts brushed the low wall of the fountain. "Take the watch, Miss Gray."

Tessa shook her head.

"Take it," he said. "Or I will recall my clockwork servants and have them crush the throats of your two friends until they are dead. I need only go to the door and call to them. It is your choice."

Bile rose in the back of Tessa's throat. She stared at the watch he held out to her, dangling on its gold chain. It was clearly unwound. The hands had long ago stopped spinning, the time seemingly frozen at midnight. The initials J. T. S. were carved on the back in elegant script.

"Why?" she whispered. "Why do you want me to take it?"

"Because I want you to Change," Mortmain said.

Tessa's head jerked up. She stared at him incredulously. "What?"

"This watch used to belong to someone," he said. "Someone I very much want to meet again." His voice was even, but there was a sort of undercurrent beneath it, an eager hunger that terrified Tessa more than any rage might have. "I know the Dark Sisters taught you. I know you know your power. You are the only one in the world who can do what you do. I know this because *I made you.*"

"You *made* me?" Tessa stared. "You're not saying—you can't be my father—"

“Your father?” Mortmain laughed shortly. “I am a human, not a Downworlder. There is no demon in me, nor do I consort with demons. There is no blood shared between the two of us, Miss Gray. And yet if it were not for me, you would not exist.”

“I don’t understand,” Tessa whispered.

“You don’t need to understand.” Mortmain’s temper was visibly fraying. “You need to do as I tell you. And I am telling you to Change. *Now.*”

It was like standing in front of the Dark Sisters again, frightened and alert, her heart pounding, being told to access a part of herself that terrified her. Being told to lose herself in that darkness, that nothingness between self and other. Perhaps it would be easy to do as he told her—to reach out and take the watch as commanded, to abandon herself in someone else’s skin as she had done before, with no will or choice of her own.

She looked down, away from Mortmain’s searing gaze, and saw something glittering on the fountain wall just behind her. A splash of water, she thought for a moment—but no. It was something else. She spoke then, almost without meaning to.

“No,” she said.

Mortmain’s eyes narrowed. “What was that?”

“I said no.” Tessa felt as if she were outside herself somehow, watching herself face down Mortmain as if she were watching a stranger. “I won’t do it. Not unless you tell me what you mean when you say you made me. Why am I like this? Why is it that you need my power so badly? What do you plan to force me to do for you? You are doing more than just building an army of monsters. I can see that. I’m not a fool like my brother.”

Mortmain slid the watch back into his pocket. His face was an ugly mask of rage. “No,” he said. “You are not a fool like your brother. He is a fool and a coward. You are a fool who has some courage. Though it will do you little good. And it is your friends who will suffer for it. While you watch.” He turned on his heel then and strode toward the door.

Tessa bent down and seized up the object that had glittered behind her. It was the knife Jessamine had put there, the blade gleaming in the Sanctuary witchlight. “Stop,” she cried. “Mr. Mortmain. *Stop.*”

He turned then, and saw her holding the knife. A look of disgusted amusement spread across his face. “Really, Miss Gray,” he said. “Do you honestly think you can harm me with that? Did you think I came entirely unarmed?” He moved his jacket aside slightly, and she saw the butt of a pistol, gleaming at his belt.

“No,” she said. “No, I don’t think I can hurt you.” She turned the knife around then, so that the hilt was away from her, the blade pointing directly at her own chest. “But if you take one more step toward that door, I promise you, I’ll put this knife through my heart.”



Repairing the mess Will had made of the carriage harnesses took Jem longer than he would have liked, and the moon was worryingly high in the sky by the time he rattled through the gates of the Institute and pulled Xanthos up at the foot of the steps.

Balios, untethered, was standing by the newel post at the foot of the stairs, looking exhausted. Will must have ridden like the devil, Jem thought, but at least he had arrived safely. It was a small bit of reassurance, considering that the doors of the Institute stood wide, sending a dart of horror through him. It was a sight that seemed so wrong that it was like looking at a face missing eyes or a sky with no stars. It was something that simply should not be.

Jem raised his voice. “Will?” he called. “Will, can you hear me?” When there was no answer, he leaped down from the driver’s seat of the carriage and reached up to pull his jade-headed cane down after him. He held it lightly, balancing the weight. His wrists had begun to ache, which concerned him. Usually withdrawal from the demon powder began as pain in his joints, a dull ache that spread slowly until his whole body burned like fire. But he could

not afford that pain now. There was Will to think about, and Tessa. He could not rid himself of the image of her on the steps, looking down at him as he spoke the ancient words. She had looked so worried, and the thought that she might have been worried about him had given him an unexpected pleasure.

He turned to start up the steps, and paused. Someone was already coming down them. More than one person—a crowd. They were backlit by the light of the Institute, and for a moment he blinked at them, seeing only silhouettes. A few seemed strangely misshapen.

“Jem!” The voice was high, desperate. Familiar.

Jessamine.

Galvanized, Jem darted up the stairs, and then paused. In front of him stood Nathaniel Gray, his clothes torn and spotted with blood. A makeshift bandage was wound around his head and was soaked with blood by his right temple. His expression was grim.

On either side of him moved clockwork automatons, like obedient servants. One flanked his right side, one his left. Behind were two more. One held a struggling Jessamine; the other a limp, half-insensible Sophie.

“Jem!” Jessamine shrieked. “Nate’s a liar. He was helping Mortmain all this time—Mortmain’s the Magister, not de Quincey—”

Nathaniel whirled. “Silence her,” he barked at the clockwork creature behind him. Its metal arms tightened around Jessamine, who choked and fell silent, her face white with pain. Her eyes darted toward the automaton on Nathaniel’s right. Following her gaze, Jem saw that the creature held the familiar golden square of the Pyxis in its hands.

At the look on his face, Nate smiled. “None but a Shadow-hunter can touch it,” he said. “No *living creature*, that is. But an automaton is not alive.”

“That is what all this was about?” Jem demanded, astounded. “The Pyxis? What possible use could it be to you?”

“My master wants demon energies, and demon energies he shall have,” said Nate pompously. “Nor will he forget that I am the one who provided them for him.”

Jem shook his head. “And what will he give you then? What did he give you to betray your sister? Thirty pieces of silver?”

Nate’s face twisted, and for a moment Jem thought he could see through the blandly handsome mask to what was really underneath—something malignant and repellent that made Jem want to turn away and retch. “That thing,” he said, “is not my sister.”

“It is hard to believe, isn’t it,” said Jem, making no effort to hide his loathing, “that you and Tessa share anything at all, even a single drop of blood. She is so much finer than you.”

Nathaniel’s eyes narrowed. “She is not my concern. She belongs to Mortmain.”

“I don’t know what Mortmain has promised you,” Jem said, “but I can promise you that if you hurt Jessamine or Sophie—and if you take the Pyxis from these premises—the Clave will hunt you. And find you. And kill you.”

Nathaniel shook his head slowly. “You don’t understand,” he said. “None of the Nephilim understand. The most you can offer is to let me live. But the Magister can promise me that *I won’t ever die.*” He turned to the clockwork creature on his left, the one not holding the Pyxis. “Kill him,” he said.

The automaton sprang toward Jem. It was faster by far than the creatures Jem had faced on Blackfriars Bridge. He barely had time to flip the catch that released the blade at the end of his cane and raise it, before the thing was on him. The creature squealed like a braking train when Jem drove the blade directly into its chest and sawed it from side to side, tearing the metal wide open. The creature spun away, spraying a Catherine wheel of red sparks.

Nate, caught by the spray of fire, yelled and jumped back, beating at the sparks burning holes into his clothes. Jem took the opportunity to leap up two of the steps and slam Nate across the

back with the flat of his blade, knocking him to his knees. Nate twisted around to look for his clockwork protector, but it was staggering from side to side across the steps, sparks fountaining from its chest; it seemed evident that Jem had severed one of its central mechanisms. The automaton holding the Pyxis stood stock-still; clearly Nate was not its first priority.

“Drop them!” Nate cried to the clockwork creatures holding Sophie and Jessamine. “Kill the Shadowhunter! Kill him, do you hear?”

Jessamine and Sophie, released, tumbled to the ground, both gasping but clearly still alive. Jem’s relief was short-lived, though, as the second pair of automatons lurched toward him, moving with incredible speed. He slashed out at one with his cane. It leaped back, out of range, and the other raised a hand—not a hand, really, more a square block of metal, its side edged with ragged teeth like a saw—

A yell came from behind Jem, and Henry charged past him, wielding a massive broadsword. He swung it hard, slashing through the automaton’s raised arm and sending its hand flying. It skidded across the cobblestones, sparking and hissing, before bursting into flames.

“Jem!” It was Charlotte’s voice, raised in warning. Jem spun, and saw the other automaton reaching for him from behind. He drove his blade into the creature’s throat, sawing at the copper tubes inside, while Charlotte slashed at its knees with her whip. With a high whine, it collapsed to the ground, legs severed. Charlotte, her pale face set, brought the whip down again, while Jem turned to see that Henry, his ginger hair pasted to his forehead with sweat, was lowering his broadsword. The automaton he had attacked was now a heap of scrap metal on the ground.

In fact, bits of clockwork were scattered across the courtyard, some of it still burning, like a field of fallen stars. Jessamine and Sophie were clinging to each other; Jessamine supporting the other girl, whose throat was necklaced with dark bruises.

Jessamine met Jem's eyes across the steps. He thought it might have been the first time she'd really ever looked like she was glad to see him.

"He's gone," she said. "Nathaniel. He vanished with that creature—and the Pyxis."

"I don't understand." Charlotte's bloodied face was a mask of shock. "Tessa's brother . . ."

"Everything he said to us was a lie," said Jessamine. "The whole business with sending you off after the vampires was a diversion."

"Dear God," said Charlotte. "So de Quincey wasn't lying—" She shook her head, as if to clear it of cobwebs. "When we reached his house in Chelsea, we found him there with just a few vampires, no more than six or seven—certainly not the hundred Nathaniel had warned about, and no clockwork creatures that anyone could find. Benedict slew de Quincey, but not before the vampire laughed at us for calling him the Magister—said we had let Mortmain make fools of us. *Mortmain*. And I'd thought he was just—just a mundane."

Henry sank down on the top step, his broad sword clanking. "This is a disaster."

"Will," Charlotte said dazedly, as if in a dream. "And Tessa. Where are they?"

"Tessa's in the Sanctuary. With Mortmain. Will—" Jessamine shook her head. "I didn't realize he was here."

"He's inside," Jem said, raising his gaze to the Institute. He remembered his poison-racked dream—the Institute in flames, a haze of smoke over London, and great clockwork creatures striding to and fro among the buildings like monstrous spiders. "He would have gone after Tessa."



Mortmain's face had drained of blood. "What are you doing?" he demanded, striding toward her.

Tessa set the tip of the blade to her chest and pushed. The pain was sharp, sudden. Blood bloomed on the bosom of her dress. “Don’t come any closer.”

Mortmain stopped, his face contorted with fury. “What makes you think I care if you live or die, Miss Gray?”

“As you said, you made me,” said Tessa. “For whatever reason, you desired that I exist. You valued me enough that you would not have wanted the Dark Sisters to harm me in any permanent way. Somehow, I am significant to you. Oh, not my *self*, of course. My power. That is what matters to you.” She could feel blood, warm and wet, trickling down her skin, but the pain was nothing compared to her satisfaction at seeing the look of fear on Mortmain’s face.

He spoke through gritted teeth. “What is it you want from me?”

“No. What is it you want from *me*? Tell me. Tell me why you created me. Tell me who my true parents are. Was my mother really my mother? My father, my father?”

Mortmain’s smile was twisted. “You are asking the wrong questions, Miss Gray.”

“Why am I . . . what I am, and Nate is only human? Why is he not like me?”

“Nathaniel is only your half brother. He is nothing more than a human being, and not a very good example of that. Do not mourn that you are not more like him.”

“Then . . .” Tessa paused. Her heart was racing. “My mother could not have been a demon,” she said quietly. “Or anything supernatural, because Aunt Harriet was her sister, and she was only human. So it must have been my father. My father was a demon?”

Mortmain grinned, a sudden ugly grin. “Put down the knife and I will give you your answers. Perhaps we can even summon up the thing that fathered you, if you are so desperate to meet him—or should I say ‘it’?”

“Then I am a warlock,” Tessa said. Her throat felt tight. “That is what you are saying.”

Mortmain’s pale eyes were full of scorn. “If you insist,” he said, “I suppose that is the best word for what you are.”

Tessa heard Magnus Bane’s clear voice in her head: *Oh, you’re a warlock. Depend on it. And yet—*

“I don’t believe any of this,” Tessa said. “My mother, she would never have—not with a demon.”

“She had no idea.” Mortmain sounded almost pitying. “No idea that she was being unfaithful to your father.”

Tessa’s stomach lurched. This was nothing she hadn’t thought might be possible, nothing she hadn’t wondered about. Still, to hear it spoken aloud was something else. “If the man I thought was my father, was not my father, and my true father was a demon,” she said, “then why am I not marked like a warlock is marked?”

Mortmain’s eyes sparkled with malevolence. “Indeed, why are you not? Perhaps because your mother had no idea what she was, any more than you do.”

“What do you mean? My mother was human!”

Mortmain shook his head. “Miss Gray, you continue to ask the wrong questions. What you must understand is that much was planned so that you would someday come to be. The planning began even before me—and I carried it forward, knowing I was overseeing the creation of something unique in the world. Something unique that would belong to me. I knew that I would one day marry you, and you would be mine forever.”

Tessa looked at him in horror. “But why? You don’t *love* me. You don’t know me. You didn’t even know what I looked like! I could have been hideous!”

“It would not have mattered. You can appear as hideous or as beautiful as you like. The face you wear now is only one of a thousand possible faces. When will you learn that there is no *real* Tessa Gray?”

“Get out,” Tessa said.

Mortmain looked at her with his pale eyes. “What did you say to me?”

“Get out. Leave the Institute. Take your monsters with you. Or I will stab myself in the heart.”

For a moment he hesitated, his hands clenching and unclenching at his sides. This must have been what he was like when forced to make a lightning-swift business decision—to buy or to sell? To invest or to expand? He was a man used to sizing up the situation in an instant, Tessa thought. And she was only a girl. What chance did she have to outmaneuver him?

Slowly he shook his head. “I don’t believe you’ll do it. You may be a warlock, but you’re still a young girl. A delicate female.” He took a step toward her. “Violence is not in your nature.”

Tessa gripped the handle of the knife tightly. She could feel everything—the hard slick surface under her fingers, the pain where it pierced her skin, the beat of her own heart. “Don’t come a step closer,” she said in a shaking voice, “or I’ll do it. I’ll drive the knife in.”

The tremble in her voice seemed to give him conviction; his jaw firmed, and he moved toward her with a confident stride. “No, you won’t.”

Tessa heard Will’s voice in her head. *She took poison rather than let herself be captured by the Romans. She was braver than any man.*

“Yes,” she said. “I will.”

Something in her face must have changed, for the confidence went from his expression and he lunged toward her, his arrogance gone, reaching desperately for the knife. Tessa spun away from Mortmain, turning to face the fountain. The last thing she saw was the silvery water splashing high above her as she drove the knife toward her chest.



Will was breathless as he approached the doors of the Sanctuary. He had fought two of the clockwork automatons in the stairwell and had thought he was done for, until the first one—having been

run through several times with Thomas's sword—began to malfunction and pushed the second creature out a window before collapsing and crashing down the stairs in a whirlwind of crumpling metal and shooting sparks.

Will had cuts on his hands and arms from the creatures' jagged metal hides, but he had not slowed down for an *iratze*. He drew out his stele as he ran, and hit the Sanctuary doors at a dead run. He slashed the stele across the doors' surface, creating the fastest Open rune of his life.

The doors' lock slid back. Will took a split second of time to switch his stele for one of the seraph blades on his belt. "*Jerahmeel*," he whispered, and as the blade blazed up with white fire, he kicked the Sanctuary doors open.

And froze in horror. Tessa lay crumpled by the fountain, whose water was stained with red. The front of her blue and white dress was a sheet of scarlet, and blood spread from beneath her body in a widening pool. A knife lay by her limp right hand, its hilt smeared with blood. Her eyes were closed.

Mortmain knelt by her side, his hand on her shoulder. He glanced up as the doors burst open, and then staggered to his feet, backing away from Tessa's body. His hands were red with blood, and his shirt and jacket were stained with it.

"I . . .," he began.

"You killed her," Will said. His voice sounded stupid to his own ears, and very far away. He saw again in his mind's eye the library of the house he had lived in with his family as a child. His own hands on the box, curious fingers unclasping the catch that held it closed. The library filled with the sound of screaming. The road to London, silver in the moonlight. The words that had gone through his head, over and over, as he'd walked away from everything he had ever known, forever. *I have lost everything. Lost everything.*

Everything.

"No." Mortmain shook his head. He was fiddling with something—a ring on his right hand, made of silver. "I didn't

touch her. She did this to herself.”

“You lie.” Will moved forward, the shape of the seraph blade beneath his fingers comforting and familiar in a world that seemed to shift and change around him like the landscape of a dream. “Do you know what happens when I drive one of these into human flesh?” he rasped, raising Jerahmeel. “It will burn as it cuts you. You will die in agony, burning from the inside out.”

“You think you grieve her loss, Will Herondale?” Mortmain’s voice was full of torment. “Your grief is nothing to mine. Years of work—dreams—more than you could ever imagine, wasted.”

“Then be comforted, for your pain will be of short duration,” said Will, and he lunged forward, blade outstretched. He felt it graze the cloth of Mortmain’s jacket—and meet no further resistance. He stumbled forward, righted himself, and stared. Something clinked to the floor at his feet, a brass button. His blade must have severed it from Mortmain’s jacket. It winked at him from the ground like a mocking eye.

Shocked, Will dropped the seraph blade. Jerahmeel fell to the floor, still burning. Mortmain was gone—entirely gone. He had vanished like a warlock might vanish, a warlock who had trained in the practice of magic for years. For a human, even a human with occult knowledge, to accomplish such a thing . . .

But that didn’t matter; not now. Will could think of only one thing. *Tessa*. Half in dread, half in hope, he crossed the room to where she lay. The fountain made its wretched soothing noises as he knelt down and lifted her into his arms.

He had held her like this only once before, in the attic, the night they had burned de Quincey’s town house. The memory of it had come to him, unbidden, often enough since. Now it was torture. Her dress was soaked in blood; so was her hair, and her face was streaked with it. Will had seen enough injuries to know that no one could lose blood like this and live.

“Tessa,” he whispered. He crushed her against him; it didn’t matter now what he did. He buried his face in the crook of her neck, where her throat met her shoulder. Her hair, already

beginning to stiffen with blood, scratched his cheek. He could feel the beat of her pulse through her skin.

He froze. Her *pulse*? His heart leaped; he drew away, meaning to lower her to the ground, and found her looking at him with wide gray eyes.

“Will,” she said. “Is it really you, Will?”

Relief crashed over him first, followed instantly by a boiling terror. To have Thomas die before his eyes, and now this, too. Or perhaps she could be saved? Though not with Marks. How were Downworlders healed? It was knowledge only the Silent Brothers had. “Bandages,” Will said, half to himself. “I must get bandages.”

He began to loosen his grip on her, but Tessa caught at his wrist with her hand. “Will, you must be careful. Mortmain—he’s the Magister. He was here—”

Will felt as if he were choking. “Hush. Save your strength. Mortmain’s gone. I must get help—”

“No.” She tightened her grip on him. “No, you needn’t do that, Will. *It’s not my blood.*”

“What?” he said, staring. Perhaps she was delirious, he thought, but her grip and her voice were surprisingly strong for someone who should have been dead. “Whatever he did to you, Tessa—”

“I did it,” she said in the same firm little voice. “I did it to myself, Will. It was the only way I knew to make him go away. He would never have left me here. Not if he’d thought I was alive.”

“But—”

“I *Changed*. When the knife touched me, I *Changed*, just in that moment. It was something that Mortmain had said that gave me the idea—that sleight of hand is a simple trick and that no one ever expects it.”

“I don’t understand. The blood?”

She nodded, her small face alight with relief, with her pleasure in telling him what she had done. “There was a woman, once, that the Dark Sisters made me *Change* into, who had died of a gunshot wound, and when I *Changed* her blood poured all over

me. Did I tell you that? I thought perhaps I had, but it doesn't matter—I remembered it, and I Changed into her, just for that moment, and the blood came, as it had before. I turned away from Mortmain so he couldn't see me change, and crumpled forward as if the knife had truly gone in—and indeed, the force of the Change, doing it so quickly, made me quite sincerely faint. The world went dark, and then I heard Mortmain calling my name. I knew I must have come back to myself, and I knew I must pretend to be dead. I fear he would have certainly found me out had you not arrived.” She looked down at herself, and Will could have sworn there was a faintly smug tone to her voice as she said, “I tricked the Magister, Will! I would not have thought it possible—he was so confident of his superiority over me. But I recalled what you had said about Boadicea. If it had not been for your words, Will . . .”

She looked up at him with a smile. The smile broke what was left of his resistance—shattered it. He had let the walls down when he'd thought she was gone, and there was no time to build them back up. Helplessly he pulled her against him. For a moment she clung to him tightly, warm and alive in his arms. Her hair brushed his cheek. The color had come back into the world; he could breathe again, and for that moment he breathed her in—she smelled of salt, blood, tears, and Tessa.

When she drew back from his embrace, her eyes were shining. “I thought when I heard your voice that it was a dream,” she said. “But you are real.” Her eyes searched his face, and, as if satisfied at what they found there, she smiled. “You are real.”

He opened his mouth. The words were there. He was about to say them when a jolt of terror went through him, the terror of someone who, wandering in a mist, pauses only to realize that they have stopped inches from the edge of a gaping abyss. The way she was looking at him—she could read what was in his eyes, he realized. It must have been written plainly there, like words on the page of a book. There had been no time, no chance, to hide it.

“Will,” she whispered. “Say something, Will.”

But there was nothing to say. There was only the emptiness, as there had been before her. As there always would be.

I have lost everything, Will thought. Everything.

20

AWFUL WONDER

*Yet each man kills the thing he loves,
By each let this be heard,
Some do it with a bitter look,
Some with a flattering word,
The coward does it with a kiss,
The brave man with a sword!*
—Oscar Wilde, “The Ballad of Reading Gaol”

The Marks that denoted mourning were red for Shadow-hunters. The color of death was white.

Tessa had not known that, had not read it in the *Codex*, and so had been startled to see the five Shadowhunters of the Institute going out to the carriage dressed all in white like a wedding party as she and Sophie had watched from the windows of the library. Several members of the Enclave had been killed cleaning out de Quincey’s vampire nest. In name the funeral was for them, though they were also burying Thomas and Agatha. Charlotte had explained that Nephilim burials were generally for Nephilim only, but an exception could be made for those who had died in the service of the Clave.

Sophie and Tessa, though, had been forbidden to go. The ceremony itself was still closed to them. Sophie had told Tessa it was better anyway, that she did not want to see Thomas burn and his ashes scattered in the Silent City. “I would rather remember him as he was,” she’d said, “and Agatha, too.”

The Enclave had left a guard behind them, several Shadowhunters who had volunteered to stay and watch over the Institute. It would be a long time, Tessa thought, before they ever left it unguarded again.

She had passed the time while they were gone reading in the window alcove—nothing to do with Nephilim or demons or Downworlders, but a copy of *A Tale of Two Cities* that she'd found on Charlotte's shelf of Dickens books. She had resolutely tried to force herself not to think about Mortmain, about Thomas and Agatha, about the things Mortmain had said to her in the Sanctuary—and most especially, not about Nathaniel or where he might be now. Any thought of her brother made her stomach tighten and the backs of her eyes prickle.

Nor was that all that was on her mind. Two days before, she had been forced to appear before the Clave in the library of the Institute. A man the others called the Inquisitor had questioned her about her time with Mortmain, over and over, alert for any changes in her story, until she was exhausted. They had questioned her about the watch he had wanted to give her, and whether she knew who it had belonged to, or what the initials J. T. S. might stand for. She did not, and as he had taken it with him when he'd vanished, she pointed out, that was unlikely to change. They had questioned Will, too, about what Mortmain had said to him before he'd disappeared. Will had borne the inquest with surly impatience, to no one's surprise, and had eventually been dismissed with sanctions, for rudeness and insubordination.

The Inquisitor had even demanded that Tessa strip off her clothes, that she might be searched for a warlock's mark, but Charlotte had put a quick stop to that. When Tessa had at last been allowed to go, she had hurried out into the corridor after Will, but he had gone. It had been two days since then, and in that time she had hardly seen him, nor had they spoken beyond the occasional polite exchange of words in front of others. When she had looked at him, he had looked away. When she had left

the room, hoping he would follow, he hadn't. It had been maddening.

She couldn't help but wonder if she was alone in thinking that something significant had passed between them there on the floor of the Sanctuary. She had woken out of a darkness more profound than any she had encountered during a Change before, to find Will holding her, the most plainly distraught look she could have envisioned on his face. And surely she couldn't have imagined the way he'd said her name, or looked at her?

No. She could not have imagined that. Will cared for her, she was sure of it. Yes, he had been rude to her almost since he had met her, but then, that happened in novels all the time. Look how rude Darcy had been to Elizabeth Bennet before he'd proposed, and really, quite rude during as well. And Heathcliff was never anything but rude to Cathy. Though she had to admit that in *A Tale of Two Cities*, both Sydney Carton and Charles Darnay had been very kind to Lucie Manette. *And yet I have had the weakness, and have still the weakness, to wish you to know with what a sudden mastery you kindled me, heap of ashes that I am, into fire. . . .*

The troubling fact was that since that night in the Sanctuary, Will had neither looked at her nor said her name again. She thought she knew the reason for it—had guessed at it in the way Charlotte had looked at her, the way everyone was being so quiet around her. It was evident. The Shadowhunters were going to send her away.

And why shouldn't they? The Institute was for Nephilim, not Downworlders. She had brought death and destruction down on the place in the short time she'd been here; God only knew what would happen if she remained. Of course, she had nowhere to go, and no one to go to, but why should that matter to them? Covenant Law was Covenant Law; it could not be changed or broken. Maybe she would wind up living with Jessamine after all, in some town house in Belgravia. There were worse fates.

The rattle of carriage wheels on the cobblestones outside, signaling the return of the others from the Silent City, brought

her out of her glum reverie. Sophie hurried down the stairs to greet them while Tessa watched through the window as they left the carriage, one by one.

Henry had his arm around Charlotte, who was leaning against him. Then came Jessamine, with pale flowers wound through her fair hair. Tessa would have admired how she looked, had she not held the sneaking suspicion that Jessamine probably enjoyed funerals because she knew she appeared especially pretty in white. Then came Jem, and then Will, looking like two chess pieces from some odd game, both Jem's silver hair and Will's tangled black locks set off by the pallor of their clothes. White Knight and Black Knight, Tessa thought as they went up the steps and vanished into the Institute.

She had only just set her book down on the seat beside her when the library door opened and Charlotte came in, still pulling off her gloves. Her hat was gone, and her brown hair stood out around her face in humidity-frizzed curls.

"I rather thought I'd find you in here," she said, crossing the room to sink into a chair opposite Tessa's window seat. She dropped the white kid gloves on the nearby table and sighed.

"Was it . . . ?" Tessa began.

"Awful? Yes. I hate funerals, though the Angel knows I've been to dozens." Charlotte paused and bit her lip. "I sound like Jessamine. Forget that I said that, Tessa. Sacrifice and death are part of the Shadowhunting life, and I have always accepted that."

"I know." It was very quiet. Tessa imagined she could feel her heart beating hollowly, like the tick of a grandfather clock in a great empty room.

"Tessa . . . ," Charlotte began.

"I already know what you are going to say, Charlotte, and it is quite all right."

Charlotte blinked. "You do? It . . . is?"

"You want me to go," Tessa said. "I know that you met with the Clave before the funeral. Jem told me. I can't imagine they would think you should allow me to remain. After all the trouble and the

dreadfulness I've brought down on you. Nate. Thomas and Agatha—”

“The Clave does not care about Thomas and Agatha.”

“The Pyxis, then.”

“Yes,” Charlotte said slowly. “Tessa, I think you have entirely the wrong idea. I didn't come to ask you to leave; I came to ask you to stay.”

“To stay?” The words seemed disconnected from any meaning. Surely Charlotte could not have meant what she'd said. “But the Clave . . . They must be angry. . . .”

“They *are* angry,” said Charlotte. “With Henry and me. We were utterly taken in by Mortmain. He used us as his instruments, and we allowed it. I was so proud of the clever and handy way I had taken charge of him that I never stopped to think that perhaps he was the one taking charge. I never stopped to think that not a single living creature other than Mortmain and your brother had ever confirmed that de Quincey was the Magister. All the other evidence was circumstantial, and yet I let myself be convinced.”

“It was very convincing.” Tessa hastened to reassure Charlotte. “The seal we found on Miranda's body. The creatures on the bridge.”

Charlotte made a bitter sound. “All characters in a play that Mortmain put on for our benefit. Do you know that, search as we have, we have not been able to find a scrap of evidence as to what other Downworlders controlled the Pandemonium Club? None of the mundane members have a clue, and since we destroyed de Quincey's clan, the Downworlders are more distrustful of us than ever.”

“But it's only been a few days. It took Will six weeks to find the Dark Sisters. If you keep looking . . .”

“We don't have that much time. If what Nathaniel said to Jem was true, and Mortmain plans to use the demon energies inside the Pyxis to animate his clockwork mannequins, we have only the time it will take him to learn to open the box.” She shrugged a

little. “Of course, the Clave believes that is impossible. The Pyxis can be opened only with runes, and only a Shadowhunter can draw them. But then again, only a Shadowhunter ought to have been able to gain access to the Institute.”

“Mortmain is very clever.”

“Yes.” Charlotte’s hands were tightly knotted in her lap. “Did you know that Henry is the one who told Mortmain about the Pyxis? What it was called, and what it did?”

“No . . .” Tessa’s reassuring words had deserted her.

“You couldn’t. No one knows that. Only I do, and Henry. He wants me to tell the Clave, but I won’t. They already treat him so badly, and I . . .” Charlotte’s voice shook, but her small face was set. “The Clave is convening a tribunal. My conduct, and Henry’s, will be examined and voted upon. It is possible that we will lose the Institute.”

Tessa was appalled. “But you’re wonderful at running the Institute! The way you keep everything organized and in place, the way you manage it all.”

Charlotte’s eyes were wet. “Thank you, Tessa. The fact is that Benedict Lightwood has always wanted the place of head of the Institute for himself, or for his son. The Lightwoods have a great deal of family pride and despise taking orders. If not for the fact that Consul Wayland himself named my husband and me as the successors to my father, I am sure Benedict *would* be in charge. All I have ever wanted is to run the Institute, Tessa. I will do anything to keep it. If you would only help me—”

“Me? But what can I do? I know nothing of Shadowhunter politics.”

“The alliances we forge with Downworlders are some of our most priceless assets, Tessa. Part of the reason I am still where I am is my affiliation with warlocks such as Magnus Bane and vampires such as Camille Belcourt. And you, you are a precious commodity. What you can do has already helped the Enclave once; the aid you could offer us in future could be incalculable.

And if you are known to be a firm ally of mine, it will only help me.”

Tessa held her breath. In her mind she saw Will—Will as he had looked in the Sanctuary—but, almost to her surprise, he was not all that her thoughts contained. There was Jem, with his kindness and gentle hands; and Henry making her laugh with his odd clothes and funny inventions; and even Jessamine, with her peculiar fierceness and occasional surprising bravery.

“But the Law,” she said in a small voice.

“There is no Law against you remaining here as our guest,” said Charlotte. “I have searched the archives and have found nothing that would prevent you from staying, if you consented. So do you consent, Tessa? Will you stay?”



Tessa dashed up the steps to the attic; for the first time in what felt like forever, her heart was almost light. The attic itself was much as she remembered, the high small windows letting in a little sunset light, for it was almost twilight now. There was a tipped-over pail on the floor; she maneuvered around it on her way to the narrow steps that led up to the roof.

He is often to be found there when he is troubled, Charlotte had said. And I have rarely seen Will so troubled. The loss of Thomas and Agatha has been more difficult for him than I foresaw.

The steps ended in a square overhead door, hinged on one side. Tessa pushed the trapdoor open, and climbed out onto the Institute’s roof.

Straightening, she looked around. She stood in the wide, flat center of the roof, which was surrounded by a waist-high wrought iron railing. The bars of the railing ended in finials shaped like sharpened fleur-de-lis. At the far end of the roof stood Will, leaning against the railing. He did not turn, even as the trapdoor swung shut behind her and she took a step forward, rubbing her scratched palms against the fabric of her dress.

“Will,” she said.

He did not move. The sun had begun to set in a torrent of fire. Across the Thames, factory smokestacks belched smoke that trailed dark fingers across the red sky. Will was leaning on the railing as if he were exhausted, as if he intended to fall forward across the javelin-sharp finials and end it all. He gave no sign of hearing Tessa as she approached and moved to stand beside him. From here the steeply pitched roof fell away to a dizzying view of the cobblestones below.

“Will,” she said again. “What are you doing?”

He did not look at her. He was staring out at the city, a black outline against the reddened sky. The dome of St. Paul’s shone through the mucky air, and the Thames ran like dark strong tea below it, bracketed here and there with the black lines of bridges. Dark shapes moved by the river’s edge—mudlarks, searching through the filth thrown up by the water, hoping to find something valuable to sell.

“I remember now,” Will said without looking at her, “what it was I was trying to remember the other day. It was Blake. ‘*And I behold London, a Human awful wonder of God.*’” He stared out over the landscape. “Milton thought Hell was a city, you know. I think maybe he had it half-right. Perhaps London is just Hell’s entrance, and we are the damned souls refusing to pass through, fearing that what we will find on the other side will be worse than the horror we already know.”

“Will.” Tessa was bewildered. “Will, what is it, what’s wrong?”

He gripped the railing with both hands, his fingers whitening. His hands were covered with cuts and scratches, his knuckles scraped red and black. There were bruises on his face, too, darkening the line of his jaw, purpling the skin under his eye. His lower lip was split and swollen, and he had done nothing to heal any of it. She could not imagine why.

“I should have known,” he said. “That it was a trick. That Mortmain was lying when he came here. Charlotte so often vaunts my skill at tactics, but a good tactician is not blindly trusting. I was a fool.”

“Charlotte believes it’s her fault. Henry believes it’s his fault. I believe it’s *my* fault,” Tessa said impatiently. “We can’t all have the luxury of blaming ourselves, now, can we?”

“Your fault?” Will sounded puzzled. “Because Mortmain is obsessed with you? That hardly seems—”

“For bringing Nathaniel here,” Tessa said. Just saying it out loud made her feel as if her chest were being squeezed. “For urging you to trust him.”

“You loved him,” said Will. “He was your brother.”

“He still is,” Tessa said. “And I still love him. But I know what he is. I always did know what he was. I just didn’t want to believe it. I suppose we all lie to ourselves sometimes.”

“Yes.” Will sounded tight and distant. “I suppose we do.”

Quickly Tessa said, “I came up here because I have good news, Will. Won’t you let me tell you what it is?”

“Tell me.” His voice was dead.

“Charlotte says I can stay here,” Tessa said. “At the Institute.”

Will said nothing.

“She said there’s no Law against it,” Tessa went on, a little bewildered now. “So I won’t need to leave.”

“Charlotte would never have made you leave, Tessa. She cannot bear to abandon even a fly caught in a spider’s web. She would not have abandoned you.” There was no life in Will’s voice and no feeling. He was simply stating a fact.

“I thought . . .” Tessa’s elation was fading quickly. “That you would be at least a little pleased. I thought we were becoming friends.” She saw the line of his throat move as he swallowed, hard, his hands tensing again on the rail. “As a friend,” she went on, her voice dropping, “I have come to admire you, Will. To care for you.” She reached out, meaning to touch his hand, but she drew back, startled by the tension in his posture, the whiteness of the knuckles that gripped the metal railing. The red mourning Marks stood out, scarlet against the whitened skin, as if they had been cut there with knives. “I thought perhaps . . .”

At last Will turned to look directly at her. Tessa was shocked at the expression on his face. The shadows under his eyes were so dark, they looked hollow.

She stood and stared at him, willing him to say what the hero in a book would say now, at this moment. *Tessa, my feelings for you have grown beyond mere feelings of friendship. They are so much more rare and precious than that. . . .*

“Come here,” he said instead. There was nothing welcoming in his voice, or in the way he stood. Tessa fought back her instinct to shy away, and moved toward him, close enough for him to touch her. He reached out his hands and touched her hair lightly, brushing back the stray curls around her face. “Tess.”

She looked up at him. His eyes were the same color as the smoke-stained sky; even bruised, his face was beautiful. She wanted to be touching him, wanted it in some inchoate, instinctive way she could neither explain nor control. When he bent to kiss her, it was all she could do to hold herself back until his lips met hers. His mouth brushed hers and she tasted salt on him, the tang of bruised and tender skin where his lip was cut. He took her by the shoulders and pulled her closer to him, his fingers knotting in the fabric of her dress. Even more than in the attic, she felt caught in the eddy of a powerful wave that threatened to pull her over and under, to crush and break her, to wear her down to softness as the sea might wear down a piece of glass.

She reached to lay her hands on his shoulders, and he drew back, looking down at her, breathing very hard. His eyes were bright, his lips red and swollen now from kissing as well as injuries.

“Perhaps,” he said, “we should discuss our arrangements, then.”

Tessa, still feeling as if she were drowning, whispered, “Arrangements?”

“If you are going to be staying,” he said, “it would be to our advantage to be discreet. It might perhaps be better to use your

room. Jem tends to come in and out of mine as if he lives in the place, and he might be puzzled to find the door locked. Your quarters, on the other hand—”

“Use my room?” she echoed. “Use it for what?”

Will’s mouth quirked up at the corner; Tessa, who had been thinking about how beautifully shaped his lips were, took a moment to realize with a sense of distant surprise that the smile was a very cold one. “You cannot pretend you don’t know. . . . You are not entirely ignorant of the world, I think, Tessa. Not with that brother of yours.”

“Will.” The warmth was going out of Tessa like the sea drawing back from the land; she felt cold, despite the summer air. “I am not like my brother.”

“You care for me,” Will said. His voice was cool and sure. “And you know that I admire you, the way that all women know when a man admires them. Now you have come to tell me you will be here, available to me, for as long as I might wish it. I am offering you what I thought you wanted.”

“You cannot mean that.”

“And you cannot have imagined I meant anything more,” Will said. “There is no future for a Shadowhunter who dallies with warlocks. One might befriend them, employ them, but not . . .”

“Marry them?” Tessa said. There was a clear picture in her head of the sea. It had drawn back entirely from the shore, and she could see the small creatures it had left gasping in its wake, flapping and dying on the bare sand.

“How forward.” Will smirked; she wanted to slap the expression off his face. “What did you really expect, Tessa?”

“I did not expect you to insult me.” Tessa’s voice threatened to shake; somehow, she kept it firm.

“It cannot be the unwanted consequences of a dalliance that concern you,” Will mused. “Since warlocks are unable to have children—”

“What?” Tessa stepped back as if he had pushed her. The ground felt unsteady under her feet.

Will looked at her. The sun was nearly completely gone from the sky. In the near darkness the bones of his face looked prominent and the lines at the corners of his mouth were as harsh as if he were racked by physical pain. But his voice when he spoke was even. "You didn't know that? I thought someone would have told you."

"No," Tessa said softly. "No one told me."

His gaze was steady. "If you are not interested in my offer . . ."

"Stop," she said. This moment, she thought, was like the edge of a broken bit of glass, clear and sharp and painful. "Jem says you lie to make yourself look bad," she said. "And perhaps that is true, or perhaps he simply wishes to believe that about you. But there is no reason or excuse for cruelty like this."

For a moment he looked actually unnerved, as if she had truly startled him. The expression was gone in an instant, like the shifting shape of a cloud. "Then there is nothing more for me to say, is there?"

Without another word she spun on her heel and walked away from him, toward the steps that led back down into the Institute. She did not turn to see him looking after her, a still black silhouette against the last embers of the burning sky.



Lilith's Children, known also by the name warlocks, are, in the manner of mules and other crossbreeds, sterile. They cannot produce offspring. No exceptions to this rule have been noted. . . .

Tessa looked up from the *Codex* and stared, unseeing, out the window of the music room, though it was too dark outside for much of a view. She had taken refuge here, not wanting to return to her own room, where she would eventually be discovered moping by Sophie or, worse, Charlotte. The thin layer of dust over everything in this room reassured her that she was much less likely to be found here.

She wondered how she had missed this fact about warlocks before. To be fair, it was not in the *Codex's* section on warlocks, but rather in the later section on Downworld crossbreeds such as half faeries and half werewolves. There were no half warlocks, apparently. Warlocks could not have children. Will hadn't been lying to hurt her; he'd been telling the truth. Which seemed worse, in a way. He would have known that his words weren't a light blow, easily resolved.

Perhaps he had been correct. What else had she really thought would happen? Will was Will, and she should not have expected him to be anything else. Sophie had warned her, and still she hadn't listened. She knew what Aunt Harriet would have said about girls who didn't listen to good advice.

A faint rustling sound broke into her brown study. She turned, and at first saw nothing. The only light in the room came from a single witchlight sconce. Its flickering light played over the shape of the piano, the curving dark mass of the harp covered with a heavy drop cloth. As she stared, two bright points of light resolved themselves, close to the floor, an odd green-yellow color. They were moving toward her, both at the same pace, like twin will-o'-the-wisps.

Tessa expelled her held breath suddenly. *Of course.* She leaned forward. "Here, kitty." She made a coaxing noise. "Here, kitty, kitty!"

The cat's answering meow was lost in the noise of the door opening. Light streamed into the room, and for a moment the figure in the doorway was just a shadow. "Tessa? Tessa, is that you?"

Tessa knew the voice immediately—it was so near to the first thing he had ever said to her, the night she had walked into his room: *Will? Will, is that you?*

"Jem," she said resignedly. "Yes, it's me. Your cat seems to have wandered in here."

"I can't say that I'm surprised." Jem sounded amused. She could see him clearly now as he came into the room; witchlight

from the corridor flooded in, and even the cat was clearly visible, sitting on the floor and washing its face with a paw. It looked angry, the way Persian cats always did. “He seems to be a bit of a gadabout. It’s as if he demands to be introduced to everyone—” Jem broke off then, his eyes on Tessa’s face. “What’s wrong?”

Tessa was so taken off guard that she stammered. “W-why would you ask me that?”

“I can see it on your face. Something’s happened.” He sat down on the piano stool opposite her. “Charlotte told me the good news,” he said as the cat rose to its feet and slunk across the room to him. “Or at least, I thought it was good news. Are you not pleased?”

“Of course I’m pleased.”

“Hm.” Jem looked unconvinced. Bending down, he held out his hand to the cat, who rubbed its head against the back of his fingers. “Good cat, Church.”

“Church? Is that the cat’s name?” Tessa was amused despite herself. “Goodness, didn’t it used to be one of Mrs. Dark’s familiars or some such thing? Perhaps Church isn’t the best name for it!”

“*He*,” Jem corrected with mock severity, “was not a familiar but a poor creature she planned to sacrifice as part of her necromantic spell casting. And Charlotte’s been saying that we ought to keep him because it’s good luck to have a cat in a church. So we started calling him “the church cat,” and from that . . .” He shrugged. “Church. And if the name helps keep him out of trouble, so much the better.”

“I do believe he’s looking at me in a superior manner.”

“Probably. Cats think they’re superior to everyone.” Jem scratched Church behind the ears. “What are you reading?”

Tessa showed him the *Codex*. “Will gave it to me. . . .”

Jem reached out and took it from her, with such deftness that Tessa had no time to draw her hand back. It was still open to the page she’d been studying. Jem glanced down at it, and then back up at her, his expression changing. “Did you not know this?”

She shook her head. "It is not so much that I dreamed of having children," she said. "I had not thought so far ahead in my life. It's more that this seems yet another thing that separates me from humanity. That makes me a monster. Something set apart."

Jem was silent for a long moment, his long fingers stroking the gray cat's fur. "Perhaps," he said, "it is not such a bad thing to be set apart." He leaned forward. "Tessa, you know that although it seems you are a warlock, you have an ability we have never seen before. You carry no warlock's mark. With so much about you uncertain, you cannot allow this one piece of information to drive you to despair."

"I am not despairing," Tessa said. "It's just—I have been lying awake these past few nights. Thinking about my parents. I barely remember them, you see. And yet I cannot help but wonder. Mortmain said my mother did not know that my father was a demon, but was he lying? He said she did not know what *she* was, but what does that mean? Did she ever know what I was, that I was not human? Is that why they left London as they did, so secretively, under cover of darkness? If I am the result of something—something hideous—that was done to my mother without her knowing, then how could she ever have loved me?"

"They hid you from Mortmain," said Jem. "They must have known he wanted you. All those years he searched for you, and they kept you safe—first your parents, then your aunt. That is not the act of an unloving family." His gaze was intent on her face. "Tessa, I do not want to make you promises I cannot keep, but if you truly wish to know the truth about your past, we can seek it out. After all you have done for us, we owe you that much. If there are secrets to be learned about how you came to be what you are, we can learn them, if that is what you desire."

"Yes. That is what I want."

"You may not," said Jem, "like what you discover."

"It is better to know the truth." Tessa was surprised by the conviction in her own voice. "I know the truth about Nate, now, and painful as it is, it is better than being lied to. It is better than

going on loving someone who cannot love me back. Better than wasting all that feeling." Her voice shook.

"I think he did," said Jem, "and does love you, in his way, but you cannot concern yourself with that. It is as great a thing to love as it is to be loved. Love is not something that can be wasted."

"It is hard. That is all." Tessa knew she was being self-pitying, but she could not seem to shake it off. "To be so alone."

Jem leaned forward and looked at her. The red Marks stood out like fire on his pale skin, making her think of the patterns that traced the edges of the Silent Brothers' robes. "My parents, like yours, are dead. So are Jessie's, and even Henry's and Charlotte's. Will's might as well be. I am not sure there is anyone in the Institute who is not without family. Otherwise we would not be here."

Tessa opened her mouth, and then closed it again. "I know," she said. "I am sorry. I was being perfectly selfish not to think—"

He held up a slender hand. "I am not blaming you," he said. "Perhaps you are here because you are otherwise alone, but so am I. So is Will. So is Jessamine. And even, to an extent, Charlotte and Henry. Where else could Henry have his laboratory? Where else would Charlotte be allowed to put her brilliant mind to work the way she can here? And though Jessamine pretends to hate everything, and Will would never admit to needing anything, they have both made homes for themselves here. In a way, we are not here just because we have nowhere else; we need nowhere else, because we have the Institute, and those who are in it are our family."

"But not *my* family."

"They could be," said Jem. "When I first came here, I was twelve years old. It most decidedly did not feel like home to me then. I saw only how London was not like Shanghai, and I was homesick. So Will went down to a shop in the East End and bought me this." He drew out the chain that hung around his neck, and Tessa saw that the flash of green she'd noticed before

was a green stone pendant in the shape of a closed hand. “I think he liked it because it reminded him of a fist. But it was jade, and he knew jade came from China, so he brought it back to me and I hung it on a chain to wear it. I still wear it.”

The mention of Will made Tessa’s heart contract. “I suppose it is good to know he can be kind sometimes.”

Jem looked at her with keen silver eyes. “When I came in—that look on your face—it wasn’t just because of what you read in the *Codex*, was it? It was about Will. What did he say to you?”

Tessa hesitated. “He made it very clear that he didn’t want me here,” she said at last. “That my remaining at the Institute is not the happy chance I thought it was. Not in his view.”

“And after I just finished telling you why you should consider him family,” Jem said, a bit ruefully. “No wonder you looked as if I’d just told you something awful had happened.”

“I’m sorry,” Tessa whispered.

“Don’t be. It’s Will who ought to be sorry.” Jem’s eyes darkened. “We shall throw him out onto the streets,” he proclaimed. “I promise you he’ll be gone by morning.”

Tessa started and sat upright. “Oh—no, you can’t mean that—”

He grinned. “Of course I don’t. But you felt better for a moment there, didn’t you?”

“It was like a beautiful dream,” Tessa said gravely, but she smiled when she said it, which surprised her.

“Will is . . . difficult,” Jem said. “But family is difficult. If I didn’t think the Institute was the best place for you, Tessa, I would not say that it was. And one can build one’s own family. I know you feel inhuman, and as if you are set apart, away from life and love, but . . .” His voice cracked a little, the first time Tessa had heard him sound unsure. He cleared his throat. “I promise you, the right man won’t care.”

Before Tessa could reply, there was a sharp tapping against the glass of the window. She looked toward Jem, who shrugged. He heard it too. Crossing the room, she saw that indeed there was something outside—a dark winged shape, like a small bird

struggling to get inside. She tried to lift the window sash, but it seemed stuck.

She turned, but Jem had already appeared at her side, and he pushed the window open. As the dark shape fluttered inside, it flew straight for Tessa. She raised her hands and caught it out of the air, feeling the sharp metal wings flutter against her palms. As she held it, they closed, and its eyes closed too. Once more it held its metal sword quietly, as if waiting to be wakened again. *Tick-tick* went its clockwork heart against her fingers.

Jem turned from the open window, the wind ruffling his hair. In the yellow light, it shone like white gold. "What is it?"

Tessa smiled. "My angel," she said.

EPILOGUE

It had grown late, and Magnus Bane's eyelids were drooping with exhaustion. He set Horace's *Odes* down upon the end table and gazed thoughtfully at the rain-streaked windows that looked out onto the square.

This was Camille's house, but tonight she was not in it; it seemed to Magnus unlikely that she would be home again for many more nights, if not for longer. She had left the city after that disastrous night at de Quincey's, and though he had sent her a message telling her it was safe to return, he doubted she would. He could not help but wonder if, now that she had exacted revenge on her vampire clan, she would still desire his company. Perhaps he had only ever been something to throw in de Quincey's face.

He could always depart—pack up and go, leave all this borrowed luxury behind him. This house, the servants, the books, even his clothes, were hers; he had come to London with nothing. It wasn't as if Magnus couldn't earn his own money. He had been quite wealthy in the past, on occasion, though having too much money usually bored him. But remaining here, however annoying, was still the most likely path to seeing Camille again.

A knock on the door broke him out of his reverie, and he turned to see Archer, the footman, standing in the doorway. Archer had been Camille's subjugate for years, and regarded Magnus with loathing, likely because he felt that a liaison with a warlock wasn't the right sort of attachment for his beloved mistress.

"There's someone to see you, sir." Archer lingered over the word "sir" just long enough for it to be insulting.

“At this hour? Who is it?”

“One of the Nephilim.” A faint distaste colored Archer’s words. “He says his business with you is urgent.”

So it wasn’t Charlotte, the only one of the London Nephilim that Magnus might have expected to see. For several days now he had been assisting the Enclave, watching while they questioned terrified mundanes who had been members of the Pandemonium Club, and using magic to remove the mundanes’ memories of the ordeal when it was over. An unpleasant job, but the Clave always paid well, and it was wise to remain in their favor.

“He is,” Archer added, with deepening distaste, “also very wet.”

“Wet?”

“It is raining, sir, and the gentleman is not wearing a hat. I offered to dry his clothes, but he declined.”

“Very well. Send him in.”

Archer’s lips thinned. “He is waiting for you in the parlor. I thought he might wish to warm himself by the fire.”

Magnus sighed inwardly. He could, of course, demand that Archer show the guest into the library, a room he preferred. But it seemed like a great deal of effort for little return, and besides, if he did, the footman would sulk for the next three days. “Very well.”

Gratified, Archer melted away, leaving Magnus to make his own way to the parlor. The door was closed, but he could see from the light that gleamed beneath the door that there was a fire, and light, inside the room. He pushed the door open.

The parlor had been Camille’s favorite room and bore her decorating touches. The walls were painted a lush burgundy, the rosewood furniture imported from China. The windows that otherwise would have looked out onto the square were covered with velvet curtains that hung straight from floor to ceiling, blocking out any light. Someone was standing in front of the fireplace, his hands behind his back—a slender someone with dark hair. When he turned, Magnus recognized him immediately.

Will Herondale.

He was, as Archer had said, wet, in the manner of someone who did not care one way or another whether it rained on him or not. His clothes were drenched, his hair hanging in his eyes. Water streaked his face like tears.

“William,” Magnus said, honestly surprised. “What on earth are you doing here? Has something happened at the Institute?”

“No.” Will’s voice sounded as if he were choking. “I’m here on my own account. I need your help. There is—there is absolutely no one else that I can ask.”

“Really.” Magnus looked at the boy more closely. Will was beautiful; Magnus had been in love many times throughout the years, and normally beauty of any sort moved him, but Will’s never had. There was something dark about the boy, something hidden and strange that was hard to admire. He seemed to show nothing real to the world. Yet now, under his dripping black hair, he was as white as parchment, his hands clenched at his sides so tightly that they were shaking. It seemed clear that some terrible turmoil was ripping him apart from the inside out.

Magnus reached behind himself and locked the parlor door. “Very well,” he said. “Why don’t you tell me what the problem is?”

A NOTE ON TESSA'S LONDON

The London of *Clockwork Angel* is, as much as I could make it, an admixture of the real and the unreal, the famous and the forgotten. The geography of real Victorian London is preserved as much as possible, but there were times that wasn't possible. For those wondering about the Institute: There was indeed a church called All-Hallows-the-Less that burned in the Great Fire of London in 1666; it was located, however, in Upper Thames Street, not where I have placed it, just off Fleet Street. Those familiar with London will recognize the location of the Institute, and the shape of its spire, as that of the famous St. Bride's Church, beloved of newspapermen and journalists, which goes unmentioned in *Clockwork* as the Institute has taken its place. There is no Carleton Square in reality, though there is a Carlton Square; Blackfriars Bridge, Hyde Park, the Strand—even Gunther's ice cream shop—all existed and are presented to the best of my researching abilities. Sometimes I think all cities have a shadow self, where the memory of great events and great places lingers after those places themselves are gone. To that end, there *was* a Devil Tavern on Fleet Street and Chancery, where Samuel Pepys and Dr. Samuel Johnson drank, but though it was demolished in 1787, I like to think Will can visit its shadow self in 1878.

A NOTE ON THE POETRY

The poetry quotations at the beginning of each chapter are by and large taken from poetry Tessa would be familiar with, either of her era, or a staple from before it. The exceptions are the poems by Wilde and Kipling—still Victorian poets, but dating later than the 1870s—and the poem by Elka Cloke at the beginning of the volume, “Thames River Song,” which was written specifically for this book. A longer version of the poem can be found at the author’s website: ElkaCloke.com.

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A SHORT STORY SET DURING CITY OF BONES

MAGNUS'S VOW

Magnus Bane lay on the floor of his Brooklyn loft, looking up at the bare ceiling. The floor was slightly sticky, as was much else in the apartment. Spilled faery wine mixed with blood on the floor, running in rivulets across the splintery floorboards. The bar, which had been a door laid across two dented metal garbage cans, had gotten wrecked at some point during the night during a lively fight between a vampire and Bat, one of the downtown werewolf pack. Magnus felt satisfied. It wasn't a good party unless something got broken.

Soft footsteps padded across the floor toward him and then something crawled onto his chest: something small, soft, and heavy. He looked up and found himself staring into a pair of wide gold-green eyes that matched his own. Chairman Meow.

He stroked the cat, who kneaded his claws happily into Magnus's shirt. A bit of Silly String fell from the ceiling and landed on both of them, causing Chairman Meow to leap sideways.

With a yawn, Magnus sat up. He usually felt like this after a party—tired but too wound up to sleep. His mind was humming over the events of the evening, but like a scratched CD, it kept coming back to the same point and spinning there, sending his memories into a whirl.

Those Shadowhunter children. He hadn't been surprised that Clarissa had finally tracked him down; he'd known Jocelyn's

stopgap memory spells wouldn't work forever. He'd told her as much, but she'd been determined to protect the girl as long as she could. Now that he'd met her, conscious and alert, he wondered if she'd really needed all that protecting. She was fiery, impulsive, brave—and lucky, like her mother.

That was if you believed in luck. But something must have led her to the Shadowhunters of the Institute, possibly the only ones who could protect her from Valentine. A pity that Maryse and Robert were gone. He'd dealt with Maryse more than once, but it had been years since he'd seen the younger generation.

He had a vague memory of visiting Maryse and Hodge, and there being two boys in the hallway, about eleven years old, battling back and forth with harmless model seraph blades. A girl with black hair in two braids had been watching them and vociferously complaining about not being included. He had taken very little note of them at the time.

But now—seeing them had shaken him, especially the boys, Jace and Alec. When you had so many memories, sometimes it was hard to identify the exact one you wanted, like flipping through a ten-thousand page book to find the correct paragraph.

This time, however, he knew.

He crawled across the splintery floor and knelt to open the closet door. Inside, he pushed aside clothes and various packets and potions, feeling along the walls for what he wanted. When he emerged, coughing on dust balls, he was dragging a decent-sized wooden trunk. Though he had lived a long time, he tended to travel light: to keep very few mementos of his past. He sensed somehow that they would weigh him down, keep him from moving forward. When you lived forever, you could spend only so much time looking back.

It had been so long since he'd unlocked the trunk, it came open with a squeal of hinges that sent Chairman Meow skittering under the sofa, his tail twitching.

The heap of objects inside the trunk looked like the hoard of an unfastidious dragon. Some objects gleamed with metal and

gems—Magnus drew out an old snuffbox with the initials WS picked out across the top in winking rubies, and grinned at the bad taste of the thing, and also at the memories it evoked. Others seemed unremarkable: a faded, cream-colored silk ribbon that had been Camille's; a matchbook from the Cloud Club with the words *I know what you are* written on the inside cover in a lady's hand; a limerick signed OFOWW; a half-burned piece of stationery from the Hong Kong Club—a place he had been barred from not for being a warlock, but for not being white. He touched a piece of twisted rope nearly at the bottom of the pile, and thought of his mother. She had been the daughter of a Dutch colonialist man and an Indonesian woman who had died in childbirth and whose name Magnus had never known.

He was almost at the bottom of the trunk when he found what he was looking for and drew it out, squinting: a black-and-white paper photograph mounted on hard cardboard. An object that really shouldn't have existed, and wouldn't if Henry had not been obsessed with photography. Magnus could picture him now, ducking in and out from beneath his photographer's hood, racing with the wet plates to the darkroom he'd set up in the crypt to develop the film, shouting at his photographic subjects to keep still. Those were the days when in order to render an accurate photograph, one had to remain motionless for minutes at a time. *Not easy*, Magnus thought, the corner of his mouth flicking up, *for the crew of the London Institute*.

There was Charlotte, her dark hair up in a practical bun. She was smiling, but anxiously, as if squinting into the sun. Beside her was Jessamine in a dress that looked black in the photo, but which Magnus knew had been dark blue. Her hair was curled and ribbons fell like streamers from the brim of her straw bonnet. She looked very pretty, but very unhappy. He wondered how she would have reacted to someone like Isabelle: a girl her own age who obviously loved Shadowhunting, who showed off her bruises and the scars of her marks as if they were jewelry instead of hiding them with Mechlin lace.

On the other side of Charlotte stood Jem, looking like a photographic negative himself with his silvery hair and eyes turned almost white; his hand rested on his jade dragon-topped cane, and his face was turned toward Tessa's. Tessa—Tessa's hat was in her hand and her long brown curls blew free, slightly blurred by their motion.

There was a faint halo of light around Will: as befitted his nature and would have surprised no one who'd known him, he had not been able to stand still for the photograph. As always, he was hatless, his black hair curling against his temples. It was a loss not to be able to see the color of his eyes, but he was still beautiful and young and a little vulnerable-looking in the photograph, with one hand in his pocket and the other behind his neck.

It had been so long since Magnus had looked at the photograph that the resemblance between Will and Jace struck him suddenly. Though it was Alec who had that black hair and those eyes—that very startling dark blue—it was Jace who had more of Will's personality, at least on the surface. The same sharp arrogance hiding something breakable underneath, the same pointed wit . . .

He traced the halo of light around Will with a finger and smiled. Will had been no angel, though neither had he been as flawed as some might have thought him. When Magnus thought of Will, even now, he thought of him dripping rainwater on Camille's rug, begging Magnus for help no one else could give him. It was Will who had introduced him to the idea that Shadowhunters and Downworlders might be friends.

Jem was Will's other, better half. He and Will had been *parabatai*, like Alec and Jace, and shared that same evident closeness. And though Alec struck Magnus as nothing at all like Jem—Alec was jumpy and sweet, sensitive and worried, while Jem had been calm, rarely bothered, older than his years—both of them were unusual where Shadowhunters were concerned. Alec exuded a bone-deep innocence that was rare among

Shadowhunters—a quality that, Magnus had to admit, drew him like a moth to a flame, despite all his own cynicism.

Magnus looked at Tessa again. Though she was not conventionally pretty in the way Jessamine had been pretty, her face was alive with energy and intelligence. Her lips curved up at the corners. She stood, as Magnus supposed was appropriate, between Jem and Will. Tessa. Tessa, who, like Magnus, lived forever. Magnus looked at the detritus in the box—memories of loves past, some of whose faces stayed with him as clearly as the day he'd first seen them, and some whose names he barely remembered. Tessa, who like him, had loved a mortal, someone destined to die as she was not.

Magnus replaced the photograph in the trunk. He shook his head, as if he could clear it of memories. There was a reason he rarely opened the trunk. Memories weighed him down, reminded him of what he had once had but did no longer. Jem, Will, Jessamine, Henry, Charlotte—in a way it was amazing that he still remembered their names. But then, knowing them had changed his life.

Knowing Will and his friends had made Magnus swear to himself that he would never again get involved in Shadowhunters' personal business. Because when you got to know them, you got to care about them. And when you got to care about mortals, they broke your heart.

“And I won't,” he told Chairman Meow solemnly, perhaps a little drunkenly. “I don't care how charming they are or how brave or even how helpless they seem. I will never ever ever—”

Downstairs, the doorbell buzzed, and Magnus got up to answer it.

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Acknowledgments

A Note on Tessa's England

Før Elka



Khalepa ta kala

“I wish you to know that you have been the last dream of my soul. . . . Since I knew you, I have been troubled by a remorse that I thought would never reproach me again, and have heard whispers from old voices impelling me upward, that I thought were silent for ever. I have had unformed ideas of striving afresh, beginning anew, shaking off sloth and sensuality, and fighting out the abandoned fight. A dream, all a dream, that ends in nothing. . . .”

—Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*

PROLOGUE

The Outcast Dead

The fog was thick, muffling sound and sight. Where it parted, Will Herondale could see the street rising ahead of him, slick and wet and black with rain, and he could hear the voices of the dead.

Not all Shadowhunters could hear ghosts, unless the ghosts chose to be heard, but Will was one of those who could. As he approached the old cemetery, their voices rose in a ragged chorus—wails and pleading, cries and snarls. This was not a peaceful burial ground, but Will knew that; it was not his first visit to the Cross Bones Graveyard near London Bridge. He did his best to block out the noises, hunching his shoulders so that his collar covered his ears, head down, a fine mist of rain dampening his black hair.

The entrance to the cemetery was halfway down the block: a pair of wrought iron gates set into a high stone wall, though any mundane passing by would have observed nothing but a plot of overgrown land, part of an unnamed builder's yard. As Will neared the gates, something else no mundane would have seen materialized out of the fog: a great bronze knocker in the shape of a hand, the fingers bony and skeletal. With a grimace Will reached out one of his own gloved hands and lifted the knocker, letting it fall once, twice, three times, the hollow clank resounding through the night.

Beyond the gates mist rose like steam from the ground, obscuring the gleam of bone against the rough ground. Slowly the mist began to coalesce, taking on an eerie blue glow. Will put his hands to the bars of the gate; the cold of the metal seeped through his gloves, into his bones, and he shivered. It was a more

than ordinary cold. When ghosts rose, they drew energy from their surroundings, depriving the air around them of heat. The hairs on the back of Will's neck prickled and stood up as the blue mist formed slowly into the shape of an old woman in a ragged dress and white apron, her head bent.

"Hallo, Mol," said Will. "You're looking particularly fine this evening, if I do say so."

The ghost raised her head. Old Molly was a strong spirit, one of the stronger Will had ever encountered. Even as moonlight speared through a gap in the clouds, she hardly looked transparent. Her body was solid, her hair twisted in a thick yellow-gray coil over one shoulder, her rough, red hands braced on her hips. Only her eyes were hollow, twin blue flames flickering in their depths.

"William 'erondale," she said. "Back again so soon?"

She moved toward the gate with that gliding motion peculiar to ghosts. Her feet were bare and filthy, despite the fact that they never touched the ground.

Will leaned against the gate. "You know I missed your pretty face."

She grinned, her eyes flickering, and he caught a glimpse of the skull beneath the half-transparent skin. Overhead the clouds had closed in on one another again, blocking out the moon. Idly, Will wondered what Old Molly had done to get herself buried here, far from consecrated ground. Most of the wailing voices of the dead belonged to prostitutes, suicides, and stillbirths—those outcast dead who could not be buried in a churchyard. Although Molly had managed to make the situation quite profitable for herself, so perhaps she didn't mind.

She chortled. "What d'you want, then, young Shadow-hunter? Malphas venom? I 'ave the talon of a Morax demon, polished very fine, the poison at the tip entirely invisible—"

"No," Will said. "That's not what I need. I need Foraii demon powders, ground fine."

Molly turned her head to the side and spat a tendril of blue fire. “Now what’s a fine young man like you want with stuff like that?”

Will just sighed inwardly; Molly’s protests were part of the bargaining process. Magnus had already sent Will to Old Mol several times now, once for black stinking candles that stuck to his skin like tar, once for the bones of an unborn child, and once for a bag of faeries’ eyes, which had dripped blood on his shirt. Foraii demon powder sounded pleasant by comparison.

“You think I’m a fool,” Molly went on. “This is a trap, innit? You Nephilim catch me selling that sort of stuff, an’ it’s the stick for Old Mol, it is.”

“You’re *already* dead.” Will did his best not to sound irritable. “I don’t know what you think the Clave could do to you now.”

“Pah.” Her hollow eyes flamed. “The prisons of the Silent Brothers, beneath the earth, can ’old either the living or the dead; you know that, Shadowhunter.”

Will held up his hands. “No tricks, old one. Surely you must have heard the rumors running about in Downworld. The Clave has other things on its mind than tracking down ghosts who traffic in demon powders and faerie blood.” He leaned forward. “I’ll give you a good price.” He drew a cambric bag from his pocket and dangled it in the air. It clinked like coins rattling together. “They all fit your description, Mol.”

An eager look came over her dead face, and she solidified enough to take the bag from him. She plunged one hand into it and brought her palm out full of rings—gold wedding rings, each tied in a lovers’ knot at the top. Old Mol, like many ghosts, was always looking for that talisman, that lost piece of her past that would finally allow her to die, the anchor that kept her trapped in the world. In her case it was her wedding ring. It was common belief, Magnus had told Will, that the ring was long gone, buried under the silty bed of the Thames, but in the meantime she’d take any bag of found rings in the hope one would turn out to be hers.

She dropped the rings back into the bag, which vanished somewhere on her undead person, and handed him a folded sachet of powder in return. He slipped it into his jacket pocket just as the ghost began to shimmer and fade. “Hold up, there, Mol. That isn’t all I have come for tonight.”

The spirit flickered while greed warred with impatience and the effort of remaining visible. Finally she grunted. “Very well. What else d’you want?”

Will hesitated. This was not something Magnus had sent him for; it was something he wanted to know for himself. “Love potions—”

Old Mol screeched with laughter. “*Love potions?* For Will ’erondale? ’Tain’t my way to turn down payment, but any man who looks like you ’as got no need of love potions, and that’s a fact.”

“No,” Will said, a little desperation in his voice. “I was looking for the opposite, really—something that might put an end to being in love.”

“An ’atred potion?” Mol still sounded amused.

“I was hoping for something more akin to indifference? Tolerance?”

She made a snorting noise, astonishingly human for a ghost. “I ’ardly like to tell you this, Nephilim, but if you want a girl to ’ate you, there’s easy enough ways of making it ’appen. You don’t need *my* help with the poor thing.”

And with that she vanished, spinning away into the mists among the graves. Will, looking after her, sighed. “Not for her,” he said under his breath, though there was no one to hear him, “for *me* . . .” And he leaned his head against the cold iron gate.

THE COUNCIL CHAMBER

*Above, the fair hall-ceiling stately set
Many an arch high up did lift,
And angels rising and descending met
With interchange of gift.*

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson, “The Palace of Art”

“Oh, yes. It really does look just as I imagined,” Tessa said, and turned to smile at the boy who stood beside her. He had just helped her over a puddle, and his hand still rested politely on her arm, just above the crook of her elbow.

James Carstairs smiled back at her, elegant in his dark suit, his silver-fair hair whipped by the wind. His other hand rested on a jade-topped cane, and if any of the great crowd of people milling around them thought that it was odd that someone so young should need a walking stick, or found anything unusual about his coloring or the cast of his features, they didn’t pause to stare.

“I shall count that as a blessing,” said Jem. “I was beginning to worry, you know, that everything you encountered in London was going to be a disappointment.”

A disappointment. Tessa’s brother, Nate, had once promised her everything in London—a new beginning, a wonderful place to live, a city of soaring buildings and gorgeous parks. What Tessa had found instead was horror and betrayal, and danger beyond anything she could have imagined. And yet . . .

“Not everything has been.” She smiled up at Jem.

“I am glad to hear it.” His tone was serious, not teasing. She looked away from him up at the grand edifice that rose before them. Westminster Abbey, with its great Gothic spires nearly touching the sky. The sun had done its best to struggle out from behind the haze-tipped clouds, and the abbey was bathed in weak sunlight.

“This is really where it is?” she asked as Jem drew her forward, toward the abbey entrance. “It seems so . . .”

“Mundane?”

“I had meant to say crowded.” The Abbey was open to tourists today, and groups of them swarmed busily in and out the enormous doors, most clutching Baedeker guidebooks in their hands. A group of American tourists—middle-aged women in unfashionable clothes, murmuring in accents that made Tessa briefly homesick—passed them as they went up the stairs, hurrying after a lecturer who was offering a guided tour of the Abbey. Jem and Tessa melted in effortlessly behind them.

The inside of the abbey smelled of cold stone and metal. Tessa looked up and around, marveling at the size of the place. It made the Institute look like a village church.

“Notice the triple division of the nave,” a guide droned, going on to explain that smaller chapels lined the eastern and western aisles of the Abbey. There was a hush over the place even though no services were going on. As Tessa let Jem lead her toward the eastern side of the church, she realized she was stepping over stones carved with dates and names. She had known that famous kings, queens, soldiers, and poets were buried in Westminster Abbey, but she hadn’t quite expected she’d be standing on top of them.

She and Jem slowed finally at the southeastern corner of the church. Watery daylight poured through the rose window overhead. “I know we are in a hurry to get to the Council meeting,” said Jem, “but I wanted you to see this.” He gestured around them. “Poets’ Corner.”

Tessa had read of the place, of course, where the great writers of England were buried. There was the gray stone tomb of Chaucer, with its canopy, and other familiar names: “Edmund Spenser, oh, and Samuel Johnson,” she gasped, “and Coleridge, and Robert Burns, and *Shakespeare*—”

“He isn’t really buried here,” said Jem quickly. “It’s just a monument. Like Milton’s.”

“Oh, I know, but—” She looked at him, and felt herself flush. “I can’t explain it. It’s like being among friends, being among these names. Silly, I know . . .”

“Not silly at all.”

She smiled at him. “How did you know just what I’d want to see?”

“How could I not?” he said. “When I think of you, and you are not there, I see you in my mind’s eye always with a book in your hand.” He looked away from her as he said it, but not before she caught the slight flush on his cheekbones. He was so pale, he could never hide even the least blush, she thought—and was surprised how affectionate the thought was.

She had become very fond of Jem over the past fortnight; Will had been studiously avoiding her, Charlotte and Henry were caught up in issues of Clave and Council and the running of the Institute—and even Jessamine seemed preoccupied. But Jem was always there. He seemed to take his role as her guide to London seriously. They had been to Hyde Park and Kew Gardens, the National Gallery and the British Museum, the Tower of London and Traitors’ Gate. They had gone to see the cows being milked in St. James’s Park, and the fruit and vegetable sellers hawking their wares in Covent Garden. They had watched the boats sailing on the sun-sparked Thames from the Embankment, and had eaten things called “doorstops,” which sounded horrible but turned out to be butter, sugar, and bread. And as the days went on, Tessa felt herself unfolding slowly out of her quiet, huddled unhappiness over Nate and Will and the loss of her old life, like a

flower climbing out of frozen ground. She had even found herself laughing. And she had Jem to thank for it.

“You *are* a good friend,” she exclaimed. And when to her surprise he said nothing to that, she said, “At least, I hope we are good friends. You do think so too, don’t you, Jem?”

He turned to look at her, but before he could reply, a sepulchral voice spoke out of the shadows,

*“Mortality, behold and fear!
What a change of flesh is here:
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within these heaps of stones.”*

A dark shape stepped out from between two monuments. As Tessa blinked in surprise, Jem said, in a tone of resigned amusement, “Will. Decided to grace us with your presence after all?”

“I never said I wasn’t coming.” Will moved forward, and the light from the rose windows fell on him, illuminating his face. Even now, Tessa never could look at him without a tightening in her chest, a painful stutter of her heart. Black hair, blue eyes, graceful cheekbones, thick dark lashes, full mouth—he would have been pretty if he had not been so tall and so muscular. She had run her hands over those arms. She knew what they felt like—iron, corded with hard muscles; his hands, when they cupped the back of her head, slim and flexible but rough with calluses . . .

She tore her mind away from the memories. Memories did one no good, not when one knew the truth in the present. Will was beautiful, but he was not hers; he was not anybody’s. Something in him was broken, and through that break spilled a blind cruelty, a need to hurt and to push away.

“You’re late for the Council meeting,” said Jem good-naturedly. He was the only one Will’s puckish malice never seemed to touch.

“I had an errand,” said Will. Up close Tessa could see that he looked tired. His eyes were rimmed with red, the shadows

beneath them nearly purple. His clothes looked crumpled, as if he had slept in them, and his hair wanted cutting. *But that has nothing to do with you*, she told herself sternly, looking away from the soft dark waves that curled around his ears, the back of his neck. *It does not matter what you think of how he looks or how he chooses to spend his time. He has made that very clear.* “And you are not exactly on the dot of the hour yourselves.”

“I wanted to show Tessa Poets’ Corner,” said Jem. “I thought she would like it.” He spoke so simply and plainly, no one could ever doubt him or imagine he said anything but the truth. In the face of his simple desire to please, even Will didn’t seem to be able to think of anything unpleasant to say; he merely shrugged, and moved on ahead of them at a rapid pace through the abbey and out into the East Cloister.

There was a square garden here surrounded by cloister walls, and people were walking around the edges of it, murmuring in low voices as if they were still in the church. None of them took notice of Tessa and her companions as they approached a set of double oak doors set into one of the walls. Will, after glancing around, took his stele from his pocket and drew the tip across the wood. The door sparked with a brief blue light and swung open. Will stepped inside, Jem and Tessa following just behind. The door was heavy, and closed with a resounding bang behind Tessa, nearly trapping her skirts; she pulled them away only just in time, and stepped backward quickly, turning around in what was a near pitch-darkness. “Jem?”

Light blazed up; it was Will, holding his witchlight stone. They were in a large stone-bound room with vaulted ceilings. The floor appeared to be brick, and there was an altar at one end of the room. “We’re in the Pyx Chamber,” he said. “Used to be a treasury. Boxes of gold and silver all along the walls.”

“A Shadowhunter treasury?” Tessa was thoroughly puzzled.

“No, the British royal treasury—thus the thick walls and doors,” said Jem. “But we Shadowhunters have always had access.” He smiled at her expression. “Monarchies down through

the ages have tithed to the Nephilim, in secret, to keep their kingdoms safe from demons.”

“Not in America,” said Tessa with spirit. “We haven’t got a monarchy—”

“You’ve got a branch of government that deals with Nephilim, never fear,” said Will, crossing the floor to the altar. “It used to be the Department of War, but now there’s a branch of the Department of Justice—”

He was cut off as the altar moved sideways with a groan, revealing a dark, empty hole behind it. Tessa could see faint flickers of light in among the shadows. Will ducked into the hole, his witchlight illuminating the darkness.

When Tessa followed, she found herself in a long downward-sloping stone corridor. The stone of the walls, floors, and ceiling was all the same, giving the impression that the passage had been hewed directly through the rock, though it was smooth instead of rough. Every few feet witchlight burned in a sconce shaped like a human hand pushing through the wall, fingers gripping a torch.

The altar slid shut behind them, and they set off. As they went, the passage began to slope more steeply downward. The torches burned with a blue-green glow, illuminating carvings in the rock—the same motif, repeated over and over, of an angel rising in burning fire from a lake, carrying a sword in one hand and a cup in the other.

At last they found themselves standing before two great silver doors. Each door was carved with a design Tessa had seen before—four interlocking Cs. Jem pointed to them. “They stand for Clave and Council, Covenant and Consul,” he said, before she could ask.

“The Consul. He’s—the head of the Clave? Like a sort of king?”

“Not quite so inbred as your usual monarch,” said Will. “He’s elected, like the president or the prime minister.”

“And the Council?”

“You’ll see them soon enough.” Will pushed the doors open.

Tessa's mouth fell open; she closed it quickly, but not before she caught an amused look from Jem, standing at her right side. The room beyond them was one of the biggest she had ever seen, a huge domed space, the ceiling of which was painted with a pattern of stars and constellations. A great chandelier in the shape of an angel holding blazing torches dangled from the highest point of the dome. The rest of the room was set up as an amphitheater, with long, curving benches. Will, Jem, and Tessa were standing at the top of a row of stairs that cut through the center of the seating area, which was three quarters full of people. Down at the bottom of the steps was a raised platform, and on that platform were several uncomfortable-looking high-backed wooden chairs.

In one of them sat Charlotte; beside her was Henry, looking wide-eyed and nervous. Charlotte sat calmly with her hands in her lap; only someone who knew her well would have seen the tension in her shoulders and the set of her mouth.

Before them, at a sort of speaker's lectern—it was broader and longer than the usual lectern—stood a tall man with long, fair hair and a thick beard; his shoulders were broad, and he wore long black robes over his clothes like a judge, the sleeves glimmering with woven runes. Beside him, in a low chair, sat an older man, his brown hair streaked with gray, his face clean-shaven but sunk into stern lines. His robe was dark blue, and gems glittered on his fingers when he moved his hand. Tessa recognized him: the ice-voiced, ice-eyed Inquisitor Whitelaw who questioned witnesses on behalf of the Clave.

“Mr. Herondale,” said the blond man, looking up at Will, and his mouth quirked into a smile. “How kind of you to join us. And Mr. Carstairs as well. And your companion must be—”

“Miss Gray,” Tessa said before he could finish. “Miss Theresa Gray of New York.”

A little murmur ran around the room, like the sound of a wave receding. She felt Will, next to her, tense, and Jem draw a breath as if to speak. *Interrupting the Consul*, she thought she heard

someone say. So this was Consul Wayland, the chief officer of the Clave. Glancing around the room, she saw a few familiar faces—Benedict Lightwood, with his sharp, beaky features and stiff carriage; and his son, tousle-haired Gabriel Lightwood, looking stonily straight ahead. Dark-eyed Lilian Highsmith. Friendly-looking George Penhallow; and even Charlotte’s formidable aunt Callida, her hair piled on her head in thick gray waves. There were many other faces as well, ones she didn’t know. It was like looking at a picture book meant to tell you about all the peoples of the world. There were blond Viking-looking Shadowhunters, and a darker-skinned man who looked like a caliph out of her illustrated *The Thousand and One Nights*, and an Indian woman in a beautiful sari trimmed with silver runes. She sat beside another woman, who had turned her head and was looking at them. She wore an elegant silk dress, and her face was like Jem’s—the same delicately beautiful features, the same curves to her eyes and cheekbones, though where his hair and eyes were silver, hers were dark.

“Welcome, then, Miss Tessa Gray of New York,” said the Consul, sounding amused. “We appreciate your joining us here today. I understand you have already answered quite a few questions for the London Enclave. I had hoped you would be willing to answer a few more.”

Across the distance that separated them, Tessa’s eyes met Charlotte’s. *Should I?*

Charlotte dropped her a nearly imperceptible nod. *Please.*

Tessa squared her shoulders. “If that is your request, certainly.”

“Approach the Council bench, then,” said the Consul, and Tessa realized he must mean the long, narrow wooden bench that stood before the lectern. “And your gentleman friends may escort you,” he added.

Will muttered something under his breath, but so quietly even Tessa couldn’t hear it; flanked by Will on her left and Jem on her right, Tessa made her way down the steps and to the bench before the lectern. She stood behind it uncertainly. This close up,

she could see that the Consul had friendly blue eyes, unlike the Inquisitor's, which were a bleak and stormy gray, like a rainy sea.

"Inquisitor Whitelaw," said the Consul to the gray-eyed man, "the Mortal Sword, if you please."

The Inquisitor stood, and from his robes drew a massive blade. Tessa recognized it instantly. It was long and dull silver, its hilt carved in the shape of outspread wings. It was the sword from the *Codex*, the one that the Angel Raziel had risen from the lake carrying, and had given to Jonathan Shadowhunter, the first of them all.

"Maellartach," she said, giving the Sword its name.

The Consul, taking the Sword, looked amused again. "You *have* been studying up," he said. "Which of you has been teaching her? William? James?"

"Tessa picks things up on her own, sir," Will's drawl was bland and cheerful, at odds with the grim feeling in the room. "She's very inquisitive."

"All the more reason she shouldn't be here." Tessa didn't have to turn; she knew the voice. Benedict Lightwood. "This is the Gard Council. We don't bring Downworlders to this place." His voice was tight. "The Mortal Sword cannot be used to make her tell the truth; she's not a Shadowhunter. What use is it, or her, here?"

"Patience, Benedict." Consul Wayland held the Sword lightly, as if it weighed nothing. His gaze on Tessa was heavier. She felt as if he were searching her face, reading the fear in her eyes. "We are not going to hurt you, little warlock," he said. "The Accords would forbid it."

"You should not call me warlock," Tessa said. "I bear no warlock's mark." It was strange, having to say this again, but when she had been questioned before, it had always been by members of the Clave, not the Consul himself. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, exuding a sense of power and authority. Just that sort of power and authority that Benedict Lightwood so resented Charlotte laying claim to.

“Then, what are you?” he asked.

“She doesn’t know.” The Inquisitor’s tone was dry. “Neither do the Silent Brothers.”

“She may be allowed to sit,” said the Consul. “And to give evidence, but her testimony will be counted only as half a Shadowhunter’s.” He turned to the Branwells. “In the meantime, Henry, you are dismissed from questioning for the moment. Charlotte, please remain.”

Tessa swallowed back her resentment and went to sit in the front row of seats, where she was joined by a drawn-looking Henry, whose gingery hair was sticking up wildly. Jessamine was there, in a dress of pale brown alpaca, looking bored and annoyed. Tessa sat down next to her, with Will and Jem on her other side. Jem was directly beside her, and as the seats were narrow, she could feel the warmth of his shoulder against hers.

At first the Council proceeded much as had other meetings of the Enclave. Charlotte was called upon to give her recollections of the night when the Enclave attacked the stronghold of the vampire de Quincey, killing him and those of his followers who’d been present, while Tessa’s brother, Nate, had betrayed their trust in him and allowed the Magister, Axel Mortmain, entry into the Institute, where he had murdered two of the servants and nearly kidnapped Tessa. When Tessa was called up, she said the same things she had said before, that she did not know where Nate was, that she had not suspected him, that she had known nothing of her powers until the Dark Sisters had shown them to her, and that she had always thought her parents were human.

“Richard and Elizabeth Gray have been thoroughly investigated,” said the Inquisitor. “There is no evidence to suggest either was anything but human. The boy, the brother—human as well. It could well be that, as Mortmain hinted, the girl’s father is a demon, but if so, there is the question of the missing warlock mark.”

“Most curious, everything about you, including this power of yours,” said the Consul, looking at Tessa with eyes that were

steady and pale blue. “You have no idea what its limits, its constructs are? Have you been tested with an item of Mortmain’s? To see if you can access his memories or thoughts?”

“Yes, I—tried. With a button he had left behind him. It should have worked.”

“But?”

She shook her head. “I could not do it. There was no spark to it, no—no life. Nothing for me to connect with.”

“Convenient,” muttered Benedict, almost too low to be heard, but Tessa heard it, and flushed.

The Consul indicated that she might take her seat again. She caught sight of Benedict Lightwood’s face as she did so; his lips were compressed into a thin, furious line. She wondered what she could possibly have said to anger him.

“And no one has seen hide nor hair of this Mortmain since Miss Gray’s . . . altercation with him in the Sanctuary,” the Consul went on as Tessa took her seat.

The Inquisitor flipped some of the papers that were stacked on the lectern. “His houses have been searched and found to be completely emptied of all his belongings. His warehouses were searched with the same result. Even our friends at Scotland Yard have investigated. The man has vanished. Quite literally, as our young friend William Herondale tells us.”

Will smiled brilliantly as if complimented, though Tessa, seeing the malice under the smile, thought of light sparking off the cutting edge of a razor.

“My suggestion,” said the Consul, “is that Charlotte and Henry Branwell be censured, and that for the next three months their official actions, undertaken on behalf of the Clave, be required to pass through me for approval before—”

“My lord Consul.” A firm, clear voice spoke out from the crowd. Heads swiveled, staring; Tessa got the feeling that this—someone interrupting the Consul midspeech—didn’t happen very often. “If I might speak.”

The Consul's eyebrows went up. "Benedict Lightwood," he said. "You had your chance to speak earlier, during the testimonials."

"I hold no arguments with the testimonials given," said Benedict Lightwood. His beaky, sharp profile looked even sharper in the witchlight. "It is your sentence I take issue with."

The Consul leaned forward on the lectern. He was a big man, thick-necked and deep-chested, and his large hands looked as if he could span Benedict's throat easily with a single one. Tessa rather wished he would. From what she had seen of Benedict Lightwood, she did not like him. "And why is that?"

"I think you have let your long friendship with the Fairchild family blind you to Charlotte's shortcomings as head of the Institute," said Benedict, and there was an audible intake of breath in the room. "The blunders committed on the night of July the fifth did more than embarrass the Clave and lose us the Pyxis. We have damaged our relationship with London's Downworlders by futilely attacking de Quincy."

"There have already been a number of complaints lodged through Reparations," rumbled the Consul. "But those will be dealt with as the Law sees fit. Reparations isn't really your concern, Benedict—"

"*And*," Benedict went on, his voice rising, "worst of all, she has let a dangerous criminal with plans to harm and destroy Shadowhunters escape, and we have no idea where he might be. Nor is the responsibility for finding him being laid where it should be, on the shoulders of those who lost him!"

His voice rose. In fact, the whole room was in an uproar; Charlotte looked dismayed, Henry confused, and Will furious. The Consul, whose eyes had darkened alarmingly when Benedict had mentioned the Fairchilds—they must have been Charlotte's family, Tessa realized—remained silent as the noise died down. Then he said, "Your hostility toward the leader of your Enclave does not do you credit, Benedict."

“My apologies, Consul. I do not believe that keeping Charlotte Branwell as the head of the Institute—for we all know that Henry Branwell’s involvement is nominal at most—is in the best interests of the Clave. I believe a woman cannot run an Institute; women do not think with logic and discretion but with the emotions of the heart. I have no doubt that Charlotte is a good and decent woman, but a *man* would not have been fooled by a flimsy spy like Nathaniel Gray—”

“I was fooled.” Will had leaped to his feet and swung around, eyes blazing. “We all were. What insinuations are you making about myself and Jem and Henry, *Mr. Lightwood*?”

“You and Jem are children,” said Benedict cuttingly. “And Henry never looks up from his worktable.”

Will started to climb over the back of his chair; Jem tugged him back into his seat with main force, hissing under his breath. Jessamine clapped her hands together, her brown eyes bright.

“This is *finally* exciting,” she exclaimed.

Tessa looked at her in disgust. “Are you hearing any of this? He’s insulting Charlotte!” she whispered, but Jessamine brushed her off with a gesture.

“And who would you suggest run the Institute instead?” the Consul demanded of Benedict, his voice dripping sarcasm. “Yourself, perhaps?”

Benedict spread his hands wide self-deprecatingly. “If you say so, Consul . . .”

Before he could finish speaking, three other figures had risen of their own accord; two Tessa recognized as members of the London Enclave, though she did not know their names; the third was Lilian Highsmith.

Benedict smiled. Everyone was staring at him now; beside him sat his youngest son Gabriel, who was looking up at his father with unreadable green eyes. His slim fingers gripped the back of the chair in front of him.

“Three to support my claim,” Benedict said. “That’s what the Law requires for me to formally challenge Charlotte Branwell for

the position of head of the London Enclave.”

Charlotte gave a little gasp but sat motionless in her seat, refusing to turn around. Jem still had Will by the wrist. And Jessamine continued to look as if she were watching an exciting play.

“No,” said the Consul.

“You cannot prevent me from challenging—”

“Benedict, you challenged my appointment of Charlotte the moment I made it. You’ve always wanted the Institute. Now, when the Enclave needs to work together more than ever, you bring division and contention to the proceedings of the Council.”

“Change is not always accomplished peacefully, but that does not make it disadvantageous. My challenge stands.” Benedict’s hands gripped each other.

The Consul drummed his fingers on the lectern. Beside him the Inquisitor stood, cold-eyed. Finally the Consul said, “You suggest, Benedict, that the responsibility of finding Mortmain should be laid upon the shoulders of those who you claim ‘lost him.’ You would agree, I believe, that finding Mortmain is our first priority?”

Benedict nodded curtly.

“Then, my proposal is this: Let Charlotte and Henry Branwell have charge of the investigation into Mortmain’s whereabouts. If by the end of two weeks they have not located him, or at least some strong evidence pointing to his location, then the challenge may go forward.”

Charlotte shot forward in her seat. “Find Mortmain?” she said. “Alone, just Henry and I—with no help from the rest of the Enclave?”

The Consul’s eyes when they rested on her were not unfriendly, but neither were they entirely forgiving. “You may call upon other members of the Clave if you have some specific need, and of course the Silent Brothers and Iron Sisters are at your disposal,” he said. “But as for the investigation, yes, that is for you to accomplish on your own.”

“I don’t like this,” complained Lilian Highsmith. “You’re turning the search for a madman into a game of power—”

“Do you wish to withdraw your support for Benedict, then?” asked the Consul. “His challenge would be ended and there would be no need for the Branwells to prove themselves.”

Lilian opened her mouth—and then, at a look from Benedict, closed it. She shook her head.

“We have just lost our servants,” said Charlotte in a strained voice. “Without them—”

“New servants will be provided to you, as is standard,” said the Consul. “Your late servant Thomas’s brother, Cyril, is traveling here from Brighton to join your household, and the Dublin Institute has given up its second cook for you. Both are well-trained fighters—which, I must say, Charlotte, yours should have been as well.”

“Both Thomas and Agatha *were* trained,” Henry protested.

“But you have several in your house who are not,” said Benedict. “Not only is Miss Lovelace woefully behind in her training, but your parlor girl, Sophie, and that Downworlder there—” He pointed at Tessa. “Well, since you seem bent on making her a permanent addition to your household, it would hardly hurt if she—and the maid—were trained in the basics of defense.”

Tessa looked sideways at Jem in astonishment. “He means *me*?”

Jem nodded. His expression was somber.

“I can’t—I’ll chop off my own foot!”

“If you’re going to chop off anyone’s foot, chop off Benedict’s,” Will muttered.

“You’ll be fine, Tessa. It’s nothing you can’t do,” Jem began, but the rest of his words were drowned out by Benedict.

“In fact,” Benedict said, “since the two of you will be so busy investigating Mortmain’s whereabouts, I suggest I lend you my sons—Gabriel, and Gideon, who returns from Spain tonight—as trainers. Both are excellent fighters and could use the teaching experience.”

“Father!” Gabriel protested. He looked horrified; clearly this was not something Benedict had discussed with him in advance.

“We can train our own servants,” Charlotte snapped, but the Consul shook his head at her.

“Benedict Lightwood is offering you a generous gift. Accept it.”

Charlotte was crimson in the face. After a long moment she bent her head, acknowledging the Consul’s words. Tessa felt dizzy. She was going to be trained? Trained to fight, to throw knives and swing a sword? Of course, one of her favorite heroines had always been Capitola in *The Hidden Hand*, who could fight as well as a man—and dressed like one. But that didn’t mean she wanted to *be* her.

“Very well,” said the Consul. “This session of the Council is ended, to be reconvened here, in the same location, in a fortnight. You are all dismissed.”

Of course, everyone did not depart immediately. There was a sudden clamor of voices as people began to rise from their seats and chatter eagerly with their neighbors. Charlotte sat still; Henry beside her, looked as if he wanted desperately to say something comforting but could think of nothing. His hand hovered uncertainly over his wife’s shoulder. Will was glaring across the room at Gabriel Lightwood, who looked coldly in their direction.

Slowly Charlotte rose to her feet. Henry had his hand on her back now, murmuring. Jessamine was already standing, twirling her new white lace parasol. Henry had replaced the old one that had been destroyed in battle with Mortmain’s automatons. Her hair was done up in tight bunches over her ears like grapes. Tessa got quickly to her feet, and the group of them headed up the center aisle of the Council room. Tessa caught whispers on each side of her, bits of the same words, over and over: “Charlotte,” “Benedict,” “never find the Magister,” “two weeks,” “challenge,” “Consul,” “Mortmain,” “Enclave,” “humiliating.”

Charlotte walked with her back straight, her cheeks red, and her eyes gazing straight ahead as if she couldn't hear the gossip. Will seemed about to lunge off toward the whisperers to administer rough justice, but Jem had a firm grip on the back of his *parabatai's* coat. Being Jem, Tessa reflected, must be a great deal like being the owner of a thoroughbred dog that liked to bite your guests. You had to have a hand on his collar constantly. Jessamine merely looked bored again. She wasn't terribly interested in what the Enclave thought of her, or any of them.

By the time they had reached the doors of the Council chamber, they were nearly running. Charlotte paused a moment to let the rest of their group catch up. Most of the crowd was streaming off to the left, where Tessa, Jem, and Will had come from, but Charlotte turned right, marched several paces down the hall, spun around a corner, and abruptly stopped.

"Charlotte?" Henry, catching up to her, sounded worried. "Darling—"

Without warning Charlotte drew her foot back and kicked the wall, as hard as she could. As the wall was stone, this did little damage, though Charlotte let out a low shriek.

"Oh, my," said Jessamine, twirling her parasol.

"If I might make a suggestion," said Will. "About twenty paces behind us, in the Council room, is Benedict. If you'd like to go back in there and try kicking *him*, I recommend aiming upward and a bit to the left—"

"Charlotte." The deep, gravelly voice was instantly recognizable. Charlotte spun around, her brown eyes widening.

It was the Consul. The runes picked out in silver thread on the hem and sleeves of his cloak glittered as he moved toward the little group from the Institute, his gaze on Charlotte. One hand against the wall, she didn't move.

"Charlotte," Consul Wayland said again, "you know what your father always said about losing your temper."

"He did say that. He also said that he should have had a son," Charlotte replied bitterly. "If he had—if I were a man—would you

have treated me as you just did?"

Henry put his hand on his wife's shoulder, murmuring something, but she shook it off. Her large, hurt brown eyes were on the Consul.

"And how did I just treat you?" he asked.

"As if I were a child, a little girl who needed scolding."

"Charlotte, I am the one who named you as head of the Institute and the Enclave." The Consul sounded exasperated. "I did it not just because I was fond of Granville Fairchild and knew he wanted his daughter to succeed him, but because I thought you would accomplish the job well."

"You named Henry, too," she said. "And you even told us when you did it that it was because the Enclave would accept a married couple as their leader, but not a woman alone."

"Well, congratulations, Charlotte. I do not think any members of the London Enclave are under the impression that they are in any way being led by Henry."

"It's true," Henry said, looking at his shoes. "They all know I'm rather useless. It's my fault all this happened, Consul—"

"It isn't," said Consul Wayland. "It is a combination of a generalized complacency on the part of the Clave, bad luck and bad timing, and some poor decisions on your part, Charlotte. Yes, I am holding you accountable for them—"

"So you agree with Benedict!" Charlotte cried.

"Benedict Lightwood is a blackguard and a hypocrite," said the Consul wearily. "Everyone knows that. But he is politically powerful, and it is better to placate him with this show than it would be to antagonize him further by ignoring him."

"A show? Is that what you call this?" Charlotte demanded bitterly. "You have set me an impossible task."

"I have set you the task of locating the Magister," said Consul Wayland. "The man who broke into the Institute, killed your servants, took your Pyxis, and plans to build an army of clockwork monsters to destroy us all—in short, a man who must be stopped. As head of the Enclave, Charlotte, stopping him is

your task. If you consider it impossible, then perhaps you should ask yourself why you want the job so badly in the first place.”

2

REPARATIONS

*Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
Ah, more than share it! give me all thy grief.*
—Alexander Pope, “Eloisa to Abelard”

The witchlight that illuminated the Great Library seemed to be flickering low, like a candle guttering down in its holder, though Tessa knew that was just her imagination. Witchlight, unlike fire or gas, never seemed to fade or burn away.

Her eyes, on the other hand, were beginning to tire, and from the looks of her companions, she wasn't the only one. They were all gathered around one of the long tables, Charlotte at its head, Henry at Tessa's right. Will and Jem sat farther down, beside each other; only Jessamine had retreated to the very far end of the table, separated from the others. The surface of the table was liberally covered with papers of all sorts—old newspaper articles, books, sheets of parchment covered with fine spidery writing. There were genealogies of various Mortmain families, histories of automatons, endless books of spells of summoning and binding, and every bit of research on the Pandemonium Club that the Silent Brothers had managed to scrape out of their archives.

Tessa had been tasked with the job of reading through the newspaper articles, looking for stories about Mortmain and his shipping company, and her eyes were beginning to blur, the words dancing on the pages. She was relieved when Jessamine at

last broke the silence, pushing away the book she had been reading—*On the Engines of Sorcery*—and said, “Charlotte, I think we’re wasting our time.”

Charlotte looked up with a pained expression. “Jessamine, there is no need for you to remain if you do not wish to. I must say, I doubt any of us was expecting your help in this matter, and since you have never much applied yourself to your studies, I cannot help but wonder if you even know what it is you are looking for. Could you tell a binding spell from a summoning spell if I set the two before you?”

Tessa couldn’t help being surprised. Charlotte was rarely so sharp with any of them. “I *want* to help,” Jessie said sulkily. “Those mechanical *things* of Mortmain’s nearly killed me. I want him caught and punished.”

“No, you don’t.” Will, unrolling a parchment so old that it crackled, squinted down at the black symbols on the page. “You want Tessa’s brother caught and punished, for making you think he was in love with you when he wasn’t.”

Jessamine flushed. “I do *not*. I mean, I did not. I mean—ugh! Charlotte, Will’s being vexing.”

“And the sun has come up in the east,” said Jem, to no one in particular.

“I don’t want to be thrown out of the Institute if we can’t find the Magister,” Jessamine went on. “Is that so difficult to understand?”

“You won’t be thrown out of the Institute. Charlotte will. I’m sure the Lightwoods will let you stay. And Benedict has two marriageable sons. You ought to be delighted,” said Will.

Jessamine made a face. “Shadowhunters. As if I’d want to marry one of them.”

“Jessamine, you *are* one of them.”

Before Jessamine could reply, the library door opened and Sophie came in, ducking her white-capped head. She spoke quietly to Charlotte, who rose to her feet. “Brother Enoch is here,” Charlotte said to the assembled group. “I must speak with

him. Will, Jessamine, do try not to kill each other while I am gone. Henry, if you could . . .”

Her voice trailed off. Henry was gazing down at a book—Al-Jazari’s *Book of Knowledge of Ingenious Mechanical Devices*—and paying no attention whatsoever to anything else. Charlotte threw up her hands, and left the room with Sophie.

The moment the door closed behind Charlotte, Jessamine shot Will a poisonous look. “If you think I don’t have the experience to help, then why is *she* here?” She indicated Tessa. “I don’t mean to be rude, but do you think *she* can tell a binding spell from a summoning one?” She looked at Tessa. “Well, can you? And for that matter, Will, you pay so little attention at lessons, can *you* tell a binding spell from a soufflé recipe?”

Will leaned back in his chair and said dreamily, “I am but mad north-north-west; when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.”

“Jessamine, Tessa has kindly offered to help, and we need all the eyes we can get right now,” said Jem severely. “Will, don’t quote *Hamlet*. Henry . . .” He cleared his throat. “HENRY.”

Henry looked up, blinking. “Yes, darling?” He blinked again, looking around. “Where’s Charlotte?”

“She went to talk to the Silent Brothers,” said Jem, who did not appear put out of temper to have been mistaken by Henry for his wife. “In the meantime I’m afraid . . . that I rather agree with Jessamine.”

“And the sun comes up in the *west*,” said Will, who had apparently heard Jem’s earlier comment.

“But why?” Tessa demanded. “We can’t give up now. It would be just like handing the Institute over to that awful Benedict Lightwood.”

“I’m not suggesting we do nothing, you understand. But we’re trying to decipher what it is that Mortmain is going to *do*. We’re trying to predict the future instead of trying to understand the past.”

“We know Mortmain’s past, *and* his plans.” Will waved his hand in the direction of the newspapers. “Born in Devon, was a ship’s surgeon, became a wealthy trader, got himself mixed up in dark magic, and now plans to rule the world with his massive army of mechanical creatures by his side. A not atypical story for a determined young man—”

“I don’t think he ever said anything about ruling the world,” interrupted Tessa. “Just the British Empire.”

“Admirably literal,” said Will. “My point is, we do know where Mortmain came from. It’s hardly our fault that it isn’t very interesting . . .” His voice trailed off. “Ah.”

“Ah, what?” Jessamine demanded, looking from Will to Jem in a vexed manner. “I declare, the way you two seem to read each other’s minds gives me the shudders.”

“Ah,” said Will. “Jem was just thinking, and I would tend to agree, that Mortmain’s life story is, quite simply, balderdash. Some lies, some truth, but very likely there isn’t anything in here that will help us. These are just stories he made up to give the newspapers something to print about him. Besides, we don’t care how many ships he owns; we want to know where he learned dark magic, and from whom.”

“And why he hates Shadowhunters,” said Tessa.

Will’s blue eyes slid lazily toward her. “Is it hatred?” he said. “I assumed it was a simple greed for domination. With us out of the way, and a clockwork army on his side, he could take power as he liked.”

Tessa shook her head. “No, it is more than that. It is difficult to explain, but—he *hates* the Nephilim. It is something very personal for him. And it has something to do with that watch. It’s—it’s as if he desires recompense for some wrong or hurt they’ve done him.”

“Reparations,” said Jem very suddenly, setting down the pen he was holding.

Will looked at him in puzzlement. “Is this a game? We just blurt out whatever word comes next to mind? In that case mine’s

‘genuphobia.’ It means an unreasonable fear of knees.”

“What’s the word for a perfectly reasonable fear of annoying idiots?” inquired Jessamine.

“The Reparations section of the archives,” said Jem, ignoring them both. “The Consul mentioned it yesterday, and it’s been in my head since. We haven’t looked there.”

“Reparations?” asked Tessa.

“When a Downworlder, or a mundane, alleges that a Shadowhunter has broken the Law in their dealings with them, the Downworlder lodges a complaint through Reparations. There will be a trial, and the Downworlder will be accorded some sort of payment, based on whether they can prove their case.”

“Well, it seems a bit silly, looking there,” said Will. “It’s not like Mortmain’s going to lodge a complaint against the Shadowhunters through official channels. ‘Very upset Shadowhunters refused to all die when I wanted them to. Demand recompense. Please mail cheque to A. Mortmain, 18 Kensington Road—’”

“Enough persiflage,” said Jem. “Maybe he hasn’t always hated Shadowhunters. Maybe there was a time when he did attempt to gain compensation through the official system and it failed him. What’s the harm in asking? The worst thing that could happen is that we turn up nothing, which is exactly what we’re turning up right now.” He rose to his feet, pushing his silvery hair back. “I’m off to catch Charlotte before Brother Enoch leaves and ask her to have the Silent Brothers check the archives.”

Tessa rose to her feet. She did not relish the idea of being left alone in the library with Will and Jessamine, who were bound to bicker. Of course Henry was there, but he seemed to be taking a gentle nap on a pile of books, and was not much of a buffer in the best of cases. Being around Will was uncomfortable in most circumstances; only with Jem there was it bearable. Somehow Jem was able to whittle down Will’s sharp edges and make him nearly human. “I’ll go with you, Jem,” she said. “There’s—there was something I wished to speak to Charlotte about anyway.”

Jem seemed surprised but pleased; Will looked from one of them to the other and pushed his chair back. "We've been among these moldering old books for ages," he announced. "Mine beautiful eyes are weary, and I have paper cuts. See?" He spread his fingers wide. "I'm going for a walk."

Tessa couldn't help herself. "Perhaps you could use an *iratze* to take care of them."

He glared at her. His eyes *were* beautiful. "Ever and always helpful, Tessa."

She matched his glare. "My only desire is to be of service."

Jem put his hand on her shoulder, his voice concerned. "Tessa, Will. I don't think—"

But Will was gone, snatching up his coat and banging his way out of the library, with enough force to make the door frame vibrate.

Jessamine sat back in her chair, narrowing her brown eyes. "How interesting."

Tessa's hands shook as she tucked a lock of hair behind her ear. She hated that Will had this effect on her. Hated it. She knew better. She knew what he thought of her. That she was nothing, worth nothing. And still a look from him could make her tremble with mingled hatred and longing. It was like a poison in her blood, to which Jem was the only antidote. Only with him did she feel on steady ground.

"Come." Jem took her arm lightly. A gentleman would not normally touch a lady in public, but here in the Institute the Shadowhunters were more familiar with one another than were the mundanes outside. When she turned to look at him, he smiled at her. Jem put the full force of himself into each smile, so that he seemed to be smiling with his eyes, his heart, his whole being. "We'll find Charlotte."

"And what am I supposed to do while you're gone?" Jessamine said crossly as they made their way to the door.

Jem glanced back over his shoulder. "You could always wake up Henry. It looks like he's eating paper in his sleep again, and

you know how Charlotte hates that.”

“Oh, *bother*,” said Jessamine with an exasperated sigh. “Why do I always get the silly tasks?”

“Because you don’t want the serious ones,” said Jem, sounding as close to exasperated as Tessa had ever heard him. Neither of them noticed the icy look she shot them as they left the library behind and headed down the corridor.



“Mr. Bane has been awaiting your arrival, sir,” the footman said, and stepped aside to let Will enter. The footman’s name was Archer—or Walker, or something like that, Will thought—and he was one of Camille’s human subjugates. Like all those enslaved to a vampire’s will, he was sickly-looking, with parchment pale skin and thin, stringy hair. He looked about as happy to see Will as a dinner party guest might be to see a slug crawling out from under his lettuce.

The moment Will entered the house, the smell hit him. It was the smell of dark magic, like sulfur mixed with the Thames on a hot day. Will wrinkled his nose. The footman looked at him with even more loathing. “Mr. Bane is in the drawing room.” His voice indicated that there was no chance whatsoever that he was going to accompany Will there. “Shall I take your coat?”

“That won’t be necessary.” Coat still on, Will followed the scent of magic down the corridor. It intensified as he drew nearer to the door of the drawing room, which was firmly closed. Tendrils of smoke threaded out from the gap beneath the door. Will took a deep breath of sour air, and pushed the door open.

The inside of the drawing room looked peculiarly bare. After a moment Will realized that this was because Magnus had taken all the heavy teak furniture, even the piano, and pushed it up against the walls. An ornate gasolier hung from the ceiling, but the light in the room was provided by dozens of thick black candles arranged in a circle in the center of the room. Magnus stood beside the circle, a book open in his hands; his old-fashioned cravat was loosened, and his black hair stood up wildly about his

face as if charged with electricity. He looked up when Will came in, and smiled. "Just in time!" he cried. "I really think we may have him this round. Will, meet Thammuz, a minor demon from the eighth dimension. Thammuz, meet Will, a minor Shadowhunter from—Wales, was it?"

"I will rip out your eyes," hissed the creature sitting in the center of the burning circle. It was certainly a demon, no more than three feet high, with pale blue skin, three coal black, burning eyes, and long blood-red talons on its eight-fingered hands. *"I will tear the skin from your face."*

"Don't be rude, Thammuz," said Magnus, and although his tone was light, the circle of candles blazed suddenly, brightly upward, causing the demon to shrink in on itself with a scream. "Will has questions. You will answer them."

Will shook his head. "I don't know, Magnus," he said. "He doesn't look like the right one to me."

"You said he was blue. This one's blue."

"He is blue," Will acknowledged, stepping closer to the circle of flame. "But the demon I need—well, he was really a cobalt blue. This one's more . . . periwinkle."

"What did you call me?" The demon roared with rage. *"Come closer, little Shadowhunter, and let me feast upon your liver! I will tear it from your body while you scream."*

Will turned to Magnus. "He doesn't *sound* right either. The voice is different. And the number of eyes."

"Are you sure—"

"I'm absolutely sure," said Will in a voice that brooked no contradiction. "It's not something I would ever—could ever—forget."

Magnus sighed and turned back to the demon. "Thammuz," he said, reading aloud from the book. "I charge you, by the power of bell and book and candle, and by the great names of Sammael and Abbadon and Moloch, to speak the truth. Have you ever encountered the Shadowhunter Will Herondale before this day, or any of his blood or lineage?"

"I don't know," said the demon petulantly. *"Humans all look alike to me."*

Magnus's voice rose, sharp and commanding. "Answer me!"

"Oh, very well. No, I've never seen him before in my life. I'd remember. He looks as if he'd taste good." The demon grinned, showing razor-sharp teeth. *"I haven't even been to this world for, oh, a hundred years, possibly more. I can never remember the difference between a hundred and a thousand. Anyway, the last time I was here, everyone was living in mud huts and eating bugs. So I doubt he was around"*—he pointed a many-jointed finger at Will—*"unless Earthkind lives much longer than I was led to believe."*

Magnus rolled his eyes. "You're just determined not to be any help at all, aren't you?"

The demon shrugged, a peculiarly human gesture. *"You forced me to tell the truth. I told it."*

"Well, then, have you ever *heard* of a demon like the one I was describing?" Will broke in, a tinge of desperation in his voice. "Dark blue, with a raspy sort of voice, like sandpaper—and he had a long, barbed tail."

The demon regarded him with a bored expression. *"Do you have any idea how many kinds of demons there are in the Void, Nephilim? Hundreds upon hundreds of millions. The great demon city of Pandemonium makes your London look like a village. Demons of all shapes and sizes and colors. Some can change their appearance at will—"*

"Oh, be quiet, then, if you're not going to be of any use," Magnus said, and slammed the book shut. Instantly the candles went out, the demon vanishing with a startled cry, leaving behind only a wisp of foul-smelling smoke.

The warlock turned to Will. "I was so sure I had the right one this time."

"It's not your fault." Will flung himself onto one of the divans shoved up against the wall. He felt hot and cold at the same time, his nerves prickling with a disappointment he was trying to force back without much success. He pulled his gloves off restlessly

and shoved them into the pockets of his still buttoned coat. “You’re trying. Thammuz was right. I haven’t given you very much to go on.”

“I assume,” Magnus said quietly, “that you have told me all you remember. You opened a Pyxis and released a demon. It cursed you. You want me to find that demon and see if it will remove the curse. And that is all you can tell me?”

“It is all I can tell you,” said Will. “It would hardly benefit me to hold anything back unnecessarily, when I know what I’m asking. For you to find a needle in—God, not even a haystack. A needle in a tower full of other needles.”

“Plunge your hand into a tower of needles,” said Magnus, “and you are likely to cut yourself badly. Are you really sure this is what you want?”

“I am sure that the alternative is worse,” said Will, staring at the blackened place on the floor where the demon had crouched. He was exhausted. The energy rune he’d given himself that morning before leaving for the Council meeting had worn off by noon, and his head throbbed. “I have had five years to live with it. The idea of living with it for even one more frightens me more than the idea of death.”

“You are a Shadowhunter; you are not afraid of death.”

“Of course I am,” said Will. “Everyone is afraid of death. We may be born of angels, but we have no more knowledge of what comes after death than you do.”

Magnus moved closer to him and sat down on the opposite side of the divan. His green-gold eyes shone like a cat’s in the dimness. “You don’t know that there is only oblivion after death.”

“You don’t know that there isn’t, do you? Jem believes we are all reborn, that life is a wheel. We die, we turn, we are reborn as we deserve to be reborn, based on our doings in this world.” Will looked down at his bitten nails. “I will probably be reborn as a slug that someone salts.”

“The Wheel of Transmigration,” said Magnus. His lips twitched into a smile. “Well, think of it this way. You must have done

something right in your last life, to be reborn as you were. Nephilim.”

“Oh, yes,” said Will in a dead tone. “I’ve been very lucky.” He leaned his head back against the divan, exhausted. “I take it you’ll be needing more . . . ingredients? I think Old Mol over at Cross Bones is getting sick of the sight of me.”

“I have other connections,” said Magnus, clearly taking pity on him, “and I need to do more research first. If you could tell me the nature of the curse—”

“No.” Will sat up. “I can’t. I told you before, I took a great risk even in telling you of its existence. If I told you any more—”

“Then what? Let me guess. You don’t know, but you’re sure it would be bad.”

“Don’t start making me think coming to you was a mistake—”

“This has something to do with Tessa, doesn’t it?”

Over the past five years Will had trained himself well not to show emotion—surprise, affection, hopefulness, joy. He was fairly sure his expression didn’t change, but he heard the strain in his voice when he said, “Tessa?”

“It’s been five years,” said Magnus. “Yet somehow you have managed all this time, telling no one. What desperation drove you to me, in the middle of the night, in a rainstorm? What has changed at the Institute? I can think of only one thing—and quite a pretty one, with big gray eyes—”

Will got to his feet so abruptly, he nearly tipped the divan over. “There are other things,” he said, struggling to keep his voice even. “Jem is dying.”

Magnus looked at him, a cool, even stare. “He has been dying for years,” he said. “No curse laid on you could cause or repair his condition.”

Will realized his hands were shaking; he tightened them into fists. “You don’t understand—”

“I know you are *parabatai*,” said Magnus. “I know that his death will be a great loss for you. But what I don’t know—”

“You know what you need to know.” Will felt cold all over, though the room was warm and he still wore his coat. “I can pay you more, if it will make you stop asking me questions.”

Magnus put his feet up on the divan. “Nothing will make me stop asking you questions,” he said. “But I will do my best to respect your reticence.”

Relief loosened Will’s hands. “Then, you will still help me.”

“I will still help you.” Magnus put his hands behind his head and leaned back, looking at Will through half-lowered lids. “Though I could help you better if you told me the truth, I will do what I can. You interest me oddly, Will Herondale.”

Will shrugged. “That will do well enough as a reason. When do you plan to try again?”

Magnus yawned. “Probably this weekend. I shall send you a message by Saturday if there are . . . developments.”

Developments. Curse. Truth. Jem. Dying. Tessa. Tessa, Tessa, Tessa. Her name rang in Will’s mind like the chime of a bell; he wondered if any other name on earth had such an inescapable resonance to it. She couldn’t have been named something awful, could she, like Mildred. He couldn’t imagine lying awake at night, staring up at the ceiling while invisible voices whispered “Mildred” in his ears. But *Tessa*—

“Thank you,” he said abruptly. He had gone from being too cold to being too warm; it was stifling in the room, still smelling of burned candle wax. “I will look forward to hearing from you, then.”

“Yes, do,” said Magnus, and he closed his eyes. Will couldn’t tell whether he was actually asleep or simply waiting for Will to leave; either way, it was clearly a hint that he expected Will to depart. Will, not entirely without relief, took it.



Sophie was on her way to Miss Jessamine’s room, to sweep the ashes and clean the grate of the fireplace, when she heard voices in the hall. In her old place of employment she had been taught to “give room”—to turn and look at the walls while her employers

passed by, and do her best to resemble a piece of furniture, something inanimate that they could ignore.

She had been shocked on coming to the Institute to find that things were not managed that way here. First, for such a large house to have so few servants had surprised her. She had not realized at first that the Shadowhunters did much for themselves that a typical family of good breeding would find beneath them—started their own fires, did some of their own shopping, kept rooms like the training area and the weapons room cleaned and neat. She had been shocked at the familiarity with which Agatha and Thomas had treated their employers, not realizing that her fellow servants had come from families that had served Shadowhunters through the generations—or that they'd had magic of their own.

She herself had come from a poor family, and had been called “stupid” and been slapped often when she'd first begun working as a maid—because she hadn't been used to delicate furniture or real silver, or china so thin you could see the darkness of the tea through the sides. But she had learned, and when it had become clear that she was going to be very pretty, she had been promoted to parlor maid. A parlor maid's lot was a precarious one. She was meant to look beautiful for the household, and therefore her salary had begun to go down each year that she'd aged, once she had turned eighteen.

It had been such a relief, coming to work at the Institute—where no one minded that she was nearly twenty, or demanded that she stare at the walls, or cared whether she spoke before she was spoken to—that she had almost thought it worth the mutilation of her pretty face at the hands of her last employer. She still avoided looking at herself in mirrors if she could, but the dreadful horror of loss had faded. Jessamine mocked her for the long scar that disfigured her cheek, but the others seemed not to notice, save Will, who occasionally said something unpleasant, but in an almost perfunctory way, as if it were expected of him but his heart were not in it.

But that was all before she had fallen in love with Jem.

She recognized his voice now as he came down the hall, raised in laughter, and answering him was Miss Tessa. Sophie felt an odd little pressure against her chest. Jealousy. She despised herself for it, but it could not be stopped. Miss Tessa was always kind to her, and there was such enormous vulnerability in her wide gray eyes—such a need for a friend—that it was impossible to dislike her. And yet, the way Master Jem looked at her . . . and Tessa did not even seem to notice.

No. Sophie just couldn't bear to encounter the two of them in the hall, with Jem looking at Tessa the way he had been lately. Clutching the sweeping brush and bucket to her chest, Sophie opened the nearest door and ducked inside, closing it most of the way behind her. It was, like most of the rooms in the Institute, an unused bedroom, meant for visiting Shadowhunters. She would give the rooms a turn once a fortnight or so, unless someone was using them; otherwise they stood undisturbed. This one was quite dusty; motes danced in the light from the windows, and Sophie fought the urge to sneeze as she pressed her eye to the crack in the door.

She had been right. It was Jem and Tessa, coming toward her down the hall. They appeared entirely engaged with each other. Jem was carrying something—folded gear, it looked like—and Tessa was laughing at something he had said. She was looking a little down and away from him, and he was gazing at her, the way one did when one felt one was unobserved. He had that look on his face, that look he usually got only when he was playing the violin, as if he were completely caught up and entranced.

Her heart hurt. He was so beautiful. She had always thought so. Most people went on about Will, how handsome he was, but she thought that Jem was a thousand times better-looking. He had the ethereal look of angels in paintings, and though she knew that the silvery color of his hair and skin was a result of the medicine he took for his illness, she couldn't help finding it lovely too. And he was gentle, firm, and kind. The thought of his hands

in her hair, stroking it back from her face, made her feel comforted, whereas usually the thought of a man, even a boy, touching her made her feel vulnerable and ill. He had the most careful, beautifully constructed hands. . . .

“I can’t quite believe they’re coming tomorrow,” Tessa was saying, turning her gaze back to Jem. “I feel as if Sophie and I are being tossed to Benedict Lightwood to appease him, like a dog with a bone. He can’t *really* mind if we’re trained or not. He just wants his sons in the house to bother Charlotte.”

“That’s true,” Jem acknowledged. “But why not take advantage of the training when it’s offered? That’s why Charlotte is trying to encourage Jessamine to take part. As for you, given your talent, even if—I should say, when—Mortmain is no longer a threat, there will be others attracted to your power. You might do well to learn how to fend them off.”

Tessa’s hand went to the angel necklace at her throat, a habitual gesture Sophie suspected she was not even aware of. “I know what Jessie will say. She’ll say the only thing she needs assistance fending off is handsome suitors.”

“Wouldn’t she rather have help fending off the unattractive ones?”

“Not if they’re mundanes.” Tessa grinned. “She’d rather an ugly mundane than a handsome Shadowhunter any day.”

“That does put me right out of the running, doesn’t it?” said Jem with mock chagrin, and Tessa laughed again.

“It is too bad,” she said. “Someone as pretty as Jessamine ought to have her pick, but she’s so determined that a Shadowhunter won’t do—”

“You are much prettier,” said Jem.

Tessa looked at him in surprise, her cheeks coloring. Sophie felt the twist of jealousy in her chest again, though she agreed with Jem. Jessamine was quite traditionally pretty, a pocket Venus if ever there was one, but her habitual sour expression spoiled her charms. Tessa, though, had a warm appeal, with her rich, dark, waving hair and sea gray eyes, that grew on you the

longer you knew her. There was intelligence in her face, and humor, which Jessamine did not have, or at least did not display.

Jem paused in front of Miss Jessamine's door, and knocked upon it. When there was no answer, he shrugged, bent down, and placed a stack of dark fabric—gear—in front of the door.

"She'll never wear it." Tessa's face dimpled.

Jem straightened up. "I never agreed to wrestle her into the clothes, just deliver them."

He started off down the hallway again, Tessa beside him. "I don't know how Charlotte can bear to talk to Brother Enoch so often. He gives me the horrors," she said.

"Oh, I don't know. I prefer to think that when they're at home, the Silent Brothers are much like us. Playing practical jokes in the Silent City, making toasted cheese—"

"I hope they play charades," said Tessa dryly. "It would seem to take advantage of their natural talents."

Jem burst out laughing, and then they were around the corner and out of sight. Sophie sagged against the door frame. She did not think she had ever made Jem laugh like that; she didn't think anyone had, except for Will. You had to know someone very well to make them laugh like that. She had loved him for such a long time, she thought. How was it that she did not know him at all?

With a sigh of resignation she made ready to depart her hiding place—when the door to Miss Jessamine's room opened, and its resident emerged. Sophie shrank bank into the dimness. Miss Jessamine was dressed in a long velvet traveling cloak that concealed most of her body, from her neck to her feet. Her hair was bound tightly behind her head, and she carried a gentleman's hat in one hand. Sophie froze in surprise as Jessamine looked down, saw the gear at her feet, and made a face. She kicked it swiftly into the room—giving Sophie a view of her foot, which seemed to be clad in a man's boot—and closed the door soundlessly behind her. Glancing up and down the corridor, she placed the hat on her head, dropped her chin low into the cloak,

and slunk off into the shadows, leaving Sophie staring, mystified, after her.

3

UNJUSTIFIABLE DEATH

*Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.*
—Samuel Taylor Coleridge, “Christabel”

After breakfast the next day Charlotte instructed Tessa and Sophie to return to their rooms, dress in their newly acquired gear, and meet Jem in the training room, where they would wait for the Lightwood brothers. Jessamine had not come to breakfast, claiming a headache, and Will, likewise, was nowhere to be found. Tessa suspected he was hiding, in an attempt to avoid being forced to be polite to Gabriel Lightwood and his brother. She could only partly blame him.

Back in her room, picking up the gear, she felt a flutter of nerves in her stomach; it was so very much unlike anything she'd ever worn before. Sophie was not there to help her with the new clothes. Part of the training, of course, was being able to dress and to familiarize oneself with the gear: flat-soled shoes; a loose pair of trousers made of thick black material; and a long, belted tunic that reached nearly to her knees. They were the same clothes she had seen Charlotte fight in before, and had seen

illustrated in the *Codex*; she had thought them strange then, but the act of actually wearing them was even stranger. If Aunt Harriet could have seen her now, Tessa thought, she would likely have fainted.

She met Sophie at the foot of the steps that led up to the Institute's training room. Neither she nor the other girl exchanged a word, just encouraging smiles. After a moment Tessa went first up the steps, a narrow wooden flight with banisters so old that the wood had begun to splinter. It was strange, Tessa thought, going up a flight of stairs and *not* having to worry about pulling in your skirts or tripping on the hem. Though her body was completely covered, she felt peculiarly naked in her training gear.

It helped to have Sophie with her, obviously equally uncomfortable in her own Shadowhunter gear. When they reached the top of the stairs, Sophie swung the door open and they made their way into the training room in silence, together.

They were obviously at the top of the Institute, in a room adjacent to the attic, Tessa thought, and nearly twice the size. The floor was polished wood with various patterns drawn here and there in black ink—circles and squares, some of them numbered. Long, flexible ropes hung from great rafters overhead, half-invisible in the shadows. Witchlight torches burned along the walls, interspersed with hanging weapons—maces and axes and all sorts of other deadly-looking objects.

“Ugh,” said Sophie, looking at them with a shudder. “Don't they look too horrible by half?”

“I actually recognize a few from the *Codex*,” said Tessa, pointing. “That one there's a longsword, and there's a rapier, and a fencing foil, and that one that looks like you'd need two hands to hold it is a claymore, I think.”

“Close,” came a voice, very disconcertingly, from above their heads. “It's an executioner's sword. Mostly for decapitations. You can tell because it doesn't have a sharp point.”

Sophie gave a little yelp of surprise and backed up as one of the dangling ropes began to sway and a dark shape appeared over their heads. It was Jem, clambering down the rope with the graceful agility of a bird. He landed lightly in front of them, and smiled. "My apologies. I didn't mean to startle you."

He was dressed in gear as well, though instead of a tunic he wore a shirt that reached only to his waist. A single leather strap went across his chest, and the hilt of a sword protruded from behind one shoulder. The darkness of the gear made his skin look even paler, his hair and eyes more silver than ever.

"Yes, you did," said Tessa with a little smile, "but it's all right. I was beginning to worry Sophie and I were going to be left here to train each other."

"Oh, the Lightwoods will be here," said Jem. "They're simply being late to make a point. They don't have to do what we say, or what their father says either."

"I wish you were the one training us," Tessa said impulsively.

Jem looked surprised. "I couldn't—I haven't completed my own training yet." But their eyes met, and in another moment of wordless communication, Tessa heard what he was really saying: *I'm not well enough often enough to train you reliably.* Her throat hurt suddenly, and she locked eyes with Jem, hoping he could read her silent sympathy in them. She did not want to look away, and found herself wondering if the way that she had scraped her hair back, carefully pinning it into a bun from which no stray strands escaped, looked horribly unflattering. Not that it mattered, of course. It was just *Jem*, after all.

"We won't be going through a *full* course of training, will we?" Sophie said, her worried voice breaking into Tessa's thoughts. "The Council only said that we needed to know how to defend ourselves a bit. . . ."

Jem looked away from Tessa; the connection broke with a snap. "There's nothing to be frightened of, Sophie," he said in his gentle voice. "And you'll be glad of it; it's always useful for a

beautiful girl to be able to fend off the unwanted attentions of gentlemen.”

Sophie’s face tightened, the livid scar on her cheek standing out as red as if it had been painted there. “Don’t make fun,” she said. “It isn’t kind.”

Jem looked startled. “Sophie, I wasn’t—”

The door to the training room opened. Tessa turned as Gabriel Lightwood strode into the room, followed by a boy she didn’t know. Where Gabriel was slender and dark-haired, the other boy was muscular, with thick sandy-blond hair. They were both dressed in gear, with expensive-looking dark gloves studded with metal across the knuckles. Each wore silver bands around each wrist—knife sheaths, Tessa knew—and had the same elaborate white pattern of runes woven into their sleeves. It was clear not just from the similarity of their clothes but from the shape of their faces and the pale, luminous green of their eyes that they were related, so Tessa was not in the least surprised when Gabriel said, in his abrupt manner:

“Well, we’re here as we said we would be. James, I assume you remember my brother, Gideon. Miss Gray, Miss Collins—”

“Pleased to make your acquaintance,” Gideon muttered, meeting neither of their eyes with his. Bad moods seemed to run in the family, Tessa thought, remembering that Will had said that next to his brother, Gabriel seemed a sweetheart.

“Don’t worry. Will’s not here,” Jem said to Gabriel, who was glancing around the room. Gabriel frowned at him, but Jem had already turned to Gideon. “When did you get back from Madrid?” he asked politely.

“Father called me back home a short while ago.” Gideon’s tone was neutral. “Family business.”

“I do hope everything’s all right—”

“Everything is quite all right, thank you, James,” said Gabriel, his tone clipped. “Now, before we move to the training portion of this visit, there are two people you should probably meet.” He

turned his head and called out, “Mr. Tanner, Miss Daly! Please come up.”

There were footfalls on the steps, and two strangers entered, neither in gear. Both wore servants’ clothes. One was a young woman who was the very definition of “rawboned”—her bones seemed too big for her skinny, awkward frame. Her hair was a bright scarlet, drawn back into a chignon under a modest hat. Her bare hands were red and scrubbed-looking. Tessa guessed she was about twenty. Beside her stood a young man with dark brown curling hair, tall and muscular—

Sophie took a sharp indrawn breath. She had gone pale. “Thomas . . .”

The young man looked terribly awkward. “I’m Thomas’s brother, miss. Cyril. Cyril Tanner.”

“These are the replacements the Council promised you for your lost servants,” said Gabriel. “Cyril Tanner and Bridget Daly. The Consul asked us if we would bring them from Kings Cross here, and naturally we obliged. Cyril will replace Thomas, and Bridget will replace your lost cook, Agatha. They were both trained in fine Shadowhunter households and come soundly recommended.”

Red spots had begun to burn on Sophie’s cheeks. Before she could say anything, Jem said quickly, “No one could replace Agatha or Thomas for us, Gabriel. They were friends as well as servants.” He nodded toward Bridget and Cyril. “No offense intended.”

Bridget only blinked her brown eyes, but, “None taken,” said Cyril. Even his voice was like Thomas’s, almost eerily so. “Thomas was my brother. No one can replace him for me, either.”

An awkward silence descended on the room. Gideon leaned back against one of the walls, his arms crossed, a slight scowl on his face. He was quite good-looking, like his brother, Tessa thought, but the scowl rather spoiled it.

“Very well,” Gabriel said finally into the silence. “Charlotte had asked us to bring them up so you could meet them. Jem, if you’d

like to escort them back to the drawing room, Charlotte's waiting with instructions—"

"So neither of them needs any extra training?" Jem said. "Since you'll be training Tessa and Sophie regardless, if Bridget or Cyril —"

"As the Consul said, they have been quite effectively trained in their previous households," said Gideon. "Would you like a demonstration?"

"I don't think that's necessary," Jem said.

Gabriel grinned. "Come along, Carstairs. The girls might as well see that a mundane can fight almost like a Shadow-hunter, with the *right* kind of instruction. Cyril?" He stalked over to the wall, selected two longswords, and threw one toward Cyril, who caught it out of the air handily and advanced toward the center of the room, where a circle was painted on the floorboards.

"We already know that," muttered Sophie, in a voice low enough that only Tessa could hear. "Thomas and Agatha were both trained."

"Gabriel is only trying to annoy you," said Tessa, also in a whisper. "Do not let him see that he bothers you."

Sophie set her jaw as Gabriel and Cyril met in the center of the room, swords flashing.

Tessa had to admit there was something rather beautiful about it, the way they circled each other, blades singing through the air, a blur of black and silver. The ringing sound of metal on metal, the way they moved, so fast her vision could barely follow. And yet, Gabriel was better; that was clear even to the untrained eye. His reflexes were faster, his movements more graceful. It was not a fair fight; Cyril, his hair pasted to his forehead with sweat, was clearly giving everything he had, while Gabriel was simply marking time. In the end, when Gabriel swiftly disarmed Cyril with a neat flicking motion of his wrist, sending the other boy's sword rattling to the floor, Tessa couldn't help but feel almost indignant on Cyril's behalf. No human could best a Shadowhunter. Wasn't that the point?

The point of Gabriel's blade rested an inch from Cyril's throat. Cyril raised his hands in surrender, a smile, much like his brother's easy grin, spreading across his face. "I yield—"

There was a blur of movement. Gabriel yelped and went down, his sword skittering from his hand. His body hit the ground, Bridget kneeling atop his chest, her teeth bared. She had slipped up behind him and tripped him while no one was looking. Now she whipped a small dagger from the inside of her bodice and held it against his throat. Gabriel looked up at her for a moment, dazed, blinking his green eyes. Then he began to laugh.

Tessa liked him more in that moment than she ever had before. Not that that was saying much.

"Very impressive," drawled a familiar voice from the doorway. Tessa turned. It was Will, looking, as her aunt would have said, as if he'd been dragged through a hedge backward. His shirt was torn, his hair was mussed, and his blue eyes were rimmed with red. He bent down, picked up Gabriel's fallen sword, and leveled it in Bridget's direction with an amused expression. "But can she *cook*?"

Bridget scrambled to her feet, her cheeks flushing dark red. She was looking at Will the way girls always did—a little openmouthed, as if she couldn't quite believe the vision that had materialized in front of her. Tessa wanted to tell her that Will looked better when less bedraggled, and that being fascinated by his beauty was like being fascinated by a razor-sharp piece of steel—dangerous and unwise. But what was the point? She'd learn it herself soon enough. "I am a fine cook, sir," she said in a lilting Irish accent. "My previous employers had no complaints."

"Lord, you're Irish," said Will. "Can you make things that don't have potatoes in them? We had an Irish cook once when I was a boy. Potato pie, potato custard, potatoes with potato sauce . . ."

Bridget looked baffled. Meanwhile, somehow Jem had crossed the room and seized Will's arm. "Charlotte wants to see Cyril and Bridget in the drawing room. Shall we show them where it is?"

Will wavered. He was looking at Tessa now. She swallowed against her dry throat. He looked as if there were something he wanted to say to her. Gabriel, glancing between them, smirked. Will's eyes darkened, and he turned, Jem's hand guiding him toward the stairway, and stalked out. After a startled moment Bridget and Cyril followed.

When Tessa turned back to the center of the room, she saw that Gabriel had taken one of the blades and handed it to his brother. "Now," he said. "It's about time to start training, wouldn't you say, ladies?"

Gideon took the blade. "*Esta es la idea más estúpida que nuestro padre ha tenido,*" he said. "*Nunca.*"

Sophie and Tessa exchanged a look. Tessa wasn't sure *exactly* what Gideon had said, but "*estúpida*" sounded familiar enough. It was going to be a long remainder of the day.



They spent the next few hours performing balancing and blocking exercises. Gabriel took it upon himself to oversee Tessa's instruction, while Gideon was assigned to Sophie. Tessa couldn't help but feel that Gabriel had chosen her to annoy Will in some obs*cure way, whether Will knew about it or not. He wasn't a bad teacher, actually—fairly patient, willing to pick up weapons again and again as she dropped them, until he could show her how to get the grip correct, even praising when she did something right. She was concentrating too fiercely to notice whether Gideon was as adept at training Sophie, though Tessa heard him muttering in Spanish from time to time.

By the time the training was over and Tessa had bathed and dressed for dinner, she was starving in a most unladylike manner. Fortunately, despite Will's fears, Bridget *could* cook, and very well. She served a hot roast with vegetables, and a jam tart with custard, to Henry, Will, Tessa, and Jem for dinner. Jessamine was still in her room with a headache, and Charlotte had gone to the Bone City to look directly through the Reparations archives herself.

It was odd, having Sophie and Cyril coming in and out of the dining room with platters of food, Cyril carving the roast just as Thomas would have, Sophie helping him silently. Tessa could hardly help but think how difficult it had to be for Sophie, whose closest companions in the Institute had been Agatha and Thomas, but every time Tessa tried to catch the other girl's eye, Sophie looked away.

Tessa remembered the look on Sophie's face the last time Jem had been ill, the way she'd twisted her cap in her hands, begging for news of him. Tessa had ached to talk to Sophie about it afterward, but knew she never could. Romances between mundanes and Shadowhunters were forbidden; Will's mother was a mundane, and his father had been forced to leave the Shadowhunters to be with her. He must have been terribly in love to be willing to do it—and Tessa had never had the sense that Jem was fond of Sophie in that way at all. And then there was the matter of his illness. . . .

"Tessa," Jem said in a low voice, "are you all right? You look a million miles away."

She smiled at him. "Just tired. The training—I'm not used to it." It was the truth. Her arms were sore from holding the heavy practice sword, and though she and Sophie had done little beyond balancing and blocking exercises, her legs ached too.

"There's a salve the Silent Brothers make, for sore muscles. Knock on the door of my room before you go to sleep, and I'll give you some."

Tessa flushed slightly, then wondered why she had flushed. The Shadowhunters had their odd ways. She had been in Jem's room before, even alone with him, even alone with him in her night attire, and no fuss had been made over it. All he was doing now was offering her a bit of medicine, and yet she could feel the heat rise in her face—and he seemed to see it, and flushed himself, the color very visible against his pale skin. Tessa looked away hastily and caught Will watching them both, his blue eyes level and dark.

Only Henry, chasing mushy peas around his plate with a fork, seemed oblivious.

“Much obliged,” she said. “I will—”

Charlotte burst into the room, her dark hair escaping from its pins in a whirl of curls, a long scroll of paper clutched in her hand. “I’ve found it!” she cried. She collapsed breathlessly into the seat beside Henry, her normally pale face rosy with exertion. She smiled at Jem. “You were quite right—the Reparations archives—I found it after only a few hours of looking.”

“Let me see,” said Will, setting down his fork. He had eaten only a very little of his food, Tessa couldn’t help noticing. The bird design ring flashed on his fingers as he reached for the scroll in Charlotte’s hand.

She swatted his hand away good-naturedly. “No. We shall all look at them at the same time. It was Jem’s idea, anyway, wasn’t it?”

Will frowned, but said nothing; Charlotte spread the scroll out over the table, pushing aside teacups and empty plates to make room, and the others rose and crowded around her, gazing down at the document. The paper was really more like thick parchment, with dark red ink, like the color of the runes on the Silent Brothers’ robes. The handwriting was in English, but cramped and full of abbreviations; Tessa could make neither head nor tail of what she was looking at.

Jem leaned in close to her, his arm brushing hers, reading over her shoulder. His expression was thoughtful.

She turned her head toward him; a lock of his pale hair tickled her face. “What does it say?” she whispered.

“It’s a request for recompense,” said Will, ignoring the fact that she had addressed her question to Jem. “Sent to the York Institute in 1825 in the name of Axel Hollingworth Mortmain, seeking reparations for the unjustified death of his parents, John Thaddeus and Anne Evelyn Shade, almost a decade before.”

“John Thaddeus Shade,” said Tessa. “*JTS*, the initials on Mortmain’s watch. But if he was their son, why doesn’t he have

the same surname?”

“The Shades were warlocks,” said Jem, reading farther down the page. “Both of them. He couldn’t have been their blood son; they must have adopted him, and let him keep his mundane name. It does happen, from time to time.” His eyes flicked toward Tessa, and then away; she wondered if he was remembering, as she was, their conversation in the music room about the fact that warlocks could not have children.

“He said he began to learn about the dark arts during his travels,” said Charlotte. “But if his parents were warlocks—”

“Adoptive parents,” said Will. “Yes, I’m sure he knew just who in Downworld to contact to learn the darker arts.”

“Unjustifiable death,” Tessa said in a small voice. “What does that mean, exactly?”

“It *means* he believes that Shadowhunters killed his parents despite the fact that they had broken no Laws,” said Charlotte.

“What Law were they meant to have broken?”

Charlotte frowned. “It says something here about unnatural and illegal dealings with demons—that could be nearly anything—and that they stood accused of creating a weapon that could destroy Shadowhunters. The sentence for that would have been death. This was before the Accords, though, you must remember. Shadowhunters could kill Downworlders on the mere suspicion of wrongdoing. That’s probably why there’s nothing more substantive or detailed in the paperwork here. Mortmain filed for recompense through the York Institute, under the aegis of Aloysius Starkweather. He was asking not for money but for the guilty parties—Shadowhunters—to be tried and punished. But the trial was refused here in London on the grounds that the Shades were ‘beyond a doubt’ guilty. And that’s really all there is. This is simply a short record of the event, not the full papers. Those would still be in the York Institute.” Charlotte pushed her damp hair back from her forehead. “And yet. It *would* explain Mortmain’s hatred of Shadowhunters. You were correct, Tessa. It was—it *is*—personal.”

“And it gives us a starting point. The York Institute,” said Henry, looking up from his plate. “The Starkweathers run it, don’t they? They’ll have the full letters, papers—”

“And Aloysius Starkweather is eighty-nine,” said Charlotte. “He would have been a young man when the Shades were killed. He may remember something of what transpired.” She sighed. “I’d better send him a message. Oh, dear. This will be awkward.”

“Why is that, darling?” Henry asked in his gentle, absent way.

“He and my father were friends once, but then they had a falling-out—some dreadful thing, absolutely ages ago, but they never spoke again.”

“What’s that poem again?” Will, who had been twirling his empty teacup around his fingers, stood up straight and declaimed:

*“Each spake words of high disdain,
And insult to his heart’s best brother—”*

“Oh, by the Angel, Will, do be quiet,” said Charlotte, standing up. “I must go and write a letter to Aloysius Starkweather that drips remorse and pleading. I don’t need you distracting me.” And, gathering up her skirts, she hurried from the room.

“No appreciation for the arts,” Will murmured, setting his teacup down. He looked up, and Tessa realized she had been staring at him. She knew the poem, of course. It was Coleridge, one of her favorites. There was more to it as well, about love and death and madness, but she could not bring the lines to mind; not now, with Will’s blue eyes on hers.

“And of course, Charlotte hasn’t eaten a bit of dinner,” Henry said, getting up. “I’ll go see if Bridget can’t make her up a plate of cold chicken. As for the rest of you—” He paused for a moment, as if he were about to give them an order—send them to bed, perhaps, or back to the library to do more research. The moment passed, and a look of puzzlement crossed his face. “Blast it, I

can't remember what I was going to say," he announced, and vanished into the kitchen.



The moment Henry left, Will and Jem fell into an earnest discussion of reparations, Downworlders, Accords, covenants, and laws that left Tessa's head spinning. Quietly she rose and left the table, making her way to the library.

Despite its immense size, and the fact that barely any of the books that lined its walls were in English, it was her favorite room in the Institute. There was something about the smell of books, the ink-and-paper-and-leather scent, the way dust in a library seemed to behave differently from the dust in any other room—it was golden in the light of the witchlight tapers, settling like pollen across the polished surfaces of the long tables. Church the cat was asleep on a high book stand, his tail curled round above his head; Tessa gave him a wide berth as she moved toward the small poetry section along the lower right-hand wall. Church adored Jem but had been known to bite others, often with very little warning.

She found the book she was looking for and knelt down beside the bookcase, flipping until she found the right page, the scene where the old man in "Christabel" realizes that the girl standing before him is the daughter of his once best friend and now most hated enemy, the man he can never forget.

*Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.*

...

*Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted—ne'er to meet again!*

The voice that spoke above her head was as light as it was drawling—instantly familiar. “Checking my quotation for accuracy?”

The book slid out of Tessa’s hands and hit the floor. She rose to her feet and watched, frozen, as Will bent to pick it up, and held it out to her, his manner one of utmost politeness.

“I assure you,” he told her, “my recall is perfect.”

So is mine, she thought. This was the first time she had been alone with him in weeks. Not since that awful scene on the roof when he had intimated that he thought her little better than a prostitute, and a barren one at that. They had never mentioned the moment to each other again. They had gone on as if everything were normal, polite to each other in company, never alone together. Somehow, when they were with other people, she was able to push it to the back of her mind, forget it. But faced with Will, just Will—beautiful as always, the collar of his shirt open to show the black Marks twining his collarbone and rising up the white skin of his throat, the flickering taper light glancing off the elegant planes and angles of his face—the memory of her shame and anger rose up in her throat, choking off her words.

He glanced down at his hand, still holding the little green leather-bound volume. “Are you going to take Coleridge back from me, or shall I just stand here forever in this rather foolish position?”

Silently Tessa reached out and took the book from him. “If you wish to use the library,” she said, preparing to depart, “you most certainly may. I found what I was looking for, and as it grows late —”

“Tessa,” he said, holding out a hand to stop her.

She looked at him, wishing she could ask him to go back to calling her Miss Gray. Just the way he said her name undid her, loosened something tight and knotted underneath her rib cage, making her breathless. She wished he wouldn’t use her Christian name, but knew how ridiculous it would sound if she made the

request. It would certainly spoil all her work training herself to be indifferent to him.

“Yes?” she asked.

There was a little wistfulness in his expression as he looked at her. It was all she could do not to stare. Will, wistful? He had to be playacting. “Nothing. I—” He shook his head; a lock of dark hair fell over his forehead, and he pushed it out of his eyes impatiently. “Nothing,” he said again. “The first time I showed you the library, you told me your favorite book was *The Wide, Wide World*. I thought you might want to know that I . . . read it.” His head was down, his blue eyes looking up at her through those thick dark lashes; she wondered how many times he’d gotten whatever he wanted just by doing that.

She made her voice polite and distant. “And did you find it to your liking?”

“Not at all,” said Will. “Drivelly and sentimental, I thought.”

“Well, there’s no accounting for taste,” Tessa said sweetly, knowing he was trying to goad her, and refusing to take the bait. “What is one person’s pleasure is another’s poison, don’t you find?”

Was it her imagination, or did he look disappointed? “Have you any other American recommendations for me?”

“Why would you want one, when you scorn my taste? I think you may have to accept that we are quite far apart on the matter of reading material, as we are on so many things, and find your recommendations elsewhere, Mr. Herondale.” She bit her tongue almost as soon as the words were out of her mouth. That had been too much, she knew.

And indeed Will was on it, like a spider leaping onto a particularly tasty fly. “Mr. Herondale?” he demanded. “Tessa, I thought . . .?”

“You thought what?” Her tone was glacial.

“That we could at least talk about books.”

“We did,” she said. “You insulted my taste. And you should know, *The Wide, Wide World* is not my favorite book. It is simply a

story I enjoyed, like *The Hidden Hand*, or—You know, perhaps you should suggest something to me, so I can judge *your* taste. It's hardly fair otherwise."

Will hopped up onto the nearest table and sat, swinging his legs, obviously giving the question some thought. "*The Castle of Otranto*—"

"Isn't that the book in which the hero's son is crushed to death by a gigantic helmet that falls from the sky? And you said *A Tale of Two Cities* was silly!" said Tessa, who would have died rather than admit she had read *Otranto* and loved it.

"*A Tale of Two Cities*," echoed Will. "I read it again, you know, because we had talked about it. You were right. It isn't silly at all."

"No?"

"No," he said. "There is too much of despair in it."

She met his gaze. His eyes were as blue as lakes; she felt as if she were falling into them. "Despair?"

Steadily he said, "There is no future for Sydney, is there, with or without love? He knows he cannot save himself without Lucie, but to let her near him would be to degrade her."

She shook her head. "That is not how I recall it. His sacrifice is noble—"

"It is what is left to him," said Will. "Do you not recall what he says to Lucie? 'If it had been possible . . . that you could have returned the love of the man you see before yourself—flung away, wasted, drunken, poor creature of misuse as you know him to be—he would have been conscious this day and hour, in spite of his happiness, that he would bring you to misery, bring you to sorrow and repentance, blight you, disgrace you, pull you down with him —'"

A log fell in the fireplace, sending up a shower of sparks and startling them both and silencing Will; Tessa's heart leaped, and she tore her eyes away from Will. Stupid, she told herself angrily. So stupid. She remembered how he had treated her, the things he

had said, and now she was letting her knees turn to jelly at the drop of a line from Dickens.

“Well,” she said. “You have certainly memorized a great deal of it. That was impressive.”

Will pulled aside the neck of his shirt, revealing the graceful curve of his collarbone. It took her a moment to realize he was showing her a Mark a few inches above his heart. “*Mnemosyne*,” he said. “The Memory rune. It’s permanent.”

Tessa looked away quickly. “It is late. I must retire—I am exhausted.” She stepped past him, and moved toward the door. She wondered if he looked hurt, then pushed the thought from her mind. This was Will; however mercurial and passing his moods, however charming he was when he was in a good one, he was poison for her, for anyone.

“*Vathek*,” he said, sliding off the table.

She paused in the doorway, realizing she was still clutching the Coleridge book, but then decided she might as well take it. It would be a pleasant diversion from the *Codex*. “What was that?”

“*Vathek*,” he said again. “By William Beckford. If you found *Otranto* to your liking”—though, she thought, she had not admitted she did—“I think you will enjoy it.”

“Oh,” she said. “Well. Thank you. I will remember that.”

He did not answer; he was still standing where she had left him, near the table. He was looking at the ground, his dark hair hiding his face. A little bit of her heart softened, and before she could stop herself, she said, “And good night, Will.”

He looked up. “Good night, Tessa.” He sounded wistful again, but not as bleak as he had before. He reached out to stroke Church, who had slept through their entire conversation and the sound of the falling log in the fireplace, and was still stretched out on the book stand, paws in the air.

“Will—,” Tessa began, but it was too late. Church made a yowling noise at being woken, and lashed out with his claws. Will began to swear. Tessa left, unable to hide the slightest of smiles as she went.

4

A JOURNEY

Friendship is one mind in two bodies.

—Meng-tzu

Charlotte slammed the paper down onto her desk with an exclamation of rage. “Aloysius Starkweather is the most stubborn, hypocritical, obstinate, degenerate—” She broke off, clearly fighting for control of her temper. Tessa had never seen Charlotte’s mouth so firmly set into a hard line.

“Would you like a thesaurus?” Will inquired. He was sprawled in one of the wing-back armchairs near the fireplace in the drawing room, his boots up on the ottoman. They were caked with mud, and now so was the ottoman. Normally Charlotte would have been taking him to task for it, but the letter from Aloysius that she had received that morning, and that she had called them all into the drawing room to discuss, seemed to have absorbed all her attention. “You seem to be running out of words.”

“And is he really *degenerate*?” Jem asked equably from the depths of the other armchair. “I mean, the old codger’s almost ninety—surely past real deviancy.”

“I don’t know,” said Will. “You’d be surprised at what some of the old fellows over at the Devil Tavern get up to.”

“Nothing anyone *you* know might get up to would surprise us, Will,” said Jessamine, who was lying on the chaise longue, a damp cloth over her forehead. She still had not gotten over her headache.

“Darling,” said Henry anxiously, coming around the desk to where his wife was sitting, “are you quite all right? You look a bit—splotchy.”

He wasn’t wrong. Red patches of rage had broken out over Charlotte’s face and throat.

“I think it’s charming,” said Will. “I’ve heard polka dots are the last word in fashion this season.”

Henry patted Charlotte’s shoulder anxiously. “Would you like a cool cloth? What can I do to help?”

“You could ride up to Yorkshire and chop that old goat’s head off.” Charlotte sounded mutinous.

“Won’t that make things rather awkward with the Clave?” asked Henry. “They’re not generally very receptive about, you know, beheadings and things.”

“Oh!” said Charlotte in despair. “It’s all my fault, isn’t it? I don’t know why I thought I could win him over. The man’s a nightmare.”

“What did he say *exactly*?” said Will. “In the letter, I mean.”

“He refuses to see me, or Henry,” said Charlotte. “He says he’ll never forgive my family for what my father did. My father . . .” She sighed. “He was a difficult man. Absolutely faithful to the letter of the Law, and the Starkweathers have always interpreted the Law more loosely. My father thought they lived wild up there in the north, like savages, and he wasn’t shy about saying so. I don’t know what else he did, but old Aloysius seems personally insulted still. Not to mention that he also said if I really cared what he thought about anything, I would have invited him to the last Council meeting. As if I’m in charge of that sort of thing!”

“Why *wasn’t* he invited?” inquired Jem.

“He’s too old—not meant to be running an Institute at all. He just refuses to step down, and so far Consul Wayland hasn’t made

him, but the Consul won't invite him to Councils either. I think he hopes Aloysius will either take the hint or simply die of old age. But Aloysius's father lived to be a hundred and four. We could be in for another fifteen years of him." Charlotte shook her head in despair.

"Well, if he won't see you or Henry, can't you send someone else?" asked Jessamine in a bored voice. "You run the Institute; the Enclave members are supposed to do whatever you say."

"But so many of them are on Benedict's side," said Charlotte. "They *want* to see me fail. I just don't know who I can trust."

"You can trust us," said Will. "Send me. And Jem."

"What about me?" said Jessamine indignantly.

"What *about* you? You don't really want to go, do you?"

Jessamine lifted a corner of the damp cloth off her eyes to glare. "On some smelly train all the way up to deadly dull Yorkshire? No, of course not. I just wanted Charlotte to say she could trust me."

"I can trust you, Jessie, but you're clearly not well enough to go. Which is unfortunate, since Aloysius always had a weakness for a pretty face."

"Even more reason why I should go," said Will.

"Will, Jem . . ." Charlotte bit her lip. "Are you sure? The Council was hardly best pleased by the independent actions you took in the matter of Mrs. Dark."

"Well, they ought to be. We killed a dangerous demon!" Will protested.

"And we saved Church," said Jem.

"Somehow I doubt that counts in our favor," said Will. "That cat bit me three times the other night."

"That probably does count in your favor," said Tessa. "Or Jem's, at least."

Will made a face at her, but didn't seem angry; it was the sort of face he might have made at Jem had the other boy mock insulted him. Perhaps they really could be civil to each other,

Tessa thought. He had been quite kind to her in the library the night before last.

“It seems a fool’s errand,” said Charlotte. The red splotches on her skin were beginning to fade, but she looked miserable. “He isn’t likely to tell you anything if he knows I sent you. If only—”

“Charlotte,” Tessa said, “there *is* a way we could make him tell us.”

Charlotte looked at her in puzzlement. “Tessa, what do you—” She broke off then, light dawning in her eyes. “Oh, I see. Tessa, what an excellent idea.”

“Oh, *what?*” demanded Jessamine from the chaise. “What idea?”

“If something of his could be retrieved,” said Tessa, “and given to me, I could use it to Change into him. And perhaps access his memories. I could tell you what he recollects about Mortmain and the Shades, if anything at all.”

“Then, you’ll come with us to Yorkshire,” said Jem.

Suddenly all eyes in the room were on Tessa. Thoroughly startled, for a moment she said nothing.

“She hardly needs to accompany us,” said Will. “We can retrieve an object and bring it back to her here.”

“But Tessa’s said before that she needs to use something that has strong associations for the wearer,” said Jem. “If what we select turns out to be insufficient—”

“She also said she can use a nail clipping, or a strand of hair—”

“So you’re suggesting we take the train up to York, meet a ninety-year-old man, leap on him, and yank out his hair? I’m sure the Clave will be ecstatic.”

“They’ll just say you’re mad,” said Jessamine. “They already think it, so what’s the difference, really?”

“It’s up to Tessa,” said Charlotte. “It’s her power you’re asking to use; it should be her decision.”

“Did you say we’d be taking the train?” Tessa asked, looking over at Jem.

He nodded, his silver eyes dancing. "The Great Northern runs trains out of Kings Cross all day long," he said. "It's only a matter of hours."

"Then, I'll come," said Tessa. "I've never been on a train."

Will threw up his hands. "That's it? You're coming because you've never been on a train before?"

"Yes," she said, knowing how much her calm demeanor drove him mad. "I should like to ride in one, very much."

"Trains are great dirty smoky things," said Will. "You won't like it."

Tessa was unmoved. "I won't know if I like it until I try it, will I?"

"I've never swum naked in the Thames, but I know I wouldn't like it."

"But think how entertaining for sightseers," said Tessa, and she saw Jem duck his head to hide the quick flash of his grin. "Anyway, it doesn't matter. I wish to go, and I shall. When do we leave?"

Will rolled his eyes, but Jem was still grinning. "Tomorrow morning. That way we'll arrive well before dark."

"I'll have to send Aloysius a message saying to expect you," said Charlotte, picking up her pen. She paused, and looked up at them all. "Is this a dreadful idea? I—I feel as if I cannot be sure."

Tessa looked at her worriedly—seeing Charlotte like this, doubting her own instincts, made her hate Benedict Lightwood and his cohorts even more than she already did.

It was Henry who stepped up and put a gentle hand on his wife's shoulder. "The only alternative seems to be doing nothing, dearest Charlotte," he said. "And doing nothing, I find, rarely accomplishes anything. Besides, what could go wrong?"

"Oh, by the Angel, I wish you hadn't asked that," replied Charlotte with fervor, but she bent over the paper and began to write.



That afternoon was Tessa's and Sophie's second training session with the Lightwoods. Having changed into her gear, Tessa left her room to find Sophie waiting for her in the corridor. She was dressed to train as well, her hair knotted up expertly behind her head, and a dark expression on her face.

"Sophie, what is it?" Tessa inquired, falling into step beside the other girl. "You look quite out of countenance."

"Well, if you must know . . ." Sophie dropped her voice. "It's Bridget."

"Bridget?" The Irish girl had been nearly invisible in the kitchen since she'd arrived, unlike Cyril, who had been here and there about the house, doing errands like Sophie. The last memory Tessa had of Bridget involved her sitting atop Gabriel Lightwood with a knife. She let herself dwell on it pleasantly for a moment. "What's she done?"

"She just . . ." Sophie let out a gusty sigh. "She isn't very amiable. Agatha was my friend, but Bridget—well, we have a way of talking, among us servants, you know, usually, but Bridget just won't. Cyril's friendly enough, but Bridget just keeps to herself in the kitchen, singing those awful Irish ballads of hers. I'd wager she's singing one now."

They were passing not far from the scullery door; Sophie gestured for Tessa to follow her, and together they crept close and peered inside. The scullery was quite large, with doors leading off to the kitchen and pantry. The sideboard was piled with food meant for dinner—fish and vegetables, lately cleaned and prepared. Bridget stood at the sink, her hair standing out around her head in wild red curls, made frizzy by the humidity of the water. She was singing too; Sophie had been quite right about that. Her voice drifting over the sound of the water was high and sweet.

*"Oh, her father led her down the stair,
Her mother combed her yellow hair.
Her sister Ann led her to the cross,*

*And her brother John set her on her horse.
'Now you are high and I am low,
Give me a kiss before ye go.'
She leaned down to give him a kiss,
He gave her a deep wound and did not miss.
And with a knife as sharp as a dart,
Her brother stabbed her to the heart."*

Nate's face flashed in front of Tessa's eyes, and she shuddered. Sophie, looking past her, didn't seem to notice. "That's all she sings about," she whispered. "Murder and betrayal. Blood and pain. It's horrid."

Mercifully Sophie's voice covered the end of the song. Bridget had begun drying dishes and started up with a new ballad, the tune even more melancholy than the first.

*"Why does your sword so drip with blood,
Edward, Edward?
Why does your sword so drip with blood?
And why so sad are ye?"*

"Enough of this." Sophie turned and began hurrying down the hall; Tessa followed. "You do see what I meant, though? She's so dreadfully morbid, and it's awful sharing a room with her. She never says a word in the morning or at night, just moans—"

"You share a room with her?" Tessa was astonished. "But the Institute has so many rooms—"

"For visiting Shadowhunters," Sophie said. "Not for servants." She spoke matter-of-factly, as if it would never have occurred to her to question or complain about the fact that dozens of grand rooms stood empty while she shared a room with Bridget, singer of murderous ballads.

"I could talk to Charlotte—," Tessa began.

"Oh, no. Please don't." They had reached the door to the training room. Sophie turned to her, all distress. "I wouldn't want

her to think I'd been complaining about the other servants. I really wouldn't, Miss Tessa."

Tessa was about to assure the other girl that she would say nothing to Charlotte if that was what Sophie really wanted, when she heard raised voices from the other side of the training room door. Gesturing at Sophie to be quiet, she leaned in and listened.

The voices were quite clearly those of the Lightwood brothers. She recognized Gideon's lower, rougher tones as he said, "There will be a moment of reckoning, Gabriel. You can depend upon it. What will matter is where we stand when it comes."

Gabriel replied, his voice tense, "We will stand with Father, of course. Where else?"

There was a pause. Then, "You don't know everything about him, Gabriel. You don't know all that he has done."

"I know that we are Lightwoods and that he is our father. I know he fully expected to be named head of the Institute when Granville Fairchild died—"

"Maybe the Consul knows more about him than you do. And more about Charlotte Branwell. She isn't the fool you think she is."

"Really?" Gabriel's voice was a sneer. "Letting us come here to train her precious girls, doesn't that make her a fool? Shouldn't she have assumed we'd be spying for our father?"

Sophie and Tessa looked at each other with round eyes.

"She agreed to it because the Consul forced her hand. And besides, we are met at the door here, escorted to this room, and escorted out. And Miss Collins and Miss Gray know nothing of import. What damage is our presence here really doing her, would you say?"

There was a silence through which Tessa could almost hear Gabriel sulking. At last he said, "If you despise Father so much, why did you ever come back from Spain?"

Gideon replied, sounding exasperated, "I came back for *you*—"

Sophie and Tessa had been leaning against the door, ears pressed to the wood. At that moment the door gave way and

swung open. Both straightened hastily, Tessa hoping that no evidence of their eavesdropping appeared on their faces.

Gabriel and Gideon were standing in a patch of light at the center of the room, facing off against each other. Tessa noticed something she had not noticed before: Gabriel, despite being the younger brother, was lankily taller than Gideon by some inches. Gideon was more muscular, broader through the shoulders. He swept a hand through his sandy hair, nodding curtly to the girls as they appeared in the doorway. “Good day.”

Gabriel Lightwood strode across the room to meet them. He really was quite tall, Tessa thought, craning her neck to look up at him. As a tall girl herself, she didn’t often find herself bending her head back to look up at men, though both Will and Jem were taller than she was.

“Miss Lovelace still regrettably absent?” he inquired without bothering to greet them. His face was calm, the only sign of his earlier agitation a pulse hammering just beneath a Courage in Combat rune inked upon his throat.

“She continues to have the headache,” said Tessa, following him into the training room. “We don’t know how long she’ll be indisposed.”

“Until these training sessions are over, I suspect,” said Gideon, so dryly that Tessa was surprised when Sophie laughed. Sophie immediately composed her features again, but not before Gideon had given her a surprised, almost appreciative glance, as if he weren’t used to having his jokes laughed at.

With a sigh Gabriel reached up and freed two long sticks from their holsters on the wall. He handed one to Tessa. “Today,” he began, “we shall be working on parrying and blocking . . .”



As usual, Tessa lay awake a long time that night before sleep began to come. Nightmares had plagued her recently—usually of Mortmain, his cold gray eyes, and his colder voice saying measuredly that he had made her, that *There is no Tessa Gray*.

She had come face-to-face with him, the man they sought, and still she did not really know what he wanted from her. To marry her, but why? To claim her power, but to what end? The thought of his cold lizardlike eyes on her made her shiver; the thought that he might have had something to do with her birth was even worse. She did not think anyone—not even Jem, wonderful understanding Jem—quite understood her burning need to know what she *was*, or the fear that she was some sort of monster, a fear that woke her in the middle of the night, leaving her gasping and clawing at her own skin, as if she could peel it away to reveal a devil's hide beneath.

Just then she heard a rustle at her door, and the faint scratch of something being gently pushed against it. After a moment's pause she slid off the bed and padded across the room.

She eased the door open to find an empty corridor, the faint sound of violin music drifting from Jem's room across the hall. At her feet was a small green book. She picked it up and gazed at the words stamped in gold on its spine: "*Vathek*, by William Beckford."

She shut the door behind her and carried the book over to her bed, sitting down so she could examine it. Will must have left it for her. Obviously it could have been no one else. But *why*? Why these odd, small kindnesses in the dark, the talk about books, and the coldness the rest of the time?

She opened the book to its title page. Will had scrawled a note for her there—not just a note, in fact. A poem.

*For Tessa Gray, on the occasion of being given
a copy of Vathek to read:*

*Caliph Vathek and his dark horde
Are bound for Hell, you won't be bored!
Your faith in me will be restored—
Unless this token you find untoward
And my poor gift you have ignored.*

—Will

Tessa burst out laughing, then clapped a hand over her mouth. *Drat* Will, for always being able to make her laugh, even when she didn't want to, even when she knew that opening her heart to him even an inch was like taking a pinch of some deadly addictive drug. She dropped the copy of *Vathek*, complete with Will's deliberately terrible poem, onto her nightstand and rolled onto the bed, burying her face in the pillows. She could still hear Jem's violin music, sweetly sad, drifting beneath her door. As hard as she could, she tried to push thoughts of Will out of her mind; and indeed, when she fell asleep at last and dreamed, for once he made no appearance.



It rained the next day, and despite her umbrella Tessa could feel the fine hat she had borrowed from Jessamine beginning to sag like a waterlogged bird around her ears as they—she, Jem, Will, and Cyril, carrying their luggage—hurried from the coach into Kings Cross Station. Through the sheets of gray rain she was conscious only of a tall, imposing building, a great clock tower rising from the front. It was topped with a weathercock that showed that the wind was blowing due north—and not gently, spattering drops of cold rain into her face.

Inside, the station was chaos: people hurrying hither and thither, newspaper boys hawking their wares, men striding up and down with sandwich boards strapped to their chests, advertising everything from hair tonic to soap. A little boy in a Norfolk jacket dashed to and fro, his mother in hot pursuit. With a word to Jem, Will vanished immediately into the crowd.

“Gone off and left us, has he?” said Tessa, struggling with her umbrella, which was refusing to close.

“Let me do that.” Deftly Jem reached over and flicked at the mechanism; the umbrella shut with a decided snap. Pushing her damp hair out of her eyes, Tessa smiled at him, just as Will

returned with an aggrieved-looking porter who relieved Cyril of the baggage and snapped at them to hurry up, the train wouldn't wait all day.

Will looked from the porter to Jem's cane, and back. His blue eyes narrowed. "It will wait for *us*," Will said with a deadly smile.

The porter looked bewildered but said "Sir" in a decidedly less aggressive tone and proceeded to lead them toward the departure platform. People—so many people!—streamed about Tessa as she made her way through the crowd, clutching at Jem with one hand and Jessamine's hat with the other. Far at the end of the station, where the tracks ran out into open ground, she could see the steel gray sky, smudged with soot.

Jem helped her up into their compartment; there was much bustling about the luggage, and Will tipping the porter in among shouts and whistling as the train prepared to depart. The door swung shut behind them just as the train pulled forward, steam rushing past the windows in white drifts, wheels clacking merrily.

"Did you bring anything to read on the journey?" asked Will, settling into the seat opposite Tessa; Jem was beside her, his cane leaning up against the wall.

She thought of the copy of *Vathek* and his poem in it; she had left it at the Institute to avoid temptation, the way you might leave behind a box of candies if you were banting and didn't want to put on weight. "No," she said. "I haven't come across anything I particularly wanted to read lately."

Will's jaw set, but he said nothing.

"There is always something so exciting about the start of a journey, don't you think?" Tessa went on, nose to the window, though she could see little but smoke and soot and hurtling gray rain; London was a dim shadow in the mist.

"No," said Will as he sat back and pulled his hat down over his eyes.

Tessa kept her face against the glass as the gray of London began to fall away behind them, and with it the rain. Soon they were rolling through green fields dotted with white sheep, with

here and there the point of a village steeple in the distance. The sky had turned from steel to a damp, misty blue, and small black clouds scudded overhead. Tessa watched it all with fascination.

“Haven’t you ever been in the countryside before?” asked Jem, though unlike Will’s, his question had the flavor of actual curiosity.

Tessa shook her head. “I don’t remember ever leaving New York, except to go to Coney Island, and that isn’t really countryside. I suppose I must have passed through some of it when I came from Southampton with the Dark Sisters, but it was dark, and they kept the curtains across the windows, besides.” She took off her hat, which was dripping water, and laid it on the seat between them to dry. “But I feel as if I have seen it before. In books. I keep imagining I’ll see Thornfield Hall rising up beyond the trees, or Wuthering Heights perched on a stony crag —”

“Wuthering Heights is in Yorkshire,” said Will, from under his hat, “and we’re nowhere near Yorkshire yet. We haven’t even reached Grantham. And there’s nothing that impressive about Yorkshire. Hills and dales, no proper mountains like we have in Wales.”

“Do you miss Wales?” Tessa inquired. She wasn’t sure why she did it; she knew asking Will about his past was like poking a dog with a sore tail, but she couldn’t seem to help it.

Will shrugged lightly. “What’s to miss? Sheep and singing,” he said. “And the ridiculous language. *Fe hoffwn i fod mor feddw, fyddai ddim yn cofio fy enw.*”

“What does that mean?”

“It means ‘I wish to get so drunk I no longer remember my own name,’ Quite useful.”

“You don’t sound very patriotic,” observed Tessa. “Weren’t you just reminiscing about the mountains?”

“Patriotic?” Will looked smug. “I’ll tell you what’s patriotic,” he said. “In honor of my birthplace, I’ve the dragon of Wales tattooed on my—”

“You’re in a *charming* temper, aren’t you, William?” interrupted Jem, though there was no edge to his voice. Still, having observed them now for some time, together and apart, Tessa knew it meant something when they called each other by their full first names instead of the familiar shortened forms. “Remember, Starkweather can’t stand Charlotte, so if this is the mood you’re in—”

“I promise to charm the dickens out of him,” said Will, sitting up and readjusting his crushed hat. “I shall charm him with such force that when I am done, he will be left lying limply on the ground, trying to remember his own name.”

“The man’s eighty-nine,” muttered Jem. “He may well have that problem anyway.”

“I suppose you’re storing up all that charm now?” Tessa inquired. “Wouldn’t want to waste any of it on us?”

“That’s it exactly.” Will sounded pleased. “And it isn’t Charlotte the Starkweathers can’t stand, Jem. It’s her father.”

“Sins of the fathers,” said Jem. “They’re not inclined to like any Fairchild, or anyone associated with one. Charlotte wouldn’t even let Henry come up—”

“That is because every time one lets Henry out of the house on his own, one risks an international incident,” said Will. “But yes, to answer your unasked question, I do understand the trust Charlotte has placed in us, and I do intend to behave myself. I don’t want to see that squinty-eyed Benedict Lightwood and his hideous sons in charge of the Institute any more than anyone else does.”

“They’re not hideous,” said Tessa.

Will blinked at her. “What?”

“Gideon and Gabriel,” said Tessa. “They’re really quite good-looking, not hideous at all.”

“I spoke,” said Will in sepulchral tones, “of the pitch-black inner depths of their souls.”

Tessa snorted. “And what color do you suppose the inner depths of *your* soul are, Will Herondale?”

“Mauve,” said Will.

Tessa looked over at Jem for help, but he only smiled. “Perhaps we should discuss strategy,” he said. “Starkweather hates Charlotte but knows that she sent us. So how to worm our way into his good graces?”

“Tessa can utilize her feminine wiles,” said Will. “Charlotte said he enjoys a pretty face.”

“How did Charlotte explain my presence?” Tessa inquired, realizing belatedly that she should have asked this earlier.

“She didn’t really; she just gave our names. She was quite curt,” said Will. “I think it falls to us to concoct a plausible story.”

“We can’t say I’m a Shadowhunter; he’ll know immediately that I’m not. No Marks.”

“And no warlock mark. He’ll think she’s a mundane,” said Jem. “She could Change, but . . .”

Will eyed her speculatively. Though Tessa knew it meant nothing—worse than nothing, really—she still felt his gaze on her like the brush of a finger across the back of her neck, making her shiver. She forced herself to return his look stonily. “Perhaps we could say she’s a mad maiden aunt who insists on chaperoning us everywhere.”

“My aunt or yours?” Jem inquired.

“Yes, she doesn’t really look like either of us, does she? Perhaps she’s a girl who’s fallen madly in love with me and persists in following me wherever I go.”

“My talent is shape-shifting, Will, not acting,” said Tessa, and at that, Jem laughed out loud. Will glared at him.

“She had the better of you there, Will,” he said. “It does happen sometimes, doesn’t it? Perhaps I should introduce Tessa as my fiancée. We can tell mad old Aloysius that her Ascension is underway.”

“Ascension?” Tessa remembered nothing of the term from the *Codex*.

Jem said, “When a Shadowhunter wishes to marry a mundane —”

“But I thought that was forbidden?” Tessa asked, as the train slid into a tunnel. It was dark suddenly in their compartment, though she had the feeling nevertheless that Will was looking at her, that shivering sense that his gaze was on her somehow.

“It is. *Unless* the Mortal Cup is used to turn that mundane into a Shadowhunter. It is not a common result, but it does happen. If the Shadowhunter in question applies to the Clave for an Ascension for their partner, the Clave is required to consider it for at least three months. Meanwhile, the mundane embarks on a course of study to learn about Shadowhunter culture—”

Jem’s voice was drowned out by the train whistle as the locomotive emerged from the tunnel. Tessa looked at Will, but he was staring fixedly out the window, not looking at her at all. She must have imagined it.

“It’s not a bad idea, I suppose,” said Tessa. “I do know rather a lot; I’ve finished nearly all of the *Codex*.”

“It would seem reasonable that I brought you with me,” said Jem. “As a possible Ascender, you might want to learn about Institutes other than the one in London.” He turned to Will. “What do you think?”

“It seems as fine an idea as any.” Will was still looking out the window; the countryside had grown less green, more stark. There were no villages visible, only long swathes of gray-green grass and outcroppings of black rock.

“How many Institutes are there, other than the one in London?” Tessa asked.

Jem ticked them off on his hands. “In Britain? London, York, one in Cornwall—near Tintagel—one in Cardiff, and one in Edinburgh. They’re all smaller, though, and report to the London Institute, which in turn reports to Idris.”

“Gideon Lightwood said he was at the Institute in Madrid. What on earth was he doing there?”

“Faffing about, most likely,” said Will.

“Once we finish our training, at eighteen,” said Jem, as if Will hadn’t spoken, “we’re encouraged to travel, to spend time at

other Institutes, to experience something of Shadowhunter culture in new places. There are always different techniques, local tricks to be learned. Gideon was away for only a few months. If Benedict called him back so soon, he must think that his acquisition of the Institute is assured." Jem looked troubled.

"But he's wrong," Tessa said firmly, and when the troubled look didn't leave Jem's gray eyes, she cast about for something to change the subject. "Where is the Institute in New York?"

"We haven't memorized all their addresses, Tessa." There was something in Will's voice, a dangerous undercurrent. Jem looked at him narrowly, and said:

"Is everything all right?"

Will took his hat off and laid it on the seat next to him. He looked at them both steadily for a moment, his gaze level. He was beautiful to look at as always, Tessa thought, but there seemed something *gray* about him, almost faded. For someone who so often seemed to burn very brightly, that light in him seemed exhausted now, as if he had been rolling a rock up a hill like Sisyphus. "Too much to drink last night," he said finally.

Really, why do you bother, Will? Don't you realize we both know you're lying? Tessa almost said, but one look at Jem stopped her. His gaze as he regarded Will was worried—very worried indeed, though Tessa knew he did not believe Will about the drinking, any more than she did. But, "Well," was all he said, lightly, "if only there were a Rune of Sobriety."

"Yes." Will looked back at him, and the strain in his expression relaxed slightly. "If we might return to discussing your plan, James. It's a good one, save one thing." He leaned forward. "If she is meant to be affianced to you, Tessa will need a ring."

"I had thought of that," said Jem, startling Tessa, who had imagined he had come up with this Ascendant idea on the spot. He slipped his hand into his waistcoat pocket and drew out a silver ring, which he held out to Tessa on his palm. It was not unlike the silver ring Will often wore, though where Will's had a design of birds in flight, this one had a careful etching of the

crenellations of a castle tower around it. “The Carstairs family ring,” he said. “If you would . . .”

She took it from him and slipped it onto her left ring finger, where it seemed to magically fit itself. She felt as if she ought to say something like *It’s lovely*, or *Thank you*, but of course this wasn’t a proposal, or even a gift. It was simply an acting prop. “Charlotte doesn’t wear a wedding ring,” she said. “I hadn’t realized Shadowhunters did.”

“We don’t,” said Will. “It is customary to give a girl your family ring when you become engaged, but the actual wedding ceremony involves exchanging runes instead of rings. One on the arm, and one over the heart.”

“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,” said Jem. “Song of Solomon.”

“Jealousy is cruel as the grave?” Tessa raised her eyebrows. “That’s not . . . very romantic.”

“The coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame,” said Will, quirking his eyebrows up. “I always thought females found the idea of jealousy romantic. Men, fighting over you . . .”

“Well, there aren’t any *graves* in mundane wedding ceremonies,” said Tessa. “Though your ability to quote the Bible is impressive. Better than my aunt Harriet’s.”

“Did you hear that, James? She just compared us to her aunt Harriet.”

Jem, as always, was unruffled. “We must be on familiar terms with all religious texts,” he said. “To us they are instruction manuals.”

“So you memorize them all in school?” She realized she had seen neither Will nor Jem at their studies since she had been at the Institute. “Or rather, when you are tutored?”

“Yes, though Charlotte’s rather fallen off in tutoring us lately, as you might imagine,” said Will. “One either has a tutor or one is

schooled in Idris—that is, until you attain your majority at eighteen. Which will be soon, thankfully, for the both of us.”

“Which one of you is older?”

“Jem,” said Will, and “I am,” said Jem, at the same time. They laughed in unison as well, and Will added, “Only by three months, though.”

“I knew you’d feel compelled to point that out,” said Jem with a grin.

Tessa looked from one of them to the other. There could not be two boys who looked more different, or who had more different dispositions. And yet. “Is that what it means to be *parabatai*?” she said. “Finishing each other’s sentences and the like? Because there isn’t much on it in the *Codex*.”

Will and Jem looked at each other. Will shrugged first, casually. “It is rather difficult to explain,” he said loftily. “If you haven’t experienced it—”

“I meant,” Tessa said, “you cannot—I don’t know—read each other’s minds, or the like?”

Jem made a spluttering noise. Will’s lambent blue eyes widened. “Read each other’s minds? Horrors, no.”

“Then, what’s the point? You swear to guard each other, I understand that, but aren’t all Shadowhunters meant to do that for each other?”

“It’s more than that,” said Jem, who had stopped spluttering and spoke somberly. “The idea of *parabatai* comes from an old tale, the story of Jonathan and David. ‘And it came to pass . . . that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul. . . . Then Jonathan and David made a covenant, because he loved him as his own soul.’ They were two warriors, and their souls were knit together by Heaven, and out of that Jonathan Shadowhunter took the idea of *parabatai*, and encoded the ceremony into the Law.”

“But it doesn’t just have to be two men. It can be a man and a woman, or two women?”

“Of course.” Jem nodded. “You have only eighteen years to find and choose a *parabatai*. Once you are older than that, the ritual is no longer open to you. And it is not merely a matter of promising to guard each other. You must stand before the Council and swear to lay down your life for your *parabatai*. To go where they go, to be buried where they are buried. If there were an arrow speeding toward Will, I would be bound by oath to step in front of it.”

“Handy, that,” said Will.

“And he, of course, is bound to do the same for me,” said Jem. “Whatever he may say to the contrary, Will does not break oaths, or the Law.” He looked hard at Will, who smiled faintly and stared out the window.

“Goodness,” said Tessa. “That’s all very touching, but I don’t see exactly how it confers any advantages.”

“Not everyone has a *parabatai*,” said Jem. “Very few of us, actually, find one in the allotted time. But those who do can draw on the strength of their *parabatai* in battle. A rune put on you by your *parabatai* is always more potent than one you put on yourself, or one put on by another. And there are some runes we can utilize that no other Shadowhunter can, because they draw on our doubled power.”

“But what if you decide that you don’t want to be *parabatai* anymore?” Tessa asked curiously. “Can the ritual be broken?”

“Dear God, woman,” said Will. “Are there any questions you *don’t* want to know the answer to?”

“I don’t see the harm in telling her.” Jem’s hands were folded atop his cane. “The more she knows, the better she will be able to pretend she plans to Ascend.” He turned to Tessa. “The ritual cannot be broken save in a few situations. If one of us were to become a Downworlder or a mundane, then the binding is cut. And of course, if one of us were to die, the other would be free. But not to choose another *parabatai*. A single Shadowhunter cannot take part in the ritual more than once.”

“It is like being married, isn’t it,” said Tessa placidly, “in the Catholic church. Like Henry the Eighth; he had to create a new religion just so he could escape from his vows.”

“Till death do us part,” said Will, his gaze still fixed on the countryside speeding past outside the window.

“Well, Will won’t need to create a new religion just to be rid of me,” said Jem. “He’ll be free soon enough.”

Will looked over sharply, but it was Tessa who spoke. “Don’t say that,” she admonished Jem. “A cure could still be found. I don’t see any reason to abandon all hope.”

She almost shrank back at the look Will bent on her: blue, blazing, and furious. Jem seemed not to notice as he replied, calmly and unaffectedly. “I haven’t abandoned hope,” he said. “I just hope for different things than you do, Tessa Gray.”



Hours went by after that, hours during which Tessa nodded off, her head propped against her hand, the dull sound of the train’s wheels winding its way into her dreams. She woke at last with Jem shaking her gently by the shoulders, the train whistle blowing, and the guard shouting out the name of York station. In a flurry of bags and hats and porters they descended to the platform. It was nowhere near as crowded as Kings Cross, and covered by a far more impressive arched glass and iron roof, through which could be glimpsed the gray-black sky.

Platforms stretched as far as the eye could see; Tessa, Jem, and Will stood on the one closest to the main body of the station, where great gold-faced railway clocks proclaimed the time to be six o’clock. They were farther north now, and the sky had already begun to darken to twilight.

They had only just gathered beneath one of the clocks when a man stepped out of the shadows. Tessa barely suppressed a start at the sight of him. He was heavily cloaked, wearing a black oilskin-looking hat, and boots like an old sailor. His beard was long and white, his eyes crested with thick white eyebrows. He

reached out and laid a hand on Will's shoulder. "Nephilim?" he said, his voice gruff and thickly accented. "Is it you?"

"Dear God," said Will, putting his hand over his heart in a theatrical gesture. "It's the Ancient Mariner who stoppeth one of three."

"Ah'm 'ere at t'bequest of Aloysius Starkweather. Art t'lads he wants or not? Ah've not got all night to stand about."

"Important appointment with an albatross?" Will inquired. "Don't let us keep you."

"What my mad friend means to say," said Jem, "is that we are indeed Shadowhunters of the London Institute. Charlotte Branwell sent us. And you are . . .?"

"Gottshall," the man said gruffly. "Me family's been serving the Shadowhunters of the York Institute for nigh on three centuries now. I can see through tha' glamours, young ones. Save for this one," he added, and turned his eyes on Tessa. "If there's a glamour on the girl, it's summat I've never seen before."

"She's a mundane—an Ascendant," Jem said quickly. "Soon to be my wife." He took Tessa's hand protectively, and turned it so that Gottshall could see the ring on her finger. "The Council thought it would be beneficial for her to see another Institute besides London's."

"Has Mr. Starkweather been told aught about this?" Gottshall asked, black eyes keen beneath the rim of his hat.

"It depends what Mrs. Branwell told him," said Jem.

"Well, I hope she told him something, for yer sakes," said the old servant, raising his eyebrows. "If there's a man in t' world who hates surprises more than Aloysius Starkweather, Ah've yet to meet the bast—beggar. Begging your pardon, miss."

Tessa smiled and inclined her head, but inside, her stomach was churning. She looked from Jem to Will, but both boys were calm and smiling. They were used to this sort of subterfuge, she thought, and she was not. She had played parts before, but never as herself, never wearing her own face and not someone else's. For some reason the thought of lying without a false image to

hide behind terrified her. She could only hope that Gottshall was exaggerating, though something—the glint in his eye as he regarded her, perhaps—told her that he wasn't.

5

SHADES OF THE PAST

*But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate;
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.
—Edgar Allan Poe, "The Haunted Palace"*

Tessa barely noticed the interior of the station as they followed Starkweather's servant through its crowded entry hall. Hustle and bustle, people bumping into her, the smell of coal smoke and cooking food, blurring signs for the Great Northern Railway company and the York and North Midland lines. Soon enough they were outside the station, under a graying sky that arched overhead, threatening rain. A grand hotel reared up against the twilight sky at one end of the station; Gottshall hurried them toward it, where a black carriage with the four Cs of the Clave painted on the door waited near the entrance. After settling the luggage and clambering inside, they were off, the carriage surging into Tanner Row to join the flow of traffic.

Will was silent most of the way, drumming his slim fingers on his black-trousered knees, his blue eyes distant and thoughtful. It

was Jem who did the talking, leaning across Tessa to draw the curtains back on her side of the carriage. He pointed out items of interest—the graveyard where the victims of a cholera epidemic had been interred, and the ancient gray walls of the city rising up in front of them, crenellated across the top like the pattern on his ring. Once they were through the walls, the streets narrowed. It was like London, Tessa thought, but on a reduced scale; even the stores they passed—a butcher's, a draper's—seemed smaller. The pedestrians, mostly men, who hurried by, chins dug into their collars to block the light rain that had begun to fall, were not as fashionably dressed; they looked “country,” like the farmers who came into Manhattan on occasion, recognizable by the redness of their big hands, the tough, sunburned skin of their faces.

The carriage swung out of a narrow street and into a huge square; Tessa drew in a breath. Before them rose a magnificent cathedral, its Gothic turrets piercing the gray sky like Saint Sebastian stuck through with arrows. A massive limestone tower surmounted the structure, and niches along the front of the building held sculpted statues, each one different. “Is that the Institute? Goodness, it's so much grander than London's—”

Will laughed. “Sometimes a church is only a church, Tess.”

“That's York Minster,” said Jem. “Pride of the city. *Not* the Institute. The Institute's in Goodramgate Street.” His words were confirmed as the carriage swung away from the cathedral, down Deangate, and onto the narrow, cobbled lane of Goodramgate, where they rattled beneath a small iron gate between two leaning Tudor buildings.

When they emerged on the other side of the gate, Tessa saw why Will had laughed. What rose before them was a pleasant-enough-looking church, surrounded by enclosing walls and smooth grass, but it had none of the grandeur of York Minster. When Gottshall came around to swing the door of the carriage open and help Tessa down to the ground, she saw that occasional headstones rose from the rain-dampened grass, as if someone

had intended to begin a cemetery here and had lost interest halfway through the proceedings.

The sky was nearly black now, silvered here and there with clouds made near-transparent by starlight. Behind her, Jem's and Will's familiar voices murmured; before her, the doors of the church stood open, and through them she could see flickering candles. She felt suddenly bodiless, as if she were the ghost of Tessa, haunting this odd place so far from the life she had known in New York. She shivered, and not just from the cold.

She felt the brush of a hand against her arm, and warm breath stirred her hair. She knew who it was without turning. "Shall we go in, my betrothed?" Jem said softly in her ear. She could feel the laughter in him, vibrating through his bones, communicating itself to her. She almost smiled. "Let us beard the lion in his den together."

She put her hand through his arm. They made their way up the steps of the church; she looked back at the top, and saw Will gazing up after them, apparently unheeding as Gottshall tapped him on the shoulder, saying something into his ear. Her eyes met his, but she looked quickly away; entangling gazes with Will was confusing at best, dizzying at worst.

The inside of the church was small and dark compared to the London Institute's. Pews dark with age ran the length of the walls, and above them witchlight tapers burned in holders made of blackened iron. At the front of the church, in front of a veritable cascade of burning candles, stood an old man dressed all in Shadowhunter black. His hair and beard were thick and gray, standing out wildly around his head, his gray-black eyes half-hidden beneath massive eyebrows, his skin scored with the marks of age. Tessa knew him to be almost ninety, but his back was still straight, his chest as thick around as the trunk of a tree.

"Young Herondale, are you?" he barked as Will stepped forward to introduce himself. "Half-mundane, half-Welsh, and the worst traits of both, I've heard."

Will smiled politely. "*Diolch.*"

Starkweather bristled. "Mongrel tongue," he muttered, and turned his gaze to Jem. "James Carstairs," he said. "Another Institute brat. I've half a mind to tell the lot of you to go to blazes. That upstart bit of a girl, that Charlotte Fairchild, foisting you all on me with nary a by-your-leave." He had a little of the Yorkshire accent that his servant had, though much fainter; still, the way he pronounced "I" did sound a bit like "Ah." "None of that family ever had a bit o' manners. I could do without her father, and I can do without—"

His flashing eyes came to rest on Tessa then, and he stopped abruptly, his mouth open, as if he had been slapped in the face midsentence. Tessa glanced at Jem; he looked as startled as she did at Starkweather's sudden silence. But there, in the breach, was Will.

"This is Tessa Gray, sir," he said. "She is a mundane girl, but she is the betrothed of Carstairs here, and an Ascendant."

"A *mundane*, you say?" demanded Starkweather, his eyes wide.

"An Ascendant," said Will in his most soothing, silken voice. "She has been a faithful friend to the Institute in London, and we hope to welcome her into our ranks soon."

"A mundane," the old man repeated, and broke into a fit of coughing. "Well, times have—Yes, I suppose then—" His eyes skipped across Tessa's face again, and he turned to Gottshall, who was looking martyred among the luggage. "Get Cedric and Andrew to help you bring our guests' belongings up to their rooms," he said. "And do tell Ellen to instruct Cook to set three extra places for dinner tonight. I may have forgotten to remind her that we would have guests."

The servant gaped at his master before nodding in a seeming daze; Tessa couldn't blame him. It was clear that Starkweather had meant to send them packing and had changed his mind at the last moment. She glanced at Jem, who looked just as mystified as she felt; only Will, blue eyes wide and face as innocent as a choirboy's, seemed as if he had expected nothing else.

“Well, come along, then,” said Starkweather gruffly without looking at Tessa. “You needn’t stand there. Follow me and I’ll show you to your rooms.”



“By the Angel,” Will said, scraping his fork through the brownish mess on his plate. “What is this stuff?”

Tessa had to admit, it was difficult to tell. Starkweather’s servants—mostly bent old men and women and a sour-faced female housekeeper—had done as he’d asked and had set three extra places for supper, which consisted of a dark, lumpy stew ladled out of a silver tureen by a woman in a black dress and white cap, so bent and old that Tessa had to physically prevent herself from leaping up to assist her with the serving. When the woman was done, she turned and shuffled off, leaving Jem, Tessa, and Will alone in the dining room to stare at one another across the table.

A place had been set for Starkweather as well, but he wasn’t at it. Tessa had to admit that if she were him, she wouldn’t be rushing to eat the stew either. Heavy with overcooked vegetables and tough meat, it was even more unappetizing-looking in the dim light of the dining room. Only a few tapers lit the cramped space; the wallpaper was dark brown, the mirror over the unlit hearth stained and discolored. Tessa felt dreadfully uncomfortable in her evening dress, a stiff blue taffeta borrowed from Jessamine and let out by Sophie, which had turned to the color of a bruise in the unhealthy light.

Still, it was awfully peculiar behavior for a host, to be so insistent that they join him for supper and then not to appear. A servant just as frail and ancient as the one who’d ladled out the stew had led Tessa to her room earlier, a great dim cavern full of heavy carved furniture. It too was dimly lit, as if Starkweather were trying to save money on oil or tapers, though as far as Tessa knew, witchlight cost nothing. Perhaps he simply liked the dark.

She had found her room chilly, dark, and more than slightly ominous. The low fire burning in the grate had done little to

warm the room. On either side of the hearth was carved a jagged lightning bolt. The same symbol was on the white pitcher full of chilly water that Tessa had used to wash her hands and face. She had dried off quickly, wondering why she couldn't remember the symbol from the *Codex*. It must mean something important. The whole of the London Institute was decorated with Clave symbols like the Angel rising from the lake, or the interlocked Cs of Council, Covenant, Clave, and Consul.

Heavy old portraits were everywhere as well—in her bedroom, in the corridors, lining the staircase. After changing into evening dress and hearing the dinner bell ring, Tessa had made her way down the staircase, a great carved Jacobean monstrosity, only to pause on the landing to gaze at the portrait of a very young girl with long, fair hair, dressed in an old-fashioned child's dress, a great ribbon surmounting her small head. Her face was thin and pale and sickly, but her eyes were bright—the only bright thing in this dark place, Tessa had thought.

“Adele Starkweather,” had come a voice at her elbow, reading off the placard on the portrait's frame. “1842.”

She had turned to look at Will, who'd stood with his feet apart, his hands behind his back, gazing at the portrait and frowning.

“What is it? You look as if you don't like her, but I rather do. She must be Starkweather's daughter—no, granddaughter, I think.”

Will had shaken his head, looking from the portrait to Tessa. “No doubt. This place is decorated like a family home. It is clear there have been Starkweathers in the York Institute for generations. You've seen the lightning bolts everywhere?”

Tessa had nodded.

“That is the Starkweather family symbol. There is as much of the Starkweathers here as there is of the Clave. It is bad form to behave as if one owns a place like this. One cannot inherit an Institute. The guardian of an Institute is appointed by the Consul. The place itself belongs to the Clave.”

“Charlotte's parents ran the London Institute before she did.”

“Part of the reason old Lightwood is so tinder-tempered about the whole business,” Will had replied. “Institutes aren’t necessarily meant to stay in families. But the Consul wouldn’t have given Charlotte the post if he hadn’t thought she was the right person for it. And it’s only one generation. This—” He swept his arm about as if to encompass the portraits, the landing, and odd, lonely Aloysius Starkweather, all in one gesture. “Well, no wonder the old man thinks he has the right to throw us out of the place.”

“Mad as hops, my aunt would have said. Shall we go down to dinner?”

In a rare show of gentility, Will had offered his arm. Tessa hadn’t looked at him as she’d taken it. Will dressed for dinner was handsome enough to take away her breath, and she’d had the feeling she’d need her wits about her.

Jem had already been waiting in the dining room when they’d arrived, and Tessa had settled herself beside him to await their host. His place had been set, his plate filled with stew, even his wineglass filled with dark red wine, but there had been no sign of him. It was Will who had shrugged first and begun to eat, though he’d soon looked as if he wished he hadn’t.

“What is this?” he went on now, spearing an unfortunate object on a fork and raising it to eye level. “This . . . this . . . *thing*?”

“A parsnip?” Jem suggested.

“A parsnip planted in Satan’s own garden,” said Will. He glanced about. “I don’t suppose there’s a dog I could feed it to.”

“There don’t seem to be any pets about,” Jem—who loved all animals, even the inglorious and ill-tempered Church—observed.

“Probably all poisoned by parsnips,” said Will.

“Oh, dear,” Tessa said sadly, laying her fork down. “And I was so hungry too.”

“There’s always the dinner rolls,” said Will, pointing to a covered basket. “Though I warn you, they’re as hard as stones. You could use them to kill black beetles, if any beetles bother you in the middle of the night.”

Tessa made a face and took a swig of her wine. It was as sour as vinegar.

Will set his fork down and began cheerfully, in the manner of Edward Lear's *Book of Nonsense*:

*"There once was a lass from New York
Who found herself hungry in York.
But the bread was like rocks,
The parsnips shaped like—"*

"You can't rhyme 'York' with 'York,'" interrupted Tessa. "It's cheating."

"She's right, you know," said Jem, his delicate fingers playing with the stem of his wineglass. "Especially with 'fork' being so obviously the correct choice—"

"Good evening." The hulking shadow of Aloysius Starkweather loomed up suddenly in the doorway; Tessa wondered with a flush of embarrassment how long he'd been standing there. "Mr. Herondale, Mr. Carstairs, Miss, ah—"

"Gray," Tessa said. "Theresa Gray."

"Indeed." Starkweather made no apologies, just settled himself heavily at the head of the table. He was carrying a square, flat box, the sort bankers used to keep their papers in, which he set down beside his plate. With a flash of excitement Tessa saw that there was a year marked on it—1825—and even better, three sets of initials. *JTS, AES, AHM*.

"No doubt your young miss will be pleased to know I've buckled to her demands and searched the archives all day and half last night besides," Starkweather began in an aggrieved tone. It took Tessa a moment to realize that in this case, "young miss" meant Charlotte. "It's lucky, she is, that my father never threw anything out. And the moment I saw the papers, I remembered." He tapped his temple. "Eighty-nine years, and I never forget a thing. You tell old Wayland that when he talks about replacing me."

“We surely will, sir,” said Jem, his eyes dancing.

Starkweather took a hearty gulp of his wine and made a face. “By the Angel, this stuff’s disgusting.” He set the glass down and began pulling papers from the box. “What we have here is an application for Reparations on behalf of two warlocks. John and Anne Shade. A married couple.

“Now, here’s the odd bit,” the old man went on. “The filing was done by their son, Axel Hollingworth Mortmain, twenty-two years old. Now, of course warlocks are barren—”

Will shifted uncomfortably in his seat, his eyes slanting away from Tessa’s.

“This son was adopted,” said Jem.

“Shouldn’t be allowed, that,” said Starkweather, taking another slug of the wine he had pronounced disgusting. His cheeks were beginning to redden. “Like giving a human child to wolves to raise. Before the Accords—”

“If there are any clues to his whereabouts,” said Jem, gently trying to steer the conversation back onto its track. “We have very little time—”

“Very well, very well,” snapped Starkweather. “There’s little information about your precious Mortmain in here. More about the parents. It seems suspicion fell on them when it was discovered that the male warlock, John Shade, was in possession of the Book of the White. Quite a powerful spell book, you understand; disappeared from the London Institute’s library under suspicious circumstances back in 1752. The book specializes in binding and unbinding spells—tying the soul to the body, or untying it, as the case may be. Turned out the warlock was trying to animate things. He was digging up corpses or buying them off medical students and replacing the more damaged bits with mechanisms. Then trying to bring them to life. Necromancy—very much against the Law. And we didn’t have the Accords in those days. An Enclave group swept in and slaughtered both warlocks.”

“And the child?” said Will. “Mortmain?”

“No hide nor hair of him,” said Starkweather. “We searched, but nothing. Assumed he was dead, till this turned up, cheeky as you please, demanding reparations. Even his address—”

“His *address*?” Will demanded. That information had *not* been included in the scroll they had seen at the Institute. “In London?”

“Nay. Right here in Yorkshire.” Starkweather tapped the page with a wrinkled finger. “Ravenscar Manor. A massive old pile up north from here. Been abandoned now, I think, for decades. Now that I think about it, can’t figure how he could’ve afforded it in the first place. It’s not where the Shades lived.”

“Still,” said Jem. “An excellent starting point for us to go looking. If it’s been abandoned since his tenancy, there may be things he left behind. In fact, he may well still be using the place.”

“I suppose.” Starkweather sounded unenthusiastic about the whole business. “Most of the Shades’ belongings were taken for spoils.”

“Spoils,” Tessa echoed faintly. She remembered the term from the *Codex*. Anything a Shadowhunter took from a Downworlder who had been caught breaking the Law belonged to him. Those were the spoils of war. She looked across the table at Jem and Will; Jem’s gentle eyes resting on her with concern, Will’s haunted blue ones holding all their secrets. Did she really belong to a race of creatures that was at war with what Jem and Will were?

“Spoils,” Starkweather rumbled. He had polished off his wine and started on Will’s untouched glass. “Do those interest you, girl? We’ve quite a collection here in the Institute. Puts the London collection to shame, or so I’m told.” He stood up, nearly knocking over his chair. “Come along. I’ll show them to you, and tell you the rest of this sorry tale, though there’s not that much more to it.”

Tessa looked quickly to Will and Jem for a cue, but they were already on their feet, following the old man out of the room. Starkweather spoke as he walked, his voice drifting back over his shoulder, making the rest of them hurry to match his long strides.

“Never thought much of this Reparations business myself,” he said as they passed down another dimly lit, interminably long stone corridor. “Makes Downworlders uppity, thinking they have a right to get something out of us. All the work we do and no thanks, just hands held out for more, more, more. Don’t you think so, gentlemen?”

“Bastards, all of them,” said Will, who seemed as if his mind were a thousand miles away. Jem looked at him sideways.

“Absolutely!” barked Starkweather, clearly pleased. “Not that one should use such language in front of a lady, of course. As I was saying, this Mortmain was protesting the death of Anne Shade, the male warlock’s wife—said she’d had nothing to do with her husband’s projects, hadn’t known about them, he claimed. Her death was undeserved. Wanted a trial of those guilty of what he called her ‘murder,’ and his parents’ belongings back.”

“Was the Book of the White among what he asked for?” Jem inquired. “I know it’s a crime for a warlock to own such a volume . . .”

“It was. It was retrieved and placed in the London Institute library, where no doubt it remains still. Certainly no one was going to give it to *him*.”

Tessa did a quick mental calculation in her head. If he was eighty-nine now, Starkweather would have been twenty-six at the time of the Shades’ deaths. “Were you there?”

His bloodshot eyes danced over her; she noticed that even now, a little drunk, he didn’t seem to want to look at her too directly. “Was I where?”

“You said an Enclave group was sent out to deal with the Shades. Were you among them?”

He hesitated, then shrugged. “Aye,” he said, his Yorkshire accent thickening for a moment. “Dinna take long to get the both of them. They weren’t prepared. Not a bit. I remember them lying there in their blood. The first time I saw dead warlocks, I was surprised they bled red. I could have sworn it’d be another color, blue or green or some such.” He shrugged. “We took the

cloaks off them, like skins off a tiger. I was given the keeping of them, or more rightly, my father was. Glory, glory. Those were the days." He grinned like a skull, and Tessa thought of Bluebeard's chamber where he kept the remains of the wives he had killed. She felt both very hot and very cold all over.

"Mortmain never had a chance, did he," she said quietly. "Filing his complaint like that. He was never going to get his reparations."

"Of course not!" barked Starkweather. "Rubbish, all of it—claiming the wife wasn't involved. What wife isn't neck-deep in her husband's business? Besides, he wasn't even their blood son, couldn't have been. Probably more of a pet to them than anything else. I'd wager the father'd have used him for spare parts if it came down to it. He was better off without them. He should have been thanking us, not asking for a trial—"

The old man broke off as he reached a heavy door at the end of the corridor and put his shoulder to it, grinning down at them from beneath beetling brows. "Ever been to the Crystal Palace? Well, this is even better."

He shouldered the door open, and light blazed up around them as they passed through into the room beyond. Clearly it was the only well-lit room in the place.

The room was full of glass-fronted cabinets, and over each cabinet was mounted a lamp of witchlight, illuminating the contents within. Tessa saw Will's back stiffen, and Jem reached for her, his hand tightening on her arm with an almost bruising grip. "Don't—," he began, but she had pushed forward, and was staring at the contents of the cabinets.

Spoils. A gold locket, open to a daguerreotype of a laughing child. The locket was splattered with dried blood. Behind her Starkweather was talking about digging the silver bullets out of the bodies of freshly killed werewolves and melting them down to recast. There was a dish of such bullets, in fact, in one of the cabinets, filling a bloodstained bowl. Sets of vampire fangs, row on row of them. What looked like sheets of gossamer or delicate

fabric, pressed under glass. Only on closer inspection did Tessa realize they were the wings of faeries. A goblin, like the one she had seen with Jessamine in Hyde Park, floating open-eyed in a large jar of preservative fluid.

And the remains of warlocks. Mummified taloned hands, like Mrs. Black's. A stripped skull, utterly de-fleshed, human-looking save that it had tusks instead of teeth. Vials of sludgy-looking blood. Starkweather was now talking about how much warlock parts, especially a warlock's "mark," could be sold for on the Downworld market. Tessa felt dizzy and hot, her eyes burning.

Tessa turned around, her hands shaking. Jem and Will stood, looking at Starkweather with mute expressions of horror; the old man was holding up another hunting trophy—a human-looking head mounted to a backing. The skin had shriveled and gone gray, drawn back against the bones. Fleshless spiral horns protruded from the top of its skull. "Got this off a warlock I killed down by Leeds way," he said. "You wouldn't believe the fight he put up—"

Starkweather's voice hollowed out, and Tessa felt herself suddenly cut free and floating. Darkness rushed up, and then there were arms around her, and Jem's voice. Words floated by her in ragged scraps. "My fiancée—never seen spoils before—can't stand blood—very delicate—"

Tessa wanted to fight free of Jem, wanted to rush at Starkweather and strike the old man, but she knew it would ruin everything if she did. She clenched her eyes shut and pressed her face against Jem's chest, breathing him in. He smelled of soap and sandalwood. Then there were other hands on her, drawing her away from Jem. Starkweather's maidservants. She heard Starkweather telling them to take her upstairs and help her to bed. She opened her eyes to see Jem's troubled face as he looked after her, until the door of the spoils room closed between them.



It took Tessa a long time to fall asleep that night, and when she did, she had a nightmare. In the dream she lay manacled to the

brass bed in the house of the Dark Sisters . . .

Light like thin gray soup seeped through the windows. The door opened and Mrs. Dark came in, followed by her sister, who had no head, only the white bone of her spine protruding from her raggedly severed neck.

“Here she is, the pretty, pretty princess,” said Mrs. Dark, clapping her hands together. “Just think of what we will get for all the parts of her. A hundred each for her little white hands, and a thousand for the pair of her eyes. We’d get more if they were blue, of course, but one can’t have everything.”

She chuckled, and the bed began to spin as Tessa screamed and thrashed in the darkness. Faces appeared above her: Mortmain, his narrow features screwed up in amusement. “And they say the worth of a good woman is far above rubies,” he said. “What of the worth of a warlock?”

“Put her in a cage, I say, and let the groundlings stare at her for pennies,” said Nate, and suddenly the bars of a cage sprang up around her and he was laughing at her from the other side, his pretty face twisted up in scorn. Henry was there too, shaking his head. “I’ve taken her all apart,” he said, “and I can’t see what makes that heart of hers beat. Still, it’s quite a curiosity, isn’t it?” He opened his hand, and there was something red and fleshy on his palm, pulsing and contracting like a fish flipped out of water, gasping for air. “See how it’s divided into two quite equal parts—”

“Tess,” a voice came, urgently, in her ear. “Tess, you’re dreaming. Wake up. Wake up.” Hands were on her shoulders, shaking her; her eyes flew open, and she was gasping in her ugly gray dimly lit bedroom at the York Institute. The covers were tangled around her, and her nightgown stuck to her back with sweat. Her skin felt as if it were burning. She still saw the Dark Sisters, saw Nate laughing at her, Henry dissecting her heart.

“It was a dream?” she said. “It felt so real, so utterly real—”

She broke off.

“Will,” she whispered. He still wore his dinner clothes, though they were rumpled, his black hair tangled, as if he had fallen

asleep without changing for bed. His hands remained on her shoulders, warming her cold skin through the material of her nightgown.

“What did you dream?” he said. His tone was calm and ordinary, as if there were nothing unusual about her waking up and finding him sitting on the edge of her bed.

She shuddered at the memory. “I dreamed I was being taken apart—that bits of me were being put on display for Shadowhunters to laugh at—”

“Tess.” He touched her hair gently, pushing the tangled locks behind her ears. She felt pulled to him, like iron filings to a magnet. Her arms ached to go around him, her head to rest in the crook of his shoulder. “God damn that devil Starkweather for showing you what he did, but you must know it’s not like that anymore. The Accords have forbidden spoils. It was just a dream.”

But no, she thought. *This* is the dream. Her eyes had adjusted to the dark; the gray light in the room made his eyes glow an almost unearthly blue, like a cat’s. When she drew a shuddering breath, her lungs felt filled with the scent of him, Will and salt and trains and smoke and rain, and she wondered if he had been out, walking the streets of York as he did in London. “Where have you been?” she whispered. “You smell like nighttime.”

“Out kicking over the traces. As usual.” He touched her cheek with warm, callused fingers. “Can you sleep now? We’re meant to rise early tomorrow. Starkweather is lending us his carriage so that we might investigate Ravenscar Manor. You, of course, are welcome to remain here. You need not accompany us.”

She shuddered. “Stay here without you? In this big, gloomy place? I would prefer not to.”

“Tess.” His voice was ever so gentle. “That must have been quite a nightmare, to have taken the spirit out of you so. Usually you are not afraid of much.”

“It was awful. Even Henry was in my dream. He was taking apart my heart as if it were made of clockwork.”

“Well, that settles it,” Will said. “Pure fantasy. As if Henry is a danger to anyone except himself.” When she didn’t smile, he added, fiercely, “I would never let anyone touch a hair on your head. You know that, don’t you, Tess?”

Their gazes caught and locked. She thought of the wave that seemed to catch at her whenever she was near Will, how she had felt herself drawn over and under, pulled to him by forces that seemed beyond her control—in the attic, on the roof of the Institute. As if he felt the same pull, he bent toward her now. It felt natural, as right as breathing, to lift her head, to meet his lips with hers. She felt his soft exhalation against her mouth; relief, as if a great weight had been taken from him. His hands rose to cup her face. Even as her eyes fluttered shut, she heard his voice in her head, again, unbidden:

There is no future for a Shadowhunter who dallies with warlocks.

She turned her face quickly, and his lips brushed her cheek instead of her mouth. He drew back, and she saw his blue eyes open, startled—and hurt. “No,” she said. “No, I don’t know that, Will.” She dropped her voice. “You have made it very clear,” she said, “what kind of use you have for me. You think I am a toy for your amusements. You should not have come in here; it is not proper.”

He dropped his hands. “You called out—”

“Not for you.”

He was silent except for his ragged breathing.

“Do you regret what you said to me that night on the roof, Will? The night of Thomas’s and Agatha’s funeral?” It was the first time either of them had made reference to the incident since it had happened. “Can you tell me you did not mean what you said?”

He bent his head; his hair fell forward, hiding his face. She clenched her own hands into fists at her sides to stop herself from reaching out and pushing it back. “No,” he said, very low. “No, the Angel forgive me, I can’t say that.”

Tessa withdrew, curling in on herself, turning her face away. "Please go away, Will."

"Tessa—"

"Please."

There was a long silence. He stood up then, the bed creaking beneath him as he moved. She heard his light tread on the floorboards, and then the door of the bedroom shutting behind him. As if the sound had snapped some cord that held her upright, she fell back against the pillows. She stared up at the ceiling a long time, fighting back in vain against the questions that crowded her mind—What had Will meant, coming to her room like that? Why had he shown her such sweetness when she knew that he despised her? And why, when she knew that he was the worst thing in the world for her, did sending him away seem like such a terrible mistake?



The next morning dawned unexpectedly blue and beautiful, a balm to Tessa's aching head and exhausted body. After dragging herself from the bed, where she had spent most of the night tossing and turning, she dressed herself, unable to bear the thought of assistance from one of the ancient, half-blind maidservants. As she did up the buttons on her jacket, she caught sight of herself in the room's old, splotched mirror. There were half-moons of shadow under her eyes, as if they had been smudged there with chalk.

Will and Jem had already gathered in the morning room for a breakfast of half-burned toast, weak tea, jam, and no butter. By the time Tessa arrived, Jem had already eaten, and Will was busy cutting his toast into thin strips and forming rude pictographs out of them.

"What *is* that supposed to be?" Jem asked curiously. "It looks almost like a—" He glanced up, saw Tessa, and broke off with a grin. "Good morning."

"Good morning." She slid into the seat across from Will; he glanced up at her once as she sat, but there was nothing in his

eyes or expression to indicate that he recalled that anything had passed between them the night before.

Jem looked at her with concern. “Tessa, how are you feeling? After last night—” He broke off then, his voice rising, “Good morning, Mr. Starkweather,” he said hastily, jostling Will’s shoulder hard so that Will dropped his fork, and the toast bits slid all over his plate.

Mr. Starkweather, who had swept into the room, still wrapped in the dark cloak he had worn the night before, regarded him balefully. “The carriage is waiting for you in the courtyard,” he said, his clipped diction as tight as ever. “You’d better cut a stick if you want to get back before dinnertime; I’ll be needing the carriage this evening. I’ve told Gottshall to drop you straight at the station on your return, no need for lingering. I trust you’ve gotten everything you need.”

It wasn’t a question. Jem nodded. “Yes, sir. You’ve been very gracious.”

Starkweather’s eyes swept over Tessa again, one last time, before he turned and stalked out of the room, his cloak flapping behind him. Tessa couldn’t get the image of a great black bird of prey—a vulture, perhaps—out of her mind. She thought of the trophy cases full of “spoils,” and shuddered.

“Eat quickly, Tessa, before he changes his mind about the carriage,” Will advised her, but Tessa shook her head.

“I’m not hungry.”

“At least have tea.” Will poured it out for her, and ladled milk and sugar into it; it was much sweeter than Tessa would have liked, but it was so rare that Will made a kind gesture like that—even if it was just to hurry her along—that she drank it down anyway, and managed a few bites of toast. The boys went for their coats and the baggage; Tessa’s traveling cloak, hat, and gloves were located, and they soon found themselves on the front steps of the York Institute, blinking in the watery sunlight.

Starkweather had been as good as his word. His carriage was there, waiting for them, the four Cs of the Clave painted across

the door. The old coachman with the long white beard and hair was already in the driver's seat, smoking a cheroot; he tossed it aside when he saw the three of them, and sank down farther in his seat, his black eyes glaring out from beneath his drooping eyelids.

"Bloody hell, it's the Ancient Mariner again," said Will, though he seemed more entertained than anything else. He swung himself up into the carriage and helped Tessa in after him; Jem was last, shutting the door behind him and leaning out the window to call to the coachman to drive on. Tessa, settling herself in beside Will on the narrow seat, felt her shoulder brush his; he tensed immediately, and she moved away, biting her lip. It was as if last night had never happened and he were back to behaving as if she were poison.

The carriage began moving with a jerk that nearly flung Tessa into Will again, but she braced herself against the window and stayed where she was. The three of them were silent as the carriage rolled down narrow, cobbled Stonegate Street, under a wide sign advertising the Old Star Inn. Both Jem and Will were quiet, Will reviving only to tell her with a ghoulish glee that they were passing through the old walls, under the city entrance where once traitors' heads had been displayed on spikes. Tessa made a face at him but gave no reply.

Once they had passed the walls, the city quickly gave way to countryside. The landscape was not gentle and rolling, but harsh and forbidding. Green hills dotted with gray gorse swept up into crags of dark rock. Long lines of mortarless stone walls, meant for keeping in sheep, crisscrossed the green; here and there was dotted the occasional lonely cottage. The sky seemed an endless expanse of blue, brushed with the strokes of long gray clouds.

Tessa could not have said how long they had been traveling when the stone chimneys of a large manor house rose in the distance. Jem stuck his head out the window again and called to the driver; the carriage came to a rolling stop.

“But we’re not there yet,” said Tessa, puzzled. “If that’s Ravenscar Manor—”

“We can’t just roll right up to the front door; be sensible, Tess,” said Will as Jem leaped out of the carriage and reached up to help Tessa down. Her boots plashed into the wet, muddy ground as she landed; Will dropped down lightly beside her. “We need to get a look at the place. Use Henry’s device to register demonic presence. Make sure we’re not walking into a trap.”

“Does Henry’s device actually *work*?” Tessa lifted her skirts to keep them out of the mud as the three of them started down the road. Glancing back, she saw the coachman apparently already asleep, leaning back in the driver’s seat with his hat tipped forward over his face. All around them the countryside was a patchwork of gray and green—hills rising starkly; their sides pitted with gray shale; flat sheep-cropped grass; and here and there copses of gnarled, entwined trees. There was a severe beauty to it all, but Tessa shuddered at the idea of living here, so far away from anything.

Jem, seeing her shudder, gave a sideways smile. “City lass.”

Tessa laughed. “I *was* thinking how odd it would be to grow up in a place like this, so far from any people.”

“Where I grew up was not so different from this,” said Will unexpectedly, startling them both. “It’s not so lonely as you might think. Out in the countryside, you can be assured, people visit one another a great deal. They just have a greater distance to traverse than they might in London. And once they arrive, they often make a lengthy stay. After all, why make the trip just to stay a night or two? We’d often have house guests who’d remain for weeks.”

Tessa goggled at Will silently. It was so rare that he ever referred to anything regarding his early life that she sometimes thought of him as someone with no past at all. Jem seemed to be doing the same thing, though he recovered first.

“I share Tessa’s view. I have never lived in anything but a city. I don’t know how I could sleep at night, not knowing I was

surrounded by a thousand other sleeping, dreaming souls.”

“And filth everywhere, and everyone breathing down one another’s necks,” countered Will. “When I first arrived in London, I so quickly tired of being surrounded by so many people that it was only with great difficulty that I refrained from seizing the next unfortunate who crossed my path and committing violent acts upon their person.”

“Some might say you retain that problem,” said Tessa, but Will just laughed—a short, nearly surprised sound of amusement—and then stopped, looking ahead of them to Ravenscar Manor.

Jem whistled as Tessa realized why she had been able to see only the tops of the chimneys before. The manor was built in the center of a deep declivity between three hills; their slanting sides rose about it, cradling it as if in the palm of a hand. Tessa, Jem, and Will were poised on the edge of one of the hills, looking down at the manor. The building itself was very grand, a great gray stone pile that gave the impression it had been there for centuries. A large circular drive curved in front of the enormous front doors. Nothing about the place hinted at abandonment or disrepair—no weeds grew over the drive or the paths that led to the stone outbuildings, and no glass was missing from the mullioned windows.

“*Someone’s* living here,” said Jem, echoing Tessa’s thoughts. He began to start down the hill. The grass here was longer, waving almost waist-high. “Perhaps if—”

He broke off as the rattle of wheels became audible; for a moment Tessa thought the carriage driver had come after them, but no, this was quite a different carriage—a sturdy-looking coach that turned into the gate and began rolling toward the manor. Jem crouched down immediately in the grass, and Will and Tessa dropped beside him. They watched as the carriage came to a stop before the manor, and the driver leaped down to open the carriage door.

A young girl stepped out, fourteen or fifteen years old, Tessa guessed—not old enough to have put her hair up, for it blew

around her in a curtain of black silk. She wore a blue dress, plain but fashionable. She nodded to the driver, and then, as she started up the manor steps, she paused—paused and looked toward where Jem, Will, and Tessa crouched, almost as if she could see them, though Tessa was sure that they were well hidden by the grass.

The distance was too great for Tessa to make out her features, really—just the pale oval of her face below the dark hair. She was about to ask Jem if he had a telescope with him, when Will made a noise—a noise she had never heard anyone make before, a sick, terrible gasp, as if the air had been punched out of him by a tremendous blow.

But it was not just a gasp, she realized. It was a word; and not just a word, a name; and not just a name, but one she had heard him say before.

“Cecily.”

6

IN SILENCE SEALED

*The human heart has hidden treasures,
In secret kept, in silence sealed;
The thoughts, the hopes, the dreams, the pleasures,
Whose charms were broken if revealed*
—Charlotte Brontë, “Evening Solace”

The door of the great house swung open; the girl disappeared inside. The coach rattled off around the side of the manor to the coach house as Will staggered to his feet. He had gone a sickly gray color, like the ashes of a dead fire.

“Cecily,” he said again. His voice held wonderment, and horror.

“Who on earth is Cecily?” Tessa scrambled into a standing position, brushing grass and thistles from her dress. “Will—”

Jem was already beside Will, his hand on his friend’s shoulder. “Will, you must speak to us. You look as if you’ve seen a ghost.”

Will dragged in a long breath. “Cecily—”

“Yes, you’ve said that already,” said Tessa. She heard the sharpness in her own voice, and softened it with an effort. It was unkind to speak so to someone so obviously distraught, even if he did insist on staring into space and muttering “Cecily” at intervals.

It hardly mattered; Will seemed not to have heard her. “My sister,” he said. “Cecily. She was—Christ, she was nine years old

when I left.”

“Your sister,” said Jem, and Tessa felt a loosening of something tight around her heart, and cursed herself inwardly for it. What did it matter whether Cecily was Will’s sister or someone he was in love with? It had nothing to do with her.

Will started down the hill, not looking for a path, just tramping blindly among the heather and furze. After a moment Jem went after him, catching at his sleeve. “Will, don’t—”

Will tried to pull his arm away. “If Cecily’s there, then the rest of them—my family—they must be there as well.”

Tessa hurried to catch up with them, wincing as she nearly turned an ankle on a loose rock. “But it doesn’t make any sense that your family would be here, Will. This was Mortmain’s house. Starkweather said so. It was in the papers—”

“I *know* that,” Will half-shouted.

“Cecily could be visiting someone here—”

Will gave her an incredulous look. “In the middle of Yorkshire, by herself? And that was our carriage. I recognized it. There’s no other carriage in the carriage house. No, my family’s in this somehow. They’ve been dragged into this bloody business and I—I have to warn them.” He started down the hill again.

“Will!” Jem shouted, and went after him, catching at the back of his coat; Will swung around and shoved Jem, not very hard; Tessa heard Jem say something about Will having held back all these years and not wasting it now, and then it all blurred together—Will swearing, and Jem yanking him backward, and Will slipping on the wet ground, and the both of them going over together, a rolling tangle of arms and legs, until they fetched up against a large rock, Jem pinning Will to the ground, his elbow against the other boy’s throat.

“Get off me.” Will shoved at him. “You don’t understand. *Your* family’s dead—”

“*Will.*” Jem took his friend by the shirtfront and shook him. “I *do* understand. And unless you want your family dead too, you’ll listen to me.”

Will went very still. In a choked voice he said, “James, you can’t possibly—I’ve never—”

“Look.” Jem raised the hand that wasn’t gripping Will’s shirt, and pointed. “There. Look.”

Tessa looked where he was pointing—and felt her insides freeze. They were nearly halfway down the hill above the manor house, and there, above them, standing like a sort of sentry on the ridge at the hill’s top, was an automaton. She knew immediately what it was, though it did not look like the automatons that Mortmain had sent against them before. Those had made some surface pretense of being human. This was a tall, spindly metal creature, with long hinged legs, a twisted metallic torso, and sawlike arms.

It was utterly still, not moving, somehow more frightening for its stillness and silence. Tessa could not even tell if it was watching them. It seemed to be turned toward them, but though it had a head, that head was featureless but for the slash of a mouth; metal teeth gleamed within. It seemed to have no eyes.

Tessa quelled the scream rising in her throat. It was an automaton. She had faced them before. She would *not* scream. Will, propped on his elbow, was staring. “By the Angel—”

“That thing’s been following us; I’m sure of it,” said Jem in a low, urgent voice. “I saw a flash of metal earlier, from the carriage, but I wasn’t sure. Now I am. If you go tearing off down the hill, you risk leading that thing right to your family’s door.”

“I see,” Will said. The half-hysterical tone had gone from his voice. “I won’t go near the house. Let me up.”

Jem hesitated.

“I swear on Raziel’s name,” Will ground out, between his teeth. “Now let me up.”

Jem rolled away and onto his feet; Will leaped up, pushing Jem aside, and, without a glance at Tessa, took off running—not toward the house but away from it, toward the mechanical creature on the ridge. Jem staggered for a moment, open-mouthed, swore, and darted after him.

“Jem!” Tessa cried. But he was nearly out of earshot already, racing after Will. The automaton had vanished from view. Tessa said an unladylike word, hiked up her skirts, and gave chase.

It was not easy, running up a wet Yorkshire hill in heavy skirts, brambles tearing at her as she went. Practicing in her training clothes had given Tessa a new appreciation for why it was that men could move so quickly and cleanly, and could run so fast. The material of her dress weighed a ton, the heels on her boots caught on rocks as she ran, and her corset left her uncomfortably short of breath.

By the time she reached the top of the ridge, she was only just in time to see Jem, far ahead of her, disappear into a dark copse of trees. She looked around wildly but could see neither the road nor the Starkweathers’ carriage. With her heart pounding, she dashed after him.

The copse was wide, spreading along the ridgeline. The moment Tessa ducked in among the trees, the light vanished; thick tree branches interweaving above her blocked out the sun. Feeling like Snow White fleeing into the forest, she looked around helplessly for a sign of where the boys had gone—broken branches, trodden leaves—and caught a shimmer of light on metal as the automaton surged out of the dark space between two trees and lunged for her.

She screamed, leaping away, and promptly tripped on her skirts. She went over backward, thumping painfully into the muddy earth. The creature stabbed one of its long insectile arms toward her. She rolled aside and the metal arm sliced into the ground beside her. There was a fallen tree branch near her; her fingers scrabbled at it, closed around it, and lifted it just as the creature’s other arm swung toward her. She swept the branch between them, concentrating on the parrying and blocking lessons she’d gotten from Gabriel.

But it was only a branch. The automaton’s metal arm sheared it in half. The end of the arm sprang open into a multi-fingered metal claw and reached for her throat. But before it could touch

her, Tessa felt a violent fluttering against her collarbone. Her angel. She lay frozen as the creature jerked its claw back, one of its “fingers” leaking black fluid. A moment later it gave a high-pitched whine and collapsed backward, a freshet of more black liquid pouring from the hole that had been sliced clean through its chest.

Tessa sat up and stared.

Will stood with a sword in his hand, its hilt smeared with black. He was bareheaded, his thick dark hair tousled and tangled with leaves and bits of grass. Jem stood beside him, a witchlight stone blazing through his fingers. As Tessa watched, Will slashed out with the sword again, cutting the automaton nearly in half. It crumpled to the muddy ground. Its insides were an ugly, horribly biological-looking mess of tubes and wires.

Jem looked up. His gaze met Tessa’s. His eyes were as silver as mirrors. Will, despite having saved her, did not appear to notice she was there at all; he drew back his foot and delivered a savage kick to the metal creature’s side. His boot rang against metal.

“Tell us,” he said through gritted teeth. “What are you doing here? Why are you following us?”

The automaton’s razor-lined mouth opened. Its voice when it spoke sounded like the buzzing and grinding of faulty machinery. “*I . . . am . . . a . . . warning . . . from the Magister.*”

“A warning to who? To the family in the manor? Tell me!” Will looked as if he were going to kick the creature again; Jem laid a hand on his shoulder.

“It doesn’t feel pain, Will,” he said in a low voice. “And it says it has a message. Let it deliver it.”

“*A warning . . . to you, Will Herondale . . . and to all Nephilim . . .*” The creature’s broken voice ground out, “*The Magister says . . . you must cease your investigation. The past . . . is the past. Leave Mortmain’s buried, or your family will pay the price. Do not dare approach or warn them. If you do, they will be destroyed.*”

Jem was looking at Will; Will was still ashy-pale, but his cheeks were burning with rage. “How did Mortmain bring my family

here? Did he threaten them? What has he done?"

The creature whirred and clicked, then began to speak again. "I . . . am . . . a . . . warning . . . from . . ."

Will snarled like an animal and slashed down with the sword. Tessa remembered Jessamine, in Hyde Park, tearing a faerie creature to ribbons with her delicate parasol. Will cut at the automaton until it was little more than ribbons of metal; Jem, throwing his arms around his friend and yanking him bodily backward, finally stopped him.

"Will," he said. "Will, enough." He glanced up, and the other two followed his gaze. In the distance, through the trees, other shapes moved—more automatons, like this one. "We must go," Jem said. "If we want to draw them off, away from your family, we must leave."

Will hesitated.

"Will, you know you cannot go near them," Jem said desperately. "If nothing else, it is the Law. If we bring danger to them, the Clave will not move to help them in any way. They are not Shadowhunters anymore. *Will.*"

Slowly Will lowered his arm to his side. He stood, with one of Jem's arms still around his shoulders, staring down at the pile of scrap metal at his feet. Black liquid dripped from the blade of the sword that dangled in his hand, and scorched the grass below.

Tessa exhaled. She hadn't realized she'd been holding her breath until that moment. Will must have heard her, for he raised his head and his gaze met hers across the clearing. Something in it made her look away. Agony stripped so raw was not meant for her eyes.



In the end they hid the remains of the destroyed automaton as swiftly as possible, by burying them in the soft earth beneath a rotting log. Tessa helped as best she could, hampered by her skirts. By the end of it her hands were as black with dirt and mud as Will's and Jem's were.

None of them spoke; they worked in an eerie silence. When they were done, Will led the way out of the copse, guided by the light of Jem's witchlight rune-stone. They emerged from the woods nearly at the road, where the Starkweather carriage waited, Gottshall dozing in the driver's seat as if only a few moments had passed since they had arrived.

If their appearances—filthy, smeared with mud, and with leaves caught in their hair—surprised the old man at all, he didn't show it, nor did he ask them if they had found what they had come looking for. He only grunted a hello and waited for them to climb up into the carriage before he signaled the horses with a click of his tongue to turn around and begin the long journey back to York.

The curtains inside the carriage were drawn back; the sky was heavy with blackish clouds, pressing down on the horizon. "It's going to rain," Jem said, pushing damp silvery hair out of his eyes.

Will said nothing. He was staring out the window. His eyes were the color of the Arctic sea at night.

"Cecily," said Tessa in a much gentler voice than she was used to using with Will these days. He looked so miserable—as bleak and stark as the moors they were passing through. "Your sister—she looks like you."

Will remained silent. Tessa, seated next to Jem on the hard seat, shivered a little. Her clothes were damp from the wet earth and branches, and the inside of the carriage was cold. Jem reached down and, finding a slightly ragged lap rug, settled it over the both of them. She could feel the heat that radiated off his body, as if he were feverish, and fought the urge to move closer to him to get warm.

"Are you cold, Will?" she asked, but he only shook his head, his eyes still staring, unseeing, at the passing countryside. She looked at Jem in desperation.

Jem spoke, his voice clear and direct. "Will," he said. "I thought . . . I thought that your sister was dead."

Will drew his gaze from the window and looked at them both. When he smiled, it was ghastly. "My sister is dead," he said.

And that was all he would say. They rode the rest of the way back to the city of York in silence.



Having barely slept the night before, Tessa fell in and out of a fitful doze that lasted until they reached the York train station. In a fog she dismounted from the carriage and followed the others to the London platform; they were late for the train, and nearly missed it, and Jem held the door open for her, for her and Will, as both of them stumbled up the steps and into the compartment after him. Later she would remember the way he looked, hanging on to the door, hatless, calling to both of them, and recall staring out the window of the train as it pulled away, seeing Gottshall standing on the platform looking after them with his unsettling dark eyes, his hat pulled low. Everything else was a blur.

There was no conversation this time as the train puffed its way through countryside increasingly darkened by clouds, only silence. Tessa rested her chin on her palm, cradling her head against the hard glass of the window. Green hills flew by, and small towns and villages, each with their own neat small station, the name of it picked out in gold on a red sign. Church spires rose in the distance; cities swelled and vanished, and Tessa was aware of Jem whispering to Will, in Latin, she thought—"Me specta, me specta," and Will not answering. Later she was aware that Jem had left the compartment, and she looked at Will across the small dimming space between them. The sun had begun to go down, and it lent a rosy flush to his skin, belying the blank look in his eyes.

"Will," she said softly, sleepily. "Last night—" *You were kind to me*, she was going to say. *Thank you*.

The glare from his blue eyes stabbed through her. "There was no last night," he said through his teeth.

At that, she sat up straight, almost awake. "Oh, truly? We just went right from one afternoon on through till the next morning?"

How odd no one else has remarked on it. I should think it some sort of miracle, a day with no night—”

“Don’t test me, Tessa.” Will’s hands were clenched on his knees, his fingernails, half-moons of dirt under them, digging into the fabric of his trousers.

“Your sister’s alive,” she said, knowing perfectly well that she was provoking him. “Oughtn’t you be glad?”

He whitened. “*Tessa—*,” he began, and leaned forward as if he meant to do she knew not what—strike the window and break it, shake her by the shoulders, or hold her as if he never meant to let her go. It was all one great bewilderment with him, wasn’t it? Then the compartment door opened and Jem came in, carrying a damp cloth.

He looked from Will to Tessa and raised his silvery eyebrows. “A miracle,” he said. “You got him to speak.”

“Just to shout at me, really,” said Tessa. “Not quite loaves and fishes.”

Will had gone back to staring out the window, and looked at neither of them as they spoke.

“It’s a start,” said Jem, and he sat down beside her. “Here. Give me your hands.”

Surprised, Tessa held her hands out to him—and was horrified. They were filthy, the nails cracked and broken and thick with half-moons of dirt where she had clawed at the Yorkshire earth. There was even a bloody scratch across her knuckles, though she had no memory of having gotten it.

Not a lady’s hands. She thought of Jessamine’s perfect pink and white paws. “Jessie would be horrified,” she said mournfully. “She’d tell me I had charwoman’s hands.”

“And what, pray tell, is dishonorable about that?” said Jem as he gently cleaned the dirt from her scratches. “I saw you chase after us, and that automaton creature. If Jessamine does not know by now that there is honor in blood and dirt, she never will.”

The cool cloth felt good on her fingers. She looked up at Jem, who was intent on his task, his lashes a fringe of lowered silver. “Thank you,” she said. “I doubt I was any help at all, and probably a hindrance, but thank you all the same.”

He smiled at her, the sun coming out from behind clouds. “That’s what we’re training you for, isn’t it?”

She lowered her voice. “Have you any idea what could have happened? Why Will’s family would be living in a house Mortmain once owned?”

Jem glanced over at Will, who was still staring bitterly out the window. They had entered London, and gray buildings were beginning to rise up around them on either side. The look Jem gave Will was a tired, loving sort of look, a familial look, and Tessa realized that, though when she had imagined them as brothers, she had always imagined Will as the older, the caretaker, and Jem as the younger, the reality was far more complicated than that. “I do not,” he said, “though it makes me think that the game Mortmain is playing is a long one. Somehow he knew exactly where our investigations would lead us, and he arranged for this—encounter—to shock us as much as possible. He wishes us to be reminded who it is who has the power.”

Tessa shuddered. “I don’t know what he wants from me, Jem,” she said in a low voice. “When he said to me that he made me, it was as if he were saying he could unmake me just as easily.”

Jem’s warm arm touched hers. “You cannot be unmade,” he said just as softly. “And Mortmain underestimates you. I saw how you used that branch against the automaton—”

“It was not enough. If it had not been for my angel—” Tessa touched the pendant at her throat. “The automaton touched it and recoiled. Another mystery I do not understand. It protected me before, and again this time, but in other situations lies dormant. It is as much a mystery as my talent.”

“Which, fortunately, you did not need to use to Change into Starkweather. He seemed quite happy simply to give us the Shade files.”

“Thank goodness,” said Tessa. “I wasn’t looking forward to it. He seems such an unpleasant, bitter man. But if it ever turns out to be necessary . . .” She took something from her pocket and held it up, something that glinted in the carriage’s dim light. “A button,” she said smugly. “It fell from the cuff of his jacket this morning, and I picked it up.”

Jem smiled. “Very clever, Tessa. I knew we’d be glad we brought you with us—”

He broke off with a cough. Tessa looked at him in alarm, and even Will was roused out of his silent despondency, turning to look at Jem with narrowed eyes. Jem coughed again, his hand pressed to his mouth, but when he took it away, there was no blood visible. Tessa saw Will’s shoulders relax.

“Just some dust in my throat,” Jem reassured them. He looked not ill but very tired, though his exhaustion only served to point up the delicacy of his features. His beauty did not blaze like Will’s did in fierce colors and repressed fire, but it had its own muted perfection, the loveliness of snow falling against a silver-gray sky.

“Your ring!” She started up suddenly as she remembered that she was still wearing it. She put the button back into her pocket, then reached to draw the Carstairs ring off her hand. “I had meant to give it back to you earlier,” she said, placing the silver circlet in his palm. “I forgot . . .”

He curled his fingers around hers. Despite her thoughts of snow and gray skies, his hand was surprisingly warm. “That’s all right,” he said in a low voice. “I like the way it looks on you.”

She felt her cheeks warm. Before she could answer, the train whistle sounded. Voices cried out that they were in London, Kings Cross Station. The train began to slow as the platform came into view. The hubbub of the station rose to assault Tessa’s ears, along with the sound of the train braking. Jem said something, but his words were lost in the noise; it sounded like a warning, but Will was already on his feet, his hand reaching for the compartment door latch. He swung it open and leaped out

and down. If he were not a Shadowhunter, Tessa thought, he would have fallen, and badly, but as it was, he simply landed lightly on his feet and began to run, pushing his way among the crowding porters, the commuters, the gentility traveling north for the weekend with their massive trunks and hunting hounds on leashes, the newspaper boys and pickpockets and costermongers and all the other human traffic of the grand station.

Jem was on his feet, hand reaching for the door—but he turned back and looked at Tessa, and she saw an expression cross his face, an expression that said that he realized that if he fled after Will, she could not follow. With another long look at her, he latched the door shut and sank into the seat opposite her as the train came to a stop.

“But Will—,” she began.

“He will be all right,” said Jem with conviction. “You know how he is. Sometimes he just wants to be alone. And I doubt he wishes to take part in recounting today’s experiences to Charlotte and the others.” When she didn’t move her eyes from his, he repeated, gently, “Will can take care of himself, Tessa.”

She thought of the bleak look in Will’s eyes when he had spoken to her, starker than the Yorkshire moors they had just left behind them. She hoped Jem was right.

7

THE CURSE

*An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.*

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge,
“The Rime of the Ancient Mariner”

Magnus heard the sound of the front door opening and the following clatter of raised voices, and thought immediately, *Will*. And then was amused that he had thought it. The Shadow-hunter boy was becoming like an annoying relative, he thought as he folded down a page of the book he was reading—Lucian’s *Dialogues of the Gods*; Camille would be furious he had dog-eared her volume—someone whose habits you knew well but could not change. Someone whose presence you could recognize by the sound of their boots in the hallway. Someone who felt free to argue with the footman when he’d been given orders to tell everyone that you were not at home.

The parlor door flew open, and Will stood on the threshold, looking half-triumphant and half-wretched—quite a feat. “I *knew* you were here,” he announced as Magnus sat up straight on the sofa, swinging his boots to the floor. “Now, will you tell this—this

overgrown bat to stop hovering over my shoulder?" He indicated Archer, Camille's subjugate and Magnus's temporary footman, who was indeed lurking at Will's side. His face was set in a look of disapproval, but then it was always set in a look of disapproval. "Tell him you want to see me."

Magnus set his book down on the table beside him. "But maybe I don't want to see you," he said reasonably. "I told Archer to let no one in, not to let no one in but you."

"He threatened me," Archer said in his hissing not-quite-human voice. "I shall tell my mistress."

"You do that," said Will, but his eyes were on Magnus, blue and anxious. "Please. I *have* to talk to you."

Drat the boy, Magnus thought. After an exhausting day spent clearing a memory-blocking spell for a member of the Penhallow family, he had wanted only to rest. He had stopped listening for Camille's step in the hall, or waiting for her message, but he still preferred this room to others—this room, where her personal touch seemed to cling to the thorned roses on the wallpaper, the faint perfume that rose from the draperies. He had looked forward to an evening spent by the fire here—a glass of wine, a book, and being left strictly alone.

But now here was Will Herondale, his expression a study in pain and desperation, wanting Magnus's help. He was really going to have to do something about this annoying softhearted impulse to assist the desperate, Magnus thought. That, and his weakness for blue eyes.

"Very well," he said with a martyred sigh. "You may stay and talk to me. But I warn you, I'm not raising a demon. Not before I've had my supper. Unless you have turned up some sort of hard proof . . ."

"No." Will came eagerly into the room, shutting the door in Archer's face. He reached around and locked it, for good measure, and then strode over to the fire. It *was* chilly out. The visible bit of window not blocked by drapes showed the square outside darkening to a blackish twilight, leaves blown rattling

across the pavement by a brisk-looking wind. Will drew off his gloves, laid them on the mantel, and stretched his hands out to the flames. "I don't want you to raise a demon."

"Huh." Magnus put his booted feet up on the small rosewood table before the sofa, another gesture that would have infuriated Camille, had she been there. "That's good news, I suppose—"

"I want you to send me through. To the demon realms."

Magnus choked. "You want me to do *what*?"

Will's profile was black against the flickering fire. "Create a portal to the demon worlds and send me through. You can do that, can't you?"

"That's black magic," said Magnus. "Not quite necromancy, but—"

"No one need know."

"Really." Magnus's tone was acid. "These things have a way of getting out. And if the Clave found out I'd sent one of their own, their most promising, to be rent apart by demons in another dimension—"

"The Clave does not consider me promising." Will's voice was cold. "I am not promising. I am not anything, nor will I ever be. Not without your help."

"I am beginning to wonder if you've been sent to test me, Will Herondale."

Will gave a harsh little bark of laughter. "By God?"

"By the Clave. Who might as well be God. Perhaps they simply seek to find out whether I am willing to break the Law."

Will swung around and stared at him. "I am deadly earnest," he said. "This is not some sort of test. I cannot go on like this, summoning up demons at random, never having them be the correct one, endless hope, endless disappointment. Every day dawns blacker and blacker, and I will lose her forever if you—"

"Lose *her*?" Magnus's mind fastened on the word; he sat up straight, narrowing his eyes. "This is about Tessa. I knew it was."

Will flushed, a wash of color across the pallor of his face. "Not just her."

“But you love her.”

Will stared at him. “Of course I do,” he said finally. “I had come to think I would never love anyone, but I love her.”

“Is this curse supposed to be some business about taking away your ability to love? Because that’s nonsense if I’ve ever heard it. Jem’s your *parabatai*. I’ve seen you with him. You love him, don’t you?”

“Jem is my great sin,” said Will. “Don’t talk to me about Jem.”

“Don’t talk to you about Jem, don’t talk to you about Tessa. You want me to open a portal to the demon worlds for you, and you won’t talk to me or tell me why? I won’t do it, Will.” Magnus crossed his arms over his chest.

Will rested a hand on the mantel. He was very still, the flames showing the outlines of him, the clear beautiful profile, the grace of his long slender hands. “I saw my family today,” he said, and then amended that quickly. “My sister. I saw my younger sister. Cecily. I knew they lived, but I never thought I would see them again. They cannot be near me.”

“Why?” Magnus made his voice soft; he felt he was on the verge of something, some sort of breakthrough with this odd, infuriating, damaged, shattered boy. “What did they do that was so terrible?”

“What did *they* do?” Will’s voice rose. “What did *they* do? Nothing. It is me. I am poison. Poison to them. Poison to anyone who loves me.”

“Will—”

“I lied to you,” Will said, turning suddenly away from the fire.

“Shocking,” Magnus murmured, but Will was gone, gone into his memories, which was perhaps for the best. He had begun to pace, scuffing his boots along Camille’s lovely Persian carpet.

“You know what I’ve told you. I was in the library of my parents’ house in Wales. It was a rainy day; I was bored, going through my father’s old things. He kept a few things from his old life as a Shadowhunter, things he had not wanted, for sentiment I suppose, to give up. An old stele, though I did not know what it

was at the time, and a small, engraved box, in a false drawer of his desk. I suppose he assumed that would be enough to keep us out, but nothing is enough to keep out curious children. Of course the first thing I did upon finding the box was open it. A mist poured out of it in a blast, forming almost instantly into a living demon. The moment I saw the creature, I began to scream. I was only twelve. I'd never seen anything like it. Enormous, deadly, all jagged teeth and barbed tail—and I had nothing. No weapons. When it roared, I fell to the carpet. The thing was hovering over me, hissing. Then my sister burst in.”

“Cecily?”

“Ella. My elder sister. She had something blazing in her hand. I know what it was now—a seraph blade. I had no idea then. I screamed for her to get out, but she put herself between the creature and me. She had absolutely no fear, my sister. She never had. She was not afraid to climb the tallest tree, to ride the wildest horse—and she had no fear there, in the library. She told the thing to get out. It was hovering there like a great, ugly insect. She said, ‘I banish you.’ Then it laughed.”

It would. Magnus felt a strange stirring of both pity and liking for the girl, brought up to know nothing about demons, their summoning or their banishment, yet standing her ground regardless.

“It laughed, and it swung out with its tail, knocking her to the ground. Then it fixed its eyes on me. They were all red, no whites at all. It said, ‘It is your father I would destroy, but as he is not here, you will have to do.’ I was so shocked, all I could do was stare. Ella was crawling over the carpet, grabbing for the fallen seraph blade. ‘I curse you,’ it said. ‘All who love you will die. Their love will be their destruction. It may take moments, it may take years, but any who look upon you with love will die of it, unless you remove yourself from them forever. And I shall begin it with *her*.’ It snarled in Ella’s direction, and vanished.”

Magnus was fascinated despite himself. “And did she fall dead?”

“No.” Will was still pacing. He took off his jacket, slung it over a chair. His longish dark hair had begun to curl with the heat coming off his body, mixing with the heat of the fire; it stuck to the back of his neck. “She was unharmed. She took me in her arms. *She* comforted *me*. She told me the demon’s words meant nothing. She admitted she had read some of the forbidden books in the library, and that was how she knew what a seraph blade was, and how to use it, and that the thing I had opened was called a Pyxis, though she could not imagine why my father would have kept one. She made me promise not to touch anything of my parents’ again unless she was there, and then she led me up to bed, and sat reading while I fell asleep. I was exhausted with the shock of it all, I think. I remember hearing her murmur to my mother, something about how I had been taken ill while they had been out, some childish fever. By that point I was enjoying the fuss that was being made over me, and the demon was beginning to seem a rather exciting memory. I recall planning how to tell Cecily about it—without admitting, of course, that Ella had saved me while I had screamed like a child —”

“You *were* a child,” Magnus noted.

“I was old enough,” said Will. “Old enough to know what it meant when I was woken up the next morning by my mother howling with grief. She was in Ella’s room, and Ella was dead in her bed. They did their best to keep me out, but I saw what I needed to see. She was swelled up, greenish-black like something had rotted her from inside. She didn’t look like my sister anymore. She didn’t look *human* anymore.

“I knew what had happened, even if they didn’t. ‘*All who love you will die. And I shall begin it with her.*’ It was my curse at work. I knew then that I had to get away from them—from all my family—before I brought the same horror down on them. I left that night, following the roads to London.”

Magnus opened his mouth, then closed it again. For once he didn’t know what to say.

“So, you see,” said Will, “my curse can hardly be called nonsense. I have seen it at work. And since that day I have striven to be sure that what happened to Ella will happen to no one else in my life. Can you imagine it? Can you?” He raked his hands through his black hair, letting the tangled strands fall back into his eyes. “Never letting anyone near you. Making everyone who might otherwise love you, hate you. I left my family to distance myself from them, and that they might forget me. Each day I must show cruelty to those I have chosen to make my home with, lest they let themselves feel too much affection for me.”

“Tessa . . .” Magnus’s mind was suddenly full of the serious-faced gray-eyed girl who had looked at Will as if he were a new sun dawning on the horizon. “You think she does not love you?”

“I do not think so. I have been foul enough to her.” Will’s voice was wretchedness and misery and self-loathing all combined. “I think there was a time when she almost—I thought she was dead, you see, and I showed her—I let her see what I felt. I think she might have returned my feelings after that. But I crushed her, as brutally as I could. I imagine she simply hates me now.”

“And Jem,” said Magnus, dreading the answer, knowing it.

“Jem is dying anyway,” Will said in a choked voice. “Jem is what I have allowed myself. I tell myself, if he dies, it is not my fault. He is dying anyway, and in pain. Ella’s death at least was swift. Perhaps through me he can be given a good death.” He looked up miserably, met Magnus’s accusing eyes. “No one can live with nothing,” he whispered. “Jem is all I have.”

“You should have told him,” said Magnus. “He would have chosen to be your *parabatai* anyway, even knowing the risks.”

“I cannot burden him with that knowledge! He would keep it secret if I asked him to, but it would pain him to know it—and the pain I cause others would only hurt him more. Yet if I were to tell Charlotte, to tell Henry and the rest, that my behavior is a sham—that every cruel thing I have said to them is a lie, that I wander the streets only to give the impression that I have been

out drinking and whoring when in reality I have no desire to do either—then I have ceased to push them away.”

“And thus you have never told anyone of this curse? No one but myself, since you were twelve years old?”

“I could not,” Will said. “How could I be sure they would form no attachment to me, once they knew the truth? A story like that might engender pity, pity could become attachment, and then . . .”

Magnus raised his eyebrows. “Are you not concerned about me?”

“That you might *love* me?” Will sounded genuinely startled. “No, for you hate Nephilim, do you not? And besides, I imagine you warlocks have ways to guard against unwanted emotions. But for those like Charlotte, like Henry, if they knew the persona I presented to them was false, if they knew of my true heart . . . they might come to care for me.”

“And then they would die,” said Magnus.



Charlotte raised her face slowly from her hands. “And you’ve absolutely no idea where he is?” she asked for the third time. “Will is simply—gone?”

“Charlotte.” Jem’s voice was soothing. They were in the drawing room, with its wallpaper of flowers and vines. Sophie was by the fire, using the poker to coax more flames from the coal. Henry sat behind the desk, fiddling with a set of copper instruments; Jessamine was on the chaise, and Charlotte was in an armchair by the fire. Tessa and Jem sat somewhat primly side by side on the sofa, which made Tessa feel peculiarly like a guest. She was full of sandwiches that Bridget had brought in on a tray, and tea, its warmth slowly thawing her insides. “It isn’t as if this is unusual. When do we ever know where Will is at nighttime?”

“But this is different. He saw his family, or his sister at least. Oh, poor Will.” Charlotte’s voice shook with anxiety. “I had

thought perhaps he was finally beginning to forget about them . . .
.”

“No one forgets about their family,” said Jessamine sharply. She sat on the chaise longue with a watercolor easel and papers propped before her; she had recently made the decision that she had fallen behind in pursuing the maidenly arts, and had begun painting, cutting silhouettes, pressing flowers, and playing on the spinet in the music room, though Will said her singing voice made him think of Church when he was in a particularly complaining mood.

“Well, no, of course not,” said Charlotte hastily, “but perhaps not to live with the memory constantly, as a sort of dreadful weight on you.”

“As if we’d know what to do with Will if he didn’t have the morbs every day,” said Jessamine. “Anyway, he can’t have cared about his family that much in the first place or he wouldn’t have left them.”

Tessa gave a little gasp. “How can you say that? You don’t know why he left. You didn’t see his face at Ravenscar Manor—”

“Ravenscar Manor.” Charlotte was staring blindly at the fireplace. “Of all the places I thought they’d go . . .”

“Pish and tosh,” said Jessamine, looking angrily at Tessa. “At least his family’s alive. Besides, I’ll wager he wasn’t sad at all; I’ll wager you he was shamming. He always is.”

Tessa glanced toward Jem for support, but he was looking at Charlotte, and his look was as hard as a silver coin. “What do you mean,” he said, “of all the places you thought they’d go? Did you know that Will’s family had moved?”

Charlotte started, and sighed. “Jem . . .”

“It’s important, Charlotte.”

Charlotte glanced over at the tin on her desk that held her favorite lemon drops. “After Will’s parents came here to see him, when he was twelve, and he sent them away . . . I begged him to speak to them, just for a moment, but he wouldn’t. I tried to make him understand that if they left, then he could never see

them again, and I could never tell him news of them. He took my hand, and he said, 'Please just promise me you'll tell me if they die, Charlotte. Promise me.'" She looked down, her fingers knotting in the material of her dress. "It was such an odd request for a little boy to make. I—I had to say yes."

"So you've been looking into the welfare of Will's family?" Jem asked.

"I hired Ragnor Fell to do it," Charlotte said. "For the first three years. The fourth year he came back to me and told me that the Herondales had moved. Edmund Herondale—that's Will's father—had lost their house gambling. That was all Ragnor was able to glean. The Herondales had been forced to move. He could find no further trace of them."

"Did you ever tell Will?" Tessa said.

"No." Charlotte shook her head. "He had made me promise to tell him if they died, that was all. Why add to his unhappiness with the knowledge that they had lost their home? He never mentioned them. I had grown to hope he might have forgotten—"

"He has never forgotten." There was a force in Jem's words that stopped the nervous movement of Charlotte's fingers.

"I should not have done it," Charlotte said. "I should never have made that promise. It was a contravention of the Law—"

"When Will truly wants something," said Jem quietly, "when he *feels* something, he can break your heart."

There was a silence. Charlotte's lips were tight, her eyes suspiciously bright. "Did he say anything about where he was going when he left Kings Cross?"

"No," said Tessa. "We arrived, and he just up and dusted—sorry, got up and ran," she corrected herself, their blank looks alerting her to the fact that she was using American slang.

"Up and dusted," said Jem. "I like that. Makes it sound like he left a cloud of dust spinning in his wake. He didn't say anything, no—just elbowed his way through the crowd and was gone. Nearly knocked down Cyril coming to get us."

“None of it makes any sense,” Charlotte moaned. “Why on earth would Will’s family be living in a house that used to belong to Mortmain? In Yorkshire of all places? This is not where I thought this road would lead. We sought Mortmain and we found the Shades; we sought him again and found Will’s family. He encircles us, like that cursed *ouroboros* that is his symbol.”

“You had Ragnor Fell look into Will’s family’s welfare before,” said Jem. “Can you do it again? If Mortmain is somehow entangled with them . . . for whatever reason . . .”

“Yes, yes, of course,” said Charlotte. “I will write to him immediately.”

“There is a part of this I do not understand,” Tessa said. “The reparations demand was filed in 1825, and the complainant’s age was listed as twenty-two. If he was twenty-two then, he’d be seventy-five now, and he doesn’t look that old. Maybe forty . . .”

“There are ways,” Charlotte said slowly, “for mundanes who dabble in dark magic to prolong their lives. Just the sort of spell, by the way, that one might find in the Book of the White. Which is why possession of the Book by anyone other than the Clave is considered a crime.”

“All that newspaper business about Mortmain inheriting a shipping company from his father,” Jem said. “Do you think he pulled the vampire trick?”

“The vampire trick?” echoed Tessa, trying in vain to remember such a thing from the *Codex*.

“It’s a way vampires have of keeping their money over time,” said Charlotte. “When they have been too long in one place, long enough that people have started to notice that they never age, they fake their own death and leave their inheritance to a long-lost son or nephew. Voila—the nephew shows up, bears an uncanny resemblance to his father or uncle, but there he is and he gets the money. And they go on like that for generations sometimes. Mortmain could easily have left the company to himself to disguise the fact that he wasn’t aging.”

“So he pretended to be his own son,” said Tessa. “Which would also have given him a reason to be seen changing the direction of the company—to return to Britain and begin interesting himself in mechanisms, that sort of thing.”

“And is probably also why he left the house in Yorkshire,” said Henry.

“Though that does not explain why it is being inhabited by Will’s family,” mused Jem.

“Or where Will is,” added Tessa.

“Or where *Mortmain* is,” put in Jessamine, with a sort of dark glee. “Only nine more days, Charlotte.”

Charlotte put her head back into her hands. “Tessa,” she said, “I hate to ask this of you, but it is, after all, why we sent you to Yorkshire, and we must leave no stone unturned. You still have the button from Starkweather’s coat?”

Wordlessly Tessa took the button from her pocket. It was round, pearl and silver, strangely cold in her hand. “You want me to Change into him?”

“Tessa,” Jem said quickly. “If you do not want to do this, Charlotte—*we*—would never require it.”

“I know,” Tessa said. “But I offered, and I would not go back on my word.”

“Thank you, Tessa.” Charlotte looked relieved. “We must know if there is anything he is hiding from us—if he was lying to you about any part of this business. His involvement in what happened to the Shades . . .”

Henry frowned. “It will be a dark day when you cannot trust your fellow Shadowhunters, Lottie.”

“It is a dark day already, Henry dear,” Charlotte replied without looking at him.



“You won’t help me, then,” Will said in a flat voice. Using magic, Magnus had built the fire up in the grate. In the glow of the leaping flames, the warlock could see more of the details of Will—the dark hair curling close at the nape of his neck, the delicate

cheekbones and strong jaw, the shadow cast by his lashes. He reminded Magnus of someone; the memory tickled at the back of his mind, refusing to come clear. After so many years, it was hard sometimes to pick out individual memories, even of those you had loved. He could no longer remember his mother's face, though he knew she had looked like him, a mixture of his Dutch grandfather and his Indonesian grandmother.

"If your definition of 'help' involves dropping you into the demon realms like a rat into a pit full of terriers, then no, I won't help you," said Magnus. "This is madness, you know. Go home. Sleep it off."

"I'm not drunk."

"You might as well be." Magnus ran both hands through his thick hair and thought, suddenly and irrationally, of Camille. And was pleased. Here in this room, with Will, he had gone nearly two hours without thinking of her at all. Progress. "You think you're the only person who's ever lost anyone?"

Will's face twisted. "Don't make it sound like that. Like some ordinary sort of grief. It's not like that. They say time heals all wounds, but that presumes the source of the grief is finite. Over. This is a fresh wound every day."

"Yes," said Magnus, leaning back against the cushions. "That is the genius of curses, isn't it."

"It would be one thing if I had been cursed so that everyone I loved would die," said Will. "I could keep myself from loving. To keep others from caring for me—it is an odd, exhausting procedure." He *sounded* exhausted, Magnus thought, and dramatic in that way that only seventeen-year-olds could be. He also doubted the truth of Will's statement that he could have kept himself from loving, but understood why the boy would want to tell himself such a story. "I must play the part of another person all day, each day—bitter and vicious and cruel—"

"I rather liked you that way. And don't tell me you don't enjoy yourself at least a little, playing the devil, Will Herondale."

“They say it runs in our blood, that sort of bitter humor,” said Will, looking at the flames. “Ella had it. So did Cecily. I never thought I did until I found I needed it. I have learned good lessons in how to be hateful over all these years. But I feel myself losing myself—” He groped for words. “I feel myself diminished, parts of me spiraling away into the darkness, that which is good and honest and true—If you hold it away from yourself long enough, do you lose it entirely? If no one cares for you at all, do you even really exist?”

He said this last so softly that Magnus had to strain to hear him. “What was that?”

“Nothing. Something I read somewhere once.” Will turned to him. “You would be doing me a mercy, sending me to the demon realms. I might find what I am looking for. It is my only chance—and without that chance my life is worthless to me anyway.”

“Easy enough to say at seventeen,” said Magnus, with no small amount of coldness. “You are in love and you think that is all there is in the world. But the world is bigger than you, Will, and may have need of you. You are a Shadowhunter. You serve a greater cause. Your life is not yours to throw away.”

“Then nothing is mine,” said Will, and pushed himself away from the mantel, staggering a little as if he really were drunk. “If I don’t even own my own life—”

“Who ever said we were owed happiness?” Magnus said softly, and in his mind he saw the house of his childhood, and his mother flinching away from him with frightened eyes, and her husband, who was not his father, burning. “What about what we owe to others?”

“I’ve given them everything I have already,” said Will, seizing his coat off the back of the chair. “They’ve had enough out of me, and if this is what you have to say to me, then so have you—*warlock.*”

He spat the last word like a curse. Regretting his harshness, Magnus began to rise to his feet, but Will pushed past him toward the door. It slammed behind him. Moments later Magnus

saw him pass by the front window, struggling into his coat as he walked, his head bent down against the wind.



Tessa sat before her vanity table, wrapped in her dressing gown and rolling the small button back and forth in her palm. She had asked to be left alone to do what Charlotte had requested of her. It was not the first time she had transformed into a man; the Dark Sisters had forced her to do it, more than once, and while it was a peculiar feeling, it was not what fueled her reluctance. It was the darkness she had seen in Starkweather's eyes, the slight sheen of madness to his tone when he spoke of the spoils he had taken. It was not a mind she wanted to acquaint herself with further.

She did not have to do it, she thought. She could walk out there and tell them she had tried and it had not worked. But she knew even as the thought flickered through her mind, she could not do that. Somehow she had come to think of herself as bound with loyalty to the Institute's Shadowhunters. They had protected her, shown her kindness, taught her much of the truth of what she was, and they had the same goal she did—find Mortmain and destroy him. She thought of Jem's kind eyes on her, steady and silver and full of faith. With a deep breath she closed her fingers around the button.

The darkness came and enveloped her, wrapping her in its cool silence. The faint sound of the fire crackling in the grate, the wind against the panes of the window, vanished. Blackness and silence. She felt her body Change: Her hands felt large and swollen, shot through with the pains of arthritis. Her back ached, her head felt heavy, her feet were throbbing and painful, and there was a bitter taste in her mouth. Rotting teeth, she thought, and felt ill, so ill that she had to force her mind back to the darkness surrounding her, looking for the light, the connection.

It came, but not as the light usually did, as steady as a beacon. It came in shattered fragments, as if she were watching a mirror break into pieces. Each piece held an image that whipped by her,

some at terrifying speed. She saw the image of a horse rearing back, a dark hill covered in snow, the black basalt Council room of the Clave, a cracked headstone. She struggled to seize and catch at a single image. Here was one, a memory: Starkweather dancing at a ball with a laughing woman in an empire-waisted ball gown. Tessa discarded it, reaching for another:

The house was small, nestled in the shadows between one hill and another. Starkweather watched from the darkness of a copse of trees as the front door opened and out came a man. Even in memory Tessa felt Starkweather's heart begin to beat more quickly. The man was tall, broad-shouldered—and as green-skinned as a lizard. His hair was black. The child he held by the hand, by contrast, seemed as normal as a child could be—small, chubby-fisted, pink-skinned.

Tessa knew the man's name, because Starkweather knew it.

John Shade.

Shade hoisted the child up onto his shoulders as through the door of the house spilled a number of odd-looking metal creatures, like a child's jointed dolls, but human-size, and with skin made of shining metal. The creatures were featureless. Though, oddly, they wore clothes—the rough workman's coveralls of a Yorkshire farmer on some, and on others plain muslin dresses. The automatons joined hands and began to sway as if they were at a country dance. The child laughed and clapped his hands.

“Look well on this, my son,” said the green-skinned man, “for one day I shall rule a clockwork kingdom of such beings, and you shall be its prince.”

“John!” came a voice from inside the house; a woman leaned through the window. She had long hair the color of a cloudless sky. “John, come in. Someone will see! And you'll frighten the boy!”

“He's not frightened at all, Anne.” The man laughed, and set the boy down on the ground, ruffling his hair. “My little clockwork prince . . .”

A swell of hatred rose in Starkweather's heart at the memory, so violent that it ripped Tessa free, sending her spinning through the darkness again. She began to realize what was happening. Starkweather was becoming senile, losing the thread that connected thought and memory. What came and went in his mind was seemingly random. With an effort she tried to visualize the Shade family again, and caught the brief edge of a memory—a room torn apart, cogs and cams and gears and ripped metal everywhere, fluid leaking as black as blood, and the green-skinned man and blue-haired woman lying dead among the ruins. Then that, too, was gone, and she saw, again and again, the face of the girl from the portrait on the stairwell—the child with the fair hair and stubborn expression—saw her riding a small pony, her face set determinedly, saw her hair blowing in the wind off the moors—saw her screaming and writhing in pain as a stele was set to her skin and black Marks stained its whiteness. And last, Tessa saw her own face, appearing out of the shadowy gloom of the York Institute's nave, and she felt the wave of his shock ripple through her, so strong that it threw her out of his body and back into her own.

There was a faint thump as the button fell out of her hand and struck the floor. Tessa raised her head and looked into the mirror over her vanity. She was herself again, and the bitter taste in her mouth now was blood where she had bitten her lip.

She rose to her feet, feeling ill, and went over to the window, throwing it open to feel the cool night air on her sweaty skin. The night outside was heavy with shadow; there was little wind, and the black gates of the Institute seemed to loom before her, their motto speaking more than ever of mortality and death. A glimmer of movement caught her eye. She looked down and saw a white shape gazing up at her from the stony courtyard below. A face, twisted but recognizable. Mrs. Dark.

She gasped and jerked back reflexively, out of sight of the window. A wave of dizziness came over her. She shook it off

fiercely, her hands gripping the sill, and pulled herself forward again, gazing down with dread—

But the courtyard was empty, nothing moving inside it but shadows. She closed her eyes, then opened them again slowly, and put her hand to the ticking angel at her throat. There had been nothing there, she told herself, just the rags of her wild imagination. Telling herself she'd better rein in her daydreaming or she'd end up as mad as old Starkweather, she slid the window shut.

8

A SHADOW ON THE SOUL

Oh, just, subtle, and mighty opium! that to the hearts of poor and rich alike, for the wounds that will never heal, and for “the pangs that tempt the spirit to rebel,” bringest an assuaging balm; eloquent opium! that with thy potent rhetoric stealest away the purposes of wrath; and to the guilty man for one night givest back the hopes of his youth, and hands washed pure from blood.

—Thomas De Quincey, *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*

In the morning when Tessa went down for breakfast, she found to her surprise that Will was not there. She had not realized how completely she had expected him to return during the night, and she found herself pausing in the doorway, scanning the seats around the table as if somehow she had accidentally glanced past him. It was not until her gaze came to rest on Jem, who returned her look with a rueful and worried expression of his own, that she knew that it was true. Will was still gone.

“Oh, he’ll be back, for goodness’ sake,” said Jessamine crossly, banging her teacup down in its saucer. “He always does come crawling home. Look at the two of you. Like you’ve lost a favorite puppy.”

Tessa shot Jem an almost guilty, conspiratorial look as she sat down across from him and took a slice of bread from the toast rack. Henry was absent; Charlotte, at the head of the table, was

very clearly trying not to look nervous and worried, and failing. “Of course he will,” she said. “Will can take care of himself.”

“Do you think he might have gone back to Yorkshire?” said Tessa. “To warn his family?”

“I . . . don’t think so,” Charlotte responded. “Will has avoided his family for years. And he knows the Law. He knows he cannot speak to them. He knows what he would lose.” Her eyes rested briefly on Jem, who was playing industriously with his spoon.

“When he saw Cecily, at the manor, he attempted to rush to her—” Jem said.

“In the heat of the moment,” said Charlotte. “But he returned with you to London; I am confident he will return to the Institute as well. He knows you obtained that button, Tessa. He’ll want to discover what Starkweather knew.”

“Precious little, really,” said Tessa. She still felt obscurely guilty that she had not found more useful information in Starkweather’s memories. She had tried to explain what it was like to be in the mind of someone whose brain was decaying, but it had been hard to find the words, and she remembered mainly the look of disappointment on Charlotte’s face when she’d said she had discovered nothing useful about Ravenscar Manor. She had told them all of Starkweather’s memories of the Shade family, and that indeed if their deaths had been the impetus for Mortmain’s desire for justice and vengeance, it did seem as if it would be a powerful one. She had kept his shock at seeing her to herself—it was baffling still, and seemed somehow private.

“What if Will chooses to leave the Clave forever?” Tessa said. “Would he return to his family to protect them?”

“No,” Charlotte replied a little sharply. “No. I don’t think he will do that.” *She would miss Will if he were gone*, Tessa thought with surprise. Will was always so unpleasant—and often so to Charlotte—that Tessa sometimes forgot the stubborn love Charlotte seemed to feel for all her charges.

“But if they’re in danger—,” Tessa protested, then fell silent as Sophie entered the room carrying a pot of hot water, and set it

down. Charlotte brightened at the sight of her.

“Tessa, Sophie, Jessamine,” she said. “Lest you forget, you all have training this morning with Gabriel and Gideon Lightwood.”

“I cannot do it,” Jessamine said immediately.

“Why not? I thought you had recovered from your headache—”

“Yes, but I don’t want it to come *back*, do I?” Jessamine stood up hurriedly. “I’d prefer to help you, Charlotte.”

“I don’t need your assistance writing to Ragnor Fell, Jessie. I’d really rather you took advantage of the training—”

“But there’s dozens of replies piling up in the library from the Downworlders we’ve queried about Mortmain’s whereabouts,” Jessamine argued. “I could help you sort through those.”

Charlotte sighed. “Very well.” She turned to Tessa and Sophie. “In the meantime you won’t say anything to the Lightwood boys about Yorkshire, or about Will? I could do without having them in the Institute right now myself, but there’s no help for it. It’s a show of good faith and confidence to continue the training. You must behave in all ways as if nothing is wrong. Can you do that, girls?”

“Of course we can, Mrs. Branwell,” said Sophie immediately. Her eyes were bright and she was smiling. Tessa sighed inwardly, not sure how to feel. Sophie adored Charlotte, and would do anything to please her. She also detested Will and was unlikely to be worried about his absence. Tessa looked across the table at Jem. She felt a hollowness in her stomach, the ache of not knowing where Will was, and wondered if he felt it too. His normally expressive face was still and unreadable, though when he caught her glance, he smiled a gentle, encouraging smile. Jem was Will’s *parabatai*, his blood brother; surely if there were truly something to be concerned about where Will was involved, Jem would not be able to hide it—would he?

From the kitchen Bridget’s voice rolled out in a sweet high warble:

“Must I go bound while you go free

*Must I love a man who doesn't love me
Must I be born with so little art
As to love a man who'll break my heart?"*

Tessa pushed her chair back from the table. "I think I had better go and get dressed."



Having changed from her day dress into gear, Tessa sat down on the edge of her bed and picked up the copy of *Vathek* Will had given her. It did not bring the thought of Will smiling to her mind, but other images of Will—Will bending over her in the Sanctuary, covered in blood; Will squinting into the sun on the roof of the Institute; Will rolling down the hill in Yorkshire with Jem, splattering himself with mud and not caring; Will falling off the table in the dining room; Will holding her in the dark. *Will, Will, Will.*

She threw the book. It struck the fireplace mantel and bounced off, landing on the floor. If only there were some way to scrape Will out of her mind, like scraping the mud off your shoe. If only she knew where he was. Worry made it worse, and she could not stop herself from worrying. She could not forget the look on his face as he had gazed at his sister.

Distraction made her late to the training room; fortunately, when she arrived, the door was open and there was no one there but Sophie, holding a long knife in her hand and examining it thoughtfully as she might examine a dust mop to decide if there was still use in it or if it was time for it to be thrown away.

She looked up as Tessa came into the room. "Well, you look like a wet weekend, miss," she said with a smile. "Is everything all right?" She cocked her head to the side as Tessa nodded. "Is it Master Will? He's gone off missing for a day or two before. He'll be back, don't you fear."

"That's kind of you to say, Sophie, especially as I know you are not overfond of him."

“I rather thought you weren’t either,” said Sophie, “leastways not any *more*. . .”

Tessa looked at her sharply. She had not had a real conversation with Sophie about Will since the roof incident, she thought, and besides, Sophie had warned her off him, comparing him to a poisonous snake. Before Tessa could say anything in reply, the door opened and Gabriel and Gideon Lightwood came in, followed by Jem. He winked at Tessa before disappearing, closing the door behind him.

Gideon went straight over to Sophie. “A good choice of blade,” he said, faint surprise underlining his words. She blushed, looking pleased.

“So,” said Gabriel, who had somehow managed to get behind Tessa without her noticing. After examining the racks of weapons along the walls, he drew down a knife and handed it to her. “Feel the weight of the blade there.”

Tessa tried to feel the weight of it, struggling to remember what he had told her about where and how it should balance in her palm.

“What do you think?” Gabriel asked. She looked up at him. Of the two boys he certainly looked more like his father, with his aquiline features and the faint shading of arrogance to his expression. His slim mouth curled up at the corners. “Or are you too busy worrying about Herondale’s whereabouts to practice today?”

Tessa nearly dropped the knife. “What?”

“I heard you and Miss Collins when I was coming up the stairs. Disappeared, has he? Not surprising, considering I don’t think Will Herondale and a sense of responsibility are even on speaking terms.”

Tessa set her chin. Conflicted as she was about Will, there was something about someone *outside* the Institute’s small family criticizing him that set her teeth on edge. “It’s quite a common occurrence, nothing to fuss about,” she said. “Will is a—free spirit. He’ll return soon enough.”

“I hope not,” said Gabriel. “I hope he’s dead.”

Tessa’s hand tightened around the knife. “You mean that, don’t you? What did he do to your sister to make you hate him so much?”

“Why don’t you ask him?”

“Gabriel.” Gideon’s voice was sharp. “Shall we get to the instruction, please, and cease wasting time?”

Gabriel glared at his older brother, who was standing quite peaceably with Sophie, but obediently turned his attention from Will to the day’s training. They were practicing how to hold blades today, and how to balance them as they swept them through the air without the blade point drooping forward or the handle slipping from the hand. It was harder than it looked, and today Gabriel wasn’t patient. She envied Sophie, being taught by Gideon, who was always a careful, methodical instructor, though he did have a habit of slipping into Spanish whenever Sophie did something wrong. “*Ay Dios mio*,” he would say, pulling the blade from where it had stuck, point down, in the floor. “Shall we try that again?”

“Stand up straight,” Gabriel was saying to Tessa meanwhile, impatiently. “No, *straight*. Like this.” He demonstrated. She wanted to snap at him that she, unlike him, had not had a lifetime of being taught how to stand and move; that Shadowhunters were natural acrobats, and she was nothing of the sort.

“Hmph,” she said. “I’d like to see *you* learn how to manage sitting and standing up straight in stays and petticoats and a dress with a foot’s worth of train!”

“So would I,” said Gideon from across the room.

“Oh, by the Angel,” said Gabriel, and he took her by the shoulders, flipping her around so she stood with her back to him. He put his arms around her, straightening her spine, arranging the knife in her hand. She could feel his breath on the back of her neck, and it made her shiver—and filled her with annoyance. If

he was touching her, it was only because he presumed he could, without asking, and because he thought it would irritate Will.

“Let me go,” she said, under her breath.

“This is part of your training,” said Gabriel in a bored voice. “Besides, look at my brother and Miss Collins. She isn’t complaining.”

She glanced across the room at Sophie, who seemed earnestly engaged in her lesson with Gideon. He was standing behind her, one arm around her from the back, showing her how to hold a needle-tipped throwing knife. His hand was gently cupped around hers, and he appeared to be speaking to the back of her neck, where her dark hair had escaped from its tight chignon and curled becomingly. When he saw Tessa looking at them, he flushed.

Tessa was amazed. Gideon Lightwood, blushing! Had he been *admiring* Sophie? Apart from her scar, which Tessa barely noticed anymore, she *was* lovely, but she was a mundane, and a servant, and the Lightwoods were awful snobs. Tessa’s insides felt suddenly tight. Sophie had been treated abominably by her previous employer. The last thing she needed was some pretty Shadowhunter boy taking advantage of her.

Tessa looked around, about to say something to the boy with his arms around her—and stopped. She had forgotten that it was Gabriel beside her, not Jem. She had grown so used to Jem’s presence, the ease with which she could converse with him, the comfort of his hand on her arm when they walked, the fact that he was the only person in the world now she felt she could say absolutely anything to. She realized with surprise that though she had just seen him at breakfast, she missed him, with what felt almost like an ache inside.

She was so caught up in this mixture of feelings—missing Jem, and a sense of passionate protectiveness over Sophie—that her next throw went wide by several feet, flying by Gideon’s head and bouncing off the windowsill.

Gideon looked calmly from the fallen knife to his brother. Nothing seemed to bother him, not even his own near decapitation. “Gabriel, what is the problem, exactly?”

Gabriel turned his gaze on Tessa. “She won’t listen to me,” he said spitefully. “I can’t instruct someone who won’t listen.”

“Maybe if you were a better instructor, she’d be a better listener.”

“And maybe you would have seen the knife coming,” said Gabriel, “if you paid more attention to what’s going on around you and less to the back of Miss Collins’s head.”

So even Gabriel had noticed, Tessa thought, as Sophie blushed. Gideon gave his brother a long, steady look—she sensed there would be words between the two of them at home—then turned to Sophie and said something in a low voice, too low for Tessa to hear.

“What’s happened to you?” she said under her breath to Gabriel, and felt him stiffen.

“What do you mean?”

“You’re usually patient,” she said. “You’re a good teacher, Gabriel, most of the time, but today you’re snappish and impatient and . . .” She looked down at his hand on her arm. “Improper.”

He had the good grace to release her, looking ashamed of himself. “A thousand pardons. I should not have touched you like that.”

“No, you shouldn’t. And after the way you criticize Will—”

He flushed along his high cheekbones. “I’ve apologized, Miss Gray. What more do you want of me?”

“A change in behavior, perhaps. An explanation of your dislike of Will—”

“I’ve told you! If you wish to know why I dislike him, you can ask him yourself!” Gabriel whirled and stalked out of the room.

Tessa looked at the knives stuck into the wall and sighed. “So ends my lesson.”

“Try not to be too put out,” said Gideon, approaching her with Sophie by his side. It was very odd, Tessa thought; Sophie usually seemed uneasy around men, any men, even gentle Henry. With Will she was like a scalded cat, and with Jem, blushing and watchful, but beside Gideon she seemed . . .

Well, it was hard to define. But it was most peculiar.

“It is not your fault he is like this today,” Gideon went on. His eyes on Tessa were steady. This close up she could see that they were not precisely the same color as his brother’s. They were more of a gray-green, like the ocean under a cloudy sky. “Things have been . . . difficult for us at home with Father, and Gabriel is taking it out on you, or, really, anyone who happens to be nearby.”

“I’m most sorry to hear that. I hope your father is well,” murmured Tessa, praying she would not be stricken down on the spot for this blatant falsehood.

“I suppose I had better go after my brother,” said Gideon without answering her question. “If I do not, he will take the carriage and leave me stranded. I hope to have him back to you at our next session in a better humor.” He bowed to Sophie, then Tessa. “Miss Collins, Miss Gray.”

And he was gone, leaving both girls looking after him in mingled confusion and surprise.



With the training session mercifully over, Tessa found herself hurrying to change back into her ordinary clothes, and then to lunch, eager to see if Will had returned. He hadn’t. His chair, between Jessamine and Henry, still sat empty—but there was someone new in the room, someone who made Tessa stop short at the doorway, trying not to stare. A tall man, he sat near the head of the table beside Charlotte, and was green. Not a very dark green—his skin had a faint greenish sheen to it, like light reflecting off the ocean, and his hair was snowy white. From his forehead curled two small elegant horns.

“Miss Tessa Gray,” said Charlotte, making the introductions, “this is the High Warlock of London, Ragnor Fell. Mr. Fell, Miss Gray.”

After murmuring that she was delighted to meet him, Tessa sat down at the table beside Jem, diagonally from Fell, and tried not to stare at him out of the corner of her eye. As Magnus’s cat’s eyes were his warlock’s mark, Fell’s would be his horns and tinted skin. She couldn’t help being fascinated by Downworlders still, warlocks in particular. Why were they marked and she wasn’t?

“What’s on the carpet, then, Charlotte?” Ragnor was saying. “Did you really call me out here to discuss dark doings on the Yorkshire moors? I was under the impression that nothing of great interest ever happened in Yorkshire. In fact, I was under the impression that there *was* nothing in Yorkshire except sheep and mining.”

“So you never knew the Shades?” Charlotte inquired. “The warlock population of Britain is not so large . . .”

“I knew them.” As Fell sawed into the ham on his plate, Tessa saw that he had an extra joint to each finger. She thought of Mrs. Black, with her elongated taloned hands, and repressed a shudder. “Shade was a little mad, with his obsession with clockwork and mechanisms. Their death was a shock to Downworld. The ripples of it went through the community, and there was even some discussion of vengeance, though none, I believe, was ever taken.”

Charlotte leaned forward. “Do you remember their son? Their adopted child?”

“I knew of him. A married warlock couple is rare. One who adopts a human child from an orphanage is rarer still. But I never saw the boy. Warlocks—we live forever. A gap of thirty, even fifty, years between meetings is not unusual. Of course now that I know what the boy grew up to be, I wish I had met him. Do you think there is value in attempting to discover who his true parents were?”

“Certainly, if it can be discovered. Whatever information we can glean about Mortmain could be useful.”

“I can tell you he gave himself that name,” said Fell. “It sounds like a Shadowhunter name. It is the sort of name someone with a grudge against Nephilim, and a dark sense of humor, would take. *Mort main*—”

“Hand of death,” supplied Jessamine, who was proud of her French.

“It does make one wonder,” said Tessa. “If the Clave had simply given Mortmain what he wanted—reparations—would he still have become what he did? Would there ever have been a Pandemonium Club at all?”

“Tessa—,” Charlotte began, but Ragnor Fell waved her silent. He gazed amusedly down the table at Tessa. “You’re the shape-changer, aren’t you?” he said. “Magnus Bane told me about you. No mark on you at all, they say.”

Tessa swallowed and looked him straight in the eye. They were discordantly human eyes, ordinary in his extraordinary face. “No. No mark.”

He grinned around his fork. “I do suppose they’ve looked *everywhere*?”

“I’m sure Will’s tried,” said Jessamine in a bored tone. Tessa’s silverware clattered to her plate. Jessamine, who had been mashing her peas flat with the side of her knife, looked up when Charlotte let out an aghast, “*Jessamine!*”

Jessamine shrugged. “Well, he’s like that.”

Fell turned back to his plate with a faint smile on his face. “I remember Will’s father. Quite the ladies’ man, he was. They couldn’t resist him. Until he met Will’s mother, of course. Then he threw it all in and went to live in Wales just to be with her. What a case he was.”

“He fell in love,” said Jem. “It isn’t that peculiar.”

“‘Fell’ into it,” said the warlock, still with the same faint smile. “‘Hurtled into it is more like. Headlong-crashed into it. Still, there

are always some men like that—just one woman for them, and only she will do, or nothing.”

Charlotte looked over at Henry, but he appeared completely lost in thought, counting something—though who knew what—off on his fingers. He was wearing a pink and violet waistcoat today, and had gravy on his sleeve. Charlotte’s shoulders slumped visibly, and she sighed. “Well,” she said. “By all accounts they were very happy together—”

“Until they lost two of their three children and Edmund Herondale gambled away everything they had,” said Fell. “But I imagine you never told young Will about that.”

Tessa exchanged a glance with Jem. *My sister is dead*, Will had said. “They had three children, then?” she said. “Will had two sisters?”

“Tessa. Please.” Charlotte looked uneasy. “Ragnor . . . I never hired you to invade the privacy of the Herondales, or Will. I did it because I had promised Will I would tell him if harm came to his family.”

Tessa thought of Will—a twelve-year-old Will, clinging to Charlotte’s hand, begging to be told if his family died. *Why run?* she thought for the hundredth time. *Why put them behind you?* She had thought perhaps he did not care, but clearly he had cared. Cared still. She could not stop the tightening at her heart as she thought of him calling out for his sister. If he loved Cecily as she had once loved Nate . . .

Mortmain had done something to his family, she thought. As he had to hers. That bound them to each other in a peculiar way, she and Will. Whether he knew it or not.

“Whatever it is that Mortmain has been planning,” she heard herself say, “he has been planning it a long time. Since before I was born, when he tricked or coerced my parents into ‘making’ me. And now we know that years ago he involved himself with Will’s family and moved them to Ravenscar Manor. I fear we are like chess pieces he slides about a board, and the outcome of the game is already known to him.”

“That is what he desires us to think, Tessa,” said Jem. “But he is only a man. And each discovery we make about him makes him more vulnerable. If we were no threat, he would not have sent that automaton to warn us off.”

“He knew exactly where we would *be*—”

“There is nothing more dangerous than a man bent on revenge,” said Ragnor. “A man who has been bent on it for nearly three score years, who has nurtured it from a tiny, poisonous seed to a living, choking flower. He will see it through, unless you end him first.”

“Then, we will end him,” said Jem shortly. It was as close to a threat as Tessa had ever heard him make.

Tessa looked down at her hands. They were a paler white than they had been when she lived in New York, but they were her hands, familiar, the index finger slightly longer than the middle one, the half-moons of her nails pronounced. *I could Change them*, she thought. *I could become anything, anyone*. She had never felt more mutable, more fluid, or more lost.

“Indeed.” Charlotte’s tone was firm. “Ragnor, I want to know why the Herondale family is in that house—that house that belonged to Mortmain—and I want to see to it that they are safe. And I want to do it without Benedict Lightwood or the rest of the Clave hearing about it.”

“I understand. You want me to look out for them as quietly as possible while also making inquiries regarding Mortmain in the area. If he moved them there, it must have been for a purpose.”

Charlotte exhaled. “Yes.”

Ragnor twirled his fork. “That will be expensive.”

“Yes,” Charlotte said. “I am prepared to pay.”

Fell grinned. “Then, I am prepared to endure the sheep.”



The rest of the lunch passed in awkward conversation, with Jessamine moodily destroying her food without eating it, Jem unusually quiet, Henry muttering equations to himself, and Charlotte and Fell finalizing their plans for the protection of

Will's family. As much as Tessa approved of the idea—and she did—there was something about the warlock that made her uncomfortable in a way Magnus never had, and she was glad when lunch was over and she could escape to her room with a copy of *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*.

It was not her favorite of the Brontë sisters' books—that honor went to *Jane Eyre*, and then *Wuthering Heights*, with *Tenant* a distant third—but she had read the other two so many times that no surprises lay between the pages, only phrases so familiar to her they had become like old friends. What she really wanted to read was *A Tale of Two Cities*, but Will had quoted Sydney Carton to her enough times that she was afraid that picking it up would make her think of him, and make the weight of her nervousness greater. After all, it was never Darnay he quoted, only Sydney, drunk and wrecked and dissipated. Sydney, who died for love.

It was dark out, and the wind was blowing gusts of light rain against the windowpanes when the knock came at her door. It was Sophie, carrying a letter on a silver tray. "A letter for you, miss."

Tessa put the book down in astonishment. "Mail for *me*?"

Sophie nodded and came closer, holding out the tray. "Yes, but it doesn't say who it's from. Miss Lovelace almost snatched it, but I managed to keep it from her, nosy thing."

Tessa took the envelope. It was addressed to her, indeed, in a slanting, unfamiliar hand, printed on heavy cream-colored paper. She turned it over once, began to open it, and caught sight of Sophie's wide-eyed curious gaze reflected in the window. She turned and smiled at her. "That will be all, Sophie," she said. It was the way she had read heroines dismissing servants in novels, and it seemed to be correct. With a disappointed look Sophie took her salver and retired from the room.

Tessa unfolded the letter and spread it out on her lap.

*Dear sensible Miss Gray,
I write to you on behalf of a mutual friend, one William Herondale. I know that it is his habit to come and go—most often go—from the Institute as he pleases, and*

that therefore it may be some time before any alarm is raised at his absence. But I ask you, as one who holds your good sense in esteem, not to assume this absence to be of the ordinary sort. I saw him myself last night, and he was, to say the least, distraught when he left my residence. I have reason for concern that he might do himself an injury, and therefore I suggest that his whereabouts be sought and his safety ascertained. He is a difficult young man to like, but I believe you see the good in him, as I do, Miss Gray, and that is why I humbly address my letter to you

—
*Your servant,
Magnus Bane*

Postscript: If I were you, I would not share the contents of this letter with Mrs. Branwell. Just a suggestion.

M.B.

Though reading Magnus's letter made her feel as if her veins were full of fire, somehow Tessa survived the rest of the afternoon, and dinner as well, without—she thought—betraying any outward sign of her distress. It seemed to take Sophie an agonizingly long time to help her out of her dress, brush her hair, stoke the fire, and tell her the day's gossip. (Cyril's cousin worked in the Lightwoods' house and had reported that Tatiana—Gabriel and Gideon's sister—was due to return from her honeymoon on the Continent with her new husband any day now. The household was in an uproar as she was rumored to have a most unpleasant disposition.)

Tessa muttered something about how she must take after her father that way. Impatience made her voice a croak, and Sophie was only just prevented from rushing out to get her a tisane of mint by Tessa's insistence that she was exhausted, and needed sleep more than she needed tea.

The moment the door shut behind Sophie, Tessa was on her feet, shimmying out of her nightclothes and into a dress, lacing herself up as best she could and throwing a short jacket on over the top. After a cautious glance out into the corridor, she slipped out of her room and across the hall to Jem's door, where she knocked as quietly as she could. For a moment nothing happened, and she had the fleeting worry that he had already gone to sleep, but then the door flew open and Jem stood on the threshold.

She had clearly caught him in the middle of readying himself for bed; his shoes and jacket were off, his shirt open at the collar, his hair an adorable ruffled mess of silver. She wanted to reach out and smooth it down. He blinked at her. "Tessa?"

Without a word she handed him the note. He glanced up and down the corridor, then gestured her inside the room. She shut the door behind him as he read Magnus's scrawl once, and then again, before balling it up in his hand, the crackling paper loud in the room. "I *knew* it," he said.

It was Tessa's turn to blink. "Knew what?"

"That this wasn't an ordinary sort of absence." He sat down on the trunk at the foot of his bed and shoved his feet into his shoes. "I felt it. Here." He put his hand over his chest. "I knew there was something strange. I felt it like a shadow on my soul."

"You don't think he'd really hurt himself, do you?"

"Hurt himself, I don't know. Put himself in a situation where he might be hurt—" Jem stood up. "I should go."

"Don't you mean 'we'? You weren't thinking of going looking for Will without me, were you?" she asked archly, and when he said nothing, she said, "That letter was addressed to me, James. I didn't have to show it to you."

He half-closed his eyes for a moment, and when he opened them, he was smiling crookedly. "*James*," he said. "Ordinarily only Will calls me that."

"I'm sorry—"

"No. Don't be. I like the sound of it on your lips."

Lips. There was something strangely, delicately indelicate about the word, like a kiss itself. It seemed to hover in the air between them while they both hesitated. *But it's Jem*, Tessa thought in bewilderment. Jem. Not Will, who could make her feel as if he were running his fingers along her bare skin just by looking at her—

"You're right," Jem said, clearing his throat. "Magnus would not have sent the letter to you had he not intended you to be part of searching for Will. Perhaps he thinks your power will be useful.

In either case—” He turned from her, going to his wardrobe and flinging it open. “Wait for me in your room. I will be there momentarily.”

Tessa wasn't sure if she nodded—she thought she had—and moments later she found herself back in her bedroom, leaning against the door. Her face felt hot, as if she had stood too close to a fire. She looked around. When had she started to think of this room as *her* bedroom? The big, grand space, with its mullioned windows and softly glowing witchlight tapers, was so unlike the tiny box room she had slept in in the flat in New York, with its puddles of wax on the bedside table, caused by her staying up all night reading by candlelight, and the cheap wooden-framed bed with its thin blankets. In the winter the windows, ill-seated, would rattle in their frames when the wind blew.

A soft knock on the door drew her out of her reverie, and she turned, flinging it open to find Jem on the threshold. He was fully dressed in Shadowhunter gear—the tough leather-looking black coat and trousers, the heavy boots. He put a finger to his lips and gestured for her to follow him.

It was probably ten o'clock at night, Tessa guessed, and the witchlight was burning low. They took a curious, winding path through the corridors, not the one she was used to taking to get to the front doors. Her confusion was answered when they reached a door set at the end of a long corridor. There was a rounded look to the space they stood in, and Tessa guessed they were probably inside one of the Gothic towers that stood at each corner of the Institute.

Jem pushed the door open and ushered her in after him; he closed the door firmly behind them, slipping the key he had used back into his pocket. “This,” he said, “is Will's room.”

“Gracious,” Tessa said. “I've never been in here. I was starting to imagine he slept upside down, like a bat.”

Jem laughed and went past her, over to a wooden bureau, and began to rummage through the contents on top of it as Tessa

glanced around. Her heart was beating fast, as if she were seeing something she wasn't meant to see—some secret, hidden part of Will. She told herself not to be silly, it was just a room, with the same heavy dark furniture as all the other Institute rooms. It was a mess, too—covers kicked down to the foot of the bed; clothes draped over the backs of chairs, teacups half-full of liquid not yet cleared away, balanced precariously on the nightstand. And everywhere books—books on the side tables, books on the bed, books in stacks on the floor, books double-lined in shelves along the walls. As Jem rummaged, Tessa wandered to the shelves and looked curiously at the titles.

She was not surprised to find that they were almost all fiction and poetry. Some were titles in languages she couldn't read. She recognized Latin and the Greek alphabet. There were also books of fairy tales, *The Arabian Nights*, James Payn's work, Anthony Trollope's *Vicar of Bullhampton*, Thomas Hardy's *Desperate Remedies*, a pile of Wilkie Collins—*The New Magdalen*, *The Law and the Lady*, *The Two Destinies*, and a new Jules Verne novel titled *Child of the Cavern* that she itched to get her hands on. And then, there it was—*A Tale of Two Cities*. With a rueful smile she reached to take it from the shelf. As she lifted it, several scrawled-on papers that had been pressed between the covers fluttered to the floor. She knelt to pick them up—and froze. She recognized the handwriting instantly. It was her own.

Her throat tightened as she thumbed through the pages. *Dear Nate*, she read. *I tried to Change today, and failed. It was a coin they gave me, and I could get nothing from it. Either it was never owned by a person, or my power is weakening. I would not care, but that they whipped me—have you ever been whipped before? No, a silly question. Of course you haven't. It feels like fire being laid in lines across your skin. I am ashamed to say I cried, and you know how I hate to cry . . . And Dear Nate, I missed you so much today, I thought I would die. If you are gone, there is no one in the world who cares if I am dead or alive. I feel myself dissolving, vanishing into*

nothingness, for if there is no one in the world who cares for you, do you really exist at all?

These were the letters she had written her brother from the Dark House, not expecting Nate to read them—not expecting anyone to read them. They were more of a diary than letters, the only place where she could pour forth her horror, her sadness, and her fear. She knew that they had been found, that Charlotte had read them, but what were they doing here in *Will's* room, of all places, hidden between the pages of a book?

“Tessa.” It was Jem. She turned quickly, slipping the letters into the pocket of her coat as she did so. Jem stood by the bureau, holding a silver knife in his hand. “By the Angel, this place is such a tip, I wasn’t sure I’d be able to find it.” He turned it over in his hands. “Will didn’t bring much from home when he came here, but he did bring this. It’s a dagger his father gave him. It has the Herondale bird markings on the blade. It should have a strong enough imprint of him for us to track him with it.”

Despite the encouraging words, he was frowning.

“What’s wrong?” Tessa asked, crossing the room to him.

“I found something else,” he said. “Will has always been the one to buy my—my medicine for me. He knew I despised the whole transaction, finding Downworlders willing to sell it, paying for the stuff . . .” His chest rose and fell quickly, as if merely talking about it sickened him. “I would give him money, and off he would go. I found a bill, though, for the last transaction. It appears the drugs—the medicine—does not cost what I thought it did.”

“You mean Will’s been cheating you out of money?” Tessa was surprised. Will could be awful and cruel, she thought, but somehow she had thought his cruelty of a more refined order than that. Less petty. And to do that to Jem, of all people . . .

“Quite the opposite. The drugs cost much more than he said they did. He must have been making up the difference somehow.” Still frowning, he slid the dagger into his belt. “I know

him better than anyone else in the world,” he said matter-of-factly. “And yet still I find that Will has secrets that surprise me.”

Tessa thought of the letters stuffed into the Dickens book, and what she intended to say to Will about it when she saw him again. “Indeed,” she said. “Though it is not so much a mystery, is it? Will would do anything for you—”

“I’m not sure I would take it quite that far.” Jem’s tone was wry.

“Of course he would,” said Tessa. “Anyone would. You’re so kind and so good—”

She broke off, but Jem’s eyes had already widened. He looked surprised, as if he were not used to such praise, but surely he must be, Tessa thought in confusion. Surely everyone who knew him knew how lucky they were. She felt her cheeks begin to warm again, and cursed herself. *What* was going on?

A faint rattle came from the window; Jem turned after a moment’s pause. “That will be Cyril,” he said, and there was a slight, rough undercurrent to his voice. “I—I asked him to bring the carriage around. We had better go.”

Tessa nodded, wordless, and followed him from the room.



When Jem and Tessa emerged from the Institute, the wind was still gusting into the courtyard, sending dried leaves skittering in circles like faerie dancers. The sky was heavy with a yellow fog, the moon a gold disk behind it. The Latin words over the Institute’s gates seemed to glow, picked out by the moonlight: *We are dust and shadows.*

Cyril, waiting with the carriage and the two horses, Balios and Xanthos, looked relieved to see them; he helped Tessa up into the carriage, Jem following her, and then swung himself up into the driver’s seat. Tessa, sitting opposite Jem, watched with fascination as he drew both the dagger and the stele from his belt; holding the dagger in his right hand, he drew a rune on the back of that hand with the tip of his stele. It looked to Tessa like all Marks

looked, a ripple of unreadable waving lines, circling around to connect with one another in bold black patterns.

He gazed down at his hand for a long moment, then shut his eyes, his face still with intense concentration. Just as Tessa's nerves began to sing with impatience, his eyes flew open. "Brick Lane, near Whitechapel High Street," he said, half to himself; returning the dagger and stele to his belt, he leaned out the window, and she heard him repeat the words to Cyril. A moment later Jem was back in the carriage, shutting the window against the cold air, and they were sliding and bumping forward over the cobblestones.

Tessa took a deep breath. She had been eager to look for Will all day, worried about him, wondering where he was—but now that they were rolling into the dark heart of London, all she could feel was dread.

9

FERCE MIDNIGHT

*Fierce midnights and famishing morrows,
And the loves that complete and control
All the joys of the flesh, all the sorrows
That wear out the soul.*

—Algernon Charles Swinburne, “Dolores”

Tessa kept the curtain on her side of the carriage pulled back, her eyes on the glass of the window, as they rolled along Fleet Street toward Ludgate Hill. The yellow fog had thickened, and she could make out little through it—the dark shapes of people hurrying to and fro, the hazy words of advertising signs painted on the sides of buildings. Every once in a while the fog would part and she would get a clear glimpse of something—a little girl carrying bunches of wilting lavender, leaning against a wall, exhausted; a knife grinder rolling his cart wearily homeward; a sign for Bryant and May’s Lucifer Matches looming suddenly out of the gloom.

“Chuckaways,” said Jem. He was leaning back against the seat across from her, his eyes bright in the dimness. She wondered if he had taken some of the drug before they left, and if so, how much.

“Pardon?”

He mimed the act of striking a match, blowing it out, and tossing the remainder over his shoulder. “That’s what they call

matches here—chuckaways, because you toss them aside after one use. It's also what they call the girls who work at the match factories."

Tessa thought of Sophie, who could easily have become one of those "chuckaways," if Charlotte hadn't found her. "That's cruel."

"It's a cruel part of the city we're going into. The East End. The slums." He sat forward. "I want you to be careful, and to stay close by me."

"Do you know what Will's doing there?" Tessa asked, half-afraid of the answer. They were passing by the great bulk of St. Paul's now, looming up above them like a giant's glimmering marble tombstone.

Jem shook his head. "I don't. I only got a sense—a fleeting image of the street—from the tracking spell. I will say, though, that there are few *harmless* reasons for a gentleman to go 'down to Chapel' after dark."

"He could be gambling . . ."

"He could be," Jem agreed, sounding as if he doubted it.

"You said you would sense it. Here." Tessa touched herself over the heart. "If something had happened to him. Is that because you're *parabatai*?"

"Yes."

"So there's more to being *parabatai* than just swearing to look out for each other. There's something—mystical about it."

Jem smiled at her, that smile that was like a light suddenly being turned on in every room of a house. "We're Nephilim. Every one of our life's passages has some mystical component—our births, our deaths, our marriages, everything has a ceremony. There is one as well if you wish to become someone's *parabatai*. First you must ask them, of course. It's no small commitment—"

"You asked Will," Tessa guessed.

Jem shook his head, still smiling. "He asked me," he said. "Or rather he told me. We were training, up in the training room, with longswords. He asked me and I said no, he deserved someone who was going to live, who could look out for him all his life. He

bet me he could get the sword away from me, and if he succeeded, I'd have to agree to be his blood brother."

"And he got it away from you?"

"In nine seconds flat." Jem laughed. "Pinned me to the wall. He must have been training without my knowing about it, because I'd never have agreed if I'd thought he was that good with a longsword. Throwing daggers have always been his weapons." He shrugged. "We were thirteen. They did the ceremony when we were fourteen. Now it's been three years and I can't imagine not having a *parabatai*."

"Why didn't you want to do it?" Tessa asked a little hesitantly. "When he first asked you."

Jem ran a hand through his silvery hair. "The ceremony binds you," he said. "It makes you stronger. You have each other's strength to draw on. It makes you more aware of where the other one is, so you can work seamlessly together in a fight. There are runes you can use if you are part of a pair of *parabatai* that you can't use otherwise. But . . . you can choose only one *parabatai* in your life. You can't have a second, even if the first one dies. I didn't think I was a very good bet, considering."

"That seems a harsh rule."

Jem said something then, in a language she didn't understand. It sounded like "*khalepa ta kala*."

She frowned at him. "That isn't Latin?"

"Greek," he said. "It has two meanings. It means that that which is worth having—the good, fine, honorable, and noble things—are difficult to attain." He leaned forward, closer to her. She could smell the sweet scent of the drug on him, and the tang of his skin underneath. "It means something else as well."

Tessa swallowed. "What's that?"

"It means 'beauty is harsh.'"

She glanced down at his hands. Slim, fine, capable hands, with blunt-cut nails, and scars across the knuckles. Were any of the Nephilim unscarred? "These words, they have a special appeal to

you, don't they?" she asked softly. "These dead languages. Why is that?"

He was leaning close enough to her that she felt his warm breath on her cheek when he exhaled. "I cannot be sure," he said, "though I think it has something to do with the clarity of them. Greek, Latin, Sanskrit, they contain pure truths, before we cluttered our languages with so many useless words."

"But what of your language?" she said softly. "The one you grew up speaking?"

His lips twitched. "I grew up speaking English and Mandarin Chinese," he said. "My father spoke English, and Chinese badly. After we moved to Shanghai, it was even worse. The dialect there is barely intelligible by someone who speaks Mandarin."

"Say something in Mandarin," said Tessa with a smile.

Jem said something rapidly, that sounded like a lot of breathy vowels and consonants run together, his voice rising and falling melodically: "*Ni hen piao liang.*"

"What did you say?"

"I said your hair is coming undone. Here," he said, and reached out and tucked an escaping curl back behind her ear. Tessa felt the blood spill hot up into her cheeks, and was glad for the dimness of the carriage. "You have to be careful with it," he said, taking his hand back slowly, his fingers lingering against her cheek. "You don't want to give the enemy anything to grab hold of."

"Oh—yes—of course." Tessa looked quickly toward the window—and stared. The yellow fog hung heavy over the streets, but she could see well enough. They were in a narrow thoroughfare—though broad, perhaps, by London's standards. The air seemed thick and greasy with coal dust and fog, and the streets were lined with people. Filthy, dressed in rags, they slumped against the walls of tipsy-looking buildings, their eyes watching the carriage go by like hungry dogs following the progress of a bone. Tessa saw a woman wrapped in a shawl, a basket of flowers drooping from one hand, a baby folded into a

corner of the shawl propped against her shoulder. Its eyes were closed, its skin as pale as curd; it looked sick, or dead. Barefoot children, as dirty as homeless cats, played together in the streets; women sat leaning against one another on the stoops of buildings, obviously drunk. The men were worst of all, slumped against the sides of houses, dressed in dirty, patched topcoats and hats, the looks of hopelessness on their faces like etchings on gravestones.

“Rich Londoners from Mayfair and Chelsea like to take midnight tours of districts like these,” said Jem, his voice uncharacteristically bitter. “They call it slumming.”

“Do they stop and—and help in some way?”

“Most of them, no. They just want to stare so they can go home and talk at their next tea party about how they saw real ‘mug-hunters’ or ‘dollymops’ or ‘Shivering Jemmys.’ Most of them never get out of their carriages or omnibuses.”

“What’s a Shivering Jemmy?”

Jem looked at her with flat silver eyes. “A freezing, ragged beggar,” he said. “Someone likely to die of the cold.”

Tessa thought of the thick paper pasted over the cracks in the windowpanes in her New York apartment. But at least she had had a bedroom, a place to lie down, and Aunt Harriet to make her hot soup or tea over the small range. She had been lucky.

The carriage came to a stop at an unprepossessing corner. Across the street the lights of an open public house spilled out onto the street, along with a steady stream of drunkards, some with women leaning on their arms, the women’s brightly colored dresses stained and dirty and their cheeks highly rouged. Somewhere someone was singing “Cruel Lizzie Vickers.”

Jem took her hand. “I can’t glamour you against the glances of mundanes,” he said. “So keep your head down and keep close to me.”

Tessa smiled crookedly but didn’t take her hand out of his. “You said that already.”

He leaned close and whispered into her ear. His breath sent a shiver racing through her whole body. "It's *very* important."

He reached past her for the door and swung it open. He leaped down onto the pavement and helped her down after him, pulling her close against his side. Tessa looked up and down the street. There were some incurious stares from the crowds, but the two of them were largely ignored. They headed toward a narrow door painted red. There were steps around it, but unlike all the other steps in the area, they were bare. No one was sitting on them. Jem took them quickly, pulling her up after him, and rapped sharply on the door.

It was opened after a moment by a woman in a long red dress, fitted so tightly to her body that Tessa's eyes widened. She had black hair piled on her head, kept in place by a pair of gold chopsticks. Her skin was very pale, her eyes rimmed with kohl—but on closer examination Tessa realized she was white, not foreign. Her mouth was a sulky red bow. It turned down at the corners as her gaze came to rest on Jem.

"No," she said. "No Nephilim."

She moved to shut the door, but Jem had raised his cane; the blade shot out from the base of it, holding the door open wide. "No trouble," he said. "We're not here for the Clave. It's personal."

She narrowed her eyes.

"We're looking for someone," he said. "A friend. Take us to him, and we won't bother you further."

At that, she threw her head back and laughed. "I know who you're looking for," she said. "There's only one of your kind here." She turned away from the door with a shrug of contempt. Jem's blade slid back into its casing with a hiss, and he ducked under the low lintel, drawing Tessa after him.

Beyond the door was a narrow corridor. A heavy sweet smell hung on the air, like the smell that hung about Jem's clothing after he had taken his drug. Her hand tightened involuntarily on his. "This is where Will comes to buy the—to buy what I need,"

he whispered, inclining his head so that his lips nearly touched her ear. “Although why he would be here now . . .”

The woman who had opened the door for them glanced back over her shoulder as she set off down the hall. There was a slit up the back of her dress, showing much of her legs—and the end of a long, slender forked tail, marked with black and white markings like the scales of a snake. *She’s a warlock*, Tessa thought with a dull thud at her heart. Ragnor, the Dark Sisters, this woman—why was it that warlocks always seemed so—sinister? With the exception of Magnus perhaps, but she had the feeling Magnus was an exception to many rules.

The corridor widened out into a large room, its walls painted dark red. Great lamps, their sides carved and painted with delicate trceries that threw patterned light against the walls, hung down from the ceiling. Along the walls were ranged beds, in bunks, like the inside of a ship. A large round table dominated the center of the room. At it sat a number of men, their skin the same blood-red as the walls, their black hair clipped close to their heads. Their hands ended in blue-black talons that had also been clipped, probably to allow them to more easily count and sift and mix the various powders and concoctions they had spread out before them. The powders seemed to glimmer and shine under the lamplight, like pulverized jewels.

“Is this an opium den?” Tessa whispered into Jem’s ear.

His eyes were raking the room anxiously. She could sense the tension in him, a thrum just under the skin, like the fast-beating heart of a hummingbird. “No.” He sounded distracted. “Not really—mostly demon drugs and faerie powders. Those men at the table, they’re ifrits. Warlocks without powers.”

The woman in the red dress was leaning over the shoulder of one of the ifrits. Together they looked up and over at Tessa and Jem, their eyes lingering on Jem. Tessa didn’t like the way they were looking at him. The warlock woman was smiling; the ifrit’s look was calculating. The woman straightened up and swayed

over to them, her hips moving like a metronome under the tight satin of her dress.

“Madran says we have what you want, silver boy,” said the warlock woman, raking a blood-red nail across Jem’s cheek. “No need for pretense.”

Jem flinched back from her touch. Tessa had never seen him look so unnerved. “I told you, we’re here for a friend,” he snapped. “A Nephilim. Blue eyes, black hair—” His voice rose. “*Ta xian zai zai na li?*”

She looked at him for a moment, then shook her head. “You are foolish,” she said. “There is little of the *yin fen* left, and when it is gone, you will die. We struggle to obtain more, but lately the demand—”

“Spare us your attempts to sell your merchandise,” said Tessa, suddenly angry. She couldn’t bear the look on Jem’s face, as if each word were the cut of a knife. No wonder Will bought his poisons for him. “Where is our friend?”

The warlock woman hissed, shrugged, and pointed toward one of the bunk beds bolted to the wall. “There.”

Jem whitened as Tessa stared. Their occupants were so still that at first she had thought the beds were empty, but she realized now, looking more closely, that each was taken up by a sprawled figure. Some lay on their sides, arms trailing over the edges of the bed, hands splayed; most were on their backs, eyes open, staring at the ceiling or the bunk above them.

Without another word Jem began to stalk across the room, Tessa on his heels. As they drew closer to the beds, she realized that not all the occupants were human. Blue, violet, red, and green skin flashed past; green hair as long and netted as a web of seaweed brushed restlessly against a dirty pillow; taloned fingers gripped the wooden sides of a bunk as someone moaned. Someone else was giggling softly, hopelessly, a sound sadder than weeping; another voice repeated a children’s rhyme over and over and over again:

*“Oranges and lemons
Say the bells of St. Clement’s
When will ye pay me?
Ring the bells at Old Bailey
When I grow rich
Say the bells of Shoreditch—”*

“Will,” whispered Jem. He had stopped at a bunk halfway down the wall, and leaned against it, as if his legs threatened to give way.

Lying in the bunk was Will, half-tangled in a dark, ragged blanket. He wore nothing but trousers and a shirt; his weapons belt hung on a nail peg inside the bunk. His feet were bare, his eyes half-lidded, their blue only slightly visible beneath the fringe of his dark lashes. His hair was wet with sweat, pasted to his forehead, his cheeks bright red and feverish. His chest rose and fell raggedly, as if he were having trouble drawing breath.

Tessa reached out and put the back of her hand to his forehead. It was burning. “Jem,” she said softly. “Jem, we must get him out of here.”

The man in the bunk beside them was still singing. Not that he was quite a man, exactly. His body was short and twisted, his shoeless feet ending in cloven hooves.

*“When will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney
I do not know,
Says the great bell of Bow”*

Jem was still staring down at Will, motionless. He seemed frozen. His face had gone a patchy white and red color.

“Jem!” Tessa whispered. “Please. Help me get him on his feet.” When Jem did not move, she reached out, took Will by the shoulder, and shook him. “Will. Will, wake up, please.”

Will only groaned and turned away from her, burying his head against his arm. He was a Shadowhunter, she thought, six feet of bone and muscle, far too heavy for her to lift. Unless—

“If you do not help me,” Tessa said to Jem, “I swear, I will Change into you, and I will lift him myself. And then everyone here will see what you look like in a dress.” She fixed him with a look. “Do you understand?”

Very slowly he raised his eyes to hers. He did not look fazed by the idea of being seen by ifrits in a dress; he did not look as if he saw her at all. It was the first time she could remember seeing those silver eyes without any light behind them. “Do you?” he said, and reached into the bunk, catching Will by the arm and hauling him sideways, taking little care, and bumping Will’s head, hard, against the side rail of the bed.

Will groaned and opened his eyes. “Let me go—”

“Help me with him,” Jem said without looking at Tessa, and together they wrestled Will out of the bunk. He nearly fell, sliding his arm around Tessa to balance himself as Jem retrieved his weapons belt from the nail it was hanging from.

“Tell me this is not a dream,” Will whispered, nuzzling his face into the side of her neck. Tessa jumped. He felt feverishly hot against her skin. His lips grazed her cheekbone; they were as soft as she remembered.

“Jem,” Tessa said desperately, and Jem looked over at them; he had been buckling Will’s belt over his own, and it seemed clear he hadn’t heard a word Will had said. He knelt down to stuff Will’s feet into his boots, then rose to take his *parabatai*’s arm. Will seemed delighted by this.

“Oh, good,” he said. “Now we’re all three together.”

“Shut up,” said Jem.

Will giggled. “Listen, Carstairs, you haven’t any of the needful on you, have you? I’d stump up, but I’m flat out.”

“What did he say?” Tessa was baffled.

“He wants me to pay for his drugs.” Jem’s voice was stiff. “Come. We’ll get him to the carriage, and I’ll come back with the

money.”

As they struggled toward the door, Tessa heard the voice of the cloven-footed man, following them, thin and as high as music piped through reeds, ending in a high-pitched giggle.

*“Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a chopper to chop off your head!”*



Even the dirty Whitechapel air seemed clear and fresh after the cloying incense stench of the faerie drug den. Tessa almost stumbled going down the stairs. The carriage was thankfully still at the curb, and Cyril was swinging himself down out of the seat, heading over to them, concern on his big, open face.

“Is he all right, then?” he said, taking the arm that Will had draped over Tessa’s shoulders and draping it over his own. Tessa slipped aside gratefully; her back had begun to ache.

Will predictably, though, did not like this. “Let me go,” he said with sudden irritation. “Let me go. I can stand.”

Jem and Cyril exchanged glances, then moved apart. Will staggered, but stayed upright. He raised his head, the cold wind lifting the sweaty hair from his neck and forehead, blowing it across his eyes. Tessa thought of him up on the roof of the Institute: *And I behold London, a human awful wonder of God.*

He looked at Jem. His eyes were bluer than blue, his cheeks flushed, his features angelic. He said, “You did not have to come and fetch me like some child. I was having quite a pleasant time.”

Jem looked back at him. “God damn you,” he said, and hit Will across the face, sending him spinning. Will didn’t lose his footing, but fetched up against the side of the carriage, his hand to his cheek. His mouth was bleeding. He looked at Jem with total astonishment.

“Get him into the carriage,” Jem said to Cyril, and turned and went back through the red door—to pay for whatever Will had

taken, Tessa thought. Will was still staring after him, the blood reddening his mouth.

“James?” he said.

“Come along, then,” said Cyril, not unkindly. He really was awfully like Thomas, Tessa thought as he opened the carriage door and helped Will inside, and then Tessa after him. He gave her a handkerchief from his pocket. It was warm and smelled like cheap eau de cologne. She smiled and thanked him as he shut the door.

Will was slumped in the corner of the carriage, his arms around himself, his eyes half-open. Blood had trickled down his chin. She leaned over and pressed the handkerchief to his mouth; he reached up and put his hand over hers, holding it there. “I’ve made a mess of things,” he said. “Haven’t I?”

“Dreadfully, I’m afraid,” said Tessa, trying not to notice the warmth of his hand over hers. Even in the darkness of the carriage, his eyes were luminously blue. What was it Jem had said, though, about beauty? *Beauty is harsh*. Would people forgive Will the things he did if he were ugly? And did it help him, in the end, to be forgiven? Though, she could not help but feel he did the things he did not because he loved himself too much but because he hated himself. And she did not know why.

He closed his eyes. “I’m so tired, Tess,” he said. “I only wanted pleasant dreams for once.”

“That is not the way to get them, Will,” she said softly. “You cannot buy or drug or dream your way out of pain.”

His hand tightened over hers.

The carriage door opened. Tessa drew back from Will hastily. It was Jem, his face like thunder; he spared a cursory glance at Will, threw himself into a seat, and reached up to rap on the roof. “Cyril, drive home,” he called, and after a moment the carriage lurched forward into the night. Jem reached out and drew the curtains across the windows. In the dimness Tessa slipped the handkerchief into her sleeve. It was still damp with Will’s blood.



Jem said nothing all the way back from Whitechapel, merely stared stonily ahead of him with his arms folded while Will slept, a faint smile on his face, in the corner of the carriage. Tessa, across from them both, could think of nothing to say to break Jem's silence. This was so utterly unlike him—Jem, who was always sweet, always kind, always optimistic. His expression now was worse than blank, his nails digging into the fabric of his gear, his shoulders stiff and angular with rage.

The moment they drew up in front of the Institute, he threw the door open and leaped out. She heard him shout something to Cyril about helping Will to his room, and then he stalked away, up the steps, without another word to her. Tessa was so shocked, she could only stare after him for a moment. She moved to the carriage door; Cyril was already there, his hand up to help her down. Barely had Tessa's shoes hit the cobblestones than she was hurrying after Jem, calling his name, but he was already inside the Institute. He had left the door open for her, and she dashed in after him, after only a brief glance to confirm that Will was being helped by Cyril. She hurried up the stairs, dropping her voice as she realized that, of course, the Institute was asleep, the witchlight torches dimmed to their lowest glow.

She went to Jem's room first and knocked; when there was no answer, she sought a few of his most commonly visited haunts—the music room, the library—but, finding nothing, she returned, disconsolate, to her own room to ready herself for bed. In her nightgown, her dress brushed and hung up, she crawled between the sheets of her bed and stared at the ceiling. She even picked up Will's copy of *Vathek* from her floor, but for the first time the poem in the front failed to make her smile, and she could not concentrate on the story.

She was startled at her own distress. Jem was angry at Will, not at her. Still, she thought, it was perhaps the first time he had lost his temper in front of her. The first time he had been curt with her, or not attended with kindness to her words, had not seemed to think of her first before himself. . . .

She had taken him for granted, she thought with surprise and shame, watching the flickering candlelight. She had assumed his kindness was so natural and so innate, she had never asked herself whether it cost him any effort. Any effort to stand between Will and the world, protecting each of them from the other. Any effort to accept the loss of his family with equanimity. Any effort to remain cheerful and calm in the face of his own dying.

A rending noise, the sound of something being wrenched apart, tore through the room. Tessa sat bolt upright. What *was* that? It seemed to be coming from outside her door—across the hall—

Jem?

She leaped to her feet and caught her dressing gown down from its peg. Hurriedly slipping into it, she darted out the door and into the corridor.

She had been correct—the noise was coming from Jem’s room. She remembered the first night she had met him, the lovely violin music that had poured like water through the doorway. This noise sounded nothing like Jem’s music. She could hear the saw of bow against string, yet it sounded like screaming, like a person screaming in awful pain. She both longed to go in and felt terrified to do so; finally she took hold of the knob of the door and swung it open, and then ducked inside and pulled the door closed fast after her.

“Jem,” she whispered.

The witchlight torches were burning low on the walls. Jem sat on the trunk at the foot of his bed in just his shirtsleeves and trousers, his silver hair tousled, the violin propped against his shoulder. He was sawing at it viciously with the bow, wringing awful sounds out of it, making it scream. As Tessa watched, one of the violin strings snapped with a shriek.

“*Jem!*” she cried again, and when he did not look up, she strode across the room and wrenched the bow out of his hand. “Jem, *stop!* Your violin—your lovely violin—you’ll ruin it.”

He looked up at her. His pupils were enormous, the silver of his eyes only a thin ring around the black. He was breathing hard, his shirt open at the neck, sweat standing out on his collarbones. His cheeks were flushed. "What does it matter?" he said in a voice so low it was almost a hiss. "What does any of it matter? I'm dying. I won't outlast the decade. What does it matter if the violin goes before I do?"

Tessa was appalled. He never spoke like this about his illness, never.

He stood up and turned away from her, toward the window. Only a little moonlight found its way into the room through the fog; there seemed to be shapes visible in the white mist pressed against the window—ghosts, shades, mocking faces. "You know it is true."

"Nothing is decided." Her voice shook. "Nothing is inevitable. A cure—"

"There's no cure." He no longer sounded angry, just detached, which was almost worse. "I will die, and you know it, Tess. Probably within the next year. I am dying, and I have no family in the world, and the one person I trusted more than any other made sport of what is killing me."

"But, Jem, I don't think that's what Will meant to do at all." Tessa leaned the bow against the footboard and moved closer to him, tentatively, as if he were an animal she was fearful of startling. "He was just trying to escape. He is running from something, something dark and awful. You know he is, Jem. You saw how he was after—after Cecily."

She stood just behind him now, close enough to reach out and touch him tentatively on the arm, but she did not. His white shirt was stuck to his shoulder blades with sweat. She could see the Marks on his back through the fabric. He dropped the violin almost carelessly onto the trunk and turned to face her. "He knows what it means to me," he said. "To see him even toy with what has destroyed my life—"

"But he wasn't thinking of you—"

"I know that." His eyes were almost all black now. "I tell myself he's better than he makes himself out to be, but, Tessa, what if he isn't? I have always thought, if I had nothing else, I had Will. If I have done nothing else that made my life matter, I have always stood by him. But perhaps I shouldn't."

His chest was rising and falling so fast, it alarmed her; she put the back of her hand to his forehead and nearly gasped. "You're burning up. You should be resting—"

He flinched away from her, and she dropped her hand, hurt. "Jem, what is it? You don't want me to touch you?"

"Not like that," he flared, and then flushed even darker than before.

"Like what?" She was honestly bewildered; this was behavior she might have expected from Will, but not from Jem—this mysteriousness, this anger.

"As if you were a nurse and I were your patient." His voice was firm but uneven. "You think because I am ill that I am not like—" He drew a ragged breath. "Do you think I do not know," he said, "that when you take my hand, it is only so that you can feel my pulse? Do you think I do not know that when you look into my eyes, it is only to see how much of the drug I have taken? If I were another man, a normal man, I might have hopes, presumptions even; I might—" His words seemed to catch, either because he realized he had said too much or because he had run out of breath; he was gasping, his cheeks flushed.

She shook her head, feeling her plaits tickle her neck. "This is the fever speaking, not you."

His eyes darkened, and he began to turn away from her. "You can't even believe I could want you," he said in a half whisper. "That I am alive enough, healthy enough—"

"No—" Without thinking, she caught at his arm. He stiffened. "James, that isn't at all what I meant—"

He curled his fingers around her hand where it lay on his arm. His own scorched her skin, as hot as fire. And then he turned her and drew her toward him.

They stood face-to-face, chest to chest. His breath stirred her hair. She felt the fever rising off him like mist off the Thames; sensed the pounding of the blood through his skin; saw with a strange clarity the pulse at his throat, the light on the pale curls of his hair where they lay against his paler neck. Prickles of heat ran up and down her skin, bewildering her. This was Jem—her friend, as steady and reliable as a heartbeat. Jem did not set her skin on fire or make the blood rush fast inside her veins until she was dizzy.

“Tessa,” he said. She looked up at him. There was nothing steady or reliable about his expression. His eyes were dark, his cheeks flushed. As she raised her face, he brought his down, his mouth slanting across hers, and even as she froze in surprise, they were kissing. *Jem*. She was kissing Jem. Where Will’s kisses were all fire, Jem’s were like pure air after a long time of being closed up in the airless dark. His mouth was soft and firm; one of his hands circled the back of her neck gently, guiding her mouth to his. With his other hand he cupped her face, running his thumb gently across her cheekbone. His lips tasted of burned sugar; the sweetness of the drug, she guessed. His touch, his lips, were tentative, and she knew why. Unlike Will, he would *mind* that this was the height of impropriety, that he should not be touching her, kissing her, that she should be pulling away.

But she did not want to pull away. Even as she wondered at the fact that it was Jem she was kissing, Jem making her head swim and her ears ring, she felt her arms rise as if of their own accord, curving around his neck, drawing him closer.

He gasped against her mouth. He must have been so sure she would push him away that for a moment he went still. Her hands glided over his shoulders, urging him with gentle touches, with a murmur against his lips, not to pause. Hesitantly he returned her caress, and then with greater force—kissing her again and again, each time with increasing urgency, cupping her face between his burning hands, his thin violinist’s fingers stroking her skin, making her shiver. His hands moved to the small of her back,

pressing her against him; her bare feet slipped on the carpet, and they half-stumbled backward onto the bed.

Her fingers wound tightly in his shirt, Tessa drew Jem down onto her, taking the weight of him onto her body with the feeling that she was being given back something that had belonged to her forever, a bit of her that she had missed without knowing she was missing it. Jem was light, hollow-boned like a bird and with the same racing heart; she ran her hands through his hair, and it was as soft as she had always in her most buried dreams thought it would be, like pinfeathers between her fingers. He could not seem to stop running his hands over her in wonder. They traced their way down her body, his breath ragged in her ear as he found the tie of her dressing gown and paused there, with shaking fingers.

His uncertainty made Tessa's heart feel as if it were expanding inside her chest, its tenderness big enough to hold them both inside it. She wanted Jem to *see* her, just as she was, herself, Tessa Gray, with none of the Change on her. She reached down and undid the tie, sliding the dressing gown off her shoulders so that she was revealed before him in only her white batiste nightgown.

She looked up at him, breathless, shaking her loosened hair out of her face. Propping himself over her, he gazed down, and said again, huskily, what he had said in the carriage before, when he had touched her hair. "*Ni hen piao liang.*"

"What does it mean?" she whispered, and this time he smiled and said:

"It means that you are beautiful. I did not want to tell you before. I did not want you to think I was taking liberties."

She reached up and touched his cheek, so close to hers, and then the fragile skin of his throat, where the blood beat hard beneath the surface. His eyelashes fluttered down as he followed the movement of her finger with his eyes, like silvery rain.

"Take them," she whispered.

He bent down to her; their mouths met again, and the shock of sensation was so strong, so overpowering, that she shut her eyes

against it as if she could hide in the darkness. He murmured and gathered her against him. They rolled sideways, her legs scissoring around his, their bodies shifting to press each other closer and closer still so it became hard to breathe, and yet they could not stop. She found the buttons on his shirt, but even when she opened her eyes, her hands were shaking almost too hard to undo them. Clumsily she worked them free, tearing the fabric. As he shrugged the shirt free of his shoulders, she saw that his eyes were lightening to a pure silver again. She had only a moment to marvel at that, though; she was too busy marveling at the rest of him. He was so thin, without Will's cording of muscle, but there was something about his fragility that was lovely, like the spare lines of a poem. *Gold to airy thinness beat.* Though a layer of muscle still covered his chest, she could see the shadows between his ribs. The pendant of jade Will had given him lay below his angular collarbones.

"I know," he said, looking down at himself self-consciously. "I am not—I mean, I look—"

"Beautiful," she said, and she meant it. "You are beautiful, James Carstairs."

His eyes went wide as she reached to touch him. Her hands had stopped shaking. They were exploratory, fascinated now. Her mother had owned a very old copy of a book once, she remembered, its pages so fragile they were liable to turn to dust when you touched them, and she felt that same responsibility of enormous care now as she brushed her fingers over the Marks on his chest, across the hollows between his ribs and the slope of his stomach, which shuddered under her touch; here was something that was as breakable as it was lovely.

He did not seem to be able to stop touching her, either. His skilled musician's hands grazed her sides, skimming up her bare legs beneath her nightdress. He touched her as he usually touched his beloved violin, with a soft and urgent grace that left her breathless. They seemed to share his fever now; their bodies burned, and their hair was wet with sweat, pasted to their

foreheads and necks. Tessa didn't care; she wanted this heat, this near-pain. This was not herself, this was some other Tessa, some dream Tessa, who would behave like this, and she remembered her dream of Jem in a bed surrounded by flames. She had just never dreamed she would burn with him. She wanted more of this feeling, she knew, more of this fire, but none of the novels she had read told her what happened now. Did *he* know? Will would know, she thought, but Jem, like her, she sensed, must have been following an instinct that ran as deep as her bones. His fingers slipped into the nonexistent space between them, finding the buttons that held her nightdress closed; he bent to kiss her bared shoulder as the fabric slid aside. No one had ever kissed her bare skin there before, and the feeling was so startling that she put out a hand to brace herself, and knocked a pillow from the bed; it hit the small side table. There was the sound of a crash. A sudden sweet dark scent, as of spices, filled the room.

Jem jerked his hands back, a look of horror on his face. Tessa sat up as well, pulling the front of her nightdress together, suddenly self-conscious. Jem was staring over the side of the bed, and she followed his line of sight. The lacquer box that held his drugs had fallen and broken open. A thick layer of shining powder lay across the floor. A faint silvery mist seemed to rise from it, carrying the sweet, spicy smell.

Jem pulled her back, his arm around her, but there was fear in his grip now rather than passion. "Tess," he said in a low voice. "You can't touch this stuff. To get it on your skin would be—dangerous. Even to breathe it in—Tessa, you must go."

She thought of Will, ordering her out of the attic. Was this how it was always going to be—some boy would kiss her, and then order her away as if she were an unwanted servant? "I *won't* go," she flared. "Jem, I can help you clean it up. I am—"

Your friend, she was about to say. But what they had been doing was not what friends did. What was she to him?

"Please," he said softly. His voice was husky. She recognized the emotion. It was shame. "I do not want you to see me on my

knees, grubbing around on the floor for the drug that I need to live. That is not how any man wants the girl he—” He took a shaking breath. “I’m sorry, Tessa.”

The girl he what? But she could not ask; she was over-whelmed—with pity, with sympathy, with shock at what they had done. She leaned forward and kissed his cheek. He didn’t move as she slipped from the bed, retrieved her dressing gown, and went quietly out of the room.



The corridor was the same as it had been when Tessa had crossed it moments—hours—minutes?—before: dim with lowered witchlight stretching far in either direction. She had just slipped into her own bedroom and was about to shut the door when her eye caught a flicker of movement down at the end of the hall. Some instinct held her in place, the door almost shut, her eye pressed to the barely open crack.

The movement was someone walking down the hall. A fair-haired boy, she thought for a moment, in confusion, but no—it was *Jessamine*, Jessamine dressed in boys’ clothes. She wore trousers and a jacket open over a waistcoat; a hat was in her hand, and her long fair hair was tied back behind her head. She glanced behind her as she hurried down the hall, as if afraid of being followed. A few moments later she had vanished around the corner, out of sight.

Tessa slid the door shut, her mind racing. What on earth was that about? What was Jessamine doing, wandering the Institute in the dead of night, dressed like a boy? After hanging up her dressing gown, Tessa went to lie down on her bed. She felt tired down in the marrow of her bones, the sort of tired she had felt the night her aunt died, as if she had exhausted her body’s capacity to feel emotion. When she closed her eyes, she saw Jem’s face, and then Will’s, his hand to his bloody mouth. Thoughts of the two of them swirled together in her head until she fell asleep

finally, not sure if she was dreaming of kissing one of them, or the other.

THE VIRTUE OF ANGELS

The virtue of angels is that they cannot deteriorate; their flaw is that they cannot improve. Man's flaw is that he can deteriorate; and his virtue is that he can improve.

—Hasidic saying

“I suppose you all know by now,” Will remarked at breakfast the next morning, “that I went to an opium den last night.”

It was a subdued morning. It had dawned rainy and gray, and the Institute felt leadenly weighted down, as if the sky were pressing on it. Sophie passed in and out of the kitchen carrying steaming platters of food, her pale face looking pinched and small; Jessamine slumped tiredly over her tea; Charlotte looked weary and unwell from her night spent in the library; and Will's eyes were red-rimmed, his cheek bruised where Jem had hit him. Only Henry, reading the paper with one hand while he stabbed at his eggs with the other, seemed to have any energy.

Jem was conspicuous mainly by his absence. When Tessa had woken up that morning, she had floated for a moment in a blissful state of forgetfulness, the events of the night before a dim blur. Then she had sat bolt upright, absolute horror crashing over her like a wave of scalding water.

Had she really done all those things with *Jem*? His bed—his hands on her—the spilled drugs. She had raised her hands and

touched her hair. It fell free over her shoulders, where Jem had tugged it out of its plaits. *Oh, God*, she thought. *I really did all that; that was me*. She had pressed her hands to her eyes, feeling an overwhelming mix of confusion, terrified happiness—for she could not deny that it had been wonderful in its way—horror at herself, and hideous and total humiliation.

Jem would think she had utterly lost control of herself. No wonder he couldn't face her at breakfast. She could barely face herself in the mirror.

"Did you hear me?" Will said again, clearly disappointed at the reception of his announcement. "I said I went to an opium den last night."

Charlotte looked up from her toast. Slowly she folded her newspaper, set it on the table beside her, and pushed her reading glasses down her upturned nose. "No," she said. "That undoubtedly glorious aspect of your recent activities was unknown to us, in fact."

"So is that where you've been all this time?" Jessamine asked listlessly, taking a sugar cube from the bowl and biting into it. "Are you quite a hopeless addict now? They say it takes only one or two doses."

"It wasn't really an *opium* den," Tessa protested before she could stop herself. "That is to say—they seemed to have more of a trade in magic powders and things like that."

"So perhaps not an opium den precisely," said Will, "but still a den. Of vice!" he added, punctuating this last bit by stabbing his finger into the air.

"Oh, dear, not one of those places that's run by ifrits," sighed Charlotte. "Really, Will—"

"Exactly one of those places," said Jem, coming into the breakfast room and sliding into a chair beside Charlotte—quite as far away from Tessa as it was possible to sit, she noticed, with a pinching feeling in her chest. He didn't look at her either. "Off Whitechapel High Street."

“And how do you and Tessa know so much about it?” asked Jessamine, who appeared revitalized by either her sugar intake or the expectation of some good gossip, or both.

“I used a tracking spell to find Will last night,” said Jem. “I was growing concerned at his absence. I thought he might have forgotten the way back to the Institute.”

“You worry too much,” said Jessamine. “It’s silly.”

“You’re quite right. I won’t make that mistake again,” said Jem, reaching for the dish of kedgerree. “As it turned out, Will wasn’t in need of my assistance at all.”

Will looked at Jem thoughtfully. “I seem to have woken up with what they call a Monday mouse,” he said, pointing at the bruised skin under his eye. “Any idea where I got it?”

“None.” Jem helped himself to some tea.

“Eggs,” said Henry dreamily, looking at his plate. “I do love eggs. I could eat them all day.”

“Was there really a need to bring Tessa with you to Whitechapel?” Charlotte asked Jem, sliding her glasses off and placing them on the newspaper. Her brown eyes were reproachful.

“Tessa is not made of delicate china,” said Jem. “She will not break.”

For some reason this statement, though he said it still without looking at her, sent a flood of images through Tessa’s mind of the night before—of clinging to Jem in the shadows of his bed, his hands gripping her shoulders, their mouths fierce on each other’s. No, he had not treated her as if she were breakable then. A boiling flood of heat seared her cheeks, and she looked down quickly, praying for her blush to go away.

“You might be surprised to know,” said Will, “that I saw something rather interesting in the opium den.”

“I’m sure you did,” said Charlotte with asperity.

“Was it an egg?” Henry inquired.

“Downworlders,” said Will. “Almost all werewolves.”

“There’s nothing interesting about werewolves.” Jessamine sounded aggrieved. “We’re focusing on finding Mortmain now, Will, if you haven’t forgotten, not some drug-addled Downworlders.”

“They were buying *yin fen*,” said Will. “Buckets of it.”

At that Jem’s head snapped up and he met Will’s eyes.

“They had already begun to change color,” said Will. “Quite a few had silver hair, or eyes. Even their skin had started to silver over.”

“This is very disturbing.” Charlotte frowned. “We should speak to Woolsey Scott as soon as this Mortmain matter is cleared up. If there is an issue of addiction to warlock powders in his pack, he will want to know about it.”

“Don’t you think he already does?” said Will, sitting back in his chair. He looked pleased to have finally gotten a reaction to his news. “It is his pack, after all.”

“His pack is all of London’s wolves,” objected Jem. “He can’t possibly keep real track of them all.”

“I’m not sure you want to wait,” said Will. “If you can get hold of Scott, I’d speak to him as soon as possible.”

Charlotte tilted her head to the side. “And why is that?”

“Because,” said Will. “One of the ifrits asked a werewolf why he needed so much *yin fen*. Apparently it works on werewolves as a stimulant. The answer was that it pleased the Magister that the drug kept them working all night long.”

Charlotte’s teacup crashed into her saucer. “Working on what?”

Will smirked, clearly pleased at the effect he was having. “I’ve no idea. I lost consciousness about then. I was having a lovely dream about a young woman who had mislaid nearly all her clothes . . .”

Charlotte was white-faced. “Dear God, I hope Scott isn’t caught up with the Magister. De Quincey first, now the wolves—all our allies. The Accords . . .”

“I’m sure it will all be all right, Charlotte,” said Henry mildly. “Scott doesn’t seem the sort to get tangled up with Mortmain’s

sort.”

“Perhaps you should be there when I speak with him,” said Charlotte. “Nominally, you *are* the head of the Institute—”

“Oh, no,” said Henry with a look of horror. “Darling, you’ll be quite all right without me. You’re such a genius where these negotiations are concerned, and I’m simply not. And besides, the invention I’m working on now could shatter the whole clockwork army into pieces if I get the formulations right!”

He beamed round the table proudly. Charlotte looked at him for a long moment, then pushed her chair back from the table, stood up, and walked out of the room without another word.

Will regarded Henry from beneath half-lidded eyes. “Nothing ever disturbs your circles, does it, Henry?”

Henry blinked. “What do you mean?”

“Archimedes,” Jem said, as usual knowing what Will meant, though not looking at him. “He was drawing a mathematical diagram in the sand when his city was attacked by Romans. He was so intent on what he was doing that he didn’t see the soldier coming up behind him. His last words were ‘Do not disturb my circles.’ Of course, he was an old man by then.”

“And he was probably never married,” said Will, and he grinned at Jem across the table.

Jem didn’t return his grin. Without looking at Will, or Tessa—without looking at any of them—he got to his feet and went out of the room after Charlotte.

“Oh, bother,” said Jessamine. “Is this one of those days where we all stalk out in a fury? Because I simply haven’t got the energy for it.” She put her head down on her arms and closed her eyes.

Henry looked bewilderedly from Will to Tessa. “What is it? What have I done wrong?”

Tessa sighed. “Nothing dreadful, Henry. It’s just—I think Charlotte wanted you to come *with* her.”

“Then, why didn’t she say so?” Henry’s eyes were mournful. His joy over his eggs and inventions seemed to have vanished. Perhaps he shouldn’t have married Charlotte, Tessa thought, her

mood as bleak as the weather. Perhaps, like Archimedes, he would have been happier drawing circles in the sand.

“Because women never say what they think,” said Will. His eyes drifted toward the kitchen, where Bridget was clearing up the remains of the meal. Her singing floated lugubriously out into the dining room.

*“I fear you are poisoned, my own pretty boy,
I fear you are poisoned, my comfort and joy!
‘O yes, I am poisoned; mother, make my bed soon,
There’s a pain in my heart, and I mean to lie down.’”*

“I swear that woman had a previous career as a death-hunter selling tragic ballads down around the Seven Dials,” said Will. “And I do wish she wouldn’t sing about poisoning just after we’ve eaten.” He looked sideways at Tessa. “Shouldn’t you be off putting on your gear? Haven’t you training with the lunatic Lightwoods today?”

“Yes, this morning, but I needn’t change clothes. We’re just practicing knife throwing,” said Tessa, somewhat amazed that she was able to have this mild and civil a conversation with Will after the events of last night. Cyril’s handkerchief, with Will’s blood on it, was still in her dresser drawer; she remembered the warmth of his lips on her fingers, and darted her eyes away from his.

“How fortunate that I am a crack hand at knife throwing.” Will got to his feet and held out his arm to her. “Come along; it’ll drive Gideon and Gabriel mad if I watch the training, and I could do with a little madness this morning.”



Will was correct. His presence during the training session seemed to madden Gabriel at least, though Gideon, as he seemed to do with everything, took this intrusion in a stolid manner. Will sat on a low wooden bench that ran along one of the walls, and ate an apple, his long legs stretched out before him, occasionally calling

out bits of advice that Gideon ignored and that Gabriel took like blows to the chest.

“*Must* he be here?” Gabriel growled to Tessa the second time he had nearly dropped a knife while handing it to her. He put a hand on her shoulder, showing her the sight line for the target she was aiming at—a black circle drawn on the wall. She knew how much he would rather she were aiming at Will. “Can’t you tell him to go away?”

“Now, why would I do that?” Tessa asked reasonably. “Will is my friend, and you are someone whom I do not even like.”

She threw the knife. It missed its target by several feet, striking low in the wall near the floor.

“No, you’re still weighting the point too much—and what do you mean, you don’t like me?” Gabriel demanded, handing her another knife as if by reflex, but his expression was very surprised indeed.

“Well,” Tessa said, sighting along the line of the knife, “you behave as if you dislike *me*. In fact, you behave as if you dislike us all.”

“I don’t,” Gabriel said. “I just dislike *him*.” He pointed at Will.

“Dear me,” said Will, and he took another bite of his apple. “Is it because I’m better-looking than you?”

“Both of you be quiet,” Gideon called from across the room. “We’re meant to be working, not snapping at each other over years-old petty disagreements.”

“Petty?” Gabriel snarled. “He *broke* my *arm*.”

Will took another bite out of his apple. “I can hardly believe you’re still upset about that.”

Tessa threw the knife. This throw was better. It landed inside the black circle, if not in the center itself. Gabriel looked around for another knife and, not seeing one, let out an exhalation of annoyance. “When *we* run the Institute,” he said, pitching his voice loud enough for Will to hear, “this training room will be far better kept up and supplied.”

Tessa looked at him angrily. “Amazing that I don’t like you, isn’t it?”

Gabriel’s handsome face crumpled into an ugly look of contempt. “I don’t see what this has to do with you, little warlock; this Institute isn’t your home. You don’t belong in this place. Believe me, you’d be better off with my family running things here; we could find uses for your . . . talent. Employment that would make you rich. You could live where you liked. And Charlotte can go run the Institute in York, where she’ll do considerably less harm.”

Will was sitting upright now, apple forgotten. Gideon and Sophie had ceased their practicing and were watching the conversation—Gideon wary, Sophie wide-eyed. “If you hadn’t noticed,” Will said, “someone already runs the York Institute.”

“Aloysius Starkweather is a senile old man.” Gabriel dismissed him with a wave of his hand. “And he has no descendants he can beg the Consul to appoint in his place. Since the business with his granddaughter, his son and daughter-in-law packed up and went to Idris. They won’t come back here for love or money.”

“What business with his granddaughter?” Tessa demanded, flashing back to the portrait of the sickly-looking little girl on the staircase of the York Institute.

“Only lived to be ten or so,” said Gabriel. “Never was very healthy, by all accounts, and when they first Marked her—Well, she must have been improperly trained. She went mad, turned Forsaken, and died. The shock killed old Starkweather’s wife, and sent his children scurrying to Idris. It wouldn’t be much trouble to get him replaced by Charlotte. The Consul must see he’s no good—far too married to the old ways.”

Tessa looked at Gabriel in disbelief. His voice had retained its cool indifference as he’d told the story of the Starkweathers, as if it were a fairy tale. And she—she didn’t want to pity the old man with the sly eyes and the bloody room full of dead Downworlders’ remains, but she couldn’t help it. She pushed Aloysius

Starkweather from her mind. “Charlotte runs *this* Institute,” she said. “And your father will not take it from her.”

“She deserves to have it taken from her.”

Will tossed his apple core into the air, at the same time drawing a knife from his belt and throwing it. The knife and the apple sailed across the room together, somehow managing to stick into the wall just beside Gabriel’s head, the knife driven cleanly through the core and into the wood. “Say that again,” said Will, “and I’ll darken your daylights for you.”

Gabriel’s face worked. “You have no idea what you’re talking about.”

Gideon took a step forward, warning in every line of his posture. “Gabriel—”

But his brother ignored him. “You don’t even know what your precious Charlotte’s father did to mine, do you? I only just learned it myself a few days ago. My father finally broke down and told us. He’d protected the Fairchilds till then.”

“Your father?” Will’s tone was incredulous. “Protected the *Fairchilds*?”

“He was protecting us as well.” Gabriel’s words tumbled over themselves. “My mother’s brother—my uncle Silas—was one of Granville Fairchild’s closest friends. Then Uncle Silas broke the Law—a tiny thing, a minor infraction—and Fairchild discovered it. All he cared about was the Law, not friendship, not loyalty. He went straight to the Clave.” Gabriel’s voice rose. “My uncle *killed* himself in shame, and my mother died of the grief. The Fairchilds don’t care about anyone but themselves and the Law!”

For a moment the room was silent; even Will was speechless, looking utterly taken aback. It was Tessa who spoke at last, “But that is the fault of Charlotte’s father. Not of Charlotte.”

Gabriel was white with rage, his green eyes standing out against his pale skin. “You don’t understand,” he said viciously. “You’re not a Shadowhunter. We have blood pride. Family pride. Granville Fairchild wanted the Institute to go to his daughter, and the Consul made it happen. But even though Fairchild is

dead, we can still take that away from him. He was hated—so hated that no one would have married Charlotte if he hadn't paid off the Branwells to hand Henry over. Everyone knows it. Everyone knows he doesn't really love her. How could he—"

There was a crack, like the sound of a rifle shot, and Gabriel fell silent. Sophie had slapped him across the face. His pale skin was already beginning to redden. Sophie was staring at him, breathing hard, an incredulous look on her face, as if she could not believe what she had done.

Gabriel's hands tightened at his sides, but he didn't move. He couldn't, Tessa knew. He could not strike a girl, a girl who was not even a Shadowhunter or a Downworlder but merely a mundane. He looked to his brother, but Gideon, expressionless, met his eyes and shook his head slowly; with a choked sound Gabriel spun on his heel and stalked from the room.

"Sophie!" Tessa exclaimed, reaching for her. "Are you all right?"

But Sophie was looking anxiously up at Gideon. "I'm so sorry, sir," she said. "There's no excuse—I lost my head, and I—"

"It was a well-placed blow," Gideon said calmly. "I see you've been paying attention to my training."

Will was sitting up on the bench, his blue eyes lively and curious. "Was it true?" he said. "That story Gabriel just told us."

Gideon shrugged. "Gabriel worships our father," he said. "Anything Benedict says is like a pronouncement from on high. I knew my uncle had killed himself, but not the circumstances, until the day after we first came back from training you. Father asked us how the Institute seemed to be run, and I told him it seemed in fine condition, no different from the Institute in Madrid. In fact, I told him I could see no evidence that Charlotte was doing a lax job. That was when he told us this story."

"If you don't mind my asking," said Tessa, "what was it that your uncle had done?"

"Silas? Fell in love with his *parabatai*. Not, actually, as Gabriel says, a minor infraction but a major one. Romantic relationships

between *parabatai* are absolutely forbidden. Though even the best-trained Shadowhunter can fall prey to emotion. The Clave would have separated the two of them, though, and that Silas couldn't face. That's why he killed himself. My mother was consumed with rage and grief. I can well believe that her dying wish was that we would take the Institute from the Fairchilds. Gabriel was younger than I when our mother died—only five years old, clinging to her skirts still—and it seems to me his feelings are too overwhelming for him now to quite understand them. Whereas I—I feel that the sins of the fathers should not be visited on the sons.”

“Or the daughters,” said Will.

Gideon looked at him and gave him a crooked smile. There was no dislike in it; in fact, it was jarringly the look of someone who understood Will, and why he behaved as he did. Even Will looked a bit surprised. “There is the problem that Gabriel will never come back here, of course,” said Gideon. “Not after this.”

Sophie, whose color had started to return, paled again. “Mrs. Branwell will be furious—”

Tessa waved her back. “I'll go after him and apologize, Sophie. It will be all right.”

She heard Gideon call after her, but she was already hurrying from the room. She hated to admit it, but she'd felt a spark of sympathy for Gabriel when Gideon had been telling his story. Losing a mother when you were so young you could barely remember her later was something she had familiarity with. If someone had told her that her mother had had a dying wish, she wasn't sure she wouldn't have done everything in her power to execute it . . . whether it made sense or not.

“Tessa!” She was partway down the corridor when she heard Will calling after her. She spun and saw him striding down the hall in her direction, a half smile on his face.

Her next words wiped his smile away. “*Why* are you following me? Will, you shouldn't have left them alone! You must go back to the training room, right away.”

Will planted his feet. "Why?"

Tessa threw up her hands. "Don't men notice anything? Gideon has designs on Sophie—"

"On *Sophie*?"

"She's a very beautiful girl," flared Tessa. "You're an idiot if you haven't noticed the way he looks at her, but I don't want him taking advantage of her. She's had enough such trouble in her life—and besides, if you're with me, Gabriel won't talk to me. You know he won't."

Will muttered something under his breath and seized her wrist. "Here. Come with me."

The warmth of his skin against hers sent a jolt up her arm. He pulled her into the drawing room and across to the great windows that looked down over the courtyard. He released her wrist just in time for her to lean forward and see the Lightwoods' carriage rattling furiously across the stone yard and under the iron gates.

"There," Will said. "Gabriel's gone anyway, unless you want to chase after the carriage. And Sophie's perfectly sensible. She's not going to let Gideon Lightwood have his way with her. Besides, he's about as charming as a postbox."

Tessa, surprising even herself, let out a gasp of laughter. She put her hand up to cover her mouth, but it was too late; she was already laughing, leaning a little against the window.

Will looked at her, his blue eyes quizzical, his mouth just beginning to quirk up in a grin. "I must be more amusing than I thought. Which would make me very amusing indeed."

"I'm not laughing at you," she told him in between giggles. "Just—Oh! The look on Gabriel's face when Sophie slapped him. My goodness." She pushed her hair out of her face and said, "I really shouldn't be laughing. Half the reason he was so awful was your goading him. I should be angry with you."

"Oh, *should*," said Will, spinning away to drop into a chair near the fire, and stretching out his long legs toward the flames. Like every room in England, Tessa thought, it was chilly in here except just in front of the fire. One roasted in the front and froze in the

back, like a badly cooked turkey. “No good sentences ever include the word ‘should.’ I *should* have paid the tavern bill; now they’re coming to break my legs. I *should* never have run off with my best friend’s wife; now she devils me constantly. I *should*—”

“You *should*,” Tessa said softly, “think about the way the things you do affect Jem.”

Will rolled his head back against the leather of the chair and regarded her. He looked drowsy and tired and beautiful. He could have been some Pre-Raphaelite Apollo. “Is this a serious conversation now, Tess?” His voice still held humor but was edged, like a gold blade edged in razored steel.

Tessa came and sat down in the armchair across from his. “Aren’t you worried that he’s cross with you? He’s your *parabatai*. And he’s Jem. He’s never cross.”

“Perhaps it’s better that he’s cross with me,” said Will. “So much saintlike patience cannot be good for anyone.”

“Do not mock him.” Tessa’s tone was sharp.

“Nothing is beyond mockery, Tess.”

“Jem is. He has always been good to you. He is nothing but goodness. That he hit you last night, that only shows how capable you are of driving even saints to madness.”

“*Jem* hit me?” Will, fingering his cheek, looked amazed. “I must confess, I remember very little of last night. Only that the two of you woke me, though I very much wanted to stay asleep. I remember Jem shouting at me, and you holding me. I knew it was you. You always smell of lavender.”

Tessa ignored this. “Well, Jem hit you. And you deserved it.”

“You *do* look scornful—rather like Raziel in all those paintings, as if he were looking down on us. So tell me, scornful angel, what did I do to deserve being hit in the face by James?”

Tessa reached for the words, but they eluded her; she turned to the language she and Will shared—poetry. “You know, in that essay of Donne’s, what he says—”

“‘License my roving hands, and let them go?’” quoted Will, eyeing her.

“I meant the *essay* about how no man is an island. Everything you do touches others. Yet you never think about it. You behave as if you live on some sort of—of Will island, and none of your actions can have any consequences. Yet they do.”

“How does my going to a warlock den affect Jem?” Will inquired. “I suppose he had to come and haul me out, but he’s done more dangerous things in the past for me. We protect each other—”

“No, you *don’t*,” Tessa cried in frustration. “Do you think he cares about the danger? Do you? His whole life has been destroyed by this drug, this *yin fen*, and there you go off to a warlock den and drug yourself up as if it doesn’t even matter, as if it’s just a game to you. He has to take this foul stuff every day just so he can live, but in the meantime it’s killing him. He hates to be dependent on it. He can’t even bring himself to buy it; he has *you* do that.” Will made a sound of protest, but Tessa held up a hand. “And then *you* swan down to Whitechapel and throw your money at the people who make these drugs and addict other people to them, as if it were some sort of holiday on the Continent for you. What were you thinking?”

“But it had nothing to do with Jem at all—”

“You didn’t think about him,” said Tessa. “But perhaps you should have. Don’t you understand he thinks you made a mockery out of what’s killing him? And you’re supposed to be his brother.”

Will had whitened. “He can’t think that.”

“He does,” she said. “He understands you don’t care what other people think about you. But I believe he always expected you’d care what he thought. What he felt.”

Will leaned forward. The firelight made odd patterns against his skin, darkening the bruise on his cheek to black. “I do care what other people think,” he said with a surprising intensity, staring into the flames. “It’s all I think about—what others think, what they feel about me, and I about them; it drives me mad. I wanted escape—”

“You can’t mean that. Will Herondale, minding what others think of him?” Tessa tried to make her voice as light as possible. The look on his face startled her. It was not closed but open, as if he were caught half-entangled in a thought he desperately wanted to share, but could not bear to. *This is the boy who took my private letters and hid them in his room*, she thought, but she could work up no anger about it. She had thought she would be furious when she saw him again, but she was not, only puzzled and wondering. Surely it showed a curiosity about other people that was quite un-Will-like, to want to read them in the first place?

There was something raw in his face, his voice. “Tess,” he said. “That is *all* I think about. I never look at you without thinking about what you feel about me and fearing—”

He broke off as the drawing room door opened and Charlotte came in, followed by a tall man whose bright blond hair shone like a sunflower in the dim light. Will turned away quickly, his face working. Tessa stared at him. *What* had he been going to say?

“Oh!” Charlotte was clearly startled to see them both. “Tessa, Will—I didn’t realize you were in here.”

Will’s hands were in fists at his sides, his face in shadow, but his voice was level when he replied: “We saw the fire going. It’s as chill as ice in the rest of the house.”

Tessa stood up. “We’ll just be on our way—”

“Will Herondale, excellent to see you looking well. And Tessa Gray!” The blond man broke away from Charlotte and came toward Tessa, beaming as if he knew her. “The shape-changer, correct? Enchanted to meet you. What a curiosity.”

Charlotte sighed. “Mr. Woolsey Scott, this is Miss Tessa Gray. Tessa, this is Mr. Woolsey Scott, head of the London werewolf pack, and an old friend of the Clave.”



“Very well, then,” said Gideon as the door shut behind Tessa and Will. He turned toward Sophie, who was suddenly acutely aware

of the largeness of the room, and how small she felt inside it. “Shall we continue with the training?”

He held out a knife to her, shining like a silver wand in the room’s dimness. His green eyes were steady. *Everything* about Gideon was steady—his gaze, his voice, the way he held himself. She remembered what it felt like to have those steady arms around her, and shivered involuntarily. She had never been alone with him before, and it frightened her. “I don’t think my heart would be in it, Mr. Lightwood,” she said. “I appreciate the offer all the same, but . . .”

He lowered his arm slowly. “You think that I don’t take training you seriously?”

“I think you’re being very generous. But I ought to face facts, oughtn’t I? This training was never about me or Tessa. It was about your father and the Institute. And now that I’ve slapped your brother—” She felt her throat tighten. “Mrs. Branwell would be so disappointed in me if she knew.”

“Nonsense. He deserved it. And the little matter of the *blood feud* between our families does come to mind.” Gideon spun the silver knife carelessly about his finger and thrust it through his belt. “Charlotte would probably give you a rise in salary if she knew.”

Sophie shook her head. They were only a few steps from a bench; she sank down onto it, feeling exhausted. “You don’t know Charlotte. She’d feel honor-bound to discipline me.”

Gideon settled himself on the bench—not beside her, but against the far side of it, as distant from her as he could get. Sophie couldn’t decide whether she was pleased about that or not. “Miss Collins,” he said. “There is something you ought to know.”

She laced her fingers together. “What is that?”

He leaned forward a little, his broad shoulders hunched. She could see the flecks of gray in his green eyes. “When my father called me back from Madrid,” he said, “I did not want to come. I

had never been happy in London. Our house has been a miserable place since my mother died.”

Sophie just stared at him. She could think of no words. He was a Shadowhunter and a gentleman, and yet he seemed to be unburdening his soul to her. Even Jem, for all his gentle kindness, had never done that.

“When I heard about these lessons, I thought they would be a dreadful waste of my time. I pictured two very silly girls uninterested in any sort of instruction. But that describes neither Miss Gray nor yourself. I should tell you, I used to train younger Shadowhunters in Madrid. And there were quite a few of them who didn’t have the same native ability that you do. You’re a talented student, and it’s a pleasure to teach you.”

Sophie felt herself flush scarlet. “You can’t be serious.”

“I am. I was pleasantly surprised the first time I came here, and again so the next time and the next. I found that I was looking forward to it. In fact, it would be fair to say that since my return home, I have hated everything in London except these hours here, with you.”

“But you said ‘*ay Dios mio*’ every time I dropped my dagger—”

He grinned. It lit up his face, changed it. Sophie stared at him. He was not beautiful like Jem was, but he was very handsome, especially when he smiled. The smile seemed to reach out and touch her heart, speeding its pace. *He is a Shadowhunter, she thought. And a gentleman. This is not the way to think about him. Stop it.* But she could not stop, any more than she had been able to put Jem out of her mind. Though, where with Jem she had felt safe, with Gideon she felt an excitement like lightning that coursed up and down her veins, shocking her. And yet she did not want to let it go.

“I speak Spanish when I’m in a good mood,” he said. “You might as well know that about me.”

“So it wasn’t that you were so weary of my ineptitude that you were wishing to hurl yourself off the roof?”

“Just the opposite.” He leaned closer to her. His eyes were the green-gray of a stormy sea. “Sophie? Might I ask you something?”

She knew she should correct him, ask him to call her Miss Collins, but she didn't. “I—yes?”

“Whatever happens with the lessons—might I see you again?”



Will had risen to his feet, but Woolsey Scott was still examining Tessa, his hand under his chin, studying her as if she were something under glass in a natural history exhibit. He was not at all what she would have thought the leader of a pack of werewolves would look like. He was probably in his early twenties, tall but slender to the point of slighthness, with blond hair nearly to his shoulders, dressed in a velvet jacket, knee breeches, and a trailing scarf with a paisley print. A tinted monocle obscured one pale green eye. He looked like drawings she'd seen in *Punch* of those who called themselves “aesthetes.”

“Adorable,” he pronounced finally. “Charlotte, I insist they stay while we talk. What a charming couple they make. See how his dark hair sets off her pale skin—”

“Thank you,” said Tessa, her voice shooting several octaves higher than usual, “Mr. Scott, that's very gracious, but there is no attachment between Will and myself. I don't know what you've heard—”

“Nothing!” he declared, throwing himself into a chair and arranging his scarf around him. “Nothing at all, I assure you, though your blushing belies your words. Come along now, everyone, sit down. There's no need to be intimidated by me. Charlotte, ring for some tea. I'm parched.”

Tessa looked to Charlotte, who shrugged as if to say there was nothing to be done about it. Slowly Tessa sat back down. Will sat as well. She didn't look at him; she couldn't, with Woolsey Scott grinning at them both as if he knew something she didn't know.

“And where's young Mr. Carstairs?” he inquired. “Adorable boy. Such interesting coloring. And so talented on the violin. Of course, I've heard Garcin himself play at the Paris Opera, and

after that, well, everything simply sounds like coal dust scraping the eardrums. Pity about his illness.”

Charlotte, who had gone across the room to ring for Bridget, returned and sat down, smoothing her skirts. “In a way, that’s what I wanted to speak to you about—”

“Oh, no, no, no.” From nowhere Scott had produced a majolica box, which he waved in Charlotte’s direction. “No serious discussion, please, until I’ve had my tea and a smoke. Egyptian cigar?” He offered her the box. “They’re the finest available.”

“No, thank you.” Charlotte looked mildly horrified at the idea of smoking a cigar; indeed, it was hard to picture, and Tessa felt Will, beside her, laugh silently. Scott shrugged and went back to his smoking preparations. The majolica box was a clever little thing with compartments for the cigars, tied in a bundle with a silk ribbon, new matches and old, and a place to tap one’s ashes. They watched as the werewolf lit his cigar with evident relish, and the sweet scent of tobacco filled the room.

“Now,” he said. “Tell me how you’ve been, Charlotte, darling. And that abstracted husband of yours. Still wandering around the crypt inventing things that blow up?”

“Sometimes,” said Will, “they’re even *supposed* to blow up.”

There was a rattle, and Bridget arrived with a tea tray, sparing Charlotte the need to answer. She set the tea things down on the inlaid table between the chairs, glancing back and forth anxiously. “I’m sorry, Mrs. Branwell. I thought there was only going to be two for tea—”

“It’s quite all right, Bridget,” said Charlotte, her tone firmly dismissive. “I will ring for you if we need anything else.”

Bridget dropped a curtsy and left, casting a curious eye over her shoulder at Woolsey Scott as she went. He took no notice of her. He had already poured milk into his teacup and was looking reproachfully at his hostess. “Oh, Charlotte.”

She looked at him in bewilderment. “Yes?”

“The tongs—the sugar tongs,” Scott said sadly, in the voice of someone remarking on the tragic death of an acquaintance. “They’re silver.”

“Oh!” Charlotte looked startled. Silver, Tessa remembered, was dangerous for werewolves. “I’m so sorry—”

Scott sighed. “It’s quite all right. Fortunately, I travel with my own.” From another pocket in his velvet jacket—which was buttoned over a silk waistcoat with a print of water lilies that would have put one of Henry’s to shame—he produced a rolled-up bit of silk; unrolling it revealed a set of gold tongs and a teaspoon. He set them on the table, took the lid off the teapot, and looked pleased. “Gunpowder tea! From Ceylon, I presume? Have you ever had the tea in Marrakech? They drench it in sugar or honey—”

“Gunpowder?” said Tessa, who had never been able to stop herself from asking questions even when she knew perfectly well it was a bad idea. “There isn’t *gunpowder* in the tea, is there?”

Scott laughed and set the lid back down. He sat back while Charlotte, her mouth set in a thin line, poured tea into his cup. “How charming! No, they call it that because the leaves of the tea are rolled into small pellets that resemble gunpowder.”

Charlotte said, “Mr. Scott, we really *must* discuss the situation at hand.”

“Yes, yes, I read your letter.” He sighed. “Downworlder politics. So dull. I don’t suppose you’d let me tell you about having my portrait painted by Alma-Tadema? I was dressed as a Roman soldier—”

“Will,” said Charlotte firmly. “Perhaps you should share with Mr. Scott what you saw in Whitechapel last night.”

Will, somewhat to Tessa’s surprise, obediently did as told, keeping the sarcastic observations to a minimum. Scott watched him over the rim of his teacup as Will spoke. His eyes were such a pale green, they were nearly yellow.

“Sorry, my boy,” he said when Will was done speaking. “I don’t see why this requires an urgent meeting. We’re all aware of the

existence of these ifrit dens, and I can't be watching every member of my pack at every moment. If some of them choose to partake in vice . . ." He leaned closer. "You do know that your eyes are almost the exact shade of pansy petals? Not quite blue, not quite violet. Extraordinary."

Will widened his extraordinary eyes and smirked. "I think it was the mention of the Magister that concerned Charlotte."

"Ah." Scott turned his gaze on Charlotte. "You're concerned that I'm betraying you the way you thought de Quincey did. That I'm in league with the Magister—let's just call him by his name, shall we? Mortmain—and I'm letting him use my wolves to do his bidding."

"I had thought," Charlotte said, haltingly, "that perhaps London's Downworlders felt betrayed by the Institute, after what happened with de Quincey. His death—"

Scott adjusted his monocle. As he did, light flashed along the gold band he wore around his index finger. Words gleamed out against it: *L'art pour l'art*. "Was the best surprise I've had since I discovered the Savoy Turkish Baths on Jermyn Street. I despised de Quincey. Loathed him with every fiber of my being."

"Well, the Night Children and the Moon's Children's have never quite—"

"De Quincey had a werewolf killed," Tessa said suddenly, her memories mixing with Camille's, with the recollection of a pair of yellow-green eyes like Scott's. "For his—attachment—to Camille Belcourt."

Woolsey Scott turned a long, curious look on Tessa. "That," he said, "was my brother. My *older* brother. He was pack leader before me, you see, and I inherited the post. Usually one must kill to become pack leader. In my case, it was put to a vote, and the task of avenging my brother in the name of the pack was mine. Only now, you see—" He gestured with an elegant hand. "You've taken care of de Quincey for me. You've no idea how grateful I am." He cocked his head to the side. "Did he die well?"

"He died screaming." Charlotte's bluntness startled Tessa.

“What a beautiful thing to hear.” Scott put down his teacup. “For this you have earned a favor. I will tell you what I know, though it isn’t much. Mortmain came to me in the early days, wanting me to join with him in the Pandemonium Club. I refused, for de Quincey had already joined, and I would not be part of a club that had him in it. Mortmain let me know there would be a place for me should I change my mind—”

“Did he tell you of his goals?” Will interrupted. “Of the ultimate purpose of the club?”

“The destruction of all Shadowhunters,” said Scott. “I rather thought you knew that. It isn’t a *gardening* club.”

“He has a grudge, we think,” said Charlotte. “Against the Clave. Shadowhunters killed his parents some years ago. They were warlocks, deep in the study of the black arts.”

“Less of a grudge, more of an *idée fixe*,” said Scott. “An obsession. He would see your kind wiped out, though he seems content to start with England and work his way out from there. A patient, methodical sort of madman. The worst kind.” He sat back in his chair and sighed. “News *has* reached me of a group of young wolves, unsworn to any pack, who have been doing some sort of underground work and have been getting paid very well for it. Flashing their tin around among the pack wolves and creating animosities. I did not know about the drug.”

“It will keep them working for him, night and day, until they drop from exhaustion or the drug kills them,” said Will. “And there is no cure for addiction to it. It is deadly.”

The werewolf’s yellow-green eyes met his. “This *yin fen*, this silver powder, it is what your friend James Carstairs is addicted to, isn’t it? And he’s alive.”

“Jem survives it because he is a Shadowhunter, and because he uses as little as possible, as infrequently as possible. And even then it will kill him in the end.” Will’s voice was deadly flat. “As would withdrawing from it.”

“Well, well,” said the werewolf breezily. “I do hope that the Magister’s merrily buying the stuff up doesn’t create a shortage,

in that case.”

Will went white. It was clear the thought hadn't occurred to him. Tessa turned toward Will, but he was already on his feet, moving toward the door. It shut behind him with a bang.

Charlotte frowned. “Lord, he's off to Whitechapel again,” she said. “Was that necessary, Woolsey? I think you just terrified the poor boy, and probably for nothing.”

“Nothing wrong with a bit of foresight,” said Scott. “I took my own brother for granted, until de Quincey killed him.”

“De Quincey and the Magister were two of a kind—ruthless,” Charlotte said. “If you could help us—”

“The whole situation is certainly beastly,” observed Scott. “Unfortunately, lycanthropes who are not members of my pack are not my responsibility.”

“If you could simply send out *feelers*, Mr. Scott. Any bit of information about where they are working or what they are doing could be invaluable. The Clave would be grateful.”

“Oh, the *Clave*,” said Scott, as if deadly bored. “Very well. Now, Charlotte. Let us talk about you.”

“Oh, but I am *very* dull,” said Charlotte, and she—quite deliberately, Tessa was sure—upset the teapot. It struck the table with a gratifying bang, spilling hot water. Scott jumped up with a cry, flipping his scarf out of the way of danger. Charlotte rose to her feet, clucking. “Woolsey, dear,” she said, placing a hand on his arm, “you've been *such* a help. Let me show you out. There's an antique *keris* that was sent to us from the Bombay Institute I've just been *yearning* to show you. . . .”

WILD UNREST

*Your woe hath been my anguish; yea, I quail
 And perish in your perishing unblest.
 And I have searched the highths and depths, the scope
 Of all our universe, with desperate hope
 To find some solace for your wild unrest.*
 —James Thomson, “The City of Dreadful Night”

To my dear Mrs. Branwell—

You may be surprised to receive a letter from me so soon after my departure from London, but despite the sleepiness of the countryside, events here have continued apace, and I thought it best to keep you abreast of developments.

The weather continues fine here, allowing me much time for exploring the countryside, especially the area around Ravenscar Manor, which is indeed a fine old building. The Herondale family appears to live alone there: only the father, Edmund; the mother; and the youngest daughter, Cecily, who is near to fifteen and very like her brother in restlessness, in manner, and in looks. I will arrive at how I know all that in a moment.

Ravenscar itself is near a small village. I set myself up at the local inn, the Black Swan, and posed as a gentleman interested in buying property in the area. The locals have been most forthcoming with information, and when they were not, a persuasion spell or two helped them to see the matter from my point of view.

It seems the Herondales mix very little with local society. Despite—or perhaps because of—this tendency, rumor about them abounds. It seems they do not own Ravenscar Manor but are indeed, by way of its custodians, watching over it for its true owner—Axel Mortmain, of course. Mortmain seems no one to these people but a wealthy industrialist who purchased a country manor he rarely visits; I encountered no rumor about any connection of his to the Shades, whose legacy here seems long forgotten. The Herondales themselves are a matter of curious

speculation. It is known that they had a child who died, and that Edmund, whom I knew once, turned to drink and to gambling; eventually he gambled away their home in Wales, whereupon, destitute, they were offered the occupation of this house in Yorkshire by its owner. That was two years ago.

I had all this confirmed for me this afternoon when, watching the manor from a distance, I was startled by the appearance of a girl. I knew who she was immediately. I had seen her go in and out of the house, and her resemblance to her brother Will, as I said, is pronounced. She set into me at once, demanding to know why I was spying on her family. She did not seem angry at first but rather hopeful. "Did my brother send you?" she asked. "Have you any word of my brother?"

It was quite heartbreaking, but I know the Law, and could tell her only that her brother was well and wished to know that they were safe. At that she became angry and opined that Will could best ensure his family's safety by returning to them. She also said that it was not the death of her sister (did you know of this sister?) that had undone her father, but rather Will's desertion. I shall leave it up to your discretion whether to pass this on to young Master Herondale, as it seems news that would do more harm than good.

When I spoke to her of Mortmain, she chatted easily to me of him—a family friend, she said, who had stepped in to offer them this home when they had nothing. As she spoke, I began to get a sense of how Mortmain thinks. He knows it is against the Law for Nephilim to interfere with Shadowhunters who have chosen to leave the Clave, and that therefore Ravenscar Manor would be avoided; he knows also that the Herondales' occupancy of it makes the objects in it theirs, and therefore none can be used to track him. And last, he knows that power over the Herondales could translate into power over Will. Does he require power over Will? Not now perhaps, but there may be a time when he desires it, and when he does, it will be to hand. He is a well-prepared man, and men such as that are dangerous.

Were I you, and I am not, I would reassure Master Will that his family is safe and I am watching them; avoid speaking to him of Mortmain until I can gather more information. As far as I can glean from Cecily, the Herondales do not know where Mortmain is. She said that he was in Shanghai, and on occasion they receive correspondence from his company there, all stamped with peculiar stamps. It is my understanding, however, that the Shanghai Institute believes him not to be there.

I told Miss Herondale that her brother missed her; it seemed the least I could do. She appeared gratified. I shall remain in this area a good while longer, I think; I have become myself curious as to how the misfortunes of the Herondales are entwined with Mortmain's plans. There are still secrets to be unearthed here beneath the peaceful green of the Yorkshire countryside, and I aim to discover them.

—Ragnor Fell

Charlotte read the letter over twice, to commit its details to memory, and then, having folded it small, cast it into the drawing room fire. She stood wearily, leaning against the mantel, watching as the flame ate away the paper in lines of black and gold.

She was not sure if she was surprised, or disturbed, or simply made bone-weary by the contents of the letter. Trying to find Mortmain was like reaching to swat a spider, only to realize that you were helplessly entangled in the sticky strands of its web. And Will—she hated to speak of this with him. She looked into the fire with unseeing eyes. Sometimes she thought Will had been sent to her by the Angel specifically to try her patience. He was bitter, he had a tongue like the lash of a whip, and he met her every attempt to show him love and affection with venom or contempt. And still, when she looked at him, she saw the boy he'd been at twelve, curled in the corner of his bedroom with his hands over his ears as his parents called his name from the steps below, entreating him to come out, to come back to them.

She had knelt beside him after the Herondales had gone away. She remembered him lifting his face to her—small and white and set, with those blue eyes and dark lashes; he'd been as pretty as a girl then, thin and delicate, before he had thrown himself into Shadowhunter training with such single-mindedness that within two years all that delicacy had been gone, covered over by muscle and scars and Marks. She'd taken his hand then, and he'd let it lie in hers like a dead thing. He'd bitten his lower lip, though he didn't appear to have noticed, and blood covered his chin and dripped onto his shirt. *Charlotte, you'll tell me, won't you? You'll tell me if anything happens to them?*

Will, I can't—

I know the Law. I just want to know if they live. His eyes had pleaded with her. *Charlotte, please . . .*

“Charlotte?”

She looked up from the fire. Jem stood in the doorway of the drawing room. Charlotte, still half-caught in the web of the past, blinked at him. When he had first arrived from Shanghai, his hair and eyes had been as black as ink. Over time they had silvered, like copper oxidizing to verdigris, as the drugs had worked their way through his blood, changing him, killing him slowly.

“James,” she said. “It's late, isn't it?”

“Eleven o’clock.” He put his head to the side, studying her. “Are you all right? You look as if your peace of mind has been rather cut up.”

“No, I just—” She gestured vaguely. “It is all this business with Mortmain.”

“I have a question,” Jem said, moving farther into the drawing room and lowering his voice. “Not wholly unrelated. Gabriel said something today, during training—”

“You were there?”

He shook his head. “Sophie told it to me. She didn’t like to carry tales, but she was troubled, and I can’t blame her. Gabriel asserted that his uncle had committed suicide and that his mother had died of grief because—well, because of your father.”

“My father?” Charlotte said blankly.

“Apparently Gabriel’s uncle, Silas, committed some infraction of the Law, and your father discovered it. Your father went to the Clave. The uncle killed himself out of shame, and Mrs. Lightwood died of grief. According to Gabriel, ‘The Fairchilds don’t care about anyone but themselves and the Law.’”

“And you are telling me this because . . .?”

“I wondered if it was true,” said Jem. “And if it is, perhaps it might be useful to communicate to the Consul that Benedict’s motive for wanting the Institute is revenge, not selfless desire to see it run better.”

“It’s not true. It can’t be.” Charlotte shook her head. “Silas Lightwood did kill himself—because he was in love with his *parabatai*—but not because my father told the Clave about it. The first the Clave knew of it was from Silas’s suicide note. In fact, Silas’s father asked my father for help in writing Silas’s eulogy. Does that sound like a man who blamed my father for his son’s death?”

Jem’s eyes darkened. “That’s interesting.”

“Do you think Gabriel’s simply being nasty, or do you think his father lied to him to—”

Charlotte never finished her sentence. Jem doubled up suddenly, as if he had been punched in the stomach, with a fit of coughing so severe that his thin shoulders shook. A spray of red blood spattered the sleeve of his jacket as he raised his arm to cover his face.

“Jem—” Charlotte started forward with her arms out, but he staggered upright and away from her, holding his hand out as if to ward her off.

“I’m all right,” he gasped. “I’m fine.” He wiped blood from his face with the sleeve of his jacket. “Please, Charlotte,” he added in a defeated voice as she moved toward him. “Don’t.”

Charlotte stopped herself, her heart aching. “Is there nothing —”

“You know there’s nothing.” He lowered his arm, the blood on his sleeve like an accusation, and gave her the sweetest smile. “Dear Charlotte,” he said. “You have always been like the best sort of older sister I could have hoped for. You do know that, don’t you?”

Charlotte just looked at him, openmouthed. It sounded so much like a good-bye, she could not bear to reply. He turned with his usual light tread and made his way out of the room. She watched him go, telling herself it meant nothing, that he was no worse than he had been, that he still had time. She loved Jem, as she loved Will—as she could not help loving them all—and the thought of losing him shattered her heart. Not only for her own loss, but for Will’s. If Jem died, she could not help but feel, he would take all that was still human about Will with him when he went.



It was nearly midnight when Will returned to the Institute. It had begun raining on him when he’d been halfway down Threadneedle Street. He had ducked under the awning of Dean and Son Publishers to button his jacket and pull his scarf tight, but the rain had already gotten into his mouth—great, icy drops

that tasted of charcoal and silt. He had hunched his shoulders against the needlelike sting of it as he'd left the shelter of the awning and headed past the Bank, toward the Institute.

Even after years in London, rain made him think of home. He still remembered the way it had rained in the countryside, in Wales, the green fresh taste of it, the way it felt to roll over and over down a damp hillside, getting grass in your hair and clothes. If he shut his eyes, he could hear his sisters' laughter echo in his ears. *Will, you'll ruin your clothes; Will, Mother will be furious . . .*

Will wondered if you could ever really be a Londoner if you had that in your blood—the memory of great open spaces, the wideness of the sky, the clear air. Not these narrow streets choked with people, the London dust that got everywhere—in your clothes, a thin powdering on your hair and down the back of your neck—the smell of the filthy river.

He had reached Fleet Street. Temple Bar was visible through the mist in the distance; the street was slick with rain. A carriage rattled by as he ducked into an alley between two buildings, the wheels splashing dirty water up against the curb.

He could see the spire of the Institute in the distance now. They had certainly already finished supper, Will thought. Everything would be put away. Bridget would be asleep; he could duck into the kitchen and cobble together a meal from bread and cheese and cold pie. He had been missing a great many meals lately, and if he was truthful with himself, there was only one reason for it: He was avoiding Tessa.

He did not want to avoid her—indeed, he had failed miserably at it that afternoon, accompanying her not just to training but also to the drawing room afterward. Sometimes he wondered if he did these things just to test himself. To see if the feelings had gone. But they had not. When he saw her, he wanted to be with her; when he was with her, he ached to touch her; when he touched even her hand, he wanted to embrace her. He wanted to feel her against him the way he had in the attic. He wanted to know the taste of her skin and the smell of her hair. He wanted to

make her laugh. He wanted to sit and listen to her talk about books until his ears fell off. But all these were things he could not want, because they were things he could not have, and wanting what you could not have led to misery and madness.

He had reached home. The door of the Institute swung open under his touch, opening onto a vestibule full of flickering torchlight. He thought of the blur the drugs had brought to him in the den on Whitechapel High Street. A blissful release from wanting or needing anything. He had dreamed he was lying on a hill in Wales with the sky high and blue overhead, and that Tessa had come walking up the hill to him and had sat down beside him. *I love you*, he had said to her, and kissed her, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. *Do you love me?*

She had smiled at him. *You will always come first in my heart*, she had said.

Tell me this is not a dream, he had whispered to her as she'd put her arms around him, and then he'd no longer known what was waking and what was sleeping.

He shrugged out of his coat as he went up the stairs, shaking out his wet hair. Cold water was trickling down the back of his shirt, dampening his spine, making him shiver. The precious packet he had bought from the ifrits was in his trousers pocket. He slipped his hand in, touching his fingers to it, just to be sure.

The corridors burned with low witchlight; he was halfway down the first one when he paused. Tessa's door was here, he knew, across from Jem's. And there, in front of her door, stood Jem—though "stood" was perhaps not the right word. He was pacing back and forth, "wearing a path in the carpet," as Charlotte would have said.

"James," Will said, more surprised than anything else.

Jem's head jerked up, and he backed away from Tessa's door instantly, retreating toward his own. His face went blank. "I suppose I shouldn't be surprised to find you wandering the halls at all hours."

“I think we can agree that the reverse is more out of character,” said Will. “Why are you awake? Are you all right?”

Jem cast a last glance at Tessa’s door, and then turned to face Will. “I was going to apologize to Tessa,” he said. “I think my violin playing was keeping her awake. Where have you been? Assingation with Six-Fingered Nigel again?”

Will grinned, but Jem didn’t return the smile. “I’ve something for you, actually. Come along, let me into your room. I don’t want to spend all night standing about in the hall.”

After a moment’s hesitation Jem shrugged and opened his door. He went in, Will following; Will shut and bolted the door behind them as Jem threw himself into an armchair. There was a fire in the grate, but it had burned down to pale red-gold coals. He looked at Will. “What is it, then—,” he began, and bent almost double, convulsed by a hard cough. It passed quickly, before Will could move or speak, but when Jem straightened, and brushed the back of his hand across his mouth, it came away smeared with red. He looked at the blood expressionlessly.

Will felt sick. He approached his *parabatai*, producing a handkerchief, which Jem took, and then the silver powder he’d bought in Whitechapel. “Here,” he said, feeling awkward. He hadn’t felt awkward around Jem in five years, but there it was. “I went back to Whitechapel, got this for you.”

Jem, having cleaned the blood from his hand with Will’s handkerchief, took the packet and stared down at the *yin fen*. “I have enough of this,” he said. “For at least another month.” He looked up then, a sudden flicker in his eyes. “Or did Tessa tell you—”

“Did she tell me what?”

“Nothing. I spilled some of the powder the other day. I managed to retrieve most of it.” Jem set the packet down on the table beside him. “This wasn’t necessary.”

Will sat down on the trunk at the foot of Jem’s bed. He hated sitting there—his legs were so long, he always felt like an adult trying to squeeze behind a schoolroom desk—but he wanted to

bring his eyes level with Jem's. "Mortmain's minions have been buying up the *yin fen* supply in the East End," he said. "I confirmed it. If you had run out and he was the only one with a supply . . ."

"We would have been put in his power," said Jem. "Unless you were willing to let me die, of course, which would be the sensible course of action."

"I would *not* be willing." Will sounded sharp. "You're my blood brother. I've sworn an oath not to let any harm come to you—"

"Leaving aside oaths," said Jem, "and power plays, did any of this have to do with me?"

"I don't know what you mean—"

"I had begun to wonder if you were capable of the desire to spare anyone suffering."

Will rocked back slightly, as if Jem had pushed him. "I . . ." He swallowed, looking for the words. It had been so long since he had searched for words that would earn him forgiveness and not hatred, so long since he had sought to present himself in anything but the worst light, that he wondered for a panicked moment if it were even something he was still able to do. "I spoke to Tessa today," he said finally, not noticing that Jem's face paled even more markedly. "She made me understand—that what I did last night was unforgivable. Though," he added hastily, "I do still hope that you will forgive me." *By the Angel, I'm bad at this.*

Jem raised an eyebrow. "For what?"

"I went to that den because I could not stop thinking about my family, and I wanted—I needed—to stop thinking," said Will. "It did not cross my mind that it would look to you as if I were making a mockery out of your sickness. I suppose I am asking your forgiveness for my lack of consideration." His voice dropped. "Everyone makes mistakes, Jem."

"Yes," said Jem. "You just make more of them than most people."

"I—"

“You hurt everyone,” said Jem. “Everyone whose life you touch.”

“Not you,” Will whispered. “I hurt everyone but you. I never meant to hurt you.”

Jem put his hands up, pressing his palms against his eyes. “Will —”

“You can’t never forgive me,” Will said, hearing the panic tingling his own voice. “I’d be—”

“Alone?” Jem lowered his hands, but he was smiling now, crookedly. “And whose fault is that?” He leaned back against the seat, his eyes half-lidded with tiredness. “I would always have forgiven you,” he said. “I would have forgiven you if you hadn’t apologized. In fact, I wasn’t expecting you would. Tessa’s influence, I can only guess.”

“I am not here at her request. James, you are all the family I have.” Will’s voice shook. “I would die for you. You know that. I would die *without* you. If it were not for you, I would be dead a hundred times over these past five years. I owe you everything, and if you cannot believe I have empathy, perhaps you might at least believe I know honor—honor, and debt—”

Jem looked actually alarmed now. “Will, your discomposure is greater than my anger warranted. My temper has cooled; you know I have never had much of one.”

His tone was soothing, but something in Will could not be soothed. “I went to get you that medicine because I cannot bear the thought of you dying or in pain, certainly not when I could have done something to prevent it. And I did it because I was afraid. If Mortmain came to us and said he was the only one who had the drug that would save your life, you must know I would give him whatever he wanted so that I could get it for you. I have failed my family before, James. I would not fail you—”

“Will.” Jem rose to his feet; he came across the room to Will and knelt down, looking up into his friend’s face. “You begin to concern me. Your regret does you admirable credit, but you must know . . .”

Will looked down at him. He remembered Jem as he had been when he had just come from Shanghai, and had seemed to be all great dark eyes in a pinched white face. It had not been easy to make him laugh then, but Will had set himself to trying. "Know what?"

"That I will die," Jem said. His eyes were wide, and fever-bright; there was a trace of blood, still, at the corner of his mouth. The shadows under his eyes were nearly blue.

Will dug his fingers into Jem's wrist, denting the material of his shirt. Jem did not wince.

"You swore to stay with me," he said. "When we made our oath, as *parabatai*. Our souls are knit. We are one person, James."

"We are two people," said Jem. "Two people with a covenant between us."

Will knew he sounded like a child, but he could not help it. "A covenant that says you must not go where I cannot come with you."

"Until death," Jem replied gently. "Those are the words of the oath. 'Until aught but death part thee and me.' Someday, Will, I will go where none can follow me, and I think it will be sooner rather than later. Have you ever asked yourself why I agreed to be your *parabatai*?"

"No better offers forthcoming?" Will tried for humor, but his voice cracked like glass.

"I thought you needed me," Jem said. "There is a wall you have built about yourself, Will, and I have never asked you why. But no one should shoulder every burden alone. I thought you would let me inside if I became your *parabatai*, and then you would have at least someone to lean upon. I did wonder what my death would mean for you. I used to fear it, for your sake. I feared you would be left alone inside that wall. But now . . . something has changed. I do not know why. But I know that it is true."

"That what is true?" Will's fingers were still digging into Jem's wrist.

"That the wall is coming down."



Tessa could not get to sleep. She lay unmoving on her back, staring up at the ceiling. There was a crack across the plaster of it that looked sometimes like a cloud and sometimes like a razor, depending on the shift of the candlelight.

Dinner had been tense. Apparently Gabriel had told Charlotte that he refused to return and partake in the training anymore, so it was going to be only Gideon working with her and Sophie from now on. Gabriel had refused to say why, but it was clear Charlotte blamed Will; Tessa, seeing how exhausted Charlotte looked at the prospect of more conflict with Benedict, had felt heavy with guilt for having brought Will with her to the training, and for having laughed at Gabriel.

It did not help that Jem had not been at dinner. She had wanted so badly to speak to him today. After he had avoided her eyes at breakfast and then been “ill” at dinner, panic had twisted her stomach. Was he horrified by what had happened between them the night before—or worse, sickened? Maybe in his secret heart of hearts, he felt as Will did, that warlocks were beneath him. Or maybe it had nothing to do with what she was. Maybe he was simply repelled by her wantonness; she had welcomed his embraces, not pushed him away, and hadn’t Aunt Harriet always said that men were weak where desire was concerned, and that women were the ones who had to exercise restraint?

She hadn’t exercised much last night. She remembered lying beside Jem, his gentle hands on her. She knew with a painful inner honesty that if things had continued, she would have done whatever he wanted. Even now, thinking about it, her body felt hot and restless; she shifted in bed, punching one of the pillows. If she had destroyed the closeness she shared with Jem by allowing what had happened last night, she would never forgive herself.

She was about to bury her face in the pillow, when she heard the noise. A soft rapping at the door. She froze. It came again,

insistently. *Jem*. Her hands shaking, she leaped from the bed, ran to the door, and threw it open.

On the threshold stood Sophie. She wore her black housemaid's dress, but her white cap had come askew and her dark curls were tumbling down. Her face was very white and there was a spot of blood on her collar; she looked horrified and almost sick.

"Sophie." Tessa's voice betrayed her surprise. "Are you all right?"

Sophie looked around fearfully. "May I come in, miss?"

Tessa nodded and held the door open for her. When they were both safely inside, she bolted it and sat down on the edge of her bed, apprehension like a lead weight in her chest. Sophie remained standing, twisting her hands in front of her.

"Sophie, please, what is it?"

"It's Miss Jessamine," Sophie burst out.

"What about Jessamine?"

"She . . . It's just to say, I've seen her . . ." She broke off, looking wretched. "She's been slipping away in the nights, miss."

"Has she? I saw her last night, in the corridor, dressed as a boy and looking quite furtive. . . ."

Sophie looked relieved. She didn't like Jessamine, Tessa knew that well enough, but she was a well-trained maid, and a well-trained maid did not tattle on her mistress. "Yes," she said eagerly. "I've been noticing it for days now. Her bed sometimes not slept in at all, mud on the rugs in the mornings when it weren't there the night before. I would've told Mrs. Branwell, but she's had so dreadful much on her mind, I couldn't bear to."

"So why are you telling me?" Tessa asked. "It sounds as if Jessamine's found herself a suitor. I can't say I approve of her behavior, but"—she swallowed, thinking of her own behavior the night before—"neither of us is responsible for it. And perhaps there is some harmless explanation. . . ."

"Oh, but, miss." Sophie plunged her hand into the pocket of her dress and drew it out with a stiff cream-colored card clamped

between her fingers. “Tonight I found this. In the pocket of her new velvet jacket. You know, the one with the ecru stripe.”

Tessa did not care about the ecru stripe. Her eyes were fixed on the card. Slowly she reached out and took it, turning it over in her hand. It was an invitation to a ball.

July 20, 1878

Mr. BENEDICT LIGHTWOOD

presents his compliments
to MISS JESSAMINE LOVELACE,
and requests the honor of her company
at a masquerade ball given on Tuesday next,
the 27th of July. RSVP.

The invitation went on to give details of the address and the time the ball would begin, but it was what was written on the back of the invitation that froze Tessa’s blood. In a casual hand, as familiar to her as her own, were scrawled the words: *My Jessie. My very heart is bursting at the thought of seeing you tomorrow night at the “great affair.” However great it may be, I shall have eyes for nothing and no one but you. Do wear the white dress, darling, as you know how I like it—“in gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,” as the poet said. Yours always, N.G.*

“Nate,” Tessa said numbly, staring down at the letter. “Nate wrote this. And quoted *Tennyson*.”

Sophie drew her breath in sharply. “I feared—but I thought it couldn’t be. Not after all he did.”

“I know my brother’s handwriting.” Tessa’s voice was grim. “He’s planning to meet her tonight at this—this secret ball. Sophie, where is Jessamine? I must speak to her this instant.”

Sophie’s hands began to twist more rapidly. “See, that’s the thing, miss—”

“Oh, God, has she gone already? We’ll have to get Charlotte. I don’t see another way—”

“She hasn’t gone. She’s in her room,” Sophie interrupted.

“So she doesn’t know you found this?” Tessa flapped the card.

Sophie swallowed visibly. “I—she found me with it in my hand, miss. I tried to hide it, but she’d already seen it. She had such a menacing look on her face when she came reaching for it, I couldn’t help myself. All the training sessions I’ve done with Master Gideon, they just took over and, well—”

“Well, *what*? Sophie—”

“I hit her on the head with a mirror,” Sophie said hopelessly. “One of those silver-backed ones, so it was quite heavy. She went down just like a stone, miss. So I . . . I tied her to the bed and I came looking for you.”

“Let me see if I have this quite correct,” said Tessa after a pause. “Jessamine found you with the invitation in your hand, so you struck her over the head with a mirror and tied her to her bed?”

Sophie nodded.

“Good Lord,” said Tessa. “Sophie, we’re going to need to fetch someone. This ball cannot remain a secret, and Jessamine . . .”

“Not Mrs. Branwell,” Sophie moaned. “She’ll sack me. She’ll have to.”

“Jem—”

“No!” Sophie’s hand flew to her collar, where the spot of blood was. Jessamine’s blood, Tessa realized with a jolt. “I couldn’t bear if he thought I could do such a thing—he’s so gentle. Please don’t make me tell him, miss.”

Of course, Tessa thought. Sophie loved Jem. In all the mess of the past few days, she had nearly forgotten. A wave of shame swamped her as she thought of the night before; she fought it back, and said determinedly, “There is only one person, then, Sophie, whom we can go to. You do understand that?”

“Master Will,” said Sophie with loathing, and sighed. “Very well, miss. I suppose I don’t care what he thinks of me.”

Tessa rose and reached for her dressing gown, and wrapped it around herself. “Look upon the bright side, Sophie. At least Will

won't be shocked. I doubt Jessamine's the first unconscious female he's ever dealt with, or that she'll be the last either."



Tessa had been wrong about at least one thing: Will *was* shocked.

"*Sophie* did this?" he said, not for the first time. They were standing at the foot of Jessamine's bed. She lay flung upon it, her chest rising and falling slowly like the famous Sleeping Beauty waxwork of Madame du Barry. Her fair hair was scattered on the pillow, and a large, bloody welt ran across her forehead. Each of her wrists was tied to a post of the bed. "*Our Sophie?*"

Tessa glanced over at Sophie, who was sitting in a chair by the door. Her head was down, and she was staring at her hands. She studiously avoided looking at Tessa or Will.

"Yes," Tessa said, "and do stop repeating it."

"I think I may be in love with you, Sophie," said Will. "Marriage could be on the cards."

Sophie whimpered.

"Stop it," Tessa hissed. "I think you're frightening the poor girl more than she's already frightened."

"What's to be frightened of? Jessamine? It looks like Sophie won that little altercation easily." Will was having trouble repressing a grin. "Sophie, my dear, there is nothing to worry about. Many's the time I have wanted to hit Jessamine over the head myself. No one could blame you."

"She's afraid Charlotte will sack her," said Tessa.

"For hitting Jessamine?" Will relented. "Tess, if this invitation is what it looks like, and Jessamine is truly meeting your brother in secret, she may have betrayed us all. Not to mention, what is Benedict Lightwood doing, throwing parties that none of us know about? Parties to which Nate is invited? What Sophie did was heroic. Charlotte will thank her."

At that, Sophie lifted her head. "Do you think so?"

"I know it," said Will. For a moment he and Sophie looked at each other steadily across the room. Sophie looked away first, but

if Tessa was not mistaken, there had been—for the first time—no dislike in her eyes when she'd gazed at Will.

From his belt Will drew his stele. He sat down on the bed beside Jessamine and gently brushed aside her hair. Tessa bit her lip, restraining the impulse to ask him what he was doing.

He laid his stele against Jessamine's throat and quickly sketched two runes. "An *iratze*," he said, without Tessa's having to ask. "That is, a healing rune, and a Sleep Now rune. This should keep her quiet at least until morning. Your skill with a hand mirror is to be admired, Sophie, but your knot making could be improved."

Sophie muttered something under her breath in response. The suspension of her dislike of Will appeared to be over.

"The question," said Will, "is what to do now."

"We must tell Charlotte—"

"No," Will said firmly. "We must not."

Tessa looked at him in astonishment. "Why not?"

"Two reasons," said Will. "First, she would be duty-bound to tell the Clave, and if Benedict Lightwood is hosting this ball, I would make a fair guess that some of his followers will be there. But they might not all be. If the Clave is warned, they may be able to get word to him before anyone can arrive to observe what is truly going on. Second, the ball began an hour ago. We do not know when Nate will arrive, seeking Jessamine, and if he does not see her, he may well depart. He is the best connection to Mortmain we have. We do not have any time to lose or waste, and waking Charlotte to tell her of this will do both."

"Jem, then?"

Something flickered in Will's eyes. "No. Not tonight. Jem is not well enough, but he will say he is. After last night I owe it to him to leave him out of this."

Tessa looked at him hard. "Then what do you propose to do?"

Will's mouth quirked up at both corners. "Miss Gray," he said, "would you be amenable to attending a ball with me?"

"Do you remember the *last* party we went to?" Tessa inquired.

Will's smile remained. He had that look of heightened intensity that he wore when he was strategizing a plan. "Don't tell me that you weren't thinking the same thing I was, Tessa."

Tessa sighed. "Yes," she said. "I shall Change into Jessamine and go in her place. It is the only plan that makes sense." She turned to Sophie. "Do you know the dress Nate spoke of? A white dress of Jessamine's?"

Sophie nodded.

"Get it brushed and ready to be worn," said Tessa. "You will have to do my hair as well, Sophie. Are you calm enough?"

"Yes, miss." Sophie got to her feet and scurried across the room to the wardrobe, which she threw open. Will was still looking at Tessa; his smile widened.

Tessa lowered her voice. "Will, has it crossed your mind that Mortmain might be there?"

The smile vanished from Will's face. "You will go nowhere near him if he is."

"You cannot tell me what to do."

Will frowned. He was not reacting at all in the way Tessa felt he should. When Capitola in *The Hidden Hand* dressed up as a boy and took on the marauding Black Donald to prove her bravery, no one snapped at *her*.

"Your power is impressive, Tessa, but you are in no position to capture a powerful adult magic user like Mortmain. You will leave that to me," he said.

She scowled at him. "And how do *you* plan not to be recognized at this ball? Benedict knows your face, as do—"

Will seized the invitation out of her hand and waved it at her. "It's a *masked* ball."

"And I suppose you just happen to have a mask."

"As a matter of fact I do," said Will. "Our last Christmas party was themed along the lines of the Venetian Carnevale." He smirked. "Tell her, Sophie."

Sophie, who was busy with what looked like a concoction of spiderwebs and moonbeams on the brushing tray, sighed. "It's

true, miss. And you let him deal with Mortmain, you hear? It's too dangerous otherwise. And you'll be all the way in Chiswick!"

Will looked at Tessa with triumph. "If even Sophie agrees with me, you can't very well say no."

"I could," Tessa said mutinously, "but I won't. Very well. But you must stay out of Nate's way while I speak with him. He isn't an idiot; if he sees us together, he's quite capable of putting two and two together. I get no sense from his note that he expects Jessamine to be accompanied."

"I get no sense from his note at all," said Will, bounding to his feet, "except that he can quote Tennyson's lesser poetry. Sophie, how quickly can you have Tessa ready?"

"Half an hour," said Sophie, not looking up from the dress.

"Meet me in the courtyard in half an hour, then," said Will. "I'll wake Cyril. And be prepared to swoon at my finery."



The night was a cool one, and Tessa shivered as she passed through the doors of the Institute and stood at the head of the steps outside. This was where she had sat, she thought, that night she and Jem had walked to Blackfriars Bridge together, the night the clockwork creatures had attacked them. It was a clearer night tonight, despite the day of rain; the moon chased stray wisps of cloud across an otherwise unmarked black sky.

The carriage was there, at the foot of the steps, Will waiting in front of it. He glanced up as the doors of the Institute closed behind her. For a moment they simply stood and looked at each other. Tessa knew what he was seeing—she had seen it herself, in the mirror in Jessamine's room. She was Jessamine down to the last inch, clothed in a delicate ivory silk dress. It was low-cut, revealing a great deal of Jessamine's white bosom, with a silk ribbon at the collar to emphasize the shape of her throat. The sleeves were short, leaving her arms vulnerable to the night air. Even if the neckline hadn't been so low, Tessa would have felt naked without her angel, but she couldn't wear it: Nate would have been sure to notice it. The skirt, with a waterfall train,

belled out behind her from a laced, slender waist; her hair was dressed high, with a length of pearls held in place by pearl pins, and she wore a gold domino half mask that set off Jessamine's pale, fair hair to perfection. *I look so delicate*, she had thought with detachment, staring at the mirror's silvered surface as Sophie had fussed about her. *Like a faerie princess*. It was easy to think such thoughts when the reflection was not truly your own.

But Will—Will. He had said she should be ready to swoon at his finery, and she had rolled her eyes, but in his black and white evening dress, he looked more beautiful than she had imagined. The stark and simple colors brought out the angular perfection of his features. His dark hair tumbled over a black half mask that emphasized the blueness of the eyes behind it. She felt her heart contract, and hated herself instantly for it. She looked away from him, at Cyril, in the driver's seat of the carriage. His eyes narrowed in confusion as he saw her; he looked from her to Will, and back again, and shrugged. Tessa wondered what on earth Will had told him they were doing to explain the fact that he was taking Jessamine to Chiswick in the middle of the night. It must have been quite a story.

"Ah," was all Will said as she descended the steps and drew her wrap around herself. She hoped he would put down to the cold the involuntary shiver that went over her as he took her hand. "I see now why your brother quoted that execrable poetry. You are meant to *be* Maud, aren't you? 'Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls'?"

"You know," Tessa said as he helped her up into the carriage, "I don't care for that poem either."

He swung himself up after her and slammed the carriage door shut. "Jessamine adores it."

The carriage began to rumble across the cobblestones, and through the open doors of the gate. Tessa found that her heart was beating very fast. Fear of being caught by Charlotte and Henry, she told herself. Nothing to do with being alone with Will in the carriage. "I am not Jessamine."

He looked at her levelly. There was something in his eyes, a sort of quizzical admiration; she wondered if it was simply admiration of Jessamine's looks. "No," he said. "No, even though you are the perfect picture of Jessamine, I can see Tessa through it somehow—as if, if I were to scrape away a layer of paint, there would be my Tessa underneath."

"I am not *your* Tessa either."

The light sparkling in his eyes dimmed. "Fair enough," he said. "I suppose you are not. What is it like, being Jessamine, then? Can you sense her thoughts? Read what she feels?"

Tessa swallowed, and touched the velvet curtain of the carriage with a gloved hand. Outside she could see the gaslights going by in a yellow blur; two children were slumped in a doorway, leaning against each other, asleep. Temple Bar flew by overhead. She said, "I tried. Upstairs in her bedroom. But there's something wrong. I—I couldn't feel anything from her."

"Well, I suppose it's hard to meddle in someone's brains if they've got no brains to start with."

Tessa made a face. "Be flippant about it if you like, but there is something wrong with Jessamine. Trying to touch her mind is like trying to touch—a nest of snakes, or a poisonous cloud. I can feel a little of her emotions. A great deal of rage, and longing, and bitterness. But I cannot pick out the individual thoughts among them. It is like trying to hold water."

"That's curious. Have you ever come across anything like it before?"

Tessa shook her head. "It concerns me. I am afraid Nate will expect me to know something and I will not know it or have the right answer."

Will leaned forward. On wet days, which was nearly every day, his normally straight dark hair would begin to curl. There was something about the vulnerable curling of his damp hair against his temples that made her heart ache. "You are a good actress, and you know your brother," he said. "I have every confidence in you."

She looked at him in surprise. "You do?"

"And," he went on without answering her question, "in the event that something goes awry, I will be there. Even if you don't see me, Tess, I'll be there. Remember that."

"All right." She cocked her head to the side. "Will?"

"Yes?"

"There was a third reason you didn't want to wake up Charlotte and tell her what we were doing, wasn't there?"

He narrowed his blue eyes at her. "And what's that?"

"Because you do not yet know if this is simply a foolish flirtation on Jessamine's part, or something deeper and darker. A true connection to my brother and to Mortmain. And you know that if it is the second, it will break Charlotte's heart."

A muscle jumped at the corner of his mouth. "And what do I care if it does? If she is foolish enough to attach herself to Jessamine—"

"You care," said Tessa. "You are no inhuman block of ice, Will. I have seen you with Jem—I saw you when you looked at Cecily. And you had another sister, didn't you?"

He looked at her sharply. "What makes you think I had—I have—more than one sister?"

"Jem said he thought your sister was dead," she said. "And you said, 'My sister is dead.' But Cecily is clearly very much alive. Which made me think you had a sister who had died. One that wasn't Cecily."

Will let out a long, slow breath. "You're clever."

"But am I clever and right, or clever and wrong?"

Will looked as if he were glad for the mask that hid his expression. "Ella," he said. "Two years older than I. And Cecily, three years younger. My sisters."

"And Ella . . ."

Will looked away, but not before she saw the pain in his eyes. So Ella was dead.

"What was she like?" Tessa asked, remembering how grateful she had been when Jem had asked that of her, about Nate. "Ella?"

And Cecily, what kind of girl is she?”

“Ella was protective,” said Will. “Like a mother. She would have done anything for me. And Cecily was a little mad creature. She was only nine when I left. I can’t say if she’s still the same, but she was—like Cathy in *Wuthering Heights*. She was afraid of nothing and demanded everything. She could fight like a devil and swear like a Billingsgate fishwife.” There was amusement in his voice, and admiration, and . . . love. She had never heard him talk about anyone that way, except perhaps Jem.

“If I might ask—,” she began.

Will sighed. “You know you’ll ask whether I say it’s all right or not.”

“You have a younger sister of your own,” she said. “So what exactly did you do to *Gabriel’s* sister to make him hate you so?”

He straightened. “Are you serious?”

“Yes,” she said. “I am forced to spend a great deal of time with the Lightwoods, and Gabriel clearly despises you. And you did break his arm. It would ease my mind if I knew why.”

Shaking his head, Will raked his fingers through his hair. “Dear God,” he said. “Their sister—her name is Tatiana, by the way; she was named after her mother’s dear friend, who was Russian—was twelve years old, I think.”

“*Twelve?*” Tessa was horrified.

Will exhaled. “I see you have already decided for yourself what happened,” he said. “Would it ease your mind further to know that I myself was twelve? Tatiana, she . . . fancied herself in love with me. In that way that little girls do. She would follow me around and giggle and duck behind pillars to stare at me.”

“One does silly things when one is twelve.”

“It was the first Christmas party at the Institute that I attended,” he said. “The Lightwoods were there in all their finery. Tatiana in silver hair ribbons. She had a little book she carried around with her everywhere. She must have dropped it that night. I found it shoved down the back of one of the chaise longues. It was her diary. Filled with poems about me—the color

of my eyes, the wedding we would have. She had written ‘Tatiana Herondale’ all over it.”

“That sounds rather adorable.”

“I had been in the drawing room, but I came back into the ballroom with the diary. Elise Penhallow had just finished playing the spinet. I got up beside her and commenced reading from Tatiana’s diary.”

“Oh, Will—you didn’t!”

“I did,” he said. “She had rhymed ‘William’ with ‘million,’ as in ‘You will never know, sweet William / How many are the million / ways in which I love you.’ It had to be stopped.”

“What happened?”

“Oh, Tatiana ran out of the room in tears, and Gabriel leaped onto the stage and attempted to strangle me. Gideon simply stood there with his arms crossed. You’ll notice that’s all he ever does.”

“I suppose Gabriel didn’t succeed,” said Tessa. “In strangling you, I mean.”

“Not before I broke his arm,” said Will with relish. “So there you are. That’s why he hates me. I humiliated his sister in public, and what he won’t mention is that I humiliated him, too. He thought he could best me easily. I’d had little formal training, and I’d heard him call me ‘very nearly a mundane’ behind my back. Instead I beat him hollow—snapped his arm, in fact. It was certainly a more pleasant sound than Elise banging away on the spinet.”

Tessa rubbed her gloved hands together to warm them, and sighed. She wasn’t sure what to think. It was hardly the story of seduction and betrayal she had expected, but neither did it show Will in an admirable light.

“Sophie says she’s married now,” she said. “Tatiana. She’s just getting back from traveling the Continent with her new husband.”

“I am sure she is as dull and stupid now as she was then.” Will sounded as if he might fall asleep. He thumbed the curtain

closed, and they were in darkness. Tessa could hear his breath, feel the warmth of him sitting across from her. She could see why a proper young lady would never ride in a carriage with a gentleman not related to her. There was something oddly intimate about it. Of course, she had broken the rules for proper young ladies what felt like long ago, now.

“Will,” she said again.

“The lady has another question. I can hear it in her tone. Will you never have done asking questions, Tess?”

“Not until I get all the answers I want,” she said. “Will, if warlocks are made by having one demon parent and one human parent, what happens if one of those parents is a Shadowhunter?”

“A Shadowhunter would never allow that to happen,” said Will flatly.

“But in the *Codex* it says that most warlocks are the result of—of a violation,” Tessa said, her voice hitching on the ugly word, “or shape-changer demons taking on the form of a loved one and completing the seduction by a trick. Jem told me Shadowhunter blood is always dominant. The *Codex* says the off-spring of Shadowhunters and werewolves, or faeries, are always Shadowhunters. So could not the angel blood in a Shadow-hunter cancel out that which was demonic, and produce—”

“What it produces is nothing.” Will tugged at the window curtain. “The child would be born dead. They always are. Stillborn, I mean. The offspring of a demon and a Shadowhunter parent is death.” In the little light he looked at her. “Why do you want to know these things?”

“I want to know what I am,” she said. “I believe I am some . . . combination that has not been seen before. Part faerie, or part—”

“Have you ever thought of transforming yourself into one of your parents?” Will asked. “Your mother, or father? It would give you access to their memories, wouldn’t it?”

“I have thought of it. Of course I have. But I have nothing of my father’s or mother’s. Everything that was packed in my trunks for the voyage here was discarded by the Dark Sisters.”

“What about your angel necklace?” Will asked. “Wasn’t that your mother’s?”

Tessa shook her head. “I tried. I—I could reach nothing of her in it. It has been mine so long, I think, that what made it hers has evaporated, like water.”

Will’s eyes gleamed in the shadows. “Perhaps you are a clockwork girl. Perhaps Mortmain’s warlock father built you, and now Mortmain seeks the secret of how to create such a perfect facsimile of life when all he can build are hideous monstrosities. Perhaps all that beats beneath your chest is a heart made of metal.”

Tessa drew in a breath, feeling momentarily dizzy. His soft voice was so convincing, and yet—“No,” she said sharply. “You forget, I remember my childhood. Mechanical creatures do not change or grow. Nor would that explain my ability.”

“I know,” said Will with a grin that flashed white in the darkness. “I only wanted to see if I could convince *you*.”

Tessa looked at him steadily. “I am not the one who has no heart.”

It was too dark in the carriage for her to tell, but she sensed that he flushed, darkly. Before he could say anything in response, the wheels came to a jerking halt. They had arrived.

MASQUERADE

*So now I have sworn to bury
All this dead body of hate,
I feel so free and so clear
By the loss of that dead weight,
That I should grow light-headed, I fear,
Fantastically merry;
But that her brother comes, like a blight
On my fresh hope, to the Hall to-night.
—Alfred, Lord Tennyson, “Maud”*

Cyril had paused the carriage outside the gates of the property, under the shade of a leafy oak tree. The Lightwoods' country house in Chiswick, just outside London proper, was massive, built in the Palladian style, with soaring pillars and multiple staircases. The radiance of the moon made everything pearlescent like the inside of an oyster shell. The stone of the house seemed to gleam silver, while the gate that ran around the property had the sheen of black oil. None of the lights in the house seemed to be illuminated—the place was as dark as pitch and grave-silent, the vast grounds stretching all around it, down to the edge of a meander in the Thames River, unlit and deserted. Tessa began to wonder if they had made a mistake in coming here.

As Will left the carriage, helping her down after him, his head turned, his fine mouth hardening. “Do you smell that? Demonic witchcraft. Its stink is on the air.”

Tessa made a face. She could smell nothing unusual—in fact, this far out of the city center, the air seemed cleaner than it had near the Institute. She could smell wet leaves and dirt. She looked over at Will, his face raised to the moonlight, and wondered what weapons lay concealed under his closely fitted frock coat. His hands were sheathed in white gloves, his starched shirtfront immaculate. With the mask, he could have been an illustration of a handsome highwayman in a penny dreadful.

Tessa bit her lip. “Are you certain? The house looks deadly quiet. As if no one were home. Could we be wrong?”

He shook his head. “There is powerful magic at work here. Something stronger than a glamour. A true ward. Someone very much does not want us to know what is happening here tonight.” He glanced down at the invitation in her hand, shrugged, and went up to the gate. There was a bell there, and he rang it, the noise jangling Tessa’s already stretched nerves. She glared at him. He grinned. “*Caelum denique, angel,*” he said, and melted away into the shadows, just as the gate before her opened.

A hooded figure stood before her. Her first thought was of the Silent Brothers, but their robes were the color of parchment, and the figure that stood before her was robed in the color of black smoke. The hood hid its face completely. Wordlessly she held out her invitation.

The hand that took it from her was gloved. For a moment the hidden face regarded the invitation. Tessa could not help but fidget. In any ordinary circumstance, a young lady attending a ball alone would be so improper as to be scandalous. But this was no ordinary circumstance. At last, a voice issued from beneath the hood:

“Welcome, Miss Lovelace.”

It was a gritty voice, a voice like skin being scraped over a rough, tearing surface. Tessa’s spine prickled, and she was glad

she could not see beneath the hood. The figure returned the invitation to her and stepped back, gesturing her inside; she followed, forcing herself not to look around to see if Will was following.

She was led around the side of the house, down a narrow garden path. The gardens extended for a good distance out around the house, silvery-green in the moonlight. There was a circular black ornamental pond, with a white marble bench beside it, and low hedges, carefully clipped, running alongside neat paths. The path she was on ended at a tall and narrow entrance set into the house's side. A strange symbol was carved into the door. It seemed to shift and change as Tessa looked at it, making her eyes hurt. She looked away as her hooded companion opened the door and gestured for her to go inside.

She entered the house, and the door slammed behind her. She turned just as it shut, catching a glimpse, she thought, of the face beneath the hood. She thought she had seen something very like a cluster of red eyes in the center of a dark oval, like the eyes of a spider. She caught her breath as the door clicked shut and she was plunged into darkness.

As she reached, blindly, for the handle of the door, light sprang up all around her. She was standing at the foot of a long, narrow staircase that led upward. Torches burning with a greenish flame—not witchlight—ran up the sides of the stairs.

At the top of the stairs was a door. Another symbol was painted on this one. Tessa felt her mouth go even dryer. It was the *ouroboros*, the double serpent. The symbol of the Pandemonium Club.

For a moment she felt frozen with fear. The symbol brought bleak memories rushing back: the Dark House; the Sisters torturing her, trying to force her to Change; Nate's betrayal. She wondered what Will had said to her in Latin before he had vanished. "Courage," no doubt, or some variant of that. She thought of Jane Eyre, bravely facing down the angry Mr. Rochester; Catherine Earnshaw, who when mauled by a savage

dog “did not yell out—no! she would have scorned to do it.” And lastly she thought of Boadicea, who Will had told her was “braver than any man.”

It's just a ball, Tessa, she told herself, and reached for the knob. Just a party.

She had never been to a ball before, of course. She knew only a little of what to expect, and all of that was from books. In Jane Austen's books the characters were constantly waiting for there to be a ball, or arranging a ball, and often an entire village seemed to be involved in the planning and location of the ball. Whereas in other books, such as *Vanity Fair*, they were grand backdrops against which scheming and plotting occurred. She knew that there would be a dressing room for the ladies, where she could leave her shawl, and one for the men, where they could safely dispose of hats, overcoats, and walking sticks. There ought to be a dance card for her, where the names of the men who had asked her to dance could be marked down. It was rude to dance more than a few dances in a row with the same gentleman. There should be a grand, beautifully decorated ballroom, and a smaller refreshment room, where there would be iced drinks and sandwiches and biscuits and tipsy cake . . .

But it was not quite like that. As the door closed behind her, Tessa found no servants hurrying to greet her, to guide her to the ladies' dressing room and offer to take her shawl or assist her with a missing button. Instead a wash of noise and music and light struck her like a wave. She stood at the entrance to a room so grand, it was hard to believe that it fit somehow into the Lightwoods' house. A great crystal chandelier hung from the ceiling; it was only after looking at it for several moments that Tessa realized it was shaped like a spider, with eight dangling “legs,” each of which held a collection of massive tapers. The walls, what she could see of them, were a very dark blue, and running all along the side that faced the river were French windows, some propped open to catch the breeze, for the room, despite the cool weather outside, was stifling. Beyond the

windows were curved stone balconies, looking out over a view of the city. The walls were largely obscured by great swathes of shimmering fabric, loops and whorls of it hanging over the windows and moving in the faint breeze. The fabric was figured with all manner of patterns, woven in gold; the same shimmering, shifting patterns that had hurt Tessa's eyes downstairs.

The room was crowded with people. Well, not quite *people*, exactly. The majority looked human enough. She caught sight also of the dead white faces of vampires, and a few of the violet and red-hued ifrits, all dressed in the height of fashion. Most, though not all, of the attendees wore masks—elaborate contraptions of gold and black, beaked Plague Doctor masks with tiny spectacles, red devil masks complete with horns. Some were bare-faced, though, including a group of women whose hair was muted tints of lavender, green, and violet. Tessa did not think they were dyes, either, and they wore their hair loose, like nymphs in paintings. Their clothes were scandalously loose as well. They were clearly uncorseted, dressed in flowing fabrics of velvet, tulle, and satin.

In and among the human guests darted figures of all sizes and shapes. There was a man, far too tall and thin to *be* a man, dressed in topcoat and tails, looming over a young woman in a green cloak whose red hair shone like a copper penny. Creatures that looked like great dogs roamed among the guests, their yellow eyes wide and watchful. They had rows of spikes along their backs, like drawings of exotic animals she had seen in books. A dozen or so little goblin creatures screeched and chattered to one another in an incomprehensible language. They appeared to be fighting over some foodstuff—what looked like a torn-apart frog. Tessa swallowed down bile and turned—

And saw them, where she had not before. Her mind had perhaps dismissed them as decorations, suits of armor, but they were not. Automatons lined the walls, silent and motionless. They were human in shape, like the coachman who had belonged to the Dark Sisters, and wore the livery of the Lightwood

household, each with a patterned *ouroboros* over its left breast. Their faces were blank and featureless, like children's sketches that had not been filled in.

Someone caught her by the shoulders. Her heart gave a great leap of fear—*She had been discovered!* As every muscle in her body tightened, a light, familiar voice said:

“I thought you'd never get here, Jessie dear.”

She turned and looked up into the face of her brother.



The last time Tessa had seen Nate, he had been bruised and bloodied, snarling at her in a corridor of the Institute, a knife in his hand. He had been a terrible mixture of frightening and pathetic and horrifying all at once.

This Nate was quite different. He smiled down at her—Jessamine was so much shorter than she was; it was odd not to reach to her brother's chin, but rather to his chest—with vivid blue eyes. His fair hair was brushed and clean, his skin unmarked by bruises. He wore an elegant dress coat and a black shirtfront that set off his fair good looks. His gloves were spotlessly white.

This was Nate as he had always dreamed of being—rich-looking, elegant, and sophisticated. A sense of contentment oozed from him—less contentment, Tessa had to admit, than self-satisfaction. He looked like Church did after he had killed a mouse.

Nate chuckled. “What is it, Jess? You look as if you've seen a ghost.”

I have. The ghost of the brother I once cared about. Tessa reached for Jessamine, for the imprint of Jessamine in her mind. Again it felt as if she were passing her hands through poisonous water, unable to grasp anything solid. “I—a sudden fear came over me, that you would not be here,” she said.

This time his laugh was tender. “And miss a chance to see you? Don't be a foolish girl.” He glanced around, smiling. “Lightwood should lay himself out to impress the Magister more often.” He

held out a hand to her. “Would you do me the honor of favoring me with a dance, Jessie?”

Jessie. Not “Miss Lovelace.” Any doubt Tessa might have had that their attachment was serious indeed was gone. She forced her lips into a smile. “Of course.”

The orchestra—a collection of small purple-skinned men dressed in silvery netting—was playing a waltz. Nate took her hand and drew her out onto the floor.

Thank God, Tessa thought. Thank God she’d had years of her brother swinging her around the living room of their tiny flat in New York. She knew exactly how he danced, how to fit her movements to his, even in this smaller, unfamiliar body. Of course, he had never looked down at her like this—tenderly, with lips slightly parted. Dear God, what if he *kissed* her? She had not thought of the possibility. She would be sick all over his shoes if he did. *Oh, God,* she prayed. *Let him not try.*

She spoke rapidly, “I had dreadful trouble sneaking out of the Institute tonight,” she said. “That little wretch Sophie nearly found the invitation.”

Nate’s grip tightened on her. “But she didn’t, did she?”

There was a warning in his voice. Tessa sensed she was already close to a serious gaffe. She tried a quick glance around the room—Oh, *where* was Will? What had he said? *Even if you don’t see me, I’ll be there?* But she had never felt so much on her own.

With a deep breath she tossed her head in her best imitation of Jessamine. “Do you take me for a fool? Of course not. I rapped her skinny wrist with my mirror, and she dropped it immediately. Besides, she probably can’t even read.”

“Truly,” said Nate, relaxing visibly, “they could have found you a lady’s maid who more befits a lady. One who speaks French, can sew . . .”

“Sophie can sew,” Tessa said automatically, and could have slapped herself. “Passably,” she amended, and batted her eyelashes up at Nate. “And how have you been keeping since the

last time we saw each other?" *Not that I have the slightest idea when that might have been.*

"Very well. The Magister continues to favor me."

"He is wise," Tessa breathed. "He recognizes an invaluable treasure when he sees one."

Nate touched her face lightly with a gloved hand. Tessa willed herself not to stiffen. "All down to you, my darling. My veritable little mine of information." He moved closer to her. "I see you wore the dress I asked you to," he whispered. "Ever since you described how you wore it to your last Christmas ball, I have yearned to see you in it. And may I say that you dazzle the eyes?"

Tessa's stomach felt as if it were trying to force its way up into her throat. Her eyes darted around the room again. With a lurch of recognition, she saw Gideon Lightwood, cutting a fine figure in his evening dress, though he stood stiffly against one of the walls as if plastered there. Only his eyes moved around the room. Gabriel was wandering to and fro, a glass of what looked like lemonade in his hand, his eyes glowing with curiosity. She saw him go up to one of the girls with long lavender hair and begin a conversation. *So much for any hope that the boys did not know what their father was up to,* she thought, glancing away from Gabriel in irritation. And then she saw Will.

He was leaning against the wall opposite her, between two empty chairs. Despite his mask she felt as if she could see directly into his eyes. As if he were standing close enough to touch. She would have half-expected him to look amused at her predicament, but he did not; he looked tense, and furious, and . . .

"God, I'm jealous of every other man who looks at you," Nate said. "You should be looked at only by me."

Good Lord, Tessa thought. Did this line of talk really work on most women? If her brother had come to her with the aim of asking her advice on these pearls, she would have told him straight off that he sounded like an idiot. Though perhaps she only thought he sounded like an idiot because he was her brother.

And despicable. Information, she thought. I must get information and then get away from him, before I really am sick.

She looked for Will again, but he was gone, as if he had never been there. Still, she believed him now that he was *somewhere*, watching her, even if she couldn't see him. She plucked up her nerve, and said, "Really, Nate? Sometimes I fear you value me only for the information I can give you."

For a moment he stopped and was stock-still, almost jerking her out of the dance. "Jessie! How can you even think such a thing? You know how I adore you." He looked at her reproachfully as they began to move to the music again. "It is true that your connection to the Nephilim of the Institute has been invaluable. Without you we would never have known they were going to York, for instance. But I thought you knew that you were helping me because we are working toward a future together. When I have become the Magister's right hand, darling, think how I will be able to provide for you."

Tessa laughed nervously. "You're right, Nate. It's only that I get frightened sometimes. What if Charlotte were to find out I was spying for you? What would they do to me?"

Nate swung her around easily. "Oh, nothing, darling; you've said it yourself, they're cowards." He looked past her and raised an eyebrow. "Benedict, up to his old tricks," he said. "Rather disgusting."

Tessa looked around and saw Benedict Lightwood leaning back on a scarlet velvet sofa near the orchestra. He was coatless, a glass of red wine in one hand, his eyes half-lidded. Sprawled across his chest, Tessa saw to her shock, was a woman—or at least it had the form of a woman. Long black hair worn loose, a low-cut black velvet gown—and the heads of little serpents poking out from her eyes, hissing. As Tessa watched, one of them extended a long, forked tongue and licked the side of Benedict Lightwood's face.

"That's a demon," Tessa breathed, forgetting for a moment to be Jessamine. "Isn't it?"

Fortunately Nate seemed to find nothing odd about the question. "Of course it is, silly bunny. That's what Benedict fancies. Demon women."

Will's voice echoed in Tessa's ears, *I would be surprised if some of the elder Lightwood's nocturnal visits to certain houses in Shadwell haven't left him with a nasty case of demon pox.* "Oh, ugh," she said.

"Indeed," said Nate. "Ironic, considering the high-and-mighty manner in which the Nephilim conduct themselves. I ask myself often why Mortmain favors him so and wishes to see him installed in the Institute so badly." Nate sounded peevish.

Tessa had already guessed as much, but the knowledge that Mortmain was most assuredly behind Benedict's fierce determination to take the Institute from Charlotte still felt like a blow. "I just don't see," she said, trying her best to adopt Jessie's lightly peevish demeanor, "what *use* it will be to the Magister. It's just a big stuffy old building. . . ."

Nate laughed indulgently. "It's not the building, silly thing. It's the position. The head of the London Institute is one of the most powerful Shadowhunters in England, and the Magister controls Benedict as if he were a puppet. Using him, he can destroy the Council from within, while the automaton army destroys them from without." He spun her expertly as the dance required; only Tessa's years of practice dancing with Nate kept her from falling over, so distracted was she by shock. "Besides, it's not *quite* true that the Institute contains nothing of value. Access to the Great Library alone will be invaluable for the Magister. Not to mention the weapons room . . ."

"And Tessa." She clamped down on her voice so it wouldn't tremble.

"Tessa?"

"Your sister. The Magister still wants her, doesn't he?"

For the first time Nate looked at her with a puzzled surprise. "We've been over this, Jessamine," he said. "Tessa will be arrested for illegal possession of articles of dark magic, and sent to the

Silent City. Benedict will bring her forth from there and deliver her to the Magister. It is all part of whatever bargain they struck, though what Benedict is getting from it is not clear to me yet. It must be something quite significant, or he would not be so willing to turn on his own.”

Arrested? Possession of articles of dark magic? Tessa’s head spun.

Nate’s hand slipped around the back of her neck. He was wearing gloves, but Tessa couldn’t rid herself of the feeling that something slimy was touching her skin. “My little Jessie,” he murmured. “You behave almost as if you’ve forgotten your own part in this. You *did* hide the Book of the White in my sister’s room as we asked you to, did you not?”

“Of—of course I did. I was only joking, Nate.”

“That’s my good girl.” He was leaning closer. He was definitely going to kiss her. It was most improper, but then nothing about this place could be considered proper. In a state of absolute horror, Tessa sputtered:

“Nate—I feel dizzy—as if I might faint. I think it’s the heat. If you could fetch me a lemonade?”

He looked down at her for a moment, his mouth tight with bottled annoyance, but Tessa knew he could not refuse. No gentleman would. He straightened up, brushed off his cuffs, and smiled. “Of course,” he said with a bow. “Let me help you to a seat first.”

She protested, but his hand was already on her elbow, guiding her toward one of the chairs lined up along the walls. He settled her into it and vanished into the crowd. She watched him go, trembling all over. *Dark magic*. She felt sick, and angry. She wanted to slap her brother, shake him till he told her the rest of the truth, but she knew she couldn’t.

“You must be Tessa Gray,” said a soft voice at her elbow. “You look just like your mother.”

Tessa nearly jumped out of her skin. At her side stood a tall slender woman with long, unbound hair the color of lavender petals. Her skin was a pale blue, her dress a long and floating

confection of gossamer and tulle. Her feet were bare, and in between her toes were thin webs like a spider's, a darker blue than her skin. Tessa's hands went to her face in sudden horror—was she losing her disguise?—but the blue woman laughed.

“I didn't mean to make you fearful of your illusion, little one. It is still in place. It is just that my kind can see through it. All this”—she gestured vaguely at Tessa's blond hair, her white dress and pearls—“is like the vapor of a cloud, and you the sky beyond it. Did you know your mother had eyes just like yours, gray sometimes and blue at others?”

Tessa found her voice. “Who are you?”

“Oh, my kind doesn't like to give our names, but you can call me whatever you like. You can invent a lovely name for me. Your mother used to call me Hyacinth.”

“The blue flower,” Tessa said faintly. “How did you know my mother? You don't look any older than me—”

“After our youth, my kind does not age or die. Nor will you. Lucky girl! I hope you appreciate the service done you.”

Tessa shook her head in bewilderment. “Service? What service? Are you speaking of Mortmain? *Do you know what I am?*”

“Do you know what *I am?*”

Tessa thought of the *Codex*. “A faerie?” she guessed.

“And do you know what a changeling is?”

Tessa shook her head.

“Sometimes,” Hyacinth confided, dropping her voice to a whisper, “when our faerie blood has grown weak and thin, we will find our way into a human home, and take the best, the prettiest, and the plumpest child—and, quick as a wink, replace the babe with a sickly one of our own. While the human child grows tall and strong in our lands, the human family will find itself burdened with a dying creature fearful of cold iron. Our bloodline is strengthened—”

“Why bother?” Tessa demanded. “Why not just steal the human child and leave nothing in its place?”

Hyacinth's dark blue eyes widened. "Why, because that would not be *fair*," she said. "And it would breed suspicion among the mundanes. They are stupid, but there are many of them. It does not do to rouse their ire. That is when they come with iron and torches." She shuddered.

"Just a moment," Tessa said. "Are you telling me I'm a *changeling*?"

Hyacinth bubbled over with giggles. "Of course not! What a ridiculous thought!" She held her hands to her heart as she laughed, and Tessa saw that her fingers, too, were bound together with blue webbing. Suddenly she smiled, showing glittering teeth. "There's a very good-looking boy staring over here," she said. "As handsome as a faerie lord! I should leave you to your business." She winked, and before Tessa could protest, Hyacinth melted back into the crowd.

Shaken, Tessa turned, expecting the "good-looking boy" to be Nate—but it was Will, leaning against the wall beside her. The moment her eyes found him, he turned and began studiously examining the dance floor. "What did that faerie woman want?"

"I don't know," Tessa said, exasperated. "To tell me I'm *not* a changeling, apparently."

"Well, that's good. Process of elimination." Tessa had to admit, Will was doing a good job of somehow blending in with the dark curtains behind him, as if he were not there at all. It must have been a Shadowhunter talent. "And what news from your brother?"

She gripped her hands together, looking at the floor while she spoke. "Jessamine's been spying for Nate all this time. I don't know how long exactly. She's been telling him everything. She thinks he's in love with her."

Will looked unsurprised. "Do *you* think he's in love with her?"

"I think Nate cares only about himself," said Tessa. "There's worse, too. Benedict Lightwood is working for Mortmain. That is why he is scheming to get the Institute. So the Magister can have it. And have *me*. Nate knows all about it, of course. He doesn't

care.” Tessa looked at her hands again. Jessamine’s hands. Small and delicate in their fine white kid gloves. *Oh, Nate, she thought. Aunt Harriet used to call him her blue-eyed boy.*

“I expect that was before he killed her,” said Will. Only then did Tessa realize she had spoken aloud. “And there he is again,” he added, in a mutter, under his breath. Tessa glanced out at the crowd and saw Nate, his fair hair like a beacon, coming toward her. In his hand was a glass of sparkling golden liquid. She turned to tell Will to hurry away, but he had already vanished.

“Fizzy lemonade,” said Nate, coming up to her and thrusting the glass into her hand. The ice-cold sides felt good against the heat of her skin. She took a sip; despite everything, it was delicious.

Nate stroked her hair back from her forehead. “Now, you were saying,” he said. “You *did* hide the book in my sister’s room . . .”

“Yes, just as you told me to do,” Tessa fibbed. “She suspects nothing, of course.”

“I should hope not.”

“Nate . . .”

“Yes?”

“Do you know what the Magister intends to do with your sister?”

“I’ve told you, she isn’t my sister.” Nate’s voice was clipped. “And I’ve no idea what he plans to do with her, nor any interest. My plans are all for my—*our* future together. I should hope that you are as dedicated?” Tessa thought of Jessamine, sitting sullenly in the room with the other Shadowhunters while they shuffled through papers about Mortmain; Jessamine falling asleep at the table rather than leave when they were discussing plans with Ragnor Fell. And Tessa pitied her even as she hated Nate, hated him so much it felt like fire in her throat. *I’ve told you, she isn’t my sister.*

Tessa let her eyes widen, her lip tremble. “I’m doing the best I can, Nate,” she said. “Don’t you believe me?”

She felt a faint sense of triumph as she watched him visibly beat back his annoyance. “Of course, darling. Of course.” He examined her face. “Are you feeling better? Shall we dance again?”

She clutched the glass in her hand. “Oh, I don’t know . . .”

“Of course,” Nate chuckled, “they do say a gentleman should dance only the first set or two with his wife.”

Tessa froze. It was as if time had stopped: Everything in the room seemed to freeze along with her, even the smirk on Nate’s face.

Wife?

He and Jessamine were *married?*

“Angel?” said Nate, his voice sounding as if it were coming from far away. “Are you all right? You’ve gone white as a sheet.”

“Mr. Gray.” A dull, mechanical voice spoke from behind Nate’s shoulder. It was one of the blank-faced automatons, holding out a silver tray on which was a folded piece of paper. “A message for you.”

Nate turned in surprise and plucked the paper from the tray; Tessa watched as he unfolded it, read it, cursed, and stuffed it into his coat pocket. “My, my,” he said. “A note from himself.” *He must mean the Magister*, Tessa thought. “I’m needed apparently. A dreadful bore, but what can you do?” He took her hand and raised her to her feet, then leaned in for a chaste kiss on the cheek. “Speak to Benedict; he’ll make sure you’re escorted back out to the carriage, *Mrs. Gray*.” He spoke the last two words in a whisper.

Tessa nodded numbly.

“Good girl,” Nate said. Then he turned and vanished into the crowd, followed by the automaton. Tessa stared after them both dizzily. It must be the shock, she thought, but everything in the room had begun to look a little—peculiar. It was as if she could see each individual ray of light sparking off the crystals of the chandelier. The effect was beautiful, if strange and a little dizzying.

“Tessa.” It was Will, evolving effortlessly into the space beside her. She turned to look at him. He looked flushed, as if he had been running—another beautiful, strange effect, she thought, the black hair and mask, the blue eyes and fair skin, and the flush across his high cheekbones. It was like looking at a painting. “I see your brother got the note.”

“Ah.” Everything clicked into place. “You sent it.”

“I did.” Looking pleased with himself, Will plucked the glass of lemonade out of her hand, drained the remainder, and set it on a windowsill. “I had to get him out of here. And we should probably follow suit, before he realizes the note is a falsity and he returns. Though I did direct him to Vauxhall; it’ll take him ages to get there and back, so we’re likely safe—” He broke off, and she could hear sudden alarm in his voice. “Tess—Tessa? Are you all right?”

“Why do you ask?” Her voice echoed in her own ears.

“Look.” He reached out and caught a swinging tendril of her hair, pulling it forward so she could see it. She stared. Dark brown, not fair. Her own hair. Not Jessamine’s.

“Oh, God.” She put a hand to her face, recognizing the familiar tingles of the Change as they began to wash over her. “How long—”

“Not long. You were Jessamine when I sat down.” He caught hold of her hand. “Come along. Quickly.” He began to stride toward the exit, but it was a long way across the ballroom, and Tessa’s whole body was twitching and shivering with the Change. She gasped as it bit into her like teeth. She saw Will whip his head around, alarmed; felt him catch her as she stumbled, and half-carry her forward. The room swung around her. *I can’t faint. Don’t let me faint.*

A wash of cool air struck her face. She realized distantly that Will had swung them through a pair of French doors and they were out on a small stone balcony, one of many overlooking the gardens. She moved away from him, tearing the gold mask from her face, and nearly collapsed against the stone balustrade. After

slamming the doors behind them, Will turned and hurried over to her, laying a hand lightly on her back. "Tessa?"

"I'm all right." She was glad for the stone railing beneath her hands, its solidity and hardness inexpressibly reassuring. The chilly air was lessening her dizziness too. Glancing down at herself, she could see she had become fully Tessa again. The white dress was now a full few inches too short, and the lacing so tight that her décolletage spilled up and over the low neckline. She knew some women laced themselves tight just to get this effect, but it was rather shocking seeing so much of her own skin on display.

She looked sideways at Will, glad for the cold air keeping her cheeks from flaming. "I just—I don't know what happened. That's never happened to me before, losing the Change without noticing like that. It must have been the surprise of it all. They're married, did you know that? Nate and Jessamine. Married. Nate was never the marrying sort. And he doesn't love her. I can tell. He doesn't love anyone but himself. He never has."

"Tess," Will said again, gently this time. He was leaning against the railing too, facing her. They were only a very little distance apart. Above them the moon swam through the clouds, a white boat on a still, black sea.

She closed her mouth, aware that she had been babbling. "I'm sorry," she said softly, looking away.

Almost hesitantly he laid his hand against her cheek, turning her to face him. He had stripped off his glove, and his skin was bare against hers. "There's nothing to be sorry about," he said. "You were brilliant in there, Tessa. Not a step out of place." She felt her face warm beneath his cool fingers, and was amazed. Was this Will speaking? *Will*, who had spoken to her on the roof of the Institute as if she were so much rubbish? "You did love your brother once, didn't you? I could see your face as he was speaking to you, and I wanted to kill him for breaking your heart."

You broke my heart, she wanted to say. Instead she said, “Some part of me misses him as—as you miss your sister. Even though I know what he is, I miss the brother I thought I had. He was my only family.”

“The Institute is your family now.” His voice was incredibly gentle. Tessa looked at him in amazement. Gentleness was not something she would ever have associated with Will. But it was there, in the touch of his hand on her cheek, in the softness of his voice, in his eyes when he looked at her. It was the way she had always dreamed a boy would look at her. But she had never dreamed up someone as beautiful as Will, not in all her imaginings. In the moonlight the curve of his mouth looked pure and perfect, his eyes behind the mask nearly black.

“We should go back inside,” she said, in a half whisper. She did not want to go back inside. She wanted to stay here, with Will achingly close, almost leaning into her. She could feel the heat that radiated from his body. His dark hair fell around the mask, into his eyes, tangling with his long eyelashes. “We have only a little time—”

She took a step forward—and stumbled into Will, who caught her. She froze—and then her arms crept around him, her fingers lacing themselves behind his neck. Her face was pressed against his throat, his soft hair under her fingers. She closed her eyes, shutting out the dizzying world, the light beyond the French windows, the glow of the sky. She wanted to be here with Will, cocooned in this moment, inhaling the clean sharp scent of him, feeling the beat of his heart against hers, as steady and strong as the pulse of the ocean.

She felt him inhale. “Tess,” he said. “Tess, look at me.”

She raised her eyes to his, slow and unwilling, braced for anger or coldness—but his gaze was fixed on hers, his dark blue eyes somber beneath their thick black lashes, and they were stripped of all their usual cool, aloof distance. They were as clear as glass and full of desire. And more than desire—a tenderness she had never seen in them before, had never even associated with Will

Herondale. That, more than anything else, stopped her protest as he raised his hands and methodically began to take the pins from her hair, one by one.

This is madness, she thought, as the first pin rattled to the ground. They should be running, fleeing this place. Instead she stood, wordless, as Will cast Jessamine's pearl clasps aside as if they were so much paste jewelry. Her own long, curling dark hair fell down around her shoulders, and Will slid his hands into it. She heard him exhale as he did so, as if he had been holding his breath for months and had only just let it out. She stood as if mesmerized as he gathered her hair in his hands, draping it over one of her shoulders, winding her curls between his fingers. "My Tessa," he said, and this time she did not tell him that she was not his.

"Will," she whispered as he reached up and unlocked her hands from around his neck. He drew her gloves off, and they joined her mask and Jessie's pins on the stone floor of the balcony. He pulled off his own mask next and cast it aside, running his hands through his damp black hair, pushing it back from his forehead. The lower edge of the mask had left marks across his high cheekbones, like light scars, but when she reached to touch them, he gently caught at her hands and pressed them down.

"No," he said. "Let me touch you first. I have wanted . . ."

She did not say no. Instead she stood, wide-eyed, gazing up at him as his fingertips traced her temples, then her cheekbones, then—softly despite their rough calluses—outlined the shape of her mouth as if he meant to commit it to memory. The gesture made her heart spin like a top inside her chest. His eyes remained fixed on her, as dark as the bottom of the ocean, wondering, dazed with discovery.

She stood still as his fingertips left her mouth and trailed a path down her throat, stopping at her pulse, slipping to the silk ribbon at her collar and pulling at one end of it; her eyelids fluttered half-closed as the bow came apart and his warm hand covered her bare collarbone. She remembered once, on the *Main*,

how the ship had passed through a patch of strangely shining ocean, and how the *Main* had carved a path of fire through the water, trailing sparks in its wake. It was as if Will's hands did the same to her skin. She burned where he touched her, and could feel where his fingers had been even when they had moved on. His hands moved lightly but lower, over the bodice of her dress, following the curves of her breasts. Tessa gasped, even as his hands slid to grip her waist and draw her toward him, pulling their bodies together until there was not a millimeter of space between them.

He bent to put his cheek against hers. His breath against her ear made her shudder with each deliberately spoken word. "I have wanted to do this," he said, "every moment of every hour of every day that I have been with you since the day I met you. But you know that. You *must* know. Don't you?"

She looked up at him, lips parted in bewilderment. "Know what?" she said, and Will, with a sigh of something like defeat, kissed her.

His lips were soft, so soft. He had kissed her before, wildly and desperately and tasting of blood, but this was different. This was deliberate and unhurried, as if he were speaking to her silently, saying with the brush of his lips on hers what he could not say in words. He traced slow, glancing butterfly kisses across her mouth, each as measured as the beat of a heart, each saying she was precious, irreplaceable, wanted. Tessa could no longer keep her hands at her sides. She reached to cup the back of his neck, to tangle her fingers in the dark silky waves of his hair, to feel his pulse hammering against her palms.

His grip on her was firm as he explored her mouth thoroughly with his. He tasted of the sparkling lemonade, sweet and tingling. The movement of his tongue as he flicked it lightly across her lips sent delicious shudders through her whole body; her bones melted and her nerves seared. She yearned to pull him against her—but he was being so gentle with her, so unbelievably gentle, though she could feel how much he wanted her in the trembling

of his hands, the hammering of his heart against hers. Surely someone who did not care even a little could not behave with such gentleness. All the pieces inside her that had felt broken and jagged when she had looked at Will these past few weeks began to knit together and heal. She felt light, as if she could float.

“Will,” she whispered against his mouth. She wanted him closer to her so badly, it was like an ache, a painful hot ache that spread out from her stomach to speed her heart and knot her hands in his hair and set her skin to burning. “Will, you need not be so careful. I will not break.”

“Tessa,” he groaned against her mouth, but she could hear the hesitation in his voice. She nipped gently at his lips, teasing him, and his breath caught. His hands flattened against the small of her back, pressing her to him, as his self-control slipped and his gentleness began to blossom into a more demanding urgency. Their kisses grew deeper and deeper still, as if they could breathe each other, consume each other, devour each other whole. Tessa knew she was making whimpering sounds in the back of her throat; that Will was pushing her back, back against the railing in a way that should have hurt but oddly did not; that his hands were at the bodice of Jessamine’s dress, crushing the delicate fabric roses. Distantly Tessa heard the knob of the French doors rattle; they opened, and still she and Will clung together, as if nothing else mattered.

There was a murmur of voices, and someone said, “I told you, Edith. That’s what happens when you drink the pink drinks,” in a disapproving tone. The doors shut again, and Tessa heard footsteps going away. She broke away from Will.

“Oh, my heavens,” she said, breathless. “How humiliating—”

“I don’t care.” He pulled her back to him, nuzzled the side of her neck, his face hot against her cold skin. His mouth glanced across hers. “Tess—”

“You keep saying my name,” she murmured. She had one hand on his chest, holding him a little bit away, but had no idea how long she could keep it there. Her body ached for him. Time had

snapped and lost its meaning. There was only this moment, only Will. She had never felt anything like it, and she wondered if this was what it was like for Nate when he was drunk.

“I love your name. I love the sound of it.” He sounded drunk too, his mouth on hers as he spoke so she could feel the delicious movement of his lips. She breathed his breath, inhaling him. Their bodies fit together perfectly, she couldn’t help noticing; in Jessie’s white satin heeled shoes, she was but a little shorter than he was, and had only to tilt her head back slightly to kiss him. “I have to ask you something. I have to know—”

“So *there* you two are,” came a voice from the doorway. “And quite a spectacular display you’re making, if I do say so.”

They sprang apart. There, standing in the doorway—though Tessa could not remember the sound of the doors having opened—a long cigar held between his thin brown fingers, was Magnus Bane.



“Let me guess,” Magnus said, exhaling smoke. It made a white cloud in the shape of a heart that distorted as it drifted away from his mouth, expanding and twisting until it was no longer recognizable. “You had the lemonade.”

Tessa and Will, now standing side by side, glanced at each other. It was Tessa who spoke first. “I—yes. Nate brought me some.”

“It has a bit of a warlock powder mixed into it,” said Magnus. He was wearing all black, with no other ornamentation save on his hands. Each finger bore a ring set with a huge stone of a different color—lemon yellow citrine, green jade, red ruby, blue topaz. “The kind that lowers your inhibitions and makes you do things you would”—he coughed delicately—“not otherwise do.”

“Oh,” said Will. And then: “Oh.” His voice was low. He turned away, leaning his hands on the balustrade. Tessa felt her face begin to burn.

“Gracious, that’s a lot of bosom you’re showing,” Magnus went on blithely, gesturing toward Tessa with the burning tip of his

cigar. "*Tout le monde sur le balcon*, as they say in French," he added, miming a vast terrace jutting out from his chest. "Especially apt, as we are now, in fact, on a balcony."

"Let her alone," said Will. Tessa couldn't see his face; he had his head down. "She didn't know what she was drinking."

Tessa crossed her arms, realized this only intensified the severity of the bosom problem, and dropped them. "This is Jessamine's dress, and she's half my size," she snapped. "I would never go out like this under ordinary circumstances."

Magnus raised his eyebrows. "Changed back into yourself, did you? When the lemonade took effect?"

Tessa scowled. She felt obscurely humiliated—to have been caught kissing Will; to be standing in front of Magnus in something her aunt would have dropped dead to see her in—yet part of her wished Magnus would go away so she could kiss Will again. "What are you doing here, yourself, if I might ask?" she snapped ungraciously. "How did you know *we* were here?"

"I have sources," said Magnus, trailing smoke airily. "I thought you two might be up against it. Benedict Lightwood's parties have a reputation for danger. When I heard you were here—"

"We're well equipped to handle danger," Tessa said.

Magnus eyed her bosom openly. "I can see that," he said. "Armed to the teeth, as it were." Done with his cigar, he flicked it over the balcony railing. "One of Camille's human subjugates was here and recognized Will. He got a message to me, but if one of you was recognized already, what's the chance it could happen again? It's time to make yourselves scarce."

"What do you care if we get out or not?" It was Will, his head still down, his voice muffled.

"You owe me," Magnus said, his voice steely. "I mean to collect."

Will turned on him. Tessa was startled to see the expression on his face. He looked sick and ill. "I should have known that was it."

“You may choose your friends, but not your unlikely saviors,” Magnus said cheerfully. “Shall we go, then? Or would you rather stay here and take your chances? You can start up with the kissing where you left off when you get back to the Institute.”

Will scowled. “Get us out of here.”

Magnus’s cat eyes gleamed. He snapped his fingers, and a shower of blue sparks fell around them in a sudden, startling rain. Tessa tensed, expecting them to burn her skin, but she felt only wind rushing past her face. Her hair lifted as a strange energy crackled through her nerves. She heard Will gasp—and then they were standing on one of the stone paths in the garden, near the ornamental pond, the great Lightwood manor rising, silent and dark, above them.

“There,” said Magnus in a bored tone. “That wasn’t so difficult, was it?”

Will looked at him with no gratitude. “Magic,” he muttered.

Magnus threw his hands up. They still crackled with blue energy, like heat lightning. “And just what do you think your precious runes are? *Not* magic?”

“Shush,” Tessa said. She was bone-weary suddenly. She ached where the corset crushed her ribs, and her feet, in Jessamine’s too-small shoes, were in agony. “Stop spouting off, the both of you. I think someone’s coming.”

They all paused, just as a chattering group rounded the corner of the house. Tessa froze. Even in the cloudy moonlight, she could see they were not human. They were not Downworlders, either. It was a group of demons—one a shambling corpse-like figure with black holes for eyes; another half again the size of a man, blue-skinned and dressed in a waistcoat and trousers, but with a barbed tail, lizard’s features, and a flat snakelike snout; and another that seemed to be a spinning wheel covered in wet red mouths.

Several things happened at once.

Tessa jammed the back of her hand against her mouth before she could scream. There was no point in running. The demons

had already seen them and had come to a dead stop on the path. The smell of rot wafted from them, blotting out the scent of the trees.

Magnus raised his hand, blue fire circling his fingers. He was muttering words under his breath. He looked as discomposed as Tessa had ever seen him.

And Will—Will, whom Tessa had expected to reach for his seraph blades—did something entirely unexpected. He raised a trembling finger, pointed at the blue-skinned demon, and breathed, “*You.*”

The blue-skinned demon blinked. All the demons stood stock-still, looking at one another. There must have been some agreement in place, Tessa thought, to keep them from attacking the humans at the party, but she did not like the way the wet red mouths were licking their lips. “Er,” the demon Will had addressed said, in a surprisingly ordinary voice. “I don’t recall—That is, I don’t think I’ve had the pleasure of your acquaintance?”

“*Liar!*” Will staggered forward and charged; as Tessa watched in amazement, he barreled past the other demons and threw himself onto the blue demon. It let out a high-pitched shriek. Magnus was watching what was going on with his mouth open. Tessa cried, “Will! *Will!*” but he was rolling over and over on the grass with the blue-skinned creature, which was surprisingly nimble. He had it by the back of its waistcoat, but it tore free and dashed away, streaking across the gardens, Will in hot pursuit.

Tessa took a few steps after them, but her feet were a white-hot agony. Kicking off Jessamine’s shoes, she was about to race after Will when she realized the remaining demons were making an angry buzzing noise. They seemed to be addressing Magnus.

“Ah, well, you know,” he said, having regained his composure, and he gestured in the direction Will had disappeared in. “Disagreement. Over a woman. It happens.”

The buzzing noise increased. It was clear the demons did not believe him.

“Gambling debt?” Magnus suggested. He snapped his fingers, and flame burst up from his palm, bathing the garden in a stark glow. “I suggest you not concern yourselves overmuch with it, gentlemen. Festivities and merriment await you inside.” He gestured toward the narrow door that led to the ballroom. “Much more pleasant than what will await you out here if you continue to linger.”

That seemed to convince them. The demons moved off, buzzing and muttering, taking their stench of garbage with them.

Tessa spun around. “Quickly, we have to go after them—”

Magnus reached down and scooped her shoes up off the path. Holding them by their satin ribbons, he said, “Not so quickly, Cinderella. Will’s a Shadowhunter. He runs fast. You’ll never catch him.”

“But you—there must be some magic—”

“*Magic*,” Magnus said, mimicking Will’s disgusted tone. “Will’s where he has to be, doing what he has to do. His purpose is killing demons, Tessa.”

“Do you—not like him?” Tessa asked; it was an odd question, perhaps, but there was something in the way Magnus looked at Will, spoke to Will, that she could not put her finger on.

To her surprise, Magnus took the question seriously. “I do like him,” he said, “though rather despite myself. I thought him a pretty bit of poison to start with, but I have come around. There is a soul under all that bravado. And he is really *alive*, one of the most alive people I have ever met. When he feels something, it is as bright and sharp as lightning.”

“We all *feel*,” Tessa said, thoroughly surprised. Will, feeling more strongly than everyone else? Madder than everyone else, perhaps.

“Not like that,” said Magnus. “Trust me, I have lived a long time, and I do know.” His look was not without sympathy. “And you will find that feelings fade too, the longer you live. The oldest warlock I ever met had been alive nearly a thousand years and told me he could no longer even remember what love felt like, or

hatred, either. I asked him why he did not end his life, and he said he still felt one thing, and that was fear—fear of what lies after death. “The undiscover’d country from whose bourne no traveller returns.”

“Hamlet,” said Tessa automatically. She was trying to push back thoughts of her own possible immortality. The concept of it was too grand and terrifying to truly encompass, and besides . . . it might not even be true.

“We who are immortal, we are chained to this life by a chain of gold, and we dare not sever it for fear of what lies beyond the drop,” said Magnus. “Now come along, and don’t begrudge Will his moral duties.” He started off down the path, Tessa limping quickly after him in an effort to keep up.

“But he behaved as if he knew that demon—”

“Probably tried to kill it before,” said Magnus. “Sometimes they get away.”

“But how will he get back to the Institute?” Tessa wailed.

“He’s a clever boy. He’ll find a way. I’m more concerned with getting *you* back to the Institute before someone notices you’re missing and there’s the devil of a row.” They’d reached the front gates, where the carriage awaited, Cyril resting peacefully in the driver’s seat, his hat pulled down over his eyes.

She glared mutinously at Magnus as he swung the carriage door open and reached out a hand to help her up into it. “How do you know Will and I didn’t have Charlotte’s permission to be here tonight?”

“Do give me more credit than that, darling,” he said, and grinned in such an infectious manner that Tessa, with a sigh, gave him her hand. “Now,” he said, “I’ll take you back to the Institute, and on the way you can tell me all about it.”

THE MORTAL SWORD

*“Take my share of a fickle heart,
Mine of a paltry love:
Take it or leave it as you will,
I wash my hands thereof.”*
—Christina Rosetti, “Maude Clare”

“Oh, my dear merciful heavens!” said Sophie, starting up from her chair as Tessa opened the door to Jessamine’s bedroom. “Miss Tessa, what *happened?*”

“Sophie! Shh!” Tessa waved a warning hand as she shut the door behind her. The room was as she had left it. Her nightgown and dressing gown were folded neatly on a chair, the cracked silver mirror was on the vanity table, and Jessamine—Jessamine was still soundly unconscious, her wrists rope-bound to the posts of the bed. Sophie, seated in a chair by the wardrobe, had clearly been there since Will and Tessa had left; she clutched a hairbrush in one hand (to hit Jessamine with, should she awaken again, Tessa wondered?), and her hazel eyes were huge.

“But miss . . .” Sophie’s voice trailed off as Tessa’s gaze went to her reflection in the looking glass. Tessa could not help but stare. Her hair had come down, of course, in a tangled mess all over her shoulders, Jessamine’s pearl pins gone where Will had flung them; she was shoeless and limping, her white stockings filthy, her

gloves gone, and her dress obviously nearly choking her to death. "Was it very dreadful?"

Tessa's mind went suddenly back to the balcony, and Will's arms around her. *Oh, God.* She pushed the thought away and glanced over at Jessamine, still sleeping peacefully. "Sophie, we are going to have to wake Charlotte. We have no choice."

Sophie looked at her with round eyes. Tessa could not blame her; she dreaded rousing Charlotte. Tessa had even pleaded with Magnus to come in with her to help break the news, but he had refused, on the grounds that internecine Shadowhunter dramas had nothing to do with him, and he had a novel to get back to besides.

"Miss—," Sophie protested.

"We must." As quickly as she could, Tessa told Sophie the gist of what had happened that night, leaving out the part with Will on the balcony. No one needed to know about that. "This is beyond us now. We cannot come in over Charlotte's head any longer."

Sophie made no more sound of protest. She laid the hairbrush down on the vanity, stood up, smoothed her skirts, and said, "I will fetch Mrs. Branwell, miss."

Tessa sank into the chair by the bed, wincing as Jessamine's dress pinched her. "I wish you would call me Tessa."

"I know, miss." Sophie left, closing the door quietly behind her.



Magnus was lying on the sofa in the drawing room with his boots up when he heard the commotion. He grinned without moving at the sound of Archer protesting, and Will protesting. Footsteps neared the door. Magnus flipped a page in his poetry book as the door swung open and Will stalked in.

He was barely recognizable. His elegant evening clothes were torn and stained with mud, his coat ripped lengthwise, his boots encrusted with mud. His hair stood up wildly, and his face was raked by dozens of scratches, as if he had been attacked by a dozen cats simultaneously.

“I’m sorry, sir,” said Archer despairingly. “He pushed past me.”

“Magnus,” Will said. He was grinning. Magnus had seen him grin before, but there was real joy in it this time. It transformed Will’s face, took it from beautiful but cold to incandescent. “Tell him to let me in.”

Magnus waved a hand. “Let him in, Archer.”

The human subjugate’s gray face twisted, and the door slammed behind Will. “Magnus!” He half-staggered, half-stalked over to the fireplace, where he leaned against the mantel. “You won’t believe—”

“Shh,” said Magnus, his book still open on his knees. “Listen to this:

*I am tired of tears and laughter,
And men that laugh and weep
Of what may come hereafter
For men that sow to reap:
I am weary of days and hours,
Blown buds of barren flowers,
Desires and dreams and powers
And everything but sleep.”*

“Swinburne,” said Will, leaning against the mantel. “Sentimental and overrated.”

“You don’t know what it is to be immortal.” Magnus tossed the book aside and sat up. “So what is it you want?”

Will pulled up his sleeve. Magnus swallowed a sound of surprise. Will’s forearm bore a long, deep, and bloody gash. Blood braceleted his wrist and dripped from his fingers. Embedded in the gash, like a crystal sunk into the wall of a cave, was a single white tooth.

“What the—,” Magnus began.

“Demon tooth,” Will said, his breath a little short. “I chased that blue bastard all around Chiswick, but it got away from me—not before it bit me, though. It left this tooth in me. You can use

it, right? To summon the demon?" He took hold of the tooth and yanked it free. Even more blood welled up and spilled down his arm, splattering onto the ground.

"Camille's carpet," Magnus protested.

"It's blood," said Will. "She ought to be thrilled."

"Are you all right?" Magnus looked at Will in fascination. "You're bleeding a great deal. Haven't you a stele on your person somewhere? A healing rune—"

"I don't care about healing runes. I care about this." Will dropped the bloody tooth into Magnus's hand. "Find the demon for me. I know you can do it."

Magnus glanced down with a moue of distaste. "I most likely can, but . . ."

The light in Will's face flickered. "But?"

"But not tonight," said Magnus. "It may take me a few days. You'll have to be patient."

Will took a ragged breath. "I can't be patient. Not after tonight. You don't understand—" He staggered then, and caught himself by seizing the mantel. Alarmed, Magnus rose from the sofa.

"Are you all right?"

The color was coming and going in Will's face. His collar was dark with sweat. "I don't know—," he gasped. "The tooth. It might have been poisonous . . ."

His voice trailed off. He slid forward, his eyes rolling up. With an epithet of surprise Magnus caught Will before he could hit the bloody carpet and, hoisting the boy in his arms, carried him carefully over to the sofa.



Tessa, seated in the chair beside Jessamine's bed, massaged her aching ribs and sighed. The corset was still biting into her, and she had no idea when she'd get a chance to remove it; her feet ached, and she hurt down deep in her soul. Seeing Nate had been like having a knife twisted in a fresh wound. He had danced with

“Jessamine”—flirted with her—and had casually discussed the fate of Tessa, his sister, as if it meant nothing to him at all.

She supposed it should not surprise her, that she should be beyond surprise where Nate was concerned. But it hurt just the same.

And Will—those few moments out on the balcony with Will had been the most confusing of her life. After the way Will had spoken to her on the roof, she had sworn never to entertain romantic thoughts of him again. He was no dark, brooding Heathcliff nursing a secret passion, she had told herself, merely a boy who thought himself too good for her. But the way he had looked at her on the terrace, the way he had smoothed her hair back from her face, even the faint tremble in his hands when he’d touched her—surely those things could not be the product of falsehood.

But then, she had touched him back the same way. In that moment she had wanted nothing but Will. Had felt nothing but Will. Yet just the night before she had touched and kissed Jem; she had felt that she loved him; she had let him see her as no one had ever seen her before. And when she thought of him now, thought of his silence this morning, his absence from dinner, she missed him again, with a physical pain that could not be a lie.

Could you really love two different people at once? Could you split your heart in half? Or was it just that the time with Will on the balcony had been a madness induced by warlock drugs? Would it have been the same with *anyone*? The thought haunted her like a ghost.

“Tessa.”

Tessa nearly leaped out of her seat. The voice was almost a whisper. It was Jessamine. Her eyes were half-open, the reflected firelight flickering in their brown depths.

Tessa sat up straight. “Jessamine. Are you . . .”

“What happened?” Jessamine’s head rolled fretfully from side to side. “I don’t remember.” She tried to sit up and gasped, finding her hands bound. “Tessa! Why on earth—”

“It’s for your own good, Jessamine.” Tessa’s voice shook. “Charlotte—she has questions she has to ask you. It would be so much better if you were willing to answer them—”

“The party.” Jessamine’s eyes flicked back and forth, as if she were watching something Tessa couldn’t see. “Sophie, that little monkey, was going through my things. I found her with the invitation in her hands—”

“Yes, the party,” said Tessa. “At Benedict Lightwood’s. Where you were meeting Nate.”

“You read his note?” Jessamine’s head whipped to the side. “Don’t you know how rude and improper it is to read another person’s private correspondence?” She tried to sit up again, and fell back once more against the pillows. “Anyway, he didn’t sign it. You can’t prove—”

“Jessamine, there is little advantage in falsehood now. I can prove it, for I went to the party, and I spoke with my brother there.”

Jessamine’s mouth opened in a pink O. For the first time she seemed to note what Tessa was wearing. “My dress,” she breathed. “You disguised yourself as me?”

Tessa nodded.

Jessamine’s eyes darkened. “Unnatural,” she breathed. “Disgusting creature! What did you do to Nate? What did you say to him?”

“He made it very clear you have been spying for Mortmain,” said Tessa, wishing that Sophie and Charlotte would return. What on earth was taking them so long? “That you have betrayed us, reporting on all our activities, carrying out Mortmain’s commands —”

“Us?” Jessamine screamed, struggling upright as much as the ropes would allow her. “You are not a Shadowhunter! You owe them no loyalty! They do not care about you, any more than they care about me. Only Nate cares for me—”

“My brother,” Tessa said in a barely controlled voice, “is a lying murderer, incapable of feeling. He may have married you,

Jessamine, but he does not love you. The Shadowhunters have helped and protected me, as they have done for you. And yet you turn on them like a dog the moment my brother snaps his fingers. He will abandon you, if he does not kill you first.”

“Liar!” Jessamine screamed. “You don’t understand him. You never did! His soul is pure and fine—”

“Pure as ditch water,” Tessa said. “I understand him better than you do; you are blinded by his charm. He cares nothing for you.”

“Liar—”

“I saw it in his eyes. *I saw the way he looks at you.*”

Jessamine gasped. “How can you be so cruel?”

Tessa shook her head. “You can’t see it, can you?” she said wonderingly. “For you it is all play, like those dolls in your dollhouse—moving them about, making them kiss and marry. You wanted a mundane husband, and Nate was good enough. You cannot see what your traitorous behavior has cost those who have always cared for you.”

Jessamine bared her teeth; in that moment she looked enough like a trapped, cornered animal that Tessa almost shrank back. “I love Nate,” she said. “And he loves me. You are the one who does not understand love. ‘Oh, I cannot decide between Will and Jem. Whatever shall I do?’” she said in a high-pitched voice, and Tessa flushed hotly. “So what if Mortmain wants to destroy the Shadowhunters of Britain. I say let them burn.”

Tessa gaped at her, just as the door behind her was flung open, and Charlotte marched in. She looked drawn and hollow with exhaustion, in a gray dress that matched the shadows beneath her eyes, but her carriage was erect, her eyes clear. Behind her came Sophie, scuttling as if frightened—and a moment later Tessa saw why, for bringing up the rear of the party was an apparition in parchment-colored robes, his face hidden beneath the shadow of his hood, and a deadly bright blade in his hand. It was Brother Enoch, of the Silent Brothers, carrying the Mortal Sword.

“Let us burn? Is that what you said, Jessamine?” said Charlotte in a bright, hard voice so unlike her that Tessa stared.

Jessamine gasped. Her eyes were fixed on the blade in Brother Enoch’s hand. Its great hilt was carved in the shape of an angel with outspread wings.

Brother Enoch flicked the Sword toward Jessamine, who flinched back, and the ropes binding her wrists to the bedposts unraveled. Her hands fell limply into her lap. She stared at them, and then at Charlotte. “Charlotte, Tessa’s a liar. She’s a lying Downworlder—”

Charlotte paused at the side of the bed and looked down at Jessamine dispassionately. “That has not been my experience of her, Jessamine. And what of Sophie? She has always been a most honest servant.”

“She struck me! With a mirror!” Jessamine’s face was red.

“Because she found this.” Charlotte drew the invitation, which Tessa had given over to Sophie, from her pocket. “Can you explain this, Jessamine?”

“There’s nothing against the Law about going to a party.” Jessamine sounded equal parts sulky and frightened. “Benedict Lightwood is a Shadowhunter—”

“This is Nathaniel Gray’s writing.” Charlotte’s voice never seemed to lose its even edge, Tessa thought. There was something about that fact that made it seem even more inexorable. “He is a spy, wanted by the Clave, and you have been meeting with him in secret. Why is that?”

Jessamine’s mouth opened slightly. Tessa waited for excuses—*It’s all lies, Sophie invented the invitation, I was only meeting Nate to gain his confidence*—but instead tears came. “I love him,” she said. “And he loves me.”

“So you betrayed us to him,” said Charlotte.

“I didn’t!” Jessamine’s voice rose. “Whatever Tessa says, it isn’t true! She’s lying. She’s always been jealous of me, and she’s lying!”

Charlotte gave Tessa a measured look. “Is she, now. And Sophie?”

“Sophie hates me,” Jessamine sobbed. This at least was true. “She ought to be put out on the street—without references—”

“Do cease turning on the taps, Jessamine. It accomplishes nothing.” Charlotte’s voice cut through Jessamine’s sobs like a blade. She turned to Enoch. “The true story will be easy enough to get. The Mortal Sword, please, Brother Enoch.”

The Silent Brother stepped forward, the Mortal Sword leveled at Jessamine. Tessa stared in horror. Was he going to *torture* Jessamine in her own bed, in front of them all?

Jessamine cried out. “No! No! Get him away from me! *Charlotte!*” Her voice rose to a terrible wailing scream that seemed to go on and on, splitting Tessa’s ears, her head.

“Put out your hands, Jessamine,” said Charlotte coldly.

Jessamine shook her head wildly, her fair hair flying.

“Charlotte, no,” Tessa said. “Don’t hurt her.”

“Don’t interfere in what you don’t understand, Tessa,” said Charlotte in a clipped voice. “Put your hands out, Jessamine, or it will go very badly for you.”

With tears running down her face, Jessamine thrust her hands forward, palms up. Tessa tensed all over. She felt suddenly sick and sorry she had had anything to do with this plan. If Jessamine had been fooled by Nate, then so had she. Jessie did not deserve this—

“It’s all right,” said a soft voice at her shoulder. It was Sophie. “He won’t hurt her with it. The Mortal Sword makes Nephilim tell the truth.”

Brother Enoch laid the blade of the Mortal Sword flat across Jessamine’s palms. He did it without either force or gentleness, as if he were hardly aware of her as a person at all. He let the blade go and stepped back; even Jessamine’s eyes rounded in surprise; the blade seemed to balance perfectly across her hands, utterly immobile.

“It is not a torture device, Jessamine,” said Charlotte, her hands folded in front of her. “We must employ it only because you cannot be trusted to tell the truth otherwise.” She held up the invitation. “This is yours, is it not?”

Jessamine did not answer. She was looking at Brother Enoch, her eyes wide and black with terror, her chest rising and falling fast. “I cannot think, not with that monster in the room—” Her voice trembled.

Charlotte’s mouth thinned, but she turned to Enoch and spoke a few words. He nodded, then glided silently from the room. As the door shut behind him, Charlotte said, “There. He is waiting in the corridor. Do not think he will not catch you should you try to run, Jessamine.”

Jessamine nodded. She seemed to droop, broken like a toy doll.

Charlotte fluttered the invitation in her hand. “This is yours, yes? And it was sent to you by Nathaniel Gray. This writing is his.”

“Y-yes.” The word seemed pulled from Jessamine against her will.

“How long have you been meeting him in secret?”

Jessamine set her mouth, but her lips were trembling. A moment later a torrent of words burst from her mouth. Her eyes darted round in shock as if she could not believe she was speaking. “He sent me a message only a few days after Mortmain invaded the Institute. He apologized for his behavior toward me. He said he was grateful for my nursing of him and that he had not been able to forget my graciousness or my beauty. I—I wanted to ignore him. But a second letter came, and a third. . . . I agreed to meet him. I left the Institute in the middle of the night and we met in Hyde Park. He kissed me—”

“Enough of that,” said Charlotte. “How long did it take him to convince you to spy on us?”

“He said that he was only working for Mortmain until he could put together enough of a fortune to live comfortably. I said we

could live together on my fortune, but he wouldn't have it. It had to be his money. He said he would not live off his wife. Is that not noble?"

"So by this point he had already proposed?"

"He proposed the second time we met." Jessamine sounded breathy. "He said he knew there would never be another woman for him. And he promised that once he had enough money, I would have just the life I had always wanted, that we would never worry about money, and that there would be ch-children." She sniffled.

"Oh, Jessamine." Charlotte sounded almost sad.

Jessamine flushed. "It was true! He loved me! He has more than proved it. We are married! It was done most properly in a church with a minister—"

"Probably a deconsecrated church and some flunky dressed to look like a minister," said Charlotte. "What do you know of mundane weddings, Jessie? How would you know what a proper wedding *was*? I give you my word that Nathaniel Gray does not consider you his wife."

"He does, he does, he *does*!" Jessamine shrieked, and tried to pull away from the Sword. It stuck to her hands as if it had been nailed there. Her wails went up an octave. "I am Jessamine Gray!"

"You are a traitor to the Clave. What else did you tell Nathaniel?"

"Everything," Jessamine gasped. "Where you were looking for Mortmain, which Downworlders you had contacted in your attempt to find him. That was why he was never anywhere you searched. I warned him about the trip to York. That is why he sent the automatons to Will's family's home. Mortmain wanted to terrify you into ceasing the search. He considers you all pestilential annoyances. But he is not afraid of you." Her chest was heaving up and down. "He will win out over you all. He knows it. So do I."

Charlotte leaned forward, her hands on her hips. “But he did not succeed in terrifying us into ceasing the search,” she said. “The automatons he sent tried to snatch Tessa but failed—”

“They weren’t sent to try to snatch Tessa. Oh, he still plans to take her, but not like that, not yet. His plan is close to realization, and that is when he will move to take the Institute, to take Tessa —”

“How close is he? Has he managed to open the Pyxis?” Charlotte snapped.

“I—I don’t know. I don’t think so.”

“So you told Nate everything and he told you nothing. What of Benedict? Why has he agreed to work hand in glove with Mortmain? I always knew he was an unpleasant man, but it seems unlike him to betray the Clave.”

Jessamine shook her head. She was sweating, her fair hair stuck to her temples. “Mortmain is holding something over him, something he wants. I don’t know what it is. But he will do anything to get it.”

“Including handing me over to Mortmain,” said Tessa. Charlotte looked at her in surprise when she spoke, and seemed about to interrupt her, but Tessa hurtled on. “What is this about having me falsely accused of possessing articles of dark magic? How was that to be accomplished?”

“The Book of the White,” Jessamine gasped. “I—took it from the locked case in the library. Hid it in your room while you were out.”

“Where in my room?”

“Loose floorboard—near the fireplace.” Jessamine’s pupils were enormous. “Charlotte . . . please . . .”

But Charlotte was relentless. “Where is Mortmain? Has he spoken to Nate of his plans for the Pyxis, for his automatons?”

“I—” Jessamine took a shuddering gasp. Her face was dark red. “I can’t—”

“Nate wouldn’t have told her,” said Tessa. “He would have known she might have been caught, and he would have thought

she'd crack under torture and spill everything. *He* would."

Jessamine gave her a venomous look. "He hates you, you know," she said. "He says that all his life you looked down on him, you and your aunt with your silly provincial morality, judging him for everything he did. Always telling him what to do, never wanting him to get ahead. Do you know what he calls you? He—"

"I don't care," Tessa lied; her voice shook slightly. Despite everything, hearing that her brother hated her hurt more than she had thought it could. "Did he say what I am? Why I have the power I do?"

"He said that your father was a demon." Jessamine's lips twitched. "And that your mother was a Shadowhunter."



The door opened softly, so softly that had Magnus not already been drifting in and out of sleep, the noise would not have woken him.

He looked up. He was sitting in an armchair near the fire, as his favorite place on the sofa was taken up by Will. Will, in bloody shirtsleeves, was sleeping the heavy sleep of the drugged and healing. His forearm was bandaged to the elbow, his cheeks flushed, his head pillowed on his unhurt arm. The tooth Will had pulled from his arm sat on the side table beside him, gleaming like ivory.

The door to the drawing room stood open behind him. And there, framed in the archway, was Camille.

She wore a black velvet traveling cloak open over a brilliant green dress that matched her eyes. Her hair was dressed high on her head with emerald combs, and as he watched, she drew off her white kid gloves, deliberately slowly, one by one, and laid them on the table by the door.

"Magnus," she said, and her voice, as always, sounded like silvery bells. "Did you miss me?"

Magnus sat up straight. The firelight played over Camille's shining hair, her poreless white skin. She was extraordinarily

beautiful. "I did not realize you would be favoring me with your presence tonight."

She looked at Will, asleep on the sofa. Her lips curled upward. "Clearly."

"You sent no message. In fact, you have sent me no messages at all since you left London."

"Are you reproaching me, Magnus?" Camille sounded amused. Gliding behind the sofa, she leaned over the back, looking down into Will's face. "Will Herondale," she said. "He is lovely, isn't he? Is he your newest amusement?"

Instead of answering, Magnus crossed his long legs in front of him. "Where have you been?"

Camille leaned forward farther; if she had had breath, it would have stirred the curling dark hair on Will's forehead. "Can I kiss him?"

"No," said Magnus. "Where have you been, Camille? Every night I lay here on your sofa and I waited to hear your step in the hall, and I wondered where you were. You might at least tell me."

She straightened, rolling her eyes. "Oh, very well. I was in Paris, having some new dresses fitted. A much-needed holiday from the dramas of London."

There was a long silence. Then, "You're lying," Magnus said.

Her eyes widened. "Why would you say such a thing?"

"Because it's the truth." He took a crumpled letter from his pocket and threw it onto the floor between them. "You cannot track a vampire, but you can track a vampire's subjugate. You took Walker with you. It was easy enough for me to track him to Saint Petersburg. I have informants there. They let me know that you were living there with a human lover."

Camille watched him, a little smile playing about her mouth. "And that made you jealous?"

"Did you want me to be?"

"*Ça m'est égal*," said Camille, dropping into the French she used when she truly wanted to annoy him. "It's all the same to

me. He had nothing to do with you. He was a diversion while I was in Russia, nothing more.”

“And now he is . . .”

“Dead. So he hardly represents competition for you. You must let me have my little diversions, Magnus.”

“Otherwise?”

“Otherwise I shall become extremely cross.”

“As you became cross with your human lover, and murdered him?” Magnus inquired. “What of pity? Compassion? Love? Or do you not feel that emotion?”

“I *love*,” Camille said indignantly. “You and I, Magnus, who endure forever, love in such a manner as cannot be conceived of by mortals—a dark constant flame to their brief, sputtering light. What do they matter to you? Fidelity is a human concept, based upon the idea that we are here but for a short time. You cannot demand my faithfulness for *eternity*.”

“How foolish of me. I thought I could. I thought I could at least expect you not to lie to me.”

“You are being ridiculous,” she said. “A child. You expect me to have the morals of some mundane when I am not human, and neither are you. Regardless, there is precious little you can do about it. I will not be dictated to, certainly not by some half-breed.” It was the Downworlders’ own insulting term for warlocks. “You are devoted to me; you have said so yourself. Your devotion will simply have to suffer my diversions, and then we shall rub along quite pleasantly. If not, I shall drop you. I cannot imagine you want *that*.”

There was a little sneer in her voice as she spoke, and it snapped something inside Magnus. He recalled the sick feeling in his throat when the letter had come from Saint Petersburg. And yet he had waited for her return, hoping she had an explanation. That she would apologize. Ask him to love her again. Now that he realized he was not worth that to her—that he never had been—a red mist passed before his eyes; he seemed to go mad momentarily, for it was the only explanation for what he did next.

“It doesn’t matter.” He rose to his feet. “I have Will now.”

Her mouth opened. “You can’t be serious. A *Shadowhunter*?”

“You may be immortal, Camille, but your feelings are vapid and shallow. Will’s are not. He understands what it is to love.” Magnus, having delivered this insane speech with great dignity, stepped across the room and shook Will’s shoulder. “Will. William. Wake up.”

Will’s hazy blue eyes opened. He was lying on his back, looking upward, and the first thing he saw was Camille’s face as she bent over the back of the sofa, regarding him. He jerked upright. “By the Angel—”

“Oh, shush,” said Camille lazily, smiling just enough to show the tips of baby fangs. “I won’t hurt you, Nephilim.”

Magnus hauled Will to his feet. “The lady of the house,” he said, “has returned.”

“I see that.” Will was flushed, the collar of his shirt dark with sweat. “Delightful,” he said to no one in particular, and Magnus wasn’t sure whether he meant he was delighted to see Camille, delighted with the effects of the painkilling spell Magnus had used on him—certainly a possibility—or simply rambling.

“And therefore,” said Magnus, squeezing Will’s arm with a meaning pressure, “we must go.”

Will blinked at him. “Go where?”

“Don’t worry about that right now, my love.”

Will blinked again. “Pardon?” He glanced around, as if he half-expected people to be watching. “I—where’s my coat?”

“Ruined with blood,” said Magnus. “Archer disposed of it.” He nodded toward Camille. “Will’s been hunting demons all night. So brave.”

Camille’s expression was a mixture of amazement and annoyance.

“I *am* brave,” Will said. He looked pleased with himself. The painkilling tonics had enlarged his pupils, and his eyes looked very dark.

“Yes, you are,” Magnus said, and kissed him. It wasn’t the most dramatic kiss, but Will flailed his free arm as if a bee had landed on him; Magnus had to hope Camille would assume this was passion. When they broke apart, Will looked stunned. So did Camille, for that matter.

“Now,” Magnus said, hoping that Will would recollect that he was indebted to him. “We must go.”

“I—but—” Will swung sideways. “The tooth!” He dashed across the room, retrieved it, and tucked it into Magnus’s waistcoat pocket. Then, with a wink at Camille that, Magnus thought, God alone knew how she would interpret, he sauntered out of the room.

“Camille,” Magnus began.

She had her arms crossed over her chest and was looking at him venomously. “Carrying on with Shadowhunters behind my back,” she said icily, and with no apparent regard for the hypocrisy of her position. “And in my own house! Really, Magnus.” She pointed toward the door. “Please leave my residence and do not return. I trust I shall not have to ask you twice.”

Magnus was only too pleased to oblige. A few moments later he had joined Will on the pavement outside the house, shrugging on his coat—all he now owned in the world besides what was in his pockets—and fastening the buttons against the chilly air. It would not be long, Magnus thought, before the first gray flush of morning lightened the sky.

“Did you just kiss me?” Will inquired.

Magnus made a split-second decision. “No.”

“I thought—”

“On occasion the aftereffects of the painkilling spells can result in hallucinations of the most bizarre sort.”

“Oh,” Will said. “How peculiar.” He looked back at Camille’s house. Magnus could see the window of the drawing room, the red velvet curtains drawn tight. “What are we going to do now? About summoning the demon? Have we somewhere to go?”

"I've got somewhere to go," said Magnus, saying a prayer of silent thanks for Will's single-minded fixation on demon summoning. "I have a friend I can stop with. You go along back to the Institute. I'll get to work on your blasted demon tooth as soon as I possibly can. I'll send a message to you when I know anything."

Will nodded slowly, then looked up at the black sky. "The stars," he said. "I have never seen them so bright. The wind has blown off the fog, I think."

Magnus thought of the joy on Will's face as he had stood bleeding in Camille's living room, clutching the demon tooth in his hand. *Somehow, I don't think it's the stars that have changed.*



"A *Shadowhunter*?" Tessa gasped. "That's not possible." She whirled around and looked at Charlotte, whose face mirrored her own shock. "It isn't possible, is it? Will told me that the offspring of Shadowhunters and demons are stillborn."

Charlotte was shaking her head. "No. No, it isn't possible."

"But if Jessamine has to tell the truth—" Tessa's voice wavered.

"She has to tell the truth as she believes it," said Charlotte. "If your brother lied to her but she believed him, she will speak it as if it were the truth."

"Nate would never lie to me," Jessamine spat.

"If Tessa's mother was a Shadowhunter," said Charlotte coldly, "then Nate is also a Shadowhunter. Shadowhunter blood breeds true. Did he ever mention *that* to you? That he was a Shadowhunter?"

Jessamine looked revolted. "*Nate* isn't a Shadowhunter!" she cried. "I would have known! I would never have married—" She broke off, biting down on her lip.

"Well, it's one or the other, Jessamine," said Charlotte. "Either you married a Shadowhunter, a truly supreme irony, or, more likely, you married a liar who used and discarded you. He must have known you'd be caught eventually. And what did he think would happen to you then?"

“Nothing.” Jessamine looked shaken. “He said you were weak. That you would not punish me. That you could not bring yourself to truly harm me.”

“He was wrong,” said Charlotte. “You are a traitor to the Clave. So is Benedict Lightwood. When the Consul hears of all this—”

Jessamine laughed, a thin, broken sound. “Tell him,” she said. “That’s *exactly* what Mortmain wants.” She sputtered. “D-don’t bother asking me why. I don’t know. But I know he wants it. So tattle all you like, Charlotte. It will only put you in his power.”

Charlotte gripped the footboard of the bed, her hands whitening. “Where is Mortmain?”

Jessamine shuddered, shaking her head, her hair whipping back and forth. “No . . .”

“*Where is Mortmain?*”

“H-he,” she gasped. “He—” Jessamine’s face was almost purple, her eyes bugging out of her head. She was clutching the Sword so tightly that blood welled around her fingers. Tessa looked at Charlotte in horror. “*Idris*,” Jessamine gasped at last, and slumped back against the pillow.

Charlotte’s face froze. “*Idris?*” she echoed. “Mortmain is in *Idris*, our homeland?”

Jessamine’s eyelids fluttered. “No. He is not there.”

“Jessamine!” Charlotte looked as if she were going to leap on the girl and shake her till her teeth rattled. “How can he be in *Idris* and not be? Save yourself, you stupid girl. Tell us where he is!”

“Stop!” Jessamine cried out. “Stop, it hurts. . . .”

Charlotte gave her a long, hard look. Then she went to the door of the room; when she returned, it was with Brother Enoch in tow. She crossed her arms over her chest and indicated Jessamine with a jerk of her chin. “There is something wrong, Brother. I asked her where Mortmain was; she said *Idris*. When I asked again, she denied it.” Her voice hardened. “Jessamine! Has Mortmain breached the wards of *Idris*?”

Jessamine made a choking sound; her breath wheezed in and out of her chest. “No, he has not. . . . I swear . . . Charlotte, please . . .”

Charlotte. Brother Enoch spoke firmly, his words echoing in Tessa’s mind. *Enough. There is some sort of block in the girl’s mind, something placed there by Mortmain. He taunts us with the idea of Idris, yet she confesses he is not there. These blocks are strong. Continue to question her in this manner, and her heart may well fail her.*

Charlotte sagged back. “Then what . . .”

Let me take her to the Silent City. We have our ways of seeking out the secrets locked in the mind, secrets even the girl herself may not be aware she knows.

Brother Enoch withdrew the Sword from Jessamine’s grasp. She seemed barely to notice. Her gaze was on Charlotte, her eyes wide and panicked. “The City of Bones?” she whispered. “Where the dead lie? No! I will not go there! I cannot bear that place!”

“Then tell us where Mortmain is,” said Charlotte, her voice like ice.

Jessamine only began to sob. Charlotte ignored her. Brother Enoch lifted the girl to her feet; Jessamine struggled, but the Silent Brother held her in an iron grip, his other hand on the hilt of the Mortal Sword.

“Charlotte!” Jessamine shrieked piteously. “Charlotte, please, not the Silent City! Lock me in the crypt, give me to the Council, but please do not send me alone to that—that graveyard! I shall die of fear!”

“You should have thought of that before you betrayed us,” said Charlotte. “Brother Enoch, take her, please.”

Jessamine was still shrieking as the Silent Brother lifted her and threw her over his shoulder. As Tessa stared, wide-eyed, he strode from the room carrying her. Her cries and gasps echoed down the corridor long after the door closed behind them—and then were cut off suddenly.

“Jessamine—,” Tessa began.

“She is quite all right. He has probably put a Rune of Quietude on her. That is all. There is nothing to worry about,” said Charlotte, and she sat down on the edge of the bed. She looked down at her own hands, wonderingly, as if they did not belong to her. “Henry . . .”

“Shall I rouse him for you, Mrs. Branwell?” Sophie asked gently.

“He is in the crypt, working. . . . I could not bear to get him.” Charlotte’s voice was distant. “Jessamine has been with us since she was a little girl. It would have been too much for him, too much. He does not have it in him to be cruel.”

“Charlotte.” Tessa touched her shoulder gently. “Charlotte, you are not cruel either.”

“I do what I must. There is nothing to worry about,” Charlotte said again, and burst into tears.

THE SILENT CITY

*She howl'd aloud, "I am on fire within.
There comes no murmur of reply.
What is it that will take away my sin,
And save me lest I die?"*

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson, "The Palace of Art"

"Jessamine," Henry said again, for what must have been the fifth or sixth time. "I still can't believe it. Our Jessamine?"

Every time he said it, Tessa noticed, Charlotte's mouth grew a little tighter. "Yes," she said again. "Jessamine. She has been spying on us and reporting our every move to Nate, who has been passing the information to Mortmain. Must I say it again?"

Henry blinked at her. "I'm sorry, darling. I have been listening. It is only that—" He sighed. "I knew she was unhappy here. But I did not think Jessamine hated us."

"I don't think she did—or does." This was Jem, who was standing near the fire in the drawing room, one arm upon the mantel. They had not gathered for breakfast as they usually did; there had been no formal announcement as to why, but Tessa guessed that the idea of going on with breakfast, with Jessamine's place empty, as if nothing had happened, had been too dreadful for Charlotte to bear.

Charlotte had wept for only a short time that night before she had regained her composure; she had waved away Sophie's and

Tessa's attempts to help with cold cloths or tea, shaking her head stiffly and saying over and over that she should not allow herself to break down like this, that now was the time for planning, for strategy. She had marched to Tessa's room, with Sophie and Tessa hurrying at her heels, and pried feverishly at the floorboards until she'd turned up a small chapbook, like a family Bible, bound in white leather and wrapped in velvet. She had slipped it into her pocket with a determined expression, waving away Tessa's questions, and risen to her feet. The sky outside the windows had already begun to brighten with the wan light of dawn. Looking exhausted, she had told Sophie to instruct Bridget to serve a simple cold breakfast in the drawing room, and to let Cyril know so that the menfolk might be informed. Then she had left.

With Sophie's help Tessa had finally and gratefully fought her way free of Jessamine's dress; she had bathed, and put on her yellow dress, the one Jessamine had bought her. She thought the color might brighten her mood, but she still felt wan and tired.

She found the same look reflected on Jem's face when she came into the drawing room. His eyes were shadowed, and he looked quickly away from her. It hurt. It also made her think of the night before, with Will, on the balcony. But that had been different, she told herself. That had been a result of warlock powders, a temporary madness. Nothing like what had happened between her and Jem.

"I don't think she hates us," Jem said again now, correcting his use of the past tense. "She has always been someone so full of *wanting*. She has always been so desperate."

"It is my fault," Charlotte said softly. "I should not have tried to force being a Shadowhunter upon her when it was something she so clearly despised."

"No. No!" Henry hurried to reassure his wife. "You were never anything but kind to her. You did everything you could. There are some mechanisms that are so—so broken that they cannot be repaired."

“Jessamine is not a watch, Henry,” Charlotte said, her tone remote. Tessa wondered if she were still angry with Henry for not seeing Woolsey Scott with her, or if she were simply angry at the world. “Perhaps I should just parcel up the Institute with a bow and give it to Benedict Lightwood. This is the second time that we have had a spy under our roof and not known about it until significant damage was done. Clearly I am incompetent.”

“In a way it was really just the one spy,” Henry began, but fell silent as Charlotte gave him a look that could have melted glass.

“If Benedict Lightwood is working for Mortmain, he cannot be allowed to have custody of the Institute,” said Tessa. “In fact, that ball he threw last night ought to be enough to disqualify him.”

“The problem will be proving it,” said Jem. “Benedict will deny everything, and it will be his word against yours—and you are a Downworlder—”

“There’s Will,” said Charlotte, and frowned. “Speaking of, where is Will?”

“Having a lie-in, no doubt,” said Jem, “and as for him being a witness, well, everyone thinks Will is a lunatic as it is—”

“Ah,” said a voice from the doorway, “having your annual everyone-thinks-Will-is-a-lunatic meeting, are you?”

“It’s biannual,” said Jem. “And no, this is not that meeting.”

Will’s eyes sought Tessa across the room. “They know about Jessamine?” he said. He looked tired, but not as tired as Tessa would have thought; he was pale, but there was a suppressed excitement about him that was almost like—happiness. She felt her stomach drop as memories of the previous night—the stars, the balcony, the *kissing*—swept over her.

When had he gotten home last night? she thought. How had he? And why did he look so—excited? Was he horrified by what had happened on the balcony between them last night, or did he find it amusing? And dear God, had he told *Jem*? Warlock powders, she told herself desperately. She had not been herself, acting of her own will. Surely Jem would understand that. It would break her heart to hurt him. If he even cared . . .

“Yes, they know all about Jessamine,” she said hastily. “She was questioned with the Mortal Sword and taken to the Silent City, and right now we’re having a meeting about what to do next, and it’s dreadfully important. Charlotte’s very upset.”

Charlotte looked at her in puzzlement.

“Well, you *are*,” Tessa said, nearly out of breath from speaking so quickly. “And you were asking for Will—”

“And here I am,” said Will, throwing himself down into a chair near Jem. One of his arms had been bandaged, his sleeve pulled down partway over it. The nails of his hand were crusted with dried blood. “Glad to hear Jessamine’s in the Silent City. Best place for her. What’s the next step?”

“*That’s* the meeting we were trying to have,” said Jem.

“Well, who knows she’s there?” Will asked practically.

“Just us,” said Charlotte, “and Brother Enoch, but he’s agreed not to inform the Clave for another day or so. Until we decide what to do. Which reminds me, I shall have some choice words for you, Will, haring off to Benedict Lightwood’s without informing me, and dragging Tessa with you.”

“There was no time to lose,” said Will. “By the time we’d have roused you and made you agree to the plan, Nathaniel could have been and gone. And you can’t say it was a dreadful idea. We’ve learned a great deal about Nathaniel and Benedict Lightwood—”

“Nathaniel Gray and Benedict Lightwood aren’t Mortmain.”

Will traced a pattern on the air with his long, elegant fingers. “Mortmain is the spider at the heart of the web,” he said. “The more we learn, the more we know how far his reach extends. Before last night we had no clue he had any connection to Lightwood; now we know the man is his puppet. I say we go to the Clave and report Benedict and Jessamine. Let Wayland take care of them. See what Benedict spills under the Mortal Sword.”

Charlotte shook her head. “No, I—I don’t think we can do that.”

Will tilted his head back. “Why not?”

“Jessamine said it was exactly what Mortmain wanted us to do. And she said it under the influence of the Mortal Sword. She wasn’t lying.”

“But she could have been *wrong*,” said Will. “Mortmain could have foreseen just this circumstance and have had Nate plant the thought in her head for us to discover.”

“D’you think he would have thought ahead like that?” said Henry.

“Assuredly,” said Will. “The man’s a strategist.” He tapped his temple. “Like me.”

“So you think we should go to the Clave?” asked Jem.

“Bloody hell, no,” said Will. “What if it is the truth? Then we’ll feel like right fools.”

Charlotte threw her hands up. “But you said—”

“I know what I *said*,” said Will. “But you have to look at consequences. If we go to the Clave and we’re wrong, then we’ve played into Mortmain’s hands. We still have a few days before the deadline is up. Going to the Clave early gains us nothing. If we investigate, and can proceed on a surer footing . . .”

“And how do you propose to investigate?” Tessa inquired.

Will swiveled his head to look at her. There was nothing in his cool blue eyes to recall the Will of the night before, who had touched her with such tenderness, who had whispered her name like a secret. “The problem with questioning Jessamine is that even when forced to tell the truth, there is a limit to her knowledge. We do, however, have one more connection to the Magister. Someone who is likely to know a great deal more. That is your brother, Nate, through Jessamine. He still trusts her. If she summons him to a meeting, then we will be able to capture him there.”

“Jessamine would never agree to do it,” said Charlotte. “Not now—”

Will gave her a dark look. “You *are* all in a lather, aren’t you?” he said. “Of course she wouldn’t. We will be asking Tessa to

reprise her starring role as Jessamine, A Traitorous Young Lady of Fashion.”

“That sounds dangerous,” Jem said in a subdued voice. “For Tessa.”

Tessa looked at him quickly, and caught a flash of his silvery eyes. It was the first time he had looked at her since she had left his room that night. Was she imagining the concern in his voice when he spoke of danger to her, or was it simply the concern Jem had for *everyone*? Not wishing for her horrible demise was mere kindness, not—not what it was she hoped he felt.

Whatever that might be. Let him at least not despise her. . . .

“Tessa is fearless,” said Will. “And there will be little danger to her. We will send him a note arranging a meeting in a place where we might fall upon him easily and immediately. The Silent Brothers can torture him until he gives up the information that we need.”

“Torture?” said Jem. “This is Tessa’s brother—”

“Torture him,” said Tessa. “If that is what is necessary. I give you my permission.”

Charlotte looked up at her, shocked. “You can’t mean that.”

“You said there was a way to dig through his mind for secrets,” Tessa said. “I asked you not to do that, and you didn’t. I thank you for that, but I will not hold you to that promise. Dig through his mind if you must. There is more to all of this for me than there is for you, you know. For you this is about the Institute and the safety of Shadowhunters. I care about those things too, Charlotte. But Nate—he is working with Mortmain. Mortmain, who wants to trap me and use me, and for what we still do not know. Mortmain, who may know *what I am*. Nate told Jessamine my father was a demon and my mother was a Shadowhunter—”

Will sat up straight. “That’s impossible,” he said. “Shadowhunters and demons—they cannot procreate. They cannot produce living offspring.”

“Then maybe it was a lie, like the lie about Mortmain being in Idris,” said Tessa. “That doesn’t mean *Mortmain* doesn’t know the

truth. I must know what I am. If nothing else, I believe it is the key to why he wants me.”

There was sadness in Jem’s eyes as he looked at her, and then away. “Very well,” he said. “Will, how do you propose we lure him to a meeting? Don’t you think he knows Jessamine’s handwriting? Isn’t it likely they have some secret signal between them?”

“Jessamine must be convinced,” said Will. “To help us.”

“Please don’t suggest we torture her,” said Jem irritably. “The Mortal Sword has already been used. She has told us all she can —”

“The Mortal Sword did not give us their meeting places or any codes or pet names they might have used,” said Will. “Don’t you understand? This is Jessamine’s last chance. Her last chance to cooperate. To get leniency from the Clave. To be forgiven. Even if Charlotte keeps the Institute, do you think they will leave Jessamine’s fate in our hands? No, it will be left to the Consul and the Inquisitor. And they will not be kind. If she does this for us, it could mean her life.”

“I am not sure she cares about her life,” said Tessa softly.

“Everyone cares,” said Will. “Everyone wants to live.”

Jem turned away from him abruptly, and stared into the fire.

“The question is, who can we send to persuade her?” said Charlotte. “I cannot go. She hates and blames me most of all.”

“I could go,” Henry said, his gentle face troubled. “I could perhaps reason with the poor girl, speak with her of the folly of young love, how swiftly it fades in the face of life’s harsh reality —”

“No.” Charlotte’s tone was final.

“Well, I highly doubt she wishes to see *me*,” said Will. “It will have to be Jem. He’s impossible to hate. Even that devil cat likes him.”

Jem exhaled, still staring into the fire. “I will go to the Silent City,” he said. “But Tessa should come with me.”

Tessa looked up, startled. “Oh, no,” she said. “I do not think Jessamine likes me much. She feels I have betrayed her terribly

by disguising myself as her, and I cannot say I blame her.”

“Yes,” said Jem. “But you are Nate’s sister. If she loves him as you say she does . . .” His eyes met hers across the room. “You know Nate. You can speak of him with authority. You may be able to make her believe what I cannot.”

“Very well,” Tessa said. “I will try.”

This seemed to signal the end of breakfast; Charlotte darted off to call for a carriage to come for them from the Silent City; it was how the Brothers liked to do things, she explained. Henry returned to his crypt and his inventions, and Jem, after a murmured word to Tessa, went to gather his hat and coat. Only Will remained, staring into the fire, and Tessa, seeing that he was not moving, waited until the door shut behind Jem and came around to stand between Will and the flames.

He raised his eyes to her slowly. He was still wearing the clothes he had been wearing the night before, though his white shirtfront was stained with blood and there was a long, jagged rent in his frock coat. There was a cut along his cheek, too, under his left eye. “Will,” she said.

“Aren’t you meant to be leaving with Jem?”

“And I shall,” she replied. “But I need a promise from you first.”

His eyes moved to the fire; she could see the dancing flames reflected in his pupils. “Then tell me what it is quickly. I have important business to get to. I plan to sulk all afternoon, followed, perhaps, by an evening of Byronic brooding and a nighttime of dissipation.”

“Dissipate all you like. I only want your assurance that you will tell no one what transpired between us last night on the balcony.”

“Oh, that was *you*,” said Will, with the air of someone who has just recollected a surprising detail.

“Spare me,” she snapped, stung despite herself. “We were under the influence of warlock powders. It meant nothing. Even I do not blame you for what happened, however tedious you are

being about it now. But there is no need for anyone else to know, and if you were a gentleman—”

“But I am not.”

“But you are a Shadowhunter,” she said venomously. “And there is no future for a Shadowhunter who dallies with warlocks.”

His eyes danced with fire. He said, “You have become boring to tease, Tess.”

“Then give me your word you will tell no one, not even Jem, and I will go away and cease to bore you.”

“You have my word on the Angel,” he said. “It was not something I had planned to brag of in the first place. Though why you are so keen that no one here suspect you of a lack of virtue, I do not know.”

Jem’s face flashed across her inner eye. “No,” she said. “You truly don’t.” And with that she turned on her heel and stalked from the room, leaving him staring after her in confusion.



Sophie hurried down Piccadilly, her head bent, her eyes on the pavement beneath her feet. She was used to hushed murmurs and the occasional stare when she went out and eyes fell upon her scar; she had perfected a way of walking that hid her face beneath the shadow of her hat. She was not ashamed of the scar, but she hated the pity in the eyes of those who saw it.

She was wearing one of Jessamine’s old dresses. It was not out of fashion yet, but Jessamine was one of those girls who dubbed any dress she had worn more than three times “historical” and either cast it off or had it made over. It was a striped watered silk in green and white, and there were waxy white flowers and green leaves on her hat. All together, she thought, she could pass for a girl of good breeding—if she were not out on her own, that was—especially with her work-roughened hands covered in a pair of white kid gloves.

She saw Gideon before he saw her. He was leaning against a lamppost outside the great pale-green porte cochere of Fortnum & Mason. Her heart skipped a little beat as she looked at him, so

handsome in his dark clothes, checking the time on a gold watch affixed to his waistcoat pocket by a thin chain. She paused for a moment, watching the people stream around him, the busy life of London roaring around him, and Gideon as calm as a rock in the middle of a churning river. All Shadowhunters had something of that to them, she thought, that stillness, that dark aura of separateness that set them apart from the current of mundane life.

He looked up then, and saw her, and smiled that smile that changed his whole face. "Miss Collins," he said, coming forward, and she moved forward to meet him as well, feeling as she did so as if she were stepping into the circle of his separateness. The steady noise of city traffic, pedestrian and otherwise, seemed to dim, and it was just her and Gideon, facing each other on the street.

"Mr. Lightwood," she said.

His face changed, only a little, but she saw it. She saw too that he was holding something in his left hand, a woven picnic basket. She looked at it, and then at him.

"One of Fortnum & Mason's famous hampers," he said with a sideways smile. "Stilton cheese, quails' eggs, rose petal jam—"

"Mr. Lightwood," she said again, interrupting him, to her own amazement. A servant *never* interrupted a gentleman. "I have been most distressed—most distressed in my own mind, you understand, as to whether I should come here at all. I finally decided that I should, if only to tell you to your own face that I cannot see you. I thought you deserved that much, though I am not sure of it."

He looked at her, stunned, and in that moment she saw not a Shadowhunter but an ordinary boy, like Thomas or Cyril, clutching a picnic basket and unable to hide the surprise and hurt on his face. "Miss Collins, if there is something I have done to offend—"

"I cannot see you. That is all," Sophie said, and turned away, meaning to hurry back the way she had come. If she was quick,

she could catch the next omnibus back to the City—

“Miss Collins. Please.” It was Gideon, at her elbow. He did not touch her, but he was walking alongside her, his expression distraught. “Tell me what I’ve done.”

She shook her head mutely. The look on his face—perhaps it had been a mistake to come. They were passing Hatchards bookshop, and she considered ducking inside; surely he would not follow her, not into a place where they’d likely be overheard. But then again, perhaps he would.

“I know what it is,” he said abruptly. “Will. He told you, didn’t he?”

“The fact that you say that informs me that there was something to tell.”

“Miss Collins, I can explain. Just come with me—this way.” He turned, and she found herself following him, warily. They were in front of St. James’s Church; he led her around the side and down a narrow street that bridged the gap between Piccadilly and Jermyn Street. It was quieter here, though not deserted; several passing pedestrians gave them curious looks—the scarred girl and the handsome boy with the pale face, carefully setting his hamper down at his feet.

“This is about last night,” he said. “The ball at my father’s house in Chiswick. I thought I saw Will. I had wondered if he would tell the rest of you.”

“You confess it, then? That you were there, at that depraved—that unsuitable—”

“Unsuitable? It was a sight more than unsuitable,” said Gideon, with more force than she had ever heard him use. Behind them the bell of the church tolled the hour; he seemed not to hear it. “Miss Collins, all I can do is swear to you that until last night I had no idea with what low company, what destructive habits, my father had engaged himself. I have been in Spain this past half-year—”

“And he was not like this before that?” Sophie asked, disbelieving.

“Not quite. It is difficult to explain.” His eyes strayed past her, their gray-green stormier than ever. “My father has always been one to flout convention. To bend the Law, if not to break it. He has always taught us that this is the way that everyone goes along, that all Shadowhunters do it. And we—Gabriel and I—having lost our mother so young, had no better example to follow. It was not until I arrived in Madrid that I began to understand the full extent of my father’s . . . incorrectness. Everyone does not flout the Law and bend the rules, and I was treated as if I were some monstrous creature for believing it to be so, until I changed my ways. Research and observation led me to believe I had been given poor principles to follow, and that it had been done with deliberation. I could think only of Gabriel and how I might save him from the same realization, or at least from having it delivered so shockingly.”

“And your sister—Miss Lightwood?”

Gideon shook his head. “She has been sheltered from it all. My father thinks that women have no business with the darker aspects of Downworld. No, it is I who he believes must know of his involvements, for I am the heir to the Lightwood estate. It was with an eye to that that my father brought me with him to the event last night, at which, I assume, Will saw me.”

“You knew he was there?”

“I was so disgusted by what I saw inside that room that I eventually fought my way free and went out into the gardens for some fresh air. The stench of demons had made me nauseated. Out there, I saw someone familiar chasing a blue demon across the parkland with an air of determination.”

“Mr. Herondale?”

Gideon shrugged. “I had no idea what he was doing there; I knew he could not have been invited, but could not fathom how he had found out about it, or if his pursuit of the demon was unrelated. I wasn’t sure until I saw the look on your face when you beheld me, just now . . .”

Sophie's voice rose and sharpened. "But did you tell your father, or Gabriel? Do they know? About Master Will?"

Gideon shook his head slowly. "I told them nothing. I do not think they expected Will there in any capacity. The Shadowhunters of the Institute are meant to be in pursuit of Mortmain."

"They are," said Sophie slowly, and when his only look was one of incomprehension, she said: "Those clockwork creatures at your father's party—where did you think they came from?"

"I didn't—I assumed they were demon playthings of some sort —"

"They can only have come from Mortmain," said Sophie. "You haven't seen his automatons before, but Mr. Herondale and Miss Gray, they have, and they were sure."

"But why would my father have anything of Mortmain's?"

Sophie shook her head. "It may be that you should not ask me questions you don't want the answer to, Mr. Lightwood."

"Miss Collins." His hair fell forward over his eyes; he tossed it back with an impatient gesture. "Miss Collins, I know that whatever you tell me, it will be the truth. In many ways, of all those I have met in London, I find you the most trustworthy—more so than my own family."

"That seems to me a great misfortune, Mr. Lightwood, for we have known each other only a little time indeed."

"I hope to change that. At least walk to the park with me, Soph—Miss Collins. Tell me this truth of which you speak. If then you still desire no further connection with me, I will respect your wishes. I ask only for an hour or so of your time." His eyes pleaded with her. "Please?"

Sophie felt, almost against her will, a rush of sympathy for this boy with his sea-storm eyes, who seemed so alone. "Very well," she said. "I will come to the park with you."



An entire carriage ride alone with Jem, Tessa thought, her stomach clenching as she drew on her gloves and cast a last

glance at herself in the pier glass in her bedroom. Just two nights ago the prospect had precipitated in her no new or unusual feelings; she had been worried about Will, and curious about Whitechapel, and Jem had gently distracted her as they'd rolled along, speaking of Latin and Greek and *parabatai*.

And now? Now she felt like a net of butterflies was loose in her stomach at the prospect of being shut up in a small, close space alone with him. She glanced at her pale face in the mirror, pinched her cheeks and bit her lips to bring color into them, and reached for her hat on the stand beside the vanity. Settling it on her brown hair, she caught herself wishing she had golden curls like Jessamine, and thought—Could I? Would it be possible to Change just that one small part of herself, give herself shimmering hair, or perhaps a slimmer waist or fuller lips?

She whirled away from the glass, shaking her head. How had she *not* thought of that before? And yet the mere idea seemed like a betrayal of her own face. Her hunger to know what she was still burned inside her; if even her own features were no longer the ones she'd been born with, how could she justify this demand, this need to know her own nature? *Don't you know there is no Tessa Gray?* Mortmain had said to her. If she used her power to turn her eyes sky blue or to darken her lashes, wouldn't she be proving him right?

She shook her head, trying to cast the thoughts off as she hurried from her room and down the steps to the Institute's entryway. Waiting in the courtyard was a black carriage, unmarked by any coat of arms and driven by a pair of matched horses the color of smoke. In the driver's seat sat a Silent Brother; it was not Brother Enoch but another of his brethren that she didn't recognize. His face was not as scarred as Enoch's, from what she could see beneath the hood.

She started down the steps just as the door opened behind her and Jem came out; it was chilly, and he wore a light gray coat that made his hair and eyes look more silver than ever. He looked up

at the equally gray sky, heavy with black-edged clouds, and said, “We’d better get into the carriage before it starts to rain.”

It was a perfectly ordinary thing to say, but Tessa was struck speechless all the same. She followed Jem silently to the carriage and allowed him to help her in. As he climbed in after her, and swung the door shut behind them, she noticed he was not carrying his sword-cane.

The carriage started forward with a lurch. Tessa, her hand at the window, gave a cry. “The gates—they’re locked! The carriage —”

“Hush.” Jem put his hand on her arm. She couldn’t help a gasp as the carriage rumbled up to the padlocked iron gates—and passed *through* them, as if they had been made of no more substance than air. She felt the breath go out of her in a whoosh of surprise. “The Silent Brothers have strange magic,” said Jem, and dropped his hand.

At that moment it began to rain, the sky opening up like a punctured hot water bottle. Through the sheets of silver Tessa stared as the carriage rolled through pedestrians as if they were ghosts, slipped into the narrowest cracks between buildings, rattled through a courtyard and then a warehouse, boxes all about them, and emerged finally on the Embankment, itself slick and wet with rain beside the heaving gray water of the Thames.

“Oh, dear God,” Tessa said, and drew the curtain shut. “Tell me we aren’t going to roll into the river.”

Jem laughed. Even through her shock, it was a welcome sound. “No. The carriages of the Silent City travel only on land, as far as I know, though that travel *is* peculiar. It’s a bit sickening the first time or two, but you get used to it.”

“Do you?” She looked at him directly. This was the moment. She had to say it, before their friendship suffered further. Before there could be more awkwardness. “Jem,” she said.

“Yes?”

“I—you must know—how very much your friendship means to me,” she began, awkwardly. “And—”

A look of pain flashed across his face. "Please don't."

Thrown off her stride, Tessa could only blink. "What do you mean?"

"Every time you say that word, 'friendship,' it goes into me like a knife," he said. "To be friends is a beautiful thing, Tessa, and I do not scorn it, but I have hoped for a long time now that we might be more than friends. And then I had thought after the other night that perhaps my hopes were not in vain. But now—"

"Now I have ruined everything," she whispered. "I am so sorry."

He looked toward the window; she could sense that he was fighting some strong emotion. "You should not have to apologize for not returning my feelings."

"But *Jem*." She was bewildered, and could think only of taking his pain away, of making him feel less hurt. "I was apologizing for my behavior that other night. It was forward and inexcusable. What you must think of me . . ."

He looked up in surprise. "Tessa, you can't think that, can you? It is I who have behaved inexcusably. I have barely been able to look at you since, thinking how much you must despise me—"

"I could never despise you," she said. "I have never met anyone as kind and good as you are. I thought it was you who were dismayed by me. That you despised me."

Jem looked shocked. "How could I despise you when it was my own distraction that led to what happened between us? If I had not been in such a desperate state, I would have shown more restraint."

He means he would have had enough restraint to stop me, Tessa thought. He does not expect propriety of me. He assumes it would not be in my nature. She stared fixedly at the window again, or the bit of it she could see. The river was visible, black boats bobbing on the tide, the rain mixing with the river.

"Tessa." He scrambled across the carriage so that he was sitting beside her rather than across from her, his anxious, beautiful face close to hers. "I know that mundane girls are

taught that it is their responsibility not to tempt men. That men are weak and women must restrain them. I assure you, Shadowhunter mores are different. More equal. It was our equal choice to do—what we did.”

She stared at him. He was so kind, she thought. He seemed to read the fears in her heart and move to dispel them before she could speak them aloud.

She thought then of Will. Of what had transpired between them the previous evening. She pushed away the memory of the cold air all around them, the heat between their bodies as they clung together. She had been drugged, as had he. Nothing they had said or done meant anything more than an opium addict’s babbling. There was no need to tell anyone; it had meant nothing. Nothing.

“Say something, Tessa.” Jem’s voice shook. “I fear that you think that I regret that night. I do not.” His thumb brushed over her wrist, the bare skin between the cuff of her dress and her glove. “I only regret that it came too soon. I—I would have wanted to—to court you first. To take you driving, with a chaperon.”

“A chaperon?” Tessa laughed despite herself.

He went on determinedly. “To *tell* you of my feelings first, before I showed them. To write poetry for you—”

“You don’t even like poetry,” Tessa said, her voice catching on a half laugh of relief.

“No. But you make me want to write it. Does that not count for anything?”

Tessa’s lips curled into a smile. She leaned forward and looked up into his face, so close to hers that she could make out each individual silvery eyelash on his lids, the faint white scars on his pale throat where once there had been Marks. “That sounds almost practiced, James Carstairs. How many girls have you made swoon with that observation?”

“There is only one girl I care to make swoon,” he said. “The question is, does she?”

She smiled at him. "She does."

A moment later—she did not know how it had happened—he was kissing her, his lips soft on hers, his hand rising to cup her cheek and chin, holding her face steady. Tessa heard a light crinkling and realized it was the sound of the silk flowers on her hat being crushed against the side of the carriage as his body pressed hers back. She clutched at his coat lapels, as much to keep him close as to stop herself from falling over.

The carriage came to a jerking halt. Jem drew back from her, looking dazed. "By the Angel," he said. "Perhaps we do need a chaperon."

Tessa shook her head. "Jem, I . . ."

Jem still looked stunned. "I think I'd better sit over here," he said, and moved to the seat across from hers. Tessa glanced toward the window. Through the gap in the curtains she saw that the Houses of Parliament loomed above them, towers framed darkly against the lightening sky. It had stopped raining. She was not sure why the carriage had stopped; indeed, it rumbled into life a moment later, rolling directly into what seemed a pit of black shadow that had opened up before them. She knew enough not to gasp in surprise this time; there was darkness, and then they rolled out into the great room of black basalt lit with torches that she remembered from the Council meeting.

The carriage stopped and the door flew open. Several Silent Brothers stood on the other side. Brother Enoch was at their head. Two Brothers flanked him, each holding a burning torch. Their hoods were back. Both were blind, though only one, like Enoch, seemed to have missing eyes; the others had eyes that were shut, with runes scrawled blackly across them. All had their lips stitched shut.

Welcome again to the Silent City, Daughter of Lilith, said Brother Enoch.

For a moment Tessa wanted to reach behind herself for the warm pressure of Jem's hand on hers, let him help her out of the

carriage. She thought of Charlotte then. Charlotte, so small and strong, who leaned on no one.

She emerged from the carriage on her own, the heels of her boots ringing on the basalt floor. "Thank you, Brother Enoch," she said. "We are here to see Jessamine Lovelace. Will you take us to her?"



The prisons of the Silent City were beneath its first level, past the pavilion of the Speaking Stars. A dark staircase led down. The Silent Brothers went first, followed by Jem and Tessa, who had not spoken to each other since they'd left the carriage. It was not an awkward silence, though. There was something about the haunting grandeur of the City of Bones, with its great mausoleums and soaring arches, that made her feel as if she were in a museum or a church, where hushed voices were required.

At the bottom of the stairs, a corridor snaked in two directions; the Silent Brothers turned to the left, and led Jem and Tessa nearly to the end of the hall. As they went, they passed row after row of small chambers, each with a barred, padlocked door. Each contained a bed and washstand, and nothing else. The walls were stone, and the smell was of water and dampness. Tessa wondered if they were under the Thames, or somewhere else altogether.

At last the Brothers stopped at a door, the second to the last on the hall, and Brother Enoch touched the padlock. It clicked open, and the chains holding the door shut fell away.

You are welcome to enter, said Enoch, stepping back. We will be waiting for you outside.

Jem put his hand to the door handle and hesitated, looking at Tessa. "Perhaps you should talk to her for a moment alone. Woman to woman."

Tessa was startled. "Are you sure? You know her better than I do—"

"But you know Nate," said Jem, and his eyes flicked away from her briefly. Tessa had the feeling there was something he was not

telling her. It was such an unusual feeling when it came to Jem that she was not sure how to react. "I will join you in a moment, once you have put her at ease."

Slowly Tessa nodded. Brother Enoch swung the door open, and she walked inside, flinching a little as the heavy door crashed to behind her.

It was a small room, like the others, stone-bound. There was a washstand and what had probably once been a ceramic jug of water; now it was in pieces on the floor, as if someone had thrown it with great force against the wall. On the narrow bed sat Jessamine in a plain white gown, a rough blanket wrapped around her. Her hair fell around her shoulders in tangled snakes, and her eyes were red.

"Welcome. Nice place to live out of, isn't this?" Jessamine said. Her voice sounded rough, as if her throat were swollen from crying. She looked at Tessa, and her lower lip began to tremble. "Did—did Charlotte send you to bring me back?"

Tessa shook her head. "No."

"But—" Jessamine's eyes began to fill. "She can't *leave* me here. I can hear them, all night." She shuddered, pulling the blanket closer around her.

"You can hear what?"

"The dead," she said. "Whispering in their tombs. If I stay down here long enough, I will join them. I know it."

Tessa sat down on the edge of the bed and carefully touched Jessamine's hair, stroking the snarls lightly. "That won't happen," she said, and Jessamine began to sob. Her shoulders shook. Helplessly Tessa looked around the room, as if something in the miserable cell might give her inspiration. "Jessamine," she said. "I brought you something."

Jessamine very slowly raised her face. "Is it from Nate?"

"No," Tessa answered gently. "It's something of yours." She reached into her pocket and drew it out, extending her hand toward Jessamine. In her palm lay a tiny baby doll that she had taken from its crib inside Jessamine's doll's house. "Baby Jessie."

Jessamine made an “oh” sound low in her throat, and plucked the doll from Tessa’s grasp. She held it tightly, against her chest. Her eyes spilled over, her tears making tracks in the grime on her face. She really was a most pitiful sight, Tessa thought. If only . . .

“Jessamine,” Tessa said again. She felt as if Jessamine were an animal in need of gentling, and that repeating her name in a kind tone might somehow help. “We need your help.”

“In betraying Nate,” Jessamine snapped. “But I don’t know anything. I don’t even know why I’m here.”

“Yes, you do.” It was Jem, coming into the cell. He was flushed and a little out of breath, as if he had been hurrying. He shot Tessa a conspiratorial glance and closed the door behind him. “You know exactly why you’re here, Jessie—”

“Because I fell in love!” Jessamine snapped. “You ought to know what that’s like. I see how you look at Tessa.” She shot Tessa a poisonous look as Tessa’s cheeks flamed. “At least Nate is human.”

Jem didn’t lose his composure. “I haven’t betrayed the Institute for Tessa,” he said. “I haven’t lied to and endangered those who have cared for me since I was orphaned.”

“If you wouldn’t,” said Jessamine, “you don’t really love her.”

“If she asked me to,” said Jem, “I would know she did not really love *me*.”

Jessamine sucked in a breath and turned away from him, as if he had slapped her face. “You,” she said in a muffled voice. “I always thought you were the nicest one. But you’re horrible. You’re all horrible. Charlotte *tortured* me with that Mortal Sword until I told everything. What more could you possibly want from me? You’ve already forced me to betray the man I love.”

At the very corner of Tessa’s vision, she saw Jem roll his eyes. There was a certain theatricality to Jessamine’s despair, as there was to everything she did, but under it—under the role of wronged woman Jessamine had cast herself in—Tessa felt she was genuinely afraid.

“I know you love Nate,” Tessa said. “And I know that I will not be able to convince you that he does not return your sentiment.”

“You’re jealous—”

“Jessamine, Nate cannot love you. There is something wrong with him—some piece missing from his heart. God knows my aunt and I tried to ignore it, to tell each other it was boyish high-jinks and thoughtlessness. But he murdered our aunt—did he tell you that?—murdered the woman who brought him up, and laughed to me about it later. He has no empathy, no capacity for gratitude. If you shield him now, it will win you nothing in his eyes.”

“Nor is it likely you will ever see him again,” said Jem. “If you do *not* help us, the Clave will never let you go. It will be you and the dead down here for eternity, if you are not punished with a curse.”

“Nate said you would try to frighten me,” said Jessamine in a sliver of a voice.

“Nate also said the Clave and Charlotte would do nothing to you because they were weak,” said Tessa. “That has not proven true. He said to you only what he had to say, to get you to do what he wanted you to. He is my brother, and I tell you, he is a cheat and a liar.”

“We need you to write a letter to him,” said Jem. “Telling him you have knowledge of a secret Shadowhunter plot against Mortmain, and to meet you tonight—”

Jessamine shook her head, plucking at the rough blanket. “I will not betray him.”

“Jessie.” Jem’s voice was soft; Tessa did not know how Jessamine could hold out against him. “Please. We are only asking you to save yourself. Send this message; tell us your usual meeting place. That is all we ask.”

Jessamine shook her head. “Mortmain,” she said. “Mortmain will yet win out over you. Then the Silent Brothers will be defeated and Nate will come to claim me.”

“Very well,” said Tessa. “Imagine that does happen. You say Nate loves you. Then, he would forgive you anything, wouldn’t he? Because when a man loves a woman, he understands that she is weak. That she cannot hold out against, for instance, torture, in the manner in which he could.”

Jessamine made a whimpering sound.

“He understands that she is frail and delicate and easily led,” Tessa went on, and gently touched Jessamine’s arm. “Jessie, you see your choice. If you do not help us, the Clave will know it, and they will not be lenient with you. If you do help us, Nate will understand. If he loves you . . . he has no choice. For love means forgiveness.”

“I . . .” Jessamine looked from one of them to the other, like a frightened rabbit. “Would you forgive Tessa, if it were her?”

“I would forgive Tessa anything,” Jem said gravely.

Tessa could not see his expression, she was facing Jessamine, but she felt her heart skip a beat. She could not look at Jem, too afraid her expression would betray her feelings.

“Jessie, please,” she said instead.

Jessamine was silent for a long time. When she spoke, finally, her voice was as thin as a thread. “You will be meeting him, I suppose, disguised as me.”

Tessa nodded.

“You must wear boys’ clothes,” she said. “When I meet him at night, I am always dressed as a boy. It is safer for me to traverse the streets alone like that. He will expect it.” She looked up, pushing her matted hair out of her face. “Have you a pen and paper?” she added. “I will write the note.”

She took the proffered items from Jem and began to scribble. “I ought to get something in return for this,” she said. “If they will not let me out—”

“They will not,” said Jem, “until it is determined that your information is good.”

“Then they ought to at least give me better food. It’s dreadful here. Just gruel and hard bread.” Having finished scribbling the

note, she handed it to Tessa. "The boys' clothes I wear are behind the doll's house in my room. Take care moving it," she added, and for a moment again she was Jessamine, her brown eyes haughty. "And if you must borrow some of my clothes, do. You've been wearing the same four dresses I bought you in June over and over. That yellow one is practically ancient. And if you don't want anyone to know you've been kissing in carriages, you should refrain from wearing a hat with easily crushed flowers on it. People aren't blind, you know."

"So it seems," said Jem with great gravity, and when Tessa looked over at him, he smiled, just at her.

THOUSANDS MORE

*There is something horrible about a flower;
This, broken in my hand, is one of those
He threw it in just now; it will not live another hour;
There are thousands more; you do not miss a rose.*
—Charlotte Mew, “In Nunhead Cemetery”

The rest of the day at the Institute passed in a mood of great tension, as the Shadowhunters prepared for their confrontation with Nate that night. There were no formal meals again, only a great deal of rushing about, as weapons were readied and polished, gear was prepared, and maps consulted while Bridget, warbling mournful ballads, carried trays of sandwiches and tea up and down the halls.

If it hadn't been for Sophie's invitation to “come and have a pickle” Tessa probably wouldn't have eaten anything all day; as it was, her knotted throat would allow only a few bites of sandwich to slide down before she felt as if she were choking.

I'm going to see Nate tonight, she thought, staring at herself in the pier glass as Sophie knelt at her feet, lacing up her boots—boys' boots from Jessamine's hidden trove of male clothing.

And then I am going to betray him.

She thought of the way Nate had lain in her lap in the carriage on the way from de Quincey's, and the way he had shrieked her name and held on to her when Brother Enoch had appeared. She

wondered how much of that had been show. Probably at least part of him had been truly terrified—abandoned by Mortmain, hated by de Quincey, in the hands of Shadowhunters he had no reason to trust.

Except that she had told him they were trustworthy. And he had not cared. He had wanted what Mortmain was offering him. More than he had wanted her safety. More than he had cared about anything else. All the years between them, the time that had knitted them together so closely that she had thought them inseparable, had meant nothing to him.

“You can’t brood on it, miss,” said Sophie, rising to her feet and dusting off her hands. “He aren’t—I mean, he isn’t worth it.”

“Who isn’t worth it?”

“Your brother. Wasn’t that what you were thinking on?”

Tessa squinted suspiciously. “Can you tell what I’m thinking because you have the Sight?”

Sophie laughed. “Lord, no, miss. I can read it on your face like a book. You always have the same look when you think of Master Nathaniel. But he’s a bad hat, miss, not worth your thoughts.”

“He’s my brother.”

“That doesn’t mean you’re like him,” said Sophie decisively. “Some are just born bad, and that’s all there is to it.”

Some imp of the perverse made Tessa ask: “And what of Will? Do you still think he was born bad? Lovely and poisonous like a snake, you said.”

Sophie raised her delicately arched eyebrows. “Master Will is a mystery, no doubt.”

Before Tessa could reply the door swung open, and Jem stood in the doorway. “Charlotte sent me to give you—,” he began, and broke off, staring at Tessa.

She looked down at herself. Trousers, shoes, shirt, waistcoat, all in order. It was certainly a peculiar feeling, wearing men’s clothes—they were tight in places she was not used to clothes being tight, and loose in others, and they itched—but that hardly explained the look on Jem’s face.

"I . . ." Jem had flushed all over, red spreading up from his collar to his face. "Charlotte sent me to tell you we're waiting in the drawing room," he said. Then he turned around and left the room hurriedly.

"Goodness," Tessa said, perplexed. "What was that about?"

Sophie chuckled softly. "Well, look at yourself." Tessa looked. She was flushed, she thought, her hair tumbling loose over her shirt and waistcoat. The shirt had clearly been made with something of a feminine figure in mind, since it did not strain over the bosom as much as Tessa had feared it would; still, it was tight, thanks to Jessie's smaller frame. The trousers were tight as well, as was the fashion, molding themselves to her legs. She cocked her head to the side. There *was* something indecent about it, wasn't there? A man was not supposed to be able to see the shape of a lady's upper legs, or so much of the curve of her hips. There was something about the men's clothing that made her look not masculine but . . . undressed.

"My goodness," she said.

"Indeed," said Sophie. "Don't worry. They'll fit better once you Change, and besides . . . he fancies you anyway."

"I—you know—I mean, you think he fancies me?"

"Quite," said Sophie, sounding unperturbed. "You should see the way he looks at you when he doesn't think you see. Or looks up when a door opens, and is always disappointed when it isn't you. Master Jem, he isn't like Master Will. He can't hide what he's thinking."

"And you're not . . ." Tessa searched for words. "Sophie, you're not—put out with me?"

"Why would I be put out with you?" A little of the amusement had gone out of Sophie's voice, and now she sounded carefully neutral.

You're in for it now, Tessa, she thought. "I thought perhaps that there was a time when you looked at Jem with a certain admiration. That is all. I meant nothing improper, Sophie."

Sophie was silent for such a long time that Tessa was sure she was angry, or worse, terribly hurt. Instead she said, finally, "There was a time when I—when I admired him. He was so gentle and so kind, not like any man I'd known. And so lovely to look at, and the music he makes—" She shook her head, and her dark ringlets bounced. "But he never cared for me. Never by a word or a gesture did he lead me to believe he returned my admiration, though he was never unkind."

"Sophie," Tessa said softly. "You have been more than a maidservant since I have come here. You have been a good friend. I would not do anything that might hurt you."

Sophie looked up at her. "Do you care for him?"

"I think," Tessa said with slow caution, "that I do."

"Good." Sophie exhaled. "He deserves that. To be happy. Master Will has always been the brighter burning star, the one to catch attention—but Jem is a steady flame, unwavering and honest. He could make you happy."

"And you would not object?"

"Object?" Sophie shook her head. "Oh, Miss Tessa, it is kind of you to care what I think, but no. I would not object. My fondness for him—and that is all it was, a girlish fondness—has quite cooled into friendship. I wish only his happiness and yours."

Tessa was amazed. All the worrying she had done about Sophie's feelings, and Sophie didn't mind at all. What *had* changed since Sophie had wept over Jem's illness the night of the Blackfriars Bridge debacle? Unless . . . "Have you been walking out with someone? Cyril, or . . ."

Sophie rolled her eyes. "Oh, Lord have mercy on us all. First Thomas, now Cyril. When *will* you stop trying to marry me off to the nearest available man?"

"There must be someone—"

"There's no one," Sophie said firmly, rising to her feet and turning Tessa toward the pier glass. "There you are. Twist up your hair under your hat and you'll be the model of a gentleman."

Tessa did as she was told.



When Tessa came into the library, the small band of Institute Shadowhunters—Jem, Will, Henry, and Charlotte, all in gear now—were grouped around a table on which a small oblong device made of brass was balanced. Henry was gesturing at it animatedly, his voice rising. “This,” he was saying, “is what I have been working on. For just this occasion. It is specifically calibrated to function as a weapon against clockwork assassins.”

“As dull as Nate Gray is,” Will said, “his head is not actually filled with gears, Henry. He’s a human.”

“He may bring one of those creatures with him. We don’t know he’ll be there unaccompanied. If nothing else, that clockwork coachman of Mortmain’s—”

“I think Henry is right,” said Tessa, and they all whirled to face her. Jem flushed again, though more lightly this time, and offered her a crooked smile; Will’s eyes ran up and down her body once, not briskly.

He said, “You don’t look like a boy at all. You look like a girl in boys’ clothes.”

She couldn’t tell if he was approving, disapproving, or neutral on the subject. “I’m not trying to fool anyone but a casual observer,” she replied crossly. “Nate *knows* Jessamine’s a girl. And the clothes will fit me better once I’ve Changed into her.”

“Maybe you should do it now,” said Will.

Tessa glared at him, then shut her eyes. It was different, Changing into someone you had been before. She did not need to be holding something of theirs, or to be near them. It was like closing her eyes and reaching into a wardrobe, detecting a familiar garment by touch, and drawing it out. She reached for Jessamine inside herself, and let her free, wrapping the Jessamine disguise around herself, feeling the breath pushed from her lungs as her rib cage contracted, her hair slipping from its twist to fall in light corn silk waves against her face. She pushed it back up under the hat and opened her eyes.

They were all staring at her. Jem was the only one to offer a smile as she blinked in the light.

“Uncanny,” said Henry. His hand rested lightly on the object on the table. Tessa, uncomfortable with the eyes on her, moved toward it. “What is that?”

“It’s a sort of . . . infernal device that Henry’s created,” Jem said. “Meant to disrupt the internal mechanisms that keep the clockwork creatures running.”

“You twist it, like this”—Henry mimed twisting the bottom half of the thing in one direction and the top half in another—“and then throw it. Try to lodge it into the creature’s gears or somewhere that it will stick. It is meant to disrupt the mechanical currents that run through the creature’s body, causing them to wrench apart. It could do you some damage too, even if you aren’t clockwork, so don’t hang on to it once it’s activated. I’ve only two, so . . .”

He handed one to Jem, and another to Charlotte, who took it and hung it from her weapons belt without a word.

“The message has been sent?” Tessa asked.

“Yes. We’re only waiting for a reply from your brother now,” said Charlotte. She unrolled a paper across the surface of the table, weighting down the corners with copper gears from a stack Henry must have left there. “Here,” she said, “is a map that shows where Jessamine claims she and Nate usually meet. It’s a warehouse on Mincing Lane, down by Lower Thames Street. It used to be a tea merchant’s packing factory until the business went bankrupt.”

“Mincing Lane,” said Jem. “Center of the tea trade. Also the opium trade. Makes sense Mortmain might keep a warehouse there.” He ran a slender finger over the map, tracing the names of the nearby streets: Eastcheap, Gracechurch Street, Lower Thames Street, St. Swithin’s Lane. “Such an odd place for Jessamine, though,” he said. “She always dreamed of such glamour—of being introduced at Court and putting her hair up

for dances. Not of clandestine meetings in some sooty warehouse near the wharves.”

“She did do what she set out to do,” Tessa said. “She married someone who isn’t a Shadowhunter.”

Will’s mouth quirked into a half smile. “If the marriage were valid, she’d be your sister-in-law.”

Tessa shuddered. “I—it’s not that I hold a grudge against Jessamine. But she deserves better than my brother.”

“Anyone deserves better than that.” Will reached under the table and drew out a rolled-up bunch of fabric. He spread it across the table, avoiding the map. Inside were several long, thin weapons, each with a gleaming rune carved into the blade. “I’d nearly forgotten I had Thomas order these for me a few weeks ago. They’ve only just arrived. Misericords—good for getting in between the jointure of those clockwork creatures.”

“The question is,” Jem said, lifting one of the misericords and examining the blade, “once we get Tessa inside to meet Nate, how do the rest of us watch their meeting without being noticed? We must be ready to intervene at any moment, especially if it appears that his suspicions have been aroused.”

“We must arrive first, and hide ourselves,” said Will. “It is the only way. We listen to see if Nate says anything useful.”

“I dislike the idea of Tessa being forced to speak with him at all,” muttered Jem.

“She can well hold her own; I have seen it. Besides, he is more likely to speak freely if he thinks himself safe. Once captured, even if the Silent Brothers do explore his mind, Mortmain may have thought to put blocks in it to protect his knowledge, which can take time to dismantle.”

“I think Mortmain has put in blocks in Jessamine’s case,” said Tessa. “For whatever it is worth, I cannot touch her thoughts.”

“Even more likely he will have done it in Nate’s, then,” said Will.

“That boy is as weak as a kitten,” said Henry. “He will tell us whatever we want to know. And if not, I have a device—”

“Henry!” Charlotte looked seriously alarmed. “Tell me you have not been working on a torture device.”

“Not at all. I call it the Confuser. It emits a vibration that directly affects the human brain, rendering it incapable of telling between fiction and fact.” Henry, looking proud, reached for his box. “He will simply spill everything that is in his mind, with no attention to the consequences . . .”

Charlotte held up a warning hand. “Not right now, Henry. If we must utilize the . . . Confuser on Nate Gray, we will do so when we have brought him back here. At the moment we must concentrate on reaching the warehouse before Tessa. It is not *that* far; I suggest Cyril takes us there, then returns for Tessa.”

“Nate will recognize the Institute’s carriage,” Tessa objected. “When I saw Jessamine leaving for a meeting with Nate, she was most decidedly going on foot. I shall walk.”

“You will get lost,” said Will.

“I won’t,” said Tessa, indicating the map. “It’s a simple walk. I could turn left at Gracechurch Street, go along Eastcheap, and cut through to Mincing Lane.”

An argument ensued, with Jem, to Tessa’s surprise, siding with Will against the idea of her walking the streets alone. Eventually it was decided that Henry would drive the carriage to Mincing Lane, while Tessa would walk, with Cyril following her at a discreet distance, lest she lose herself in the crowded, dirty, noisy city. With a shrug she agreed; it seemed less trouble than arguing, and she didn’t mind Cyril.

“I don’t suppose anyone’s going to point out,” said Will, “that once again we are leaving the Institute without a Shadowhunter to protect it?”

Charlotte rolled up the map with a flick of her wrist. “And which of us would you suggest stay home, then, instead of helping Tessa?”

“I didn’t say anything about anyone staying home.” Will’s voice dropped. “But Cyril will be with Tessa, Sophie’s only half-trained, and Bridget . . .”

Tessa glanced over at Sophie, who was sitting quietly in the corner of the library, but the other girl gave no sign of having heard Will. Meanwhile, Bridget's voice was wafting faintly from the kitchen, another miserable ballad:

*“So John took out of his pocket
A knife both long and sharp,
And stuck it through his brother's heart,
And the blood came pouring down.
Says John to William, ‘Take off thy shirt,
And tear it from gore to gore,
And wrap it round your bleeding heart,
And the blood will pour no more.’”*

“By the Angel,” said Charlotte, “we really *are* going to have to do something about her before she drives us all to madness, aren't we?”

Before anyone could reply, two things happened at once: Something tapped at the window, startling Tessa so much that she took a step back, and a great, echoing noise sounded through the Institute—the sound of the summoning bell. Charlotte said something to Will—lost in the noise of the bell—and he left the room, while Charlotte crossed it, slid the window up and open, and captured something hovering outside.

She turned away from the window, a fluttering piece of paper in her hand; it looked a bit like a white bird, edges flapping in the breeze. Her hair blew about her face too, and Tessa was reminded how young Charlotte was. “From Nate, I suppose,” said Charlotte. “His message for Jessamine.” She brought it to Tessa, who tore the creamy parchment lengthwise in her eagerness to get it open.

Tessa glanced up. “It is from Nate,” she confirmed. “He has agreed to meet Jessie in the usual place at sundown—” She gave a little gasp as, recognizing itself somehow as having been read, the

note burst into quick, heatless flames, consuming itself until it was only a film of black ash on her fingers.

“That gives us only a little time,” said Henry. “I will go and tell Cyril to ready the carriage.” He looked to Charlotte, as if for approval, but she only nodded without meeting his eyes. With a sigh Henry left the room—nearly bumping into Will, who was on his way back in, followed by a figure in a traveling cloak. For a moment Tessa wondered in confusion if it was a Silent Brother—until the visitor drew his hood back and she saw the familiar sandy-blond curling hair and green eyes.

“Gideon Lightwood?” she said in surprise.

“There.” Charlotte slipped the map she was holding into her pocket. “The Institute will not be Shadowhunterless.”

Sophie got hastily to her feet—then froze, as if, outside the atmosphere of the training room, she was not sure what to do or say in front of the eldest Lightwood brother.

Gideon glanced around the room. As always his green eyes were calm, unruffled. Will, behind him, seemed to burn with bright energy by contrast, even when he was simply standing still. “You called on me?” Gideon said, and she realized that of course, looking at her, he was seeing Jessamine. “And I am here, though I know not why, or what for.”

“To train Sophie, ostensibly,” said Charlotte. “And also to look after the Institute while we’re gone. We need a Shadow-hunter of age to be present, and you qualify. In fact, it was Sophie who suggested you.”

“And how long will you be gone?”

“Two hours, three. Not all night.”

“All right.” Gideon began to unbutton his cloak. There was dust on his boots, and his hair looked as if he had been out in the cold wind, hatless. “My father would say it was good practice for when I run the place.”

Will muttered something under his breath that sounded like “bloody cheek.” He looked at Charlotte, who shook her head at him minutely.

“It may be that the Institute will be yours one day,” she said to Gideon quite mildly. “In any case, we’re grateful for your assistance. The Institute is the responsibility of all Shadowhunters, after all. These are our dwelling places—our Idris away from home.”

Gideon turned to Sophie. “Are you ready to train?”

She nodded. They left the room together in a group, Gideon and Sophie turning right to make their way to the training room, the rest of them heading for the stairs. Bridget’s mournful yowl was even louder out here, and Tessa heard Gideon say something to Sophie about it, and Sophie’s soft voice in response, before they were too far away for her to hear them anymore.

It seemed natural to fall into step beside Jem as they went downstairs and through the nave of the cathedral. She was walking close enough to him that though they did not speak, she could feel the warmth of him against her side, the brush of his bare hand against hers as they stepped outside. Sunset was coming. The sky had begun to take on the bronze sheen that came just before twilight. Cyril was waiting on the front stairs, looking so much like Thomas that it hurt one’s heart to look at him. He was carrying a long, thin dagger, which he handed off to Will without a word; Will took it and put it through his belt.

Charlotte turned and put her hand against Tessa’s cheek. “We shall see you at the warehouse,” she said. “You will be perfectly safe, Tessa. And thank you, for doing this for us.” Charlotte dropped her hand and went down the steps, Henry following her, and Will just after. Jem hesitated, just for a moment, and Tessa—remembering a night like this one, when he had run up the steps to bid her good-bye—pressed her fingers lightly against his wrist.

“*Mizpah*,” she said.

She heard him suck in his breath. The Shadowhunters were getting into the carriage; he turned and kissed her quickly on the cheek, before spinning and running down the steps after the others; none of them seemed to have noticed, but Tessa put her hand to her face as Jem climbed, last, into the carriage and Henry

made his way up to the driver's seat. The gates of the Institute swung open, and the carriage clattered out into the darkening afternoon.



“Shall we go, then, miss?” Cyril inquired. Despite how much he looked like Thomas, Tessa thought, he had a less diffident demeanor. He looked her directly in the eye when he spoke, and the corners of his mouth always seemed to be about to crinkle into a smile. She wondered if there was always one calmer and one more high-strung brother, like Gabriel and Gideon.

“Yes, I think we—” Tessa stopped suddenly, one foot about to descend the steps. It was ridiculous, she knew, and yet—she had taken off the clockwork angel to dress herself in Jessamine's clothes. She had not put it back on. She couldn't *wear* it—Nate would recognize it immediately—but she had meant to put it into her pocket for luck, and she had forgotten. She hesitated now. It was more than silly superstition; twice now the angel had literally saved her life.

She turned. “I have forgotten something. Wait here for me, Cyril. I'll be only a moment.”

The door to the Institute was still open; she charged back through it and up the stairs, through the halls and into the corridor that led to Jessamine's room—where she froze.

Jessamine's hall was the same hall that led to the steps to the training room. She had seen Sophie and Gideon disappear down it minutes ago. Only, they had not disappeared; they were still there. The light was low, and they were only shadows in the dimness, but Tessa could see them plainly: Sophie, standing against the wall, and Gideon pressing her hand.

Tessa took a step backward, her heart jerking inside her chest. Neither of them saw her. They seemed entirely concentrated on each other. Gideon leaned in then, murmuring something to Sophie; gently he brushed a stray strand of hair from her face. Tessa's stomach tensed, and she turned and crept away, as soundlessly as she could.

The sky had turned a shade darker when she came back out onto the steps. Cyril was there, whistling off-key; he broke off abruptly when he saw Tessa's expression. "Is everything all right, miss? Did you get what you wanted?"

Tessa thought of Gideon moving Sophie's hair away from her face. She remembered Will's hands gentle on her waist and the softness of Jem's kiss on her cheek, and felt as if her mind were whirling. Who was she to tell Sophie to be careful, even silently, when she was so lost herself?

"Yes," she lied. "I got what I wanted. Thank you, Cyril."



The warehouse was a great limestone building surrounded by a black wrought iron fence. The windows had been boarded over, and a stout iron padlock held closed the front gates, over which the blackening name of Mortmain and Co. could barely be seen below layers of soot.

The Shadowhunters left the carriage drawn up to the curb, with a glamour on it to prevent it from being stolen or molested by passing mundanes, at least until Cyril arrived to wait with it. A closer inspection of the padlock showed Will that it had been oiled recently and opened; a rune took care of the lack of a key, and he and the others slipped inside, closing the gate behind them.

Another rune unlocked the front door, leading them into a suite of offices. Only one was still furnished, with a desk, a green-shaded lamp, and a floral sofa with a high carved back. "Doubtless where Jessamine and Nate accomplished the majority of their courtship," Will observed cheerfully.

Jem made a noise of disgust and poked at the couch with his cane. Charlotte was bending over the desk, hastily going through the drawers.

"I didn't realize you'd taken up such a strong anti-courtship stance," Will observed to Jem.

"Not on principle. The thought of Nate Gray touching anyone —" Jem made a face. "And Jessamine is so convinced he loves

her. If you could see her, I think even you might pity her, Will.”

“I would not,” said Will. “Unrequited love is a ridiculous state, and it makes those in it behave ridiculously.” He tugged at the bandage on his arm as if it were paining him. “Charlotte? The desk?”

“Nothing.” She slid the drawers shut. “Some papers listing the prices of tea and the times of tea auctions, but other than that, nothing but dead spiders.”

“How romantic,” murmured Will. He ducked behind Jem, who had already wandered ahead into the adjacent office, using his cane to sweep away cobwebs as he went. The next few rooms were empty, and the last opened out onto what had once been a warehouse floor. It was a great shadowy cavernous space, its ceiling disappearing up into darkness. Rickety wooden steps led up to a second-floor gallery. Burlap bags were propped against the walls on the first floor, looking for all the world, in the shadows, like slumped bodies. Will raised his witchlight runestone in one hand, sending out spokes of light through the room as Henry went to investigate one of the sacks. He was back in a moment, shrugging his shoulders.

“Broken bits of loose-leaf tea,” he said. “Orange pekoe, from the looks of it.”

But Jem was shaking his head, glancing about. “I am perfectly willing to accept that this was an active tea-trading office at one point, but it’s clearly been shuttered for years, ever since Mortmain decided to interest himself in mechanisms instead. And yet the floor is clear of dust.” He took Will’s wrist, guiding the beam of witchlight over the smooth wooden floor. “There has been activity here—more than simply Jessamine and Nate’s meeting in a disused office.”

“There are more offices that way,” said Henry, pointing to the far end of the room. “Charlotte and I will search them. Will, Jem, you examine the second floor.”

It was a rare and novel thrill when Henry gave orders; Will looked at Jem and grinned, and commenced making his way up

the rickety wooden stairs. The steps creaked under the pressure, and under Jem's slighter weight behind Will. The witch-light stone in Will's hand threw sharp patterns of light against the wall as he reached the top step.

He found himself on a gallery, a platform where perhaps trunks of tea had been stored, or a foreman had watched the floor below. It was empty now, save for a single figure, lying on the ground. The body of a man, slim and youthful, and as Will came closer, his heart began to pound crazily, because he had seen this before—had had this vision before—the limp body, the silver hair and dark clothes, the closed bruised-looking eyes, fringed with silver lashes.

"Will?" It was Jem, behind him. He looked from Will's silent, stunned face to the body on the floor and pushed past him to kneel down. He took the man by the wrist just as Charlotte reached the top of the steps. Will looked at her in surprise for a moment; her face was sheened with sweat and she looked slightly ill. Jem said, "He has a pulse. Will?"

Will came closer, and knelt down beside his friend. At this distance it was easy to see that the man on the floor was not Jem. He was older, and Caucasian; he had a growth of silver stubble on his chin and cheeks, and his features were broader and less defined. Will's heartbeat slowed as the man's eyes fluttered open.

They were silver discs, like Jem's. And in that moment Will recognized him. He smelled the sweet-sour tang of burning warlock drugs, felt the heat of them in his veins, and knew that he had seen this man before, and knew where.

"You're a werewolf," he said. "One of the packless ones, buying *yin fen* off the ifrits down the Chapel. Aren't you?"

The werewolf's eyes roamed over them both, and fastened on Jem. His lids narrowed, and his hand shot out, grabbing Jem by the lapels. "You," he wheezed. "You're one of us. 'ave you got any of it on you—any of the stuff—"

Jem recoiled. Will seized the werewolf by the wrist and yanked his hand free. It wasn't difficult; there was very little strength in

his nerveless fingers. “Don’t touch him.” Will heard his own voice as if from a distance, clipped and cold. “He doesn’t have any of your filthy powder. It doesn’t work on us Nephilim like it does on you.”

“Will.” There was a plea in Jem’s voice: *Be kinder.*

“You work for Mortmain,” said Will. “Tell us what you do for him. Tell us where he is.”

The werewolf laughed. Blood splashed up over his lips and dribbled down his chin. Some of it splattered onto Jem’s gear. “As if—I’d know—where the Magister was,” he wheezed. “Bloody fools, the pair of you. Bloody useless Nephilim. If I ’ad—me strength—I’d chop yer into bloody rags—”

“But you don’t.” Will was remorseless. “And maybe we *do* have some *yin fen*.”

“You don’t. You think—I don’t know?” The werewolf’s eyes wandered. “When ’e gave it to me first, I saw things—such things as yer can’t imagine—the great crystal city—the towers of Heaven—” Another spasming cough racked him. More blood splattered. It had a silvery sheen to it, like mercury. Will exchanged a look with Jem. *The crystal city*. He couldn’t help thinking of Alicante, though he had never been there. “I thought I were going ter live forever—work all night, all day, never get tired. Then we started dying off, one by one. The drug, it kills ya, but ’e never said. I came back here to see if maybe there was still any of it stashed somewhere. But there’s none. No point leavin’. I’m dyin’ now. Might as well die ’ere as anywhere.”

“He knew what he was doing when he gave you that drug,” said Jem. “He knew it would kill you. He doesn’t deserve your secrecy. Tell us what he was doing—what he was keeping you working on all night and day.”

“Putting those *things* together—those metal men. They don’t ’arf give you the willies, but the money were good and the drugs were better—”

“And a great deal of good that money will do you now,” said Jem, his voice uncharacteristically bitter. “How often did he make

you take it? The silver powder?"

"Six, seven times a day."

"No wonder they're running out of it down the Chapel," Will muttered. "Mortmain's controlling the supply."

"You're not supposed to take it like that," said Jem. "The more you take, the faster you die."

The werewolf fixed his gaze on Jem. His eyes were shot through with red veins. "And you," he said. "Ow much longer 'ave *you* got left?"

Will turned his head. Charlotte was motionless behind him at the top of the stairs, staring. He raised a hand to gesture her over. "Charlotte, if we can get him downstairs, perhaps the Silent Brothers can do something to help him. If you could—"

But Charlotte, to Will's surprise, had turned a pale shade of green. She clapped her hand over her mouth and dashed downstairs.

"Charlotte!" Will hissed; he didn't dare shout. "Oh, bloody hell. All right, Jem. You take his legs, I'll take his shoulders—"

"There's no point, Will." Jem's voice was soft. "He's dead."

Will turned back. Indeed, the silver eyes were wide open, glassy, fixed on the ceiling; the chest had ceased to rise and fall. Jem reached to close his eyelids, but Will caught his friend by the wrist.

"Don't."

"I wasn't going to give him the blessing, Will. Just close his eyes."

"He doesn't deserve that. He was working with the Magister!" Will's whisper was rising to a shout.

"He is like me," said Jem simply. "An addict."

Will looked at him over their joined hands. "He is *not like you*. And you will not die like that."

Jem's lips parted in surprise. "Will . . ."

They both heard the sound of a door opening, and a voice calling out Jessamine's name. Will released Jem's wrist, and both

of them dropped flat to the ground, inching to the edge of the gallery to see what was happening on the warehouse floor.

MORTAL RAGE

*When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-raz'd,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage
—Shakespeare, "Sonnet 64"*

It was a peculiar experience walking the streets of London as a boy, Tessa thought as she made her way along the crowded pavement of Eastcheap. The men who crossed her path spared her barely a glance, just pushed past her toward the doors of public houses or the next turn in the street. As a girl, walking alone through these streets at night in her fine clothes, she would have been the object of stares and jeers. As a boy she was—invisible. She had never realized what it was like to be invisible before. How light and free she felt—or would have felt, had she not felt like an aristocrat from *A Tale of Two Cities* on his way to the guillotine in a tumbrel.

She caught sight of Cyril only once, slipping between two buildings across the road from 32 Mincing Lane. It was a great stone building, and the black iron fence surrounding it, in the vanishing twilight, looked like rows of jagged black teeth. From the front gates dangled a padlock, but it had been left open; she slipped through, and then up the dusty steps to the front door, which was also unlocked.

Inside she found that the empty offices, their windows looking out onto Mincing Lane, were still and dead; a fly buzzed in one, hurling itself over and over against the plated glass panes until it fell, exhausted, to the sill. Tessa shuddered and hurried on.

In each room she walked into, she tensed, expecting to see Nate; in each room, he was not there. The final room had a door that opened out onto the floor of a warehouse. Dim blue light filtered in through the cracks in the boarded-up windows. She looked around uncertainly. "Nate?" she whispered.

He stepped out of the shadows between two flaking plaster pillars. His blond hair shone in the bluish light, under a silk top hat. He wore a blue tweed frock coat, black trousers, and black boots, but his usually immaculate appearance was disheveled. His hair hung lankly in his eyes, and there was a smear of dirt across his cheek. His clothes were wrinkled and creased as if he had slept in them. "Jessamine," he said, relief evident in his tone. "My darling." He opened his arms.

She came forward slowly, her whole body tensed. She did not want Nate touching her, but she could see no way to avoid his embrace. His arms went around her. His hand caught the brim of her hat and pulled it free, letting her fair curls tumble down her back. She thought of Will pulling the pins from her hair, and her stomach involuntarily tightened.

"I need to know where the Magister is," she began in a shaking voice. "It's terribly important. I overheard some of the Shadowhunters' plans, you see. I know you didn't wish to tell me, but . . ."

He pushed her hair back, ignoring her words. "I see," he said, and his voice was deep and husky. "But first—" He tipped her head up with a finger under her chin. "Come and kiss me, sweet-and-twenty."

Tessa wished he wouldn't quote Shakespeare. She'd never be able to hear that sonnet again without wanting to be sick. Every nerve in her body wanted to leap screaming through her skin in

revulsion as he leaned toward her. She prayed for the others to burst in as she let him tilt her head up, up—

Nate began to laugh. With a jerk of his wrist, he sent her hat sailing into the shadows; his fingers tightened on her chin, the nails digging in. “My apologies for my impetuous behavior,” he said. “I couldn’t help but be curious to see how far you’d go to protect your Shadowhunter friends . . . little sister.”



“*Nate.*” Tessa tried to jerk backward, out of his grasp, but his grip on her was too strong. His other hand shot out like a snake, spinning her around, pinning her against him with his forearm across her throat. His breath was hot against her ear. He smelled sour, like old gin and sweat.

“Did you really think I didn’t know?” he spat. “After that note arrived at Benedict’s ball, sending me off on that wild goose chase to Vauxhall, I realized. It all made sense. I should have known it was you from the beginning. Stupid little girl.”

“Stupid?” she hissed. “I got you to spill your secrets, Nate. You told me everything. Did Mortmain find out? Is that why you look like you haven’t slept in days?”

He jerked his arm tighter around her, making her gasp with pain. “You couldn’t leave well enough alone. You had to pry into my business. Delighted to see me brought low, are you? What kind of sister does that make you, Tessie?”

“You would have killed me if you had the chance. There is no game you can play, nothing you can say to make me think I’ve betrayed you, Nate. You earned every bit of it. Allying yourself with Mortmain—”

He shook her, hard enough to make her teeth rattle. “As if my alliances are any of your business. I was doing well for myself until you and your Nephilim friends came and meddled. Now the Magister wants my head on a block. Your fault. All your fault. I was almost in despair, till I got that ridiculous note from Jessamine. I knew you were behind it, of course. All the trouble

you must have gone through too, torturing her to get her to write me that ridiculous missive—”

“We didn’t torture her,” Tessa ground out. She struggled, but Nate only held her more tightly, the buttons on his waistcoat digging into her back. “She wanted to do it. She wanted to save her own skin.”

“I don’t believe you.” The hand that wasn’t across her throat gripped her chin; his nails dug in, and she yelped with pain. “She loves me.”

“No one could love you,” Tessa spat. “You’re my brother—I loved you—and you have killed even that.”

Nate leaned forward and growled, “*I am not your brother.*”

“Very well, my half brother, if you must have it—”

“You’re not my sister. Not even by half.” He said the words with a cruel pleasure. “Your mother and my mother were not the same woman.”

“That’s not possible,” Tessa whispered. “You’re lying. Our mother was Elizabeth Gray—”

“*Your* mother was Elizabeth Gray, born Elizabeth Moore,” said Nate. “*Mine* was Harriet Moore.”

“*Aunt Harriet?*”

“She was engaged once. Did you know that? After our parents—your parents—were married. The man died before the wedding could take place. But she was already with child. Your mother raised the baby as hers to spare her sister the shame of the world knowing she had consummated her marriage before it had taken place. That she was a whore.” His voice was as bitter as poison. “I’m not your brother, and I never was. Harriet—she never told me she was my mother. I found out from your mother’s letters. All those years, and she never said a word. She was too ashamed.”

“You killed her,” Tessa said numbly. “Your own mother.”

“*Because* she was my mother. *Because* she’d disowned me. *Because* she was ashamed of me. *Because* I’ll never know who my father was. *Because* she was a whore.” Nate’s voice was empty.

Nate had always been empty. He had never been anything but a pretty shell, and Tessa and her aunt had dreamed into him empathy and compassion and sympathetic weakness because they had wanted to see it there, not because it was.

“Why did you tell Jessamine that my mother was a Shadowhunter?” Tessa demanded. “Even if Aunt Harriet was your mother, she and my mother were sisters. Aunt Harriet would have been a Shadowhunter, too, and so would you. Why tell such a ridiculous lie?”

He smirked. “Wouldn’t you like to know?” His grip tightened on her neck, choking her. She gasped and thought suddenly of Gabriel, saying, *Aim your kicks at the kneecaps; the pain is agonizing.*

She kicked up and backward, the heel of her boot colliding with Nate’s knee, making a dull cracking sound. Nate yelled, and his leg went out from under him. He kept his grip on Tessa as he fell, rolling so that his elbow jammed into her stomach as they tumbled to the ground together. She gasped, the air punched from her lungs, her eyes filling with tears.

She kicked out at him again, trying to scramble backward, and caught him a glancing blow on the shoulder, but he lunged at her, seizing her by the waistcoat. The buttons popped off it in a rain as he dragged her toward him; his other hand gripped her hair as she flailed out at him, raking her nails down his cheek. The blood that sprang immediately to the surface was a savagely satisfying sight.

“Let me go,” she panted. “You can’t kill me. The Magister wants me alive—”

“‘Alive’ is not ‘unhurt,’” Nate snarled, blood running down his face and off his chin. He knotted his hand in her hair and dragged her toward him; she screamed at the pain and lashed out with her boots, but he was nimble, dodging her flailing feet. Panting, she sent up a silent call: *Jem, Will, Charlotte, Henry—where are you?*

“Wondering where your friends are?” He hauled her to her feet, one hand in her hair, the other fisted in the back of her shirt. “Well, here’s one of them, at least.”

A grinding noise alerted Tessa to a movement in the shadows. Nate dragged her head around by the hair, shaking her. “Look,” he spat. “It’s time you knew what you are up against.”

Tessa stared. The thing that emerged from the shadows was gigantic—twenty feet tall, she guessed, made of iron. There was barely any jointure. It appeared to move as one single fluid mechanism, seamless and almost featureless. Its bottom half did split into legs, each one ending in a foot tipped with metal spikes. Its arms were the same, finishing in clawlike hands, and its head was a smooth oval broken only by a wide jagged-toothed mouth like a crack in an egg. A pair of twisting silvery horns spiraled up from its “head.” A thin line of blue fire crackled between them.

In its enormous hands it carried a limp body, dressed in gear. Against the bulk of the gigantic automaton, she looked even smaller than ever.

“Charlotte!” Tessa screamed. She redoubled her attempts to get away from Nate, whipping her head to the side. Some of her hair tore free and fluttered to the ground—Jessamine’s fair hair, stained now with blood. Nate retaliated by slapping her hard enough that she saw stars; when she sagged, he caught her around the throat, the buttons on his cuffs digging into her windpipe.

Nate chuckled. “A prototype,” he said. “Abandoned by the Magister. Too large and cumbersome for his purposes. But not for mine.” He raised his voice. “Drop her.”

The automaton’s metal hands opened. Charlotte tumbled free and struck the ground with a sickening thump. She lay unmoving. From this distance Tessa could not tell if her chest was rising and falling or not.

“Now crush her,” said Nate.

Ponderously the thing raised its spiked metal foot. Tessa clawed at Nate’s forearms, ripping his skin with her nails.

“*Charlotte!*” For a moment Tessa thought the voice screaming was her own, but it was too low-pitched for that. A figure darted out from behind the automaton, a figure all in black, topped by a shock of blazing ginger hair, a thin-bladed misericord in hand.

Henry.

Without even a glance at Tessa and Nate, he launched himself at the automaton, bringing his blade down in a long curving arc. There was the clang of metal on metal. Sparks flew, and the automaton staggered back. Its foot came down, slamming into the floor, inches from Charlotte’s supine body. Henry landed, then threw himself at the creature again, slashing out with his blade.

The blade shattered. For a moment Henry simply stood and looked at it with stupid shock. Then the creature’s hand whipped forward and seized him by the arm. He shouted out as it lifted him and threw him with incredible force against one of the pillars; he struck it, crumpled, and fell to the floor, where he lay still.

Nate laughed. “*Such* a display of matrimonial devotion,” he said. “Who would have thought it? Jessamine always said she thought Branwell couldn’t stand his wife.”

“You’re a pig,” Tessa said, struggling in his grasp. “What do you know about the things people do for each other? If Jessamine were burning to death, you wouldn’t look up from your card game. You care for nothing but yourself.”

“Be quiet, or I’ll loosen your teeth for you.” Nate shook her again, and called out, “Come! Over here. You must hold her till the Magister arrives.”

With a grinding of gears the automaton moved to obey. It was not as swift as its smaller brethren, but its size was such that Tessa could not help but follow its movements with an icy fear. And that was not all. The Magister was coming. Tessa wondered if Nate had summoned him yet, if he was on his way. Mortmain. Even the memory of his cold eyes, his icy, controlling smile, made

her stomach turn. "Let me go," she cried, jerking away from her brother. "Let me go to Charlotte—"

Nate shoved her forward, hard, and she sprawled on the ground, her elbows and knees connecting with force with the hard wooden floor. She gasped and rolled sideways, under the shadow of the second-floor gallery, as the automaton lumbered toward her. She cried out—

And they leaped from the gallery above, Will and Jem, each landing on a shoulder of the creature. It roared, a sound like bellows being fed with coal, and staggered back, allowing Tessa to roll out of its path and launch herself to her feet. She glanced from Henry to Charlotte. Henry was pale and still, crumpled beside the pillar, but Charlotte, lying where the automaton had dropped her, was in imminent danger of being crushed by the rampaging machine.

Taking a deep breath, Tessa dashed across the room to Charlotte and knelt down, laying her fingers to Charlotte's throat; there was a pulse there, fluttering weakly. Putting her hands under Charlotte's arms, she began to drag her toward the wall, away from the center of the room, where the automaton was spinning and spitting sparks, reaching up with its pincer hands to claw at Jem and Will.

They were too quick for it, though. Tessa laid Charlotte down among the burlap sacks of tea and gazed across the room, trying to determine a path that might lead her to Henry. Nate was dashing back and forth, shouting and cursing at the mechanical creature; in answer Will sawed off one of its horns and threw it at Tessa's brother. It bounced across the floor, skittering and sparking, and Nate jumped back. Will laughed. Jem meanwhile was clinging on to the creature's neck, doing something that Tessa could not see. The creature itself was turning in circles, but it had been designed for reaching out and grabbing what was in front of it, and its "arms" did not bend properly. It could not reach what clung to the back of its neck and head.

Tessa almost wanted to laugh. Will and Jem were like mice scurrying up and down the body of a cat, driving it to distraction. But hack and slash as they might at the metal creature with their blades, they were inflicting few injuries. Their blades, which she had seen shear through iron and steel as if they were paper, were leaving only dents and scratches on the surface of the mechanical creature's body.

Nate, meanwhile, was screaming and cursing. "Shake them off!" he yelled at the automaton. "Shake them off, you great metal bastard!"

The automaton paused, then shook itself violently. Will slipped, catching on to the creature's neck at the last moment to keep himself from falling. Jem was not so lucky; he stabbed forward with his sword-cane, as if he meant to drive it into the creature's body to arrest his fall, but the blade merely skidded down the creature's back. Jem fell, gracelessly, his weapon clattering, his leg bent under him.

"James!" Will shouted.

Jem dragged himself painfully to his feet. He reached for the stele at his belt, but the creature, sensing weakness, was already on him, reaching out its clawed hands. Jem took several staggering steps backward and fumbled something out of his pocket. It was smooth, oblong, metallic—the object Henry had given him in the library.

He reached back a hand to throw it—and Nate was behind him suddenly, kicking out at his injured, likely broken, leg. Jem didn't make a sound, but the leg went out from under him with a snapping noise and he hit the ground for a second time, the object rolling from his hand.

Tessa scrambled to her feet and ran for it just as Nate did the same. They collided, his greater weight and height bearing her to the floor. She rolled as she fell, as Gabriel had taught her to, to absorb the impact, though the shock still left her breathless. She reached for the device with shaking fingers, but it skittered away from her. She could hear Will screaming her name, calling to her

to throw it to him. She stretched her hand out farther, her fingers closing around the device—and then Nate seized her by one leg and dragged her back toward him, mercilessly.

He is bigger than I am, she thought. Stronger than I am. More ruthless than I am. But there is one thing I can do that he cannot.

She Changed.

She reached out with her mind for the grip of his hand on her ankle, his skin touching her own. She reached out for the intrinsic, inborn *Nate* that she had always known, that spark inside him that flickered the way it did inside everyone, like a candle in a dark room. She heard him suck in his breath, and then the Change took her, rippling her skin, melting her bones. The buttons at her collar and cuffs snapped as she grew in size, convulsions thrashing through her limbs, ripping her leg free of Nate's grasp. She rolled away from her brother, staggering to her feet, and saw his eyes widen as he looked at her.

She was now, other than her clothes, an exact mirror image of himself.

She whirled on the automaton. It was frozen, waiting for instructions, Will still clinging to its back. He raised his hand, and Tessa threw the device, silently thanking Gabriel and Gideon for the hours of knife throwing instruction. It flew through the air in a perfect arc, and Will caught it out of the sky.

Nate was on his feet. "Tessa," he snarled. "What in the bloody hell do you possibly think you're—"

"Seize him!" she shouted at the automaton, pointing at Nate. "Catch him and hold him!"

The creature did not move. Tessa could hear nothing but Nate's harsh breathing beside her, and the sound of clanking from the metal creature; Will had vanished behind it and was doing something, though she could not see what.

"Tessa, you're a fool," Nate hissed. "This cannot work. The creature is obedient only to—"

"I am Nathaniel Gray!" Tessa shouted up at the metal giant. "And I order you in the name of the Magister to *seize this man*

and hold him!”

Nate whirled on her. “Enough of your games, you stupid little —”

His words were cut off suddenly as the automaton bent and seized him in its pincer grasp. It lifted him up, up, level with its slash of a mouth clicking and whirring inquisitively. Nate began to scream, and kept screaming, witlessly, his arms flailing as Will, finished with whatever he was doing, dropped to the ground in a crouch. He shouted something at Tessa, his blue eyes wide and wild, but she couldn't hear him over her brother's screams. Her heart was slamming against her chest; she felt her hair tumble down, hitting her shoulders with a soft, heavy weight. She was herself again, the shock of what was happening too great for her to hold on to the Change. Nate was still screaming—the thing had him in a terrible pincer grip. Will had begun to run, just as the creature, staring at Tessa, reared up with a roar—and Will struck her, knocking her to the ground and covering her with his body as the automaton blew apart like an exploding star.

The cacaphony of bursting, clattering metal was incredible. Tessa tried to cover her ears, but Will's body was pinning her firmly to the ground. His elbows dug into the floor on either side of her head. She felt his breath on the back of her neck, the pounding of his heart against her spine. She heard her brother cry out, a terrible gurgling cry. She turned her head, pressing her face into Will's shoulder as his body jerked against hers; the floor shuddered beneath them—

And it was over. Slowly Tessa opened her eyes. The air was cloudy with plaster dust and floating splinters and tea from torn burlap sacks. Huge chunks of metal lay scattered haphazardly about the floor, and several of the windows had burst open, letting in foggy evening light. Tessa's glance darted about the room. She saw Henry, cradling Charlotte, kissing her pale face as she gazed up at him; Jem, struggling to his feet, stele in hand and plaster dust coating his clothes and hair—and Nate.

At first she thought he was leaning against one of the pillars. Then she saw the spreading red stain across his shirt, and realized. A jagged chunk of metal had gone through him like a spear, pinning him upright to the pillar. His head was down, his hands clawing weakly at his chest.

“Nate!” she screamed. Will rolled sideways, freeing her, and she was on her feet in seconds, racing across the room to her brother. Her hands were shaking with horror and revulsion, but she managed to close them around the metal spear in his chest and pull it free. She threw it aside and barely succeeded in catching him as he slumped forward, his sudden dead weight bearing her to the ground. Somehow she found herself on the ground, Nate’s limp body stretched awkwardly across her lap.

A memory rose in her mind—her crouching on the floor at de Quincey’s town house, holding Nate in her arms. She had loved him then. Trusted him. Now, as she held him and his blood soaked into her shirt and trousers, she felt as if she were watching actors on a stage, playing parts, acting out grief.

“Nate,” she whispered.

His eyes fluttered open. A pang of shock went through her. She had thought he was already dead.

“Tessie . . .” His voice sounded thick, as if it were coming through layers of water. His eyes roamed her face, then the blood on her clothes, and then, finally, came to rest on his own chest, where blood pumped steadily through a massive rent in his shirt. Tessa shrugged off her jacket, wadded it up, and pressed it hard against the wound, praying it would be enough to make the blood stop.

It wasn’t. The jacket was soaked through instantly, thin wet streams of blood running down Nate’s sides. “Oh, God,” Tessa whispered. She raised her voice. “Will—”

“Don’t.” Nate’s hand seized her wrist, his nails digging in.

“But, Nate—”

“I’m dying. I know.” He coughed, a loose, wet, rattling sound. “Don’t you understand? I’ve failed the Magister. He’ll kill me

anyway. And he'll make it slow." He made a hoarse, impatient noise. "Leave it, Tessie. I'm not being noble. You know I'm not that."

She took a ragged breath. "I should leave you here to die alone in your own blood. That's what you'd do if it were me."

"Tessie—" A stream of blood spilled from the corner of his mouth. "The Magister was never going to hurt you."

"Mortmain," she whispered. "Nate, where is he? Please. Tell me where he is."

"He—" Nate choked, heaving in a breath. A bubble of blood appeared on his lips. The jacket in Tessa's hand was a sodden rag. His eyes went wide, starkly terrified. "Tessie . . . I—I'm dying. I'm really dying—"

Questions still exploded through her head. *Where is Mortmain? How could my mother be a Shadowhunter? If my father was a demon, how is it that I am still alive when all the offspring of Shadowhunters and demons are stillborn?* But the terror in Nate's eyes silenced her; despite everything, she found her hand slipping into his. "There's nothing to be afraid of, Nate."

"Not for you, maybe. You were always—the good one. I'm going to burn, Tessie. Tessie, where's your angel?"

She put her hand to her throat, a reflexive gesture. "I couldn't wear it. I was pretending to be Jessamine."

"You—must—wear it." He coughed. More blood. "Wear it always. You swear?"

She shook her head. "Nate . . ." *I can't trust you, Nate.*

"I know." His voice was a bare rattle. "There's no forgiveness for—the kinds of things I've had to do."

She tightened her grip on his hand, her fingers slippery with his blood. "I forgive you," she whispered, not knowing, or caring, if it was true.

His blue eyes widened. His face had gone the color of old yellow parchment, his lips almost white. "*You don't know everything I've done, Tessie.*"

She leaned over him anxiously. "Nate?"

But there was no reply. His face went slack, his eyes wide, half-rolled-back in his head. His hand slid out of hers and struck the floor.

“Nate,” she said again, and put her fingers to the place where his pulse should have beat in his throat, already knowing what she would find.

There was nothing. He was dead.



Tessa stood up. Her torn waistcoat, her trousers, her shirt, even the ends of her hair, were soaked with Nate’s blood. She felt as numb as if she had been dipped in ice-cold water. She turned, slowly, only now, and for the first time, wondering if the others had been watching her, overhearing her conversation with Nate, wondering—

They weren’t even looking in her direction. They were kneeling—Charlotte, Jem, and Henry—in a loose circle around a dark shape on the floor, just where she had been lying before, with Will on top of her.

Will.

Tessa had had dreams before in which she’d been walking down a long, darkened corridor toward something dreadful—something she could not see but knew was terrifying and deadly. In the dreams, with each step, the corridor had gotten longer, stretching farther into darkness and horror. That same feeling of dread and helplessness overwhelmed her now as she moved forward, each step feeling like a mile, until she had joined the circle of kneeling Shadowhunters and was looking down at Will.

He lay on his side. His face was white, his breathing shallow. Jem had one hand on his shoulder and was speaking to him in a low, soothing voice, but Will gave no sign of being able to hear him. Blood had pooled under him, smearing the floor, and for a moment Tessa just stared, unable to fathom where it had come from. Then she moved closer and saw his back. His gear had been shredded all along his spine and shoulder blades, the thick

material torn by flying shards of razored metal. His skin swam with blood; his hair was soaked with it.

“Will,” Tessa whispered. She felt peculiarly dizzy, as if she were floating.

Charlotte looked up. “Tessa,” she said. “Your brother . . .”

“He’s dead,” Tessa said through her daze. “But Will—?”

“He knocked you down and covered you to protect you from the explosion,” Jem said. There was no blame in his voice. “But there was nothing to protect him. You two were the closest to the blast. The metal fragments shredded his back. He’s losing blood quickly.”

“But isn’t there anything you can do?” Tessa’s voice rose, even as dizziness threatened to envelop her. “What about your healing runes? The *iratzes*?”

“We used an *amissio*, a rune that slows blood loss, but if we attempt a healing rune, his skin will heal over the metal, driving it farther into the soft tissue,” said Henry flatly. “We need to get him back home to the infirmary. The metal must be removed before he can be healed.”

“Then, we must go.” Tessa’s voice was shaking. “We must—”

“Tessa,” said Jem. He still had his hand on Will’s shoulder, but he was looking at her, his eyes wide. “Did you know you’re hurt?”

She gestured impatiently at her shirt. “This isn’t my blood. This is Nate’s. Now we must—Can he be carried? Is there anything—”

“No,” Jem interrupted, sharply enough to surprise her. “Not the blood on your clothes. You’ve a gash on your head. Here.” He touched his temple.

“Don’t be ridiculous,” Tessa said. “I’m perfectly all right.” She put her hand up to touch her temple—and felt her hair, thick and stiff with blood, and the side of her face sticky with it, before her fingertips touched the ragged flap of torn skin that ran from the corner of her cheek to her temple. A searing bolt of pain shot through her head.

It was the last straw. Already weak from blood loss and dizzy from repeated shocks, she felt herself begin to crumple. She

barely felt Jem's arms go around her as she fell into the darkness.

IN DREAMS

*Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again.
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.*
—Matthew Arnold, “Longing”

Consciousness came and went in a hypnotic rhythm, like the sea appearing and disappearing on the deck of a boat in a storm. Tessa knew she lay in a bed with crisp white sheets in the center of a long room; that there were other beds, all the same, in the room; and that there were windows high above her letting in shadows and then the bloody light of dawn. She closed her eyes against it, and the darkness came again.



She woke to whispering voices, and faces hovering over her, anxious. Charlotte, her hair knotted back neatly, still in her gear, and beside her Brother Enoch. His scarred face was no longer a terror. She could hear his voice in her mind. *The wound to her head is superficial.*

“But she fainted,” said Charlotte. To Tessa’s surprise there was real fear in her voice, real anxiety. “With a blow to the head—”

She fainted from repeated shocks. Her brother died in her arms, you said? And she may have thought Will was dead as well. You said

he covered her with his body when the explosion occurred. If he had died, he would have given his life for her. That is quite a burden to bear.

“But you do think she’ll be well again?”

When her body and spirit have rested, she will wake. I cannot say when that will be.

“My poor Tessa.” Charlotte touched Tessa’s face lightly. Her hands smelled of lemon soap. “She has no one in the world at all now. . . .”



The darkness returned, and Tessa fell into it, grateful for the respite from light and thought. She wrapped herself in it like a blanket and let herself float, like the icebergs off the coast of Labrador, cradled in the moonlight by icy black water.



A guttural cry of pain cut through her dream of darkness. She was curled on her side in a tangle of sheets, and a few beds away from her lay Will, on his stomach. She realized, though in her state of numbness it was only a faint shock, that he was probably naked; the sheets had been drawn up to his waist, but his back and chest were bare. His arms were folded on the pillows in front of him, his head resting on them, his body tensed like a bowstring. Blood spotted the white sheets beneath him.

Brother Enoch stood at one side of his bed, and beside him Jem, at Will’s head, wearing an anxious expression. “Will,” Jem said urgently. “Will, are you sure you won’t have another pain-killing rune?”

“No—more,” Will ground out, between his teeth. “Just—get it over with.”

Brother Enoch raised what looked like a wickedly sharp pair of silver tweezers. Will gulped and buried his head in his arms, his dark hair startling against the white of the sheets. Jem shuddered as if the pain were his own as the tweezers dug deep into Will’s back and his body tautened on the bed, muscles tensing under

the skin, his cry of agony short and muffled. Brother Enoch drew back the tool, a blood-smeared shard of metal gripped in its teeth.

Jem slid his hand into Will's. "Grip my fingers. It will help the pain. There are only a few more."

"Easy—for you to say," Will gasped, but the touch of his *parabatai's* hand seemed to relax him slightly. He was arched up off the bed, his elbows digging into the mattress, his breath coming in short pants. Tessa knew she ought to look away, but she couldn't. She realized she had never seen so much of a boy's body before, not even Jem's. She found herself fascinated by the way the lean muscle slid under Will's smooth skin, the flex and swell of his arms, the hard, flat stomach convulsing as he breathed.

The tweezers flashed again, and Will's hand bore down on Jem's, both their fingers whitening. Blood welled and spilled down his bare side. He made no sound, though Jem looked sick and pale. He moved his hand as if to touch Will's shoulder, then drew it back, biting down on his lip.

All this because Will covered my body with his to protect me, Tessa thought. As Brother Enoch had said, it was a burden to bear indeed.

She lay on her narrow bed in her old room in the New York flat. Through the window she could see gray sky, the rooftops of Manhattan. One of her aunt's colorful patchwork quilts was on the bed, and she clutched it to her as the door opened and her aunt herself came in.

Knowing what she knew now, Tessa could see the resemblance. Aunt Harriet had blue eyes, faded fair hair; even the shape of her face was like Nate's. With a smile she came and bent over Tessa, putting a hand on her forehead, cool against Tessa's hot skin.

"I'm so sorry," Tessa whispered. "About Nate. It's my fault he's dead."

"Hush," her aunt said. "It isn't your fault. It is his and mine. I always felt such guilt, you see, Tessa. Knowing I was his mother but

not being able to bear telling him. I let him get away with anything he wanted, until he was spoiled beyond saving. If I had told him that I was really his mother, he would not have felt so betrayed when he discovered the truth, and would not have turned against us. Lies and secrets, Tessa, they are like a cancer in the soul. They eat away what is good and leave only destruction behind."

"I miss you so much," Tessa said. "I have no family now. . . ."

Her aunt leaned forward to kiss her on the forehead. "You have more family than you think."



"We will almost certainly forfeit the Institute now," said Charlotte. She did not sound brokenhearted, but distant and detached. Tessa was hovering like a ghost over the infirmary, looking down at where Charlotte stood with Jem at the foot of Tessa's own bed. Tessa could see herself, asleep, her dark hair spread like a fan across her pillows. Will lay asleep a few beds over, his back striped with bandages, an *iratze* black against the back of his neck. Sophie, in her white cap and dark dress, was dusting the windowsills. "We have lost Nathaniel Gray as a source, one of our own has turned out to be a spy, and we are no closer to finding Mortmain than we were a fortnight ago."

"After all that we have done, have learned? The Clave will understand—"

"They will not. They are already at the end of their tether where I am concerned. I might as well march over to Benedict Lightwood's house and make over the Institute paperwork in his name. Have done with it."

"What does Henry say about all this?" asked Jem. He was no longer in gear, and neither was Charlotte; he wore a white shirt and brown cloth trousers, and Charlotte was in one of her drab dark dresses. As Jem turned his hand over, though, Tessa saw that it was still spotted with Will's dried blood.

Charlotte snorted in an unladylike manner. "Oh, Henry," she said, sounding exhausted. "I think he's just so shocked that one of his devices actually worked that he doesn't know what to do

with himself. And he can't bear to come in here. He thinks it's his fault that Will and Tessa are hurt."

"Without that device we might all be dead, and Tessa in the hands of the Magister."

"You are welcome to explain that to Henry. I have given up the attempt."

"Charlotte . . ." Jem's voice was soft. "I know what people say. I know you've heard the cruel gossip. But Henry does love you. When he thought you were hurt, at the tea warehouse, he went almost mad. He threw himself against that machine—"

"James." Charlotte clumsily patted Jem's shoulder. "I do appreciate your attempt to console me, but falsehoods never do anyone any good in the end. I long ago accepted that Henry loves his inventions first, and me second—if at all."

"Charlotte," Jem said wearily, but before he could say another word, Sophie had moved to stand beside them, dust cloth in hand.

"Mrs. Branwell," she said in a low voice. "If I might speak to you for just a moment."

Charlotte looked surprised. "Sophie . . ."

"Please, ma'am."

Charlotte placed a hand on Jem's shoulder, said something softly into his ear, and then nodded toward Sophie. "Very well. Come with me to the drawing room."

As Charlotte left the room with Sophie, Tessa realized to her surprise that Sophie was actually taller than her mistress. Charlotte's presence was such that one often forgot how very small she was. And Sophie was as tall as Tessa herself, as slender as a willow. Tessa saw her again in her mind with Gideon Lightwood, pressed up against the corridor wall, and Tessa worried.

As the door closed behind the two women, Jem leaned forward, his arms crossed over the foot of Tessa's brass bed. He was looking at her, smiling a little, though crookedly, his hands

hanging loose—dried blood across the knuckles, and under the nails.

“Tessa, my Tessa,” he said in his soft voice, as lulling as his violin. “I know you cannot hear me. Brother Enoch says you’re not hurt badly. I can’t say I find that enough to comfort me. It’s rather like when Will assures me that we’re only a little bit lost somewhere. I know it means we won’t be seeing a familiar street again for hours.”

He dropped his voice, so low that Tessa wasn’t sure if what he said next was real or part of the dream darkness rising to claim her, though she fought against it.

“I’ve never minded it,” he went on. “Being lost, that is. I had always thought one could not be truly lost if one knew one’s own heart. But I fear I may be lost without knowing yours.” He closed his eyes as if he were bone-weary, and she saw how thin his eyelids were, like parchment paper, and how tired he looked. “*Wo ai ni, Tessa,*” he whispered. “*Wo bu xiang shi qu ni.*”

She knew, without knowing how she knew, what the words meant.

I love you.

And I don’t want to lose you.

I don’t want to lose you, either, she wanted to say, but the words wouldn’t come. Lassitude rose up instead, in a dark wave, and covered her in silence.

Darkness.

It was dark in the cell, and Tessa was conscious first of a feeling of great loneliness and terror. Jessamine lay in the narrow bed, her fair hair hanging in lank ropes over her shoulders. Tessa both hovered over her and felt somehow as if she were touching her mind. She could feel a great aching sense of loss. Somehow Jessamine knew that Nate was dead. Before, when Tessa had tried to touch the other girl’s mind, she had met resistance, but now she felt only a growing sadness, like the stain of a drop of black ink spreading through water.

Jessie’s brown eyes were open, staring up into the darkness. I have nothing. The words were as clear as a bell in Tessa’s mind. I chose

Nate over the Shadowhunters, and now he is dead, and Mortmain will want me dead as well, and Charlotte despises me. I have gambled and lost everything.

As Tessa watched, Jessamine reached up and drew a small cord from her neck over her head. At the end of the cord was a gold ring with a glittering white stone—a diamond. Claspng it between her fingers, she began to use the diamond to scratch letters into the stone wall.

JG.

Jessamine Gray.

There might have been more to the message, but Tessa would never find out; as Jessamine pressed down on the gemstone, it shattered, and her hand slammed against the wall, scraping her knuckles.

Tessa did not need to touch Jessamine’s mind to know what she was thinking. Even the diamond had not been real. With a low cry Jessamine rolled over and buried her face in the rough blankets of the bed.



When Tessa woke again, it was dark. Faint starlight streamed through the high infirmary windows, and there was a witch-light lamp lit on the table near her bed. Beside it was a cup of tisane, steam rising from it, and a small plate of biscuits. She rose to a sitting position, about to reach for the cup—and froze.

Will was seated on the bed beside hers, wearing a loose shirt and trousers and a black dressing gown. His skin was pale in the starlight, but even the light’s dimness couldn’t wash out the blue of his eyes. “Will,” she said, startled, “what are you doing awake?” Had he been watching her *sleep*, she wondered? But what an odd and un-Will-like thing to do.

“I brought you a tisane,” he said, a little stiffly. “But you sounded as if you were having a nightmare.”

“Did I? I don’t even remember what I dreamed.” She drew the covers up over herself, though her modest nightgown more than covered her. “I thought I had been escaping into sleep—that real

life was the nightmare and that sleep was where I could find peace.”

Will picked up the mug and moved to sit beside her on the bed. “Here. Drink this.”

She took the cup from him obediently. The tisane had a bitter but appealing taste, like the zest of a lemon. “What will it do?” she asked.

“Calm you,” said Will.

She looked at him, the taste of lemon in her mouth. There seemed a haze across her vision; seen through it, Will looked like something out of a dream. “How are your injuries? Are you in pain?”

He shook his head. “Once all the metal was out, they were able to use an *iratze* on me,” he said. “The wounds are not completely healed, but they are healing. By tomorrow they will be scars.”

“I am jealous.” She took another sip of the tisane. It was beginning to make her feel light-headed. She touched the bandage across her forehead. “I believe it will be a good while before this comes off.”

“In the meantime you can enjoy looking like a pirate.”

She laughed, but it was shaky. Will was close enough to her that she could feel the heat emanating from his body. He was furnace-hot. “Do you have a fever?” she asked before she could stop herself.

“The *iratze* raises our body temperatures. It’s part of the healing process.”

“Oh,” she said. Having him so close to her was sending little shivers through her nerves, but she felt too light-headed to draw away.

“I am sorry about your brother,” he said softly, his breath stirring her hair.

“You couldn’t be.” She spoke bitterly. “I know you think he deserved what he got. He probably did.”

“My sister died. She died, and there was nothing I could do about it,” he said, and there was raw grief in his voice. “I *am* sorry

about your brother.”

She looked up at him. His eyes, wide and blue, that perfect face, the bow-shape of his mouth, turned down at the corners in concern. Concern for *her*. Her skin felt hot and tight, her head light and airy, as if she were floating. “Will,” she whispered. “Will, I feel very odd.”

Will leaned across her to put the mug down on the table, and his shoulder brushed hers. “Do you want me to get Charlotte?”

She shook her head. She was dreaming. She was nearly sure of it now; she had the same feeling of being in her body and yet not in it as she had had when she was dreaming of Jessamine. The knowledge that it was a dream made her bolder. Will was still leaning forward, his arm extended; she curled against him, her head on his shoulder, closing her eyes. She felt him jerk with surprise.

“Did I hurt you?” she whispered, belatedly remembering his back.

“I don’t care,” he said fervently. “I don’t care.” His arms went around her, and he held her; she rested her cheek against the warm juncture of his neck and shoulder. She heard the echo of his pulse and smelled the scent of him, blood and sweat and soap and magic. It was not like it had been on the balcony, all fire and desire. He held her carefully, laying his cheek against her hair. He was shaking, even as his chest rose and fell, even as he hesitantly slid his fingers beneath her chin, lifting her face . . .

“Will,” Tessa said. “It’s all right. It doesn’t matter what you do. We’re dreaming, you know.”

“Tess?” Will sounded alarmed. His arms tightened about her. She felt warm and soft and dizzy. If only Will really were like this, she thought, not just in dreams. The bed rolled under her like a boat set adrift on the sea. She closed her eyes and let the darkness take her.



The night air was cold, the fog thick and yellowish-green under the intermittent pools of gaslight as Will made his way down

King's Road. The address Magnus had given him was on Cheyne Walk, down near the Chelsea Embankment, and Will could already smell the familiar scent of the river, silt and water and dirt and rot.

He had been trying to keep his heart from beating its way out of his chest ever since he had found Magnus's note, neatly folded on a tray on the table beside his bed. It had said nothing beyond a curtly scrawled address: *16 Cheyne Walk*. Will was familiar with the Walk and the area around it. Chelsea, near the river, was a popular haunt for artists and literary types, and the windows of the public houses he passed glowed with welcoming yellow light.

He drew his coat around him as he turned a corner, making his way south. His back and legs still ached from the injuries he had sustained, despite the *iratzes*; he was sore, as if he'd been stung by dozens of bees. And yet he hardly felt it. His mind was full of possibilities. What had Magnus discovered? Surely he would not summon Will if there were no reason? And his body was full of Tessa, the feel and scent of her. Strangely, what pierced his heart and mind most sharply was not the memory of her lips under his at the ball, but the way she had leaned into him tonight, her head on his shoulder, her breath soft against his neck, as if she trusted him utterly. He would have given everything he had in the world and everything he would ever have, just to lie beside her in the narrow infirmary bed and hold her while she slept. Pulling away from her had been like pulling his own skin off, but he'd had to do it.

The way he always had to. The way he always had to deny himself what he wanted.

But maybe—after tonight—

He cut the thought off before it bloomed in his mind. Better not to think about it; better not to hope and be disappointed. He looked around. He was on Cheyne Walk now, with its fine houses with their Georgian fronts. He stopped in front of number 16. It was tall, with a wrought iron fence about it and a prominent bay window. Set into the fence was an ornately worked gate; it was

open, and he slipped inside and made his way up to the front door, where he rang the bell.

To his great surprise it was opened not by a footman but by Woolsey Scott, his blond hair in tangles to his shoulders. He wore a dark green dressing gown of Chinese brocade over a pair of dark trousers and a bare chest. A gold-rimmed monocle perched in one eye. He carried a pipe in his left hand, and as he examined Will at his leisure, he exhaled, sending out a cloud of sweet-smelling, cough-inducing smoke. "Finally broken down and admitted you're in love with me, have you?" he inquired of Will. "I do enjoy these surprise midnight declarations." He leaned against the door frame and waved a languid ringed hand. "Go along, have at it."

For once Will was speechless. It was not a position he found himself in often, and he was forced to admit that he did not like it.

"Oh, leave him be, Woolsey," said a familiar voice from inside the house—Magnus, hurrying along the corridor. He was fastening his shirt cuffs as he came forward, and his hair was a thicket of mussed black tangles. "I told you Will would be coming by."

Will looked from Magnus to Woolsey. Magnus was barefoot; so was the werewolf. Woolsey had a glimmering gold chain around his neck. From it hung a pendant that said *Beati Bellicosi*, "Blessed Are the Warriors." Beneath it was an imprint of a wolf's paw. Scott noticed Will staring at it and grinned. "Like what you see?" he inquired.

"Woolsey," said Magnus.

"Your note to me *did* have something to do with demon summoning, didn't it?" Will asked, looking at Magnus. "This isn't you . . . calling in your favor, is it?"

Magnus shook his rumpled head. "No. This is business, nothing else. Woolsey's been kind enough to let me lodge with him while I decide what to do next."

"I say we go to Rome," said Scott. "I adore Rome."

“All well and fine, but first I need the use of a room. Preferably one with little or nothing in it.”

Scott removed his monocle and stared at Magnus. “And you’re going to do *what* in this room?” His tone was more than suggestive.

“Summon the demon Marbas,” said Magnus, flashing a grin.

Scott choked on his pipe smoke. “I suppose we all have our ideas about what constitutes an enjoyable evening . . .”

“Woolsey.” Magnus ran his hands through his rough black hair. “I hate to bring this up, but you do owe me. Hamburg? 1863?”

Scott threw his hands up. “Oh, very well. You may utilize my brother’s room. No one’s used it since he died. Enjoy. I’ll be in the drawing room with a glass of sherry and some rather naughty woodcuts I had imported from Romania.”

With that, he turned and padded off down the hall. Magnus gestured Will inside, and he entered gladly, the warmth of the house enveloping him like a blanket. Since there was no footman, he slid off his blue wool frock coat and draped it over his arm as Magnus watched him with a curious gaze. “Will,” he said. “I see you wasted no time after you got my note. I wasn’t expecting you until tomorrow.”

“You know what this means to me,” said Will. “Did you really think I’d delay?”

Magnus’s eyes searched his face. “You are prepared,” he said. “For this to fail? For the demon to be the incorrect one? For the summoning not to work?”

For a long moment Will could not move. He could see his own face in the mirror that hung by the door. He was horrified to see how raw he looked—as if there were no longer any wall between the world and his own heart’s desires. “No,” he said. “I am not prepared.”

Magnus shook his head. “Will . . .” He sighed. “Come with me.”

He turned with catlike grace and made his way down the hall and up the curving wooden steps. Will followed, up through the

shadowed staircase, the thick Persian stair runner muffling his footsteps. Niches set back in the walls contained polished marble statues of entwined bodies. Will looked away from them hastily, and then back. It wasn't as if Magnus seemed to be paying attention to what Will was doing, and he'd honestly never imagined two people could *get* themselves into a position like that, much less make it look artistic.

They reached the second landing, and Magnus padded off down the corridor, opening doors as he went and muttering to himself. Finally finding the correct room, he threw the door open and gestured for Will to follow him.

The bedroom of Woolsey Scott's dead brother was dark and cold, and the air smelled of dust. Automatically Will fumbled for his witchlight, but Magnus waved a dismissing hand at him, blue fire sparking from his fingertips. A fire roared up suddenly in the grate, lighting the room. It *was* furnished, though everything had been draped with white cloths—the bed, the wardrobe and dressers. As Magnus stalked through the room, rolling up his shirtsleeves and gesturing with his hands, the furniture began to slide back from the center of the room. The bed swung around and lay flat against the wall; the chairs and bureaus and washstand flew into the corners of the room.

Will whistled. Magnus grinned. "Easily impressed," Magnus said, though he sounded slightly out of breath. He knelt down in the now denuded center of the room and hastily drew a pentagram. In each point of the occult symbol, he scrawled a rune, though none were runes Will knew from the Gray Book. Magnus raised his arms and held them out over the star; he began to chant, and gashes opened up in his wrists, spilling blood into the pentagram's center. Will tensed as the blood struck the floor and began to burn with an eerie blue glow. Magnus backed out of the pentagram, still chanting, reached into his pocket, and produced the demon's tooth. As Will watched, Magnus tossed it into the now flaming center of the star.

For a moment nothing happened. Then, out of the burning heart of the fire, a dark shape began to take form. Magnus had stopped chanting; he stood, his narrowed eyes focused on the pentagram and what was happening within it, the gashes on his arms closing swiftly. There was little sound in the room, just the crackle of the fire and Will's harsh breathing, loud in his own ears, as the dark shape grew in size—coalesced, and, finally, took a solid, recognizable shape.

It was the blue demon from the party, no longer dressed in evening wear. Its body was covered in overlapping blue scales, and a long yellowish tail with a stinger on the end switched back and forth behind it. The demon looked from Magnus to Will, its scarlet eyes narrowed.

"Who summons the demon Marbas?" it demanded in a voice that sounded as if its words were echoing from the bottom of a well.

Magnus jerked his chin toward the pentagram. The message was clear: This was Will's business now.

Will took a step forward. "You don't remember me?"

"I remember you," the demon growled. *"You chased me through the grounds of the Lightwood country house. You tore out one of my teeth."* It opened its mouth, showing the gap. *"I tasted your blood."* Its voice was a hiss. *"When I escape this pentagram, I will taste it again, Nephilim."*

"No." Will stood his ground. "I'm asking you *if you remember me.*"

The demon was silent. Its eyes, dancing with fire, were unreadable.

"Five years ago," said Will. "A box. A Pyxis. I opened it, and you emerged. We were in my father's library. You attacked, but my sister fended you off with a seraph blade. *Do you recollect me now?"*

There was a long, long silence. Magnus kept his cat's eyes fixed on the demon. There was an implied threat in them, one that Will couldn't read. "Speak the truth," Magnus said finally. "Or it will go badly for you, Marbas."

The demon's head swung toward Will. "You," it said reluctantly. *"You are that boy. Edmund Herondale's son."*

Will sucked in a breath. He felt suddenly light-headed, as if he were going to pass out. He dug his nails into his palms, hard, gashing the skin, letting the pain clear his head. "You remember."

"I had been trapped for twenty years in that thing," Marbas snarled. *"Of course I remember being freed. Imagine it, if you can, idiot mortal, years of blackness, darkness, no light or movement—and then the break, the opening. And the face of the man who imprisoned you hovering just above your gaze."*

"I am not the man who imprisoned you—"

"No. That was your father. But you look just like him to my eyes." The demon smirked. *"I remember your sister. Brave girl, fending me off with that blade she could hardly use."*

"She used it well enough to keep you away from us. That's why you cursed us. Cursed *me*. Do you remember that?"

The demon chuckled. *"All who love you will find only death. Their love will be their destruction. It may take moments, it may take years, but any who look upon you with love will die of it. And I shall begin it with her."*

Will felt as if he were breathing fire. His whole chest burned. "Yes."

The demon cocked its head to the side. *"And you summoned me that we might reminisce about this shared event in our past?"*

"I called you up, you blue-skinned bastard, to get you to take the curse off me. My sister—Ella—she died that night. I left my family to keep them safe. It's been five years. It's enough. *Enough!*"

"Do not try to engage my pity, mortal," said Marbas. *"I was twenty years tortured in that box. Perhaps you too should suffer for twenty years. Or two hundred—"*

Will's whole body tensed. Before he could fling himself toward the pentagram, Magnus said, in a calm tone, "Something about this story strikes me as odd, Marbas."

The demon's eyes flicked toward him. *"And what is that?"*

“A demon, upon being let out of a Pyxis, is usually at its weakest, having been starved for as long as it was imprisoned. Too weak to cast a curse as subtle and strong as the one you claim to have cast on Will.”

The demon hissed something in a language Will didn't know, one of the more uncommon demon languages, not Cthonic or Purgatic. Magnus's eyes narrowed.

“But she died,” Will said. “Marbas said my sister would die, and she did. That night.”

Magnus's eyes were still fixed on the demon's. Some kind of battle of wills was taking place silently, outside Will's range of understanding. Finally Magnus said, softly, “Do you really wish to disobey me, Marbas? Do you wish to anger my father?”

Marbas spat a curse, and turned to Will. Its snout twitched. *“The half-caste is correct. The curse was false. Your sister died because I struck her with my stinger.”* It swished its yellowish tail back and forth, and Will remembered Ella knocked to the ground by that tail, the blade skittering from her hand. *“There has never been a curse on you, Will Herondale. Not one put there by me.”*

“No,” Will said softly. “No, it isn't possible.” He felt as if a great storm were blowing through his head; he remembered Jem's voice saying *the wall is coming down*, and he envisioned a great wall that had surrounded him, isolated him, for years, crumbling away into sand. He was free—and he was alone, and the icy wind cut through him like a knife. “No.” His voice had taken on a low, keening note. *“Magnus . . .”*

“Are you lying, Marbas?” Magnus snapped. “Do you swear on Baal that you are telling the truth?”

“I swear,” said Marbas, red eyes rolling. *“What benefit would it be to me to lie?”*

Will slid to his knees. His hands were locked across his stomach as if they were keeping his guts from spilling out. *Five years*, he thought. Five years wasted. He heard his family screaming and pounding on the doors of the Institute and himself ordering Charlotte to send them away. And they had never

known why. They had lost a daughter and a son in a matter of days, and they had never known why. And the others—Henry and Charlotte and Jem—and Tessa—and the things he had done—

Jem is my great sin.

“Will is right,” said Magnus. “Marbas, you *are* a blue-skinned bastard. *Burn and die!*”

Somewhere at the edge of Will’s vision, dark red flame soared toward the ceiling; Marbas screamed, a howl of agony cut off as swiftly as it had begun. The stench of burning demon flesh filled the room. And still Will crouched on his knees, his breath sawing in and out of his lungs. *Oh God, oh God, oh God.*

Gentle hands touched his shoulders. “Will,” Magnus said, and there was no humor in his voice, only a surprising kindness. “Will, I am sorry.”

“Everything I’ve done,” Will said. His lungs felt as if he couldn’t get enough air. “All the lying, the pushing people away, the abandonment of my family, the unforgivable things I said to Tessa—a waste. A bloody waste, and all because of a lie I was stupid enough to believe.”

“You were twelve years old. Your sister was dead. Marbas was a cunning creature. He has fooled powerful magicians, never mind a child who had no knowledge of the Shadow World.”

Will stared down at his hands. “My whole life wrecked, destroyed . . .”

“You’re seventeen,” Magnus said. “You can’t have wrecked a life you’ve barely lived. And don’t you understand what this means, Will? You’ve spent the last five years convinced that no one could possibly love you, because if they did, they would be dead. The mere fact of their continued survival proved their indifference to you. But you were wrong. Charlotte, Henry, Jem—your family—”

Will took a deep breath, and let it out. The storm in his head was ebbing slowly.

“Tessa,” he said.

“Well.” Now there was a touch of humor to Magnus’s voice. Will realized the warlock was kneeling beside him. *I am in a werewolf’s house, Will thought, with a warlock comforting me, and the ashes of a dead demon mere feet away. Who could ever have imagined?* “I can give you no assurance of what Tessa feels. If you have not noticed, she is a decidedly independent girl. But you have as much a chance to win her love as any man does, Will, and isn’t that what you wanted?” He patted Will on the shoulder and withdrew his hand, standing up, a thin dark shadow looming over Will. “If it’s any consolation, from what I observed on the balcony the other night, I do believe she rather likes you.”



Magnus watched as Will made his way down the front walk of the house. Reaching the gate, he paused, his hand on the latch, as if hesitating on the threshold of the beginning of a long and difficult journey. The moon had come out from behind the clouds and shone on his thick dark hair, the pale white of his hands.

“Very curious,” said Woolsey, appearing behind Magnus in the doorway. The warm lights of the house turned Woolsey’s dark blond hair into a pale gold tangle. He looked as if he’d been sleeping. “If I didn’t know better, I’d say you were fond of that boy.”

“Know better in what sense, Woolsey?” Magnus asked, absently, still watching Will, and the light sparking off the Thames behind him.

“He’s Nephilim,” said Woolsey. “And you’ve never cared for them. How much did he pay you to summon Marbas for him?”

“Nothing,” said Magnus, and now he was not seeing anything that was there, not the river, not Will, only a wash of memories—eyes, faces, lips, receding into memory, love that he could no longer put a name to. “He did me a favor. One he doesn’t even remember.”

“He’s very pretty,” said Woolsey. “For a human.”

“He’s very broken,” said Magnus. “Like a lovely vase that someone has smashed. Only luck and skill can put it back

together the way it was before.”

“Or magic.”

“I’ve done what I can,” Magnus said softly as Will pushed the latch, at last, and the gate swung open. He stepped out onto the Walk.

“He doesn’t look very happy,” Woolsey observed. “Whatever it was you did for him . . .”

“At the moment he is in shock,” said Magnus. “He has believed one thing for five years, and now he has realized that all this time he has been looking at the world through a faulty mechanism—that all the things he sacrificed in the name of what he thought was good and noble have been a waste, and that he has only hurt what he loved.”

“Good God,” said Woolsey. “Are you quite sure you’ve helped him?”

Will stepped through the gate, and it swung shut behind him. “Quite sure,” said Magnus. “It is always better to live the truth than to live a lie. And that lie would have kept him alone forever. He may have had nearly nothing for five years, but now he can have everything. A boy who looks like that . . .”

Woolsey chuckled.

“Though he had already given his heart away,” Magnus said. “Perhaps it is for the best. What he needs now is to love and have that love returned. He has not had an easy life for one so young. I only hope she understands.”

Even from this distance Magnus could see Will take a deep breath, square his shoulders, and set off down the Walk. And—Magnus was quite sure he was not imagining it—there seemed to be almost a spring in his step.

“You cannot save every fallen bird,” said Woolsey, leaning back against the wall and crossing his arms. “Even the handsome ones.”

“One will do,” said Magnus, and, as Will was no longer within his sight, he let the front door fall shut.

UNTIL I DIE

*My whole life long I learn'd to love.
This hour my utmost art I prove
And speak my passion—heaven or hell?
She will not give me heaven? 'Tis well!*
—Robert Browning, “One Way of Love”

“Miss. Miss!” Tessa woke slowly, Sophie shaking her shoulder. Sunlight was streaming through the windows high above. Sophie was smiling, her eyes alight. “Mrs. Branwell’s sent me to bring you back to your room. You can’t stay here forever.”

“Ugh. I wouldn’t want to!” Tessa sat up, then closed her eyes as dizziness washed through her. “You might have to help me up, Sophie,” she said in an apologetic voice. “I’m not as steady as I could be.”

“Of course, miss.” Sophie reached down and briskly helped Tessa out of the bed. Despite her slenderness, she was quite strong. She’d have to be, wouldn’t she, Tessa thought, from years of carrying heavy laundry up and down stairs, and coal from the coal scuttle to the grates. Tessa winced a bit as her feet struck the cold floor, and couldn’t help glancing over to see if Will was in his infirmary bed.

He wasn’t.

“Is Will all right?” she asked as Sophie helped her slide her feet into slippers. “I woke for a bit yesterday and saw them taking the

metal out of his back. It looked dreadful.”

Sophie snorted. “Looked worse than it was, then. Mr. Herondale barely let them *iratze* him before he left. Off into the night to do the devil knows what.”

“*Was* he? I could have sworn I spoke to him last night.” They were in the corridor now, Sophie guiding Tessa with a gentle hand on her back. Images were starting to take shape in Tessa’s head. Images of Will in the moonlight, of herself telling him that nothing mattered, it was only a dream—and it had been, hadn’t it?

“You must have dreamed it, miss.” They had reached Tessa’s room, and Sophie was distracted, trying to get the doorknob turned without letting go of Tessa.

“It’s all right, Sophie. I can stand on my own.”

Sophie protested, but Tessa insisted firmly enough that Sophie soon had the door open and was stoking the fire in the grate while Tessa sank into an armchair. There was a pot of tea and a plate of sandwiches on the table beside the bed, and she helped herself to it gratefully. She no longer felt dizzy, but she did feel tired, with a weariness that was more spiritual than physical. She remembered the bitter taste of the tisane she’d drunk, and the way it had felt to be held by Will—but that had been a dream. She wondered how much else of what she’d seen last night had been a dream—Jem whispering at the foot of her bed, Jessamine sobbing into her blankets in the Silent City . . .

“I was sorry to hear about your brother, miss.” Sophie was on her knees by the fire, the rekindling flames playing over her lovely face. Her head was bent, and Tessa could not see her scar.

“You don’t have to say that, Sophie. I know it was his fault, really, about Agatha—and Thomas—”

“But he was your brother.” Sophie’s voice was firm. “Blood mourns blood.” She bent farther over the coals, and there was something about the kindness in her voice, and the way her hair curled, dark and vulnerable, against the nape of her neck, that made Tessa say:

“Sophie, I saw you with Gideon the other day.”

Sophie stiffened immediately, all over, without turning to look at Tessa. “What do you mean, miss?”

“I came back to get my necklace,” Tessa said. “My clockwork angel. For luck. And I saw you with Gideon in the corridor.” She swallowed. “He was . . . pressing your hand. Like a suitor.”

There was a long, long silence, while Sophie stared into the flickering fire. At last she said, “Are you going to tell Mrs. Branwell?”

Tessa recoiled. “What? Sophie, no! I just—wanted to warn you.”

Sophie’s voice was flat. “Warn me against what?”

“The Lightwoods . . .” Tessa swallowed. “They are not nice people. When I was at their house—with Will—I saw dreadful things, awful—”

“That’s Mr. Lightwood, not his sons!” The sharpness in Sophie’s voice made Tessa flinch. “They’re not like him!”

“How different could they be?”

Sophie stood up, the poker clattering into the fire. “You think I’m such a fool that I’d let some half-hour gentleman make a mockery of me after all I been through? After all Mrs. Branwell’s taught me? Gideon’s a good man—”

“It’s a question of upbringing, Sophie! Can you picture him going to Benedict Lightwood and saying he wants to marry a mundane, and a parlor maid to boot? Can you see him doing that?”

Sophie’s face twisted. “You don’t know anything,” she said. “You don’t know what he’d do for us—”

“You mean the *training*?” Tessa was incredulous. “Sophie, really —”

But Sophie, shaking her head, had gathered up her skirts and stalked from the room, letting the door slam shut behind her.



Charlotte, her elbows on the desk in the drawing room, sighed and balled up her fourteenth piece of paper, and tossed it into the

fireplace. The fire sparked up for a moment, consuming the paper as it turned black and fell to ashes.

She picked up her pen, dipped it into the inkwell, and began again.

I, Charlotte Mary Branwell, daughter of Nephilim, do hereby and on this date tender my resignation as the director of the London Institute, on behalf of myself and of my husband, Henry Jocelyn Branwell—

“Charlotte?”

Her hand jerked, sending a blot of ink sprawling across the page, ruining her careful lettering. She looked up and saw Henry hovering by the desk, a worried look on his thin, freckled face. She set her pen down. She was conscious, as she always was with Henry and rarely at any other times, of her physical appearance—that her hair was escaping from its chignon, that her dress was not new and had an ink blot on the sleeve, and that her eyes were tired and puffy from weeping.

“What is it, Henry?”

Henry hesitated. “It’s just that I’ve been—Darling, what are you writing?” He came around the desk, glancing over her shoulder. “*Charlotte!*” He snatched the paper off the desk; though ink had smeared through the letters, enough of what she had written was left for him to get the gist. “Resigning from the Institute? How can you?”

“Better to resign than to have Consul Wayland come in over my head and force me out,” Charlotte said quietly.

“Don’t you mean ‘us’?” Henry looked hurt. “Should I have at least a say in this decision?”

“You’ve never taken an interest in the running of the Institute before. Why would you now?”

Henry looked as if she had slapped him, and it was all Charlotte could do not to get up and put her arms around him and kiss his freckled cheek. She remembered, when she had fallen in love with him, how she had thought he reminded her of an adorable puppy, with his hands just a bit too large for the rest

of him, his wide hazel eyes, his eager demeanor. That the mind behind those eyes was as sharp and intelligent as her own was something she had always believed, even when others had laughed at Henry's eccentricities. She had always thought it would be enough just to be near him always, and love him whether he loved her or not. But that had been before.

"Charlotte," he said now. "I know why you're angry with me."

Her chin jerked up in surprise. Could he truly be that perceptive? Despite her conversation with Brother Enoch, she had thought no one had noticed. She had barely been able to think about it herself, much less how Henry would react when he knew. "You do?"

"I wouldn't go with you to meet with Woolsey Scott."

Relief and disappointment warred in Charlotte's breast. "Henry," she sighed. "That is hardly—"

"I didn't realize," he said. "Sometimes I get so caught up in my ideas. You've always known that about me, Lottie."

Charlotte flushed. He so rarely called her that.

"I would change it if I could. Of all the people in the world, I did think you understood. You know—you know it isn't just tinkering for me. You know I want to create something that will make the world better, that will make things better for the Nephilim. Just as you do, in directing the Institute. And though I know I will always come second for you—"

"Second for *me*?" Charlotte's voice shot up to an incredulous squeak. "You come second for *me*?"

"It's all right, Lottie," Henry said with incredible gentleness. "I knew when you agreed to marry me that it was because you needed to be married to run the Institute, that no one would accept a woman alone in the position of director—"

"Henry." Charlotte rose to her feet, trembling. "How can you say such terrible things to me?"

Henry looked baffled. "I thought that was just the way it was —"

“Do you think I don’t know why you married me?” Charlotte cried. “Do you think I don’t know about the money your father owed my father, or that my father promised to forgive the debt if you’d marry me? He always wanted a boy, someone to run the Institute after him, and if he couldn’t have that, well, why not *pay* to marry his unmarried daughter—too plain, too headstrong—off to some poor boy who was just doing his duty by his family —”

“CHARLOTTE.” Henry had turned brick red. She had never seen him so angry. “WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?”

Charlotte braced herself against the desk. “You know very well,” she said. “It is why you married me, isn’t it?”

“You’ve never said a word about this to me before today!”

“Why would I? It’s nothing you didn’t know.”

“It is, actually.” Henry’s eyes were blazing. “I know nothing of my father’s owing yours anything. I went to your father in good faith and asked him if he would do me the honor of allowing me to ask for your hand in marriage. There was never any discussion of money!”

Charlotte caught her breath. In the years they had been married, she had never said a word about the circumstances of her betrothal to Henry; there had never seemed a reason, and she had never before wanted to hear any stammered denials of what she knew was true. Hadn’t her father said it to her when he had told her of Henry’s proposal? *He is a good enough man, better than his father, and you need some sort of a husband, Charlotte, if you are going to direct the Institute. I’ve forgiven his father’s debts, so that matter is closed between our families.*

Of course, he had never said, not in so many words, that that was *why* Henry had asked to marry her. She had assumed . . .

“You are not plain,” Henry said, his face still blazing. “You are beautiful. And I didn’t ask your father if I could marry you out of duty; I did it because I loved you. I’ve always loved you. I’m your *husband*.”

“I didn’t think you wanted to be,” she whispered.

Henry was shaking his head. “I know people call me eccentric. Peculiar. Even mad. All of those things. I’ve never minded. But for you to think I’d be so weak-willed—Do you even love me at all?”

“Of course I love you!” Charlotte cried. “That was never in question.”

“Wasn’t it? Do you think I don’t hear what people say? They speak about me as if I weren’t there, as if I were some sort of half-wit. I’ve heard Benedict Lightwood say enough times that you married me only so that you could pretend a man was running the Institute—”

Now it was Charlotte’s turn to be angry. “And you criticize me for thinking you weak-willed! Henry, I’d never marry you for that reason, never in a thousand years. I’d give up the Institute in a moment before I’d give up . . .”

Henry was staring at her, his hazel eyes wide, his ginger hair bristling as if he had run his hands madly through it so many times that he was in danger of pulling it out in chunks. “Before you’d give up what?”

“Before I’d give *you* up,” she said. “Don’t you know that?”

And then she said nothing else, for Henry put his arms around her and kissed her. Kissed her in such a way that she no longer felt plain, or conscious of her hair or the ink spot on her dress or anything but Henry, whom she had always loved. Tears welled up and spilled down her cheeks, and when he drew away, he touched her wet face wonderingly.

“Really,” he said. “You love me, too, Lottie?”

“Of course I do. I didn’t marry you so I’d have someone to run the Institute with, Henry. I married you because—because I knew I wouldn’t mind how difficult directing this place was, or how badly the Clave treated me, if I knew yours would be the last face I saw every night before I went to sleep.” She hit him lightly on the shoulder. “We’ve been married for years, Henry. What did you *think* I felt about you?”

He shrugged his thin shoulders and kissed the top of her head. "I thought you were fond of me," he said gruffly. "I thought you might come to love me, in time."

"That's what I thought about you," she said wonderingly. "Could we really both have been so stupid?"

"Well, I'm not surprised about *me*," said Henry. "But honestly, Charlotte, you ought to have known better."

She choked back a laugh. "Henry!" She squeezed his arms. "There's something else I have to tell you, something very important—"

The door to the drawing room banged open. It was Will. Henry and Charlotte drew apart and stared at him. He looked exhausted—pale, with dark rings about his eyes—but there was a clarity in his face Charlotte had never seen before, a sort of brilliance in his expression. She braced herself for a sarcastic remark or cold observation, but instead he just smiled happily at them.

"Henry, Charlotte," he said. "You haven't seen Tessa, have you?"

"She's likely in her room," said Charlotte, bewildered. "Will, is something the matter? Oughtn't you be resting? After the injuries you sustained—"

Will waved this away. "Your excellent *iratzes* did their work. I don't require rest. I only wish to see Tessa, and to ask you—" He broke off, staring at the letter on Charlotte's desk. With a few strides of his long legs, he had reached the desk and snatched it up, and read it with the same look of dismay Henry had worn. "Charlotte—no, you can't give up the Institute!"

"The Clave will find you another place to live," Charlotte said. "Or you may stay here until you turn eighteen, though the Lightwoods—"

"I wouldn't want to live here without you and Henry. What d'you think I stay for? The ambiance?" Will shook the piece of paper till it crackled. "I even bloody miss Jessamine—Well, a bit. And the Lightwoods will sack our servants and replace them with

their own. Charlotte, you can't let it happen. This is our home. It's Jem's home, Sophie's home."

Charlotte stared. "Will, are you sure you haven't a fever?"

"Charlotte." Will slammed the paper back down onto the desk. "I *forbid* you to resign your directorship. Do you understand? Over all these years you've done everything for me as if I were your own blood, and I've never told you I was grateful. That goes for you as well, Henry. But I am grateful, and because of it I shall not let you make this mistake."

"Will," said Charlotte. "It is over. We have only three days to find Mortmain, and we cannot possibly do so. There simply is not time."

"Hang Mortmain," said Will. "And I mean that literally, of course, but also figuratively. The two-week limit on finding Mortmain was in essence set by Benedict Lightwood as a ridiculous test. A test that, as it turns out, was a cheat. He is working for Mortmain. This test was his attempt to leverage the Institute out from under you. If we but expose Benedict for what he is—Mortmain's puppet—the Institute is yours again, and the search for Mortmain can continue."

"We have Jessamine's word that to expose Benedict is to play into Mortmain's hands—"

"We cannot do nothing," Will said firmly. "It is worth at least a conversation, don't you think?" Charlotte couldn't think of a word to say. This Will was not a Will she knew. He was firm, straightforward, intensity shining in his eyes. If Henry's silence was anything to go by, he was just as surprised. Will nodded as if taking this for agreement.

"Excellent," he said. "I'll tell Sophie to round up the others."

And he darted from the room.

Charlotte stared up at her husband, all thoughts of the news she had wished to tell him driven from her mind. "Was that *Will*?" she said finally.

Henry arched one ginger eyebrow. "Perhaps he's been kidnapped and replaced by an automaton," he suggested. "It

seems possible . . .”

For once Charlotte could only find herself in agreement.



Glumly Tessa finished the sandwiches and the rest of the tea, cursing her inability to keep her nose out of other people’s business. Once she was done, she put on her blue dress, finding the task difficult without Sophie’s assistance. *Look at yourself, she thought, spoiled after just a few weeks of having a lady’s maid. Can’t dress yourself, can’t stop nosing about where you’re not wanted. Soon you’ll be needing someone to spoon gruel into your mouth or you’ll starve.* She made a horrible face at herself in the mirror and sat down at her vanity table, picking up the silver-backed hairbrush and pulling the bristles through her long brown hair.

A knock came at the door. *Sophie*, Tessa thought hopefully, back for an apology. Well, she would get one. Tessa dropped the hairbrush and rushed to throw the door open.

Just as once before she had expected Jem and been disappointed to find Sophie on her threshold, now, in expecting Sophie, she was surprised to find Jem at her door. He wore a gray wool jacket and trousers, against which his silvery hair looked nearly white.

“Jem,” she said, startled. “Is everything all right?”

His gray eyes searched her face, her long, loose hair. “You look as if you were waiting for someone else.”

“Sophie.” Tessa sighed, and tucked a stray curl behind her ear. “I fear I have offended her. My habit of speaking before I think has caught me out again.”

“Oh,” said Jem, with an uncharacteristic lack of interest. Usually he would have asked Tessa what she had said to Sophie, and either reassured her or helped her plot a course of action to win Sophie’s forgiveness. His customary vivid interest in everything seemed oddly missing, Tessa thought with alarm; he was quite pale as well, and seemed to be glancing behind her as if checking to see whether she was quite alone. “Is now—that is, I

would like to speak to you in private, Tessa. Are you feeling well enough?”

“That depends on what you have to tell me,” she said with a laugh, but when her laugh brought no answering smile, apprehension rose inside her. “Jem—you promise everything’s all right? Will—”

“This is not about Will,” he said. “Will is out wandering and no doubt perfectly all right. This is about—Well, I suppose you might say it’s about me.” He glanced up and down the corridor. “Might I come in?”

Tessa briefly thought about what Aunt Harriet would say about a girl who allowed a boy she was not related to into her bedroom when there was no one else there. But then Aunt Harriet herself had been in love once, Tessa thought. Enough in love to let her fiancé do—well, whatever it was exactly that left one with child. Aunt Harriet, had she been alive, would have been in no position to talk. And besides, etiquette was different for Shadowhunters.

She opened the door wide. “Yes, come in.”

Jem came into the room, and shut the door firmly behind him. He walked over to the grate and leaned an arm against the mantel; then, seeming to decide that this position was unsatisfactory, he came over to where Tessa was, in the middle of the room, and stood in front of her.

“Tessa,” he said.

“Jem,” she replied, mimicking his serious tone, but again he did not smile. “Jem,” she said again, more quietly. “If this is about your health, your—illness, please tell me. I will do whatever I can to help you.”

“It is not,” he said, “about my illness.” He took a deep breath. “You know we have not found Mortmain,” he said. “In a few days, the Institute may be given to Benedict Lightwood. He would doubtless allow Will and me to remain here, but not you, and I have no desire to live in a house that he runs. And Will and Gabriel would kill each other inside a minute. It would be the end of our little group; Charlotte and Henry would find a house,

I have no doubt, and Will and I perhaps would go to Idris until we were eighteen, and Jessie—I suppose it depends what sentence the Clave passes on her. But we could not bring you to Idris with us. You are not a Shadowhunter.”

Tessa’s heart had begun to beat very fast. She sat down, rather suddenly, on the edge of her bed. She felt faintly sick. She remembered Gabriel’s sneering jibe about the Lightwoods’ finding “employment” for her; having been to the ball at their house, she could imagine little worse. “I see,” she said. “But where should I go—No, do not answer that. You hold no responsibility toward me. Thank you for telling me, at least.”

“Tessa—”

“You all have already been as kind as propriety has allowed,” she said, “given that allowing me to live here has done none of you any good in the eyes of the Clave. I shall find a place—”

“Your place is with me,” Jem said. “It always will be.”

“What do you mean?”

He flushed, the color dark against his pale skin. “I mean,” he said, “Tessa Gray, will you do me the honor of becoming my wife?”

Tessa sat bolt upright. “*Jem!*”

They stared at each other for a moment. At last he said, trying for lightness, though his voice cracked, “That was not a no, I suppose, though neither was it a yes.”

“You can’t mean it.”

“I do mean it.”

“You can’t—I’m not a Shadowhunter. They’ll expel you from the Clave—”

He took a step closer to her, his eyes eager. “You may not be precisely a Shadowhunter. But you are not a mundane either, nor provably a Downworlder. Your situation is unique, so I do not know what the Clave will do. But they cannot forbid something that is not forbidden by the Law. They will have to take your—our—individual case into consideration, and that could take months. In the meantime they cannot prevent our engagement.”

“You *are* serious.” Her mouth was dry. “Jem, such a kindness on your part is indeed incredible. It does you credit. But I cannot let you sacrifice yourself in that way for me.”

“*Sacrifice?* Tessa, I love you. I *want* to marry you.”

“I . . . Jem, it is just that you are kind, so selfless. How can I trust that you are not doing this simply for my sake?”

He reached into the pocket of his waistcoat and drew out something smooth and circular. It was a pendant of whitish-green jade, with Chinese characters carved into it that she could not read. He held it out to her with a hand that trembled ever so slightly.

“I could give you my family ring,” he said. “But that is meant to be given back when the engagement is over, exchanged for runes. I want to give you something that will be yours forever.”

She shook her head. “I cannot possibly—”

He interrupted her. “This was given to my mother by my father, when they married. The writing is from the I Ching, the Book of Changes. It says, *When two people are at one in their inmost hearts, they shatter even the strength of iron or bronze.*”

“And you think we are?” Tessa asked, shock making her voice small. “At one, that is?”

Jem knelt down at her feet, so that he was gazing up into her face. She saw him as he had been on Blackfriars Bridge, a lovely silver shadow against the darkness. “I cannot explain love,” he said. “I could not tell you if I loved you the first moment I saw you, or if it was the second or third or fourth. But I remember the first moment I looked at you walking toward me and realized that somehow the rest of the world seemed to vanish when I was with you. That you were the center of everything I did and felt and thought.”

Overwhelmed, Tessa shook her head slowly. “Jem, I never imagined—”

“There is a force and strength in love,” he said. “That is what that inscription means. It is in the Shadowhunter wedding ceremony, too. *For love is as strong as death.* Have you not seen

how much better I have been these past weeks, Tessa? I have been ill less, coughing less. I feel stronger, I need less of the drug—because of you. Because my love for you sustains me.”

Tessa stared. Was such a thing even possible, outside of fairy tales? His thin face glowed with light; it was clear he believed it, absolutely. And he *had* been better.

“You speak of sacrifice, but it is not my sacrifice I offer. It is yours I ask of you,” he went on. “I can offer you my life, but it is a short life; I can offer you my heart, though I have no idea how many more beats it shall sustain. But I love you enough to hope that you will not care that I am being selfish in trying to make the rest of my life—whatever its length—happy, by spending it with you. I want to be married to you, Tessa. I want it more than I have ever wanted anything else in my life.” He looked up at her through the veil of silvery hair that fell over his eyes. “That is,” he said shyly, “if you love me, too.”

Tessa looked down at Jem, kneeling before her with the pendant in his hands, and understood at last what people meant when they said someone’s heart was in their eyes, for Jem’s eyes, his luminous, expressive eyes that she had always found beautiful, were full of love and hope.

And why should he *not* hope? She had given him every reason to believe she loved him. Her friendship, her trust, her confidence, her gratitude, even her passion. And if there was some small locked away part of herself that had not quite given up Will, surely she owed it to herself as much as to Jem to do whatever she could to destroy it.

Very slowly she reached down and took the pendant from Jem. It slipped around her neck on a gold chain, as cool as water, and rested in the hollow of her throat above the spot where the clockwork angel lay. As she lowered her hands from its clasp, she saw the hope in his eyes light to an almost unbearable blaze of disbelieving happiness. She felt as if someone had reached inside her chest and unlocked a box that held her heart, spilling tenderness like new blood through her veins. Never had she felt

such an overwhelming urge to fiercely protect another person, to wrap her arms around someone else and curl up tightly with them, alone and away from the rest of the world.

“Then, yes,” she said. “Yes, I will marry you, James Carstairs. Yes.”

“Oh, thank God,” he said, exhaling. “Thank God.” And he buried his face in her lap, wrapping his arms around her waist. She bent over him, stroking his shoulders, his back, the silk of his hair. His heart pounded against her knees. Some small inner part of her was reeling with amazement. She had never imagined she had the power to make someone else so happy. And not a magical power either—a purely human one.

A knock came at the door; they sprang apart. Tessa hastily rose to her feet and made her way to the door, pausing to smooth down her hair—and, she hoped, calm her expression—before opening it. This time it really *was* Sophie. Though, her mutinous expression showed she had not come of her own accord. “Charlotte is summoning you to the drawing room, miss,” she said. “Master Will has returned, and she wishes to have a meeting.” She glanced past Tessa, and her expression soured further. “You, too, Master Jem.”

“Sophie—,” Tessa began, but Sophie had already turned and was hurrying away, her white cap bobbing. Tessa tightened her grip on the doorknob, looking after her. Sophie had said that she did not mind Jem’s feelings for Tessa, and Tessa knew now that Gideon was the reason why. Still . . .

She felt Jem come up behind her and slip his hands into hers. His fingers were slender; she closed her own around them, and let out her held breath. Was this what it meant to love someone? That any burden was a burden shared, that they could give you comfort with a word or a touch? She leaned her head back against his shoulder, and he kissed her temple. “We’ll tell Charlotte first, when there’s a chance,” he said, “and then the others. Once the fate of the Institute is decided . . .”

“You sound as if you don’t mind what happens to it,” said Tessa. “Won’t you miss it here? This place has been your home.”

His fingers stroked her wrist lightly, making her shiver. “You are home for me now.”

IF TREASON DOTH PROSPER

*Treason doth never prosper: what's the reason?
Why, if it prosper, none dare call it treason.*
—Sir John Harrington

Sophie was tending a blazing fire in the drawing room grate, and the room was warm, almost stuffy. Charlotte sat behind her desk, Henry in a chair beside her. Will was sprawled in one of the flowered armchairs beside the fire, a silver tea service at his elbow and a cup in his hand. When Tessa walked in, he sat upright so abruptly that some of the tea spilled on his sleeve; he set the cup down without taking his eyes off her.

He looked exhausted, as if he had been walking all night. He still wore his overcoat, of dark blue wool with a red silk lining, and the legs of his black trousers were splattered with mud. His hair was damp and tangled, his face pale, his jaw dark with the shadow of stubble. But the moment he saw Tessa, his eyes glowed like lanterns at the touch of the lamplighter's match. His whole face changed, and he gazed upon her with such an inexplicable delight that Tessa, astonished, stopped in her tracks, causing Jem to bump into her. For that moment, she could not look away from Will; it was as if he held her gaze to him, and she remembered again the dream she had had the night before, that she was being comforted by him in the infirmary. Could he read the memory of it on her face? Was that why he was staring?

Jem peered around her shoulder. “Hallo, Will. Sure it was a good idea to spend all night out in the rain when you’re still healing?”

Will tore his eyes away from Tessa. “I am quite sure,” he said firmly. “I had to walk. To clear my head.”

“And is your head clear now?”

“Like crystal,” Will said, returning his gaze to Tessa, and the same thing happened again. Their gazes seemed to lock together, and she had to tear her eyes away and move across the room to sit on the sofa near the desk, where Will was not in her direct line of sight. Jem came and sat down beside her, but did not reach for her hand. She wondered what would happen if they announced what had just happened now, casually: *The two of us are going to be married.*

But Jem had been correct; it was not the right time for that. Charlotte looked as if, like Will, she had been awake all night; her skin was a sickly yellow color, and there were dark auburn bruises beneath her eyes. Henry sat beside her at the desk, his hand protectively over hers, watching her with a worried expression.

“We are all here, then,” Charlotte said briskly, and for a moment Tessa wanted to remark that they were not, for Jessamine was not with them. She stayed silent. “As you probably know, we are near the end of the two-week period granted to us by Consul Wayland. We have not discovered the whereabouts of Mortmain. According to Enoch, the Silent Brothers have examined Nathaniel Gray’s body and learned nothing from it, and as he is dead, we can learn nothing from him.”

And as he is dead. Tessa thought of Nate as she remembered him, when they had been very young, chasing dragonflies in the park. He had fallen in the pond, and she and Aunt Harriet—his mother—had helped to pull him out; his hand had been slippery with water and green-growing underwater plants. She remembered his hand sliding out of hers in the tea warehouse, slippery with blood. *You don’t know everything I’ve done, Tessie.*

“We can certainly report what we know about Benedict to the Clave,” Charlotte was saying when Tessa forcibly snapped her mind back to the conversation at hand. “It would seem to be the sensible course of action.”

Tessa swallowed. “What about what Jessamine said? That we’d be playing into Mortmain’s hands by doing so.”

“But we cannot do nothing,” said Will. “We cannot sit back and hand over the keys to the Institute to Benedict Lightwood and his lamentable offspring. They *are* Mortmain. Benedict is his puppet. We must *try*. By the Angel, haven’t we enough evidence? Enough to earn him a trial by the Sword, at least.”

“When we tried the Sword on Jessamine, there were blocks in her mind put there by Mortmain,” Charlotte said wearily. “Do you think Mortmain would be so unwise as to not take the same precaution with Benedict? We will look like fools if the Sword can get nothing out of him.”

Will ran his hands through his black hair. “Mortmain expects us to go to the Clave,” he said. “It would be his first assumption. He is also used to cutting free associates for whom he no longer has a use. De Quincey, for instance. Lightwood is not irreplaceable to him, and knows it.” He drummed his fingers on his knees. “I think that if we went to the Clave, we could certainly get Benedict taken out of the running for leadership of the Institute. But there is a segment of the Clave that follows his lead; some are known to us, but others are not. It is a sad fact, but we do not know whom we can trust beyond ourselves. The Institute is secure with us, and we cannot allow it to be taken away. Where else will Tessa be safe?”

Tessa blinked. “Me?”

Will looked taken aback, as if startled by what he had just said. “Well, you are an integral part of Mortmain’s plan. He has always wanted *you*. He has always needed you. We must not let him have you. Clearly you would be a powerful weapon in his hands.”

“All of that is true, Will, and of course I will go to the Consul,” said Charlotte. “But as an ordinary Shadowhunter, not as head of

the Institute.”

“But why, Charlotte?” Jem demanded. “You excel at your work —”

“Do I?” she demanded. “For the second time I have not noted a spy under my own roof; Will and Tessa easily evaded my guardianship to attend Benedict’s party; our plan to capture Nate, which we never shared with the Consul, went awry, leaving us with a potentially important witness dead—”

“Lottie!” Henry put his hand on his wife’s arm.

“I am not fit to run this place,” said Charlotte. “Benedict was right. . . . I will of course try to convince the Clave of his guilt. Someone else will run the Institute. It will not be Benedict, I hope, but it will not be me, either—”

There was a clatter. “Mrs. Branwell!” It was Sophie. She had dropped the poker and turned away from the fire. “You can’t resign, ma’am. You—you simply can’t.”

“Sophie,” Charlotte said very kindly. “Wherever we go after this, wherever Henry and I set up our household, we will bring you—”

“It isn’t that,” Sophie said in a small voice. Her eyes darted around the room. “Miss Jessamine—She were—I mean, she was telling the truth. If you go to the Clave like this, you’ll be playing into Mortmain’s plans.”

Charlotte looked at her, perplexed. “What makes you say that?”

“I don’t—I don’t know exactly.” Sophie looked at the floor. “But I know it’s true.”

“Sophie?” Charlotte’s tone was querulous, and Tessa knew what she was thinking: Did they have another spy, another serpent in their garden? Will, too, was leaning forward with narrowed eyes.

“Sophie’s not lying,” Tessa said abruptly. “She knows because—because we overheard Gideon and Gabriel speaking of it in the training room.”

“And you only now decided to mention it?” Will arched his brows.

Suddenly, unreasonably furious with him, Tessa snapped, “Be quiet, Will. If you—”

“I’ve been stepping out with him,” Sophie interrupted loudly. “With Gideon Lightwood. Seeing him on my days off.” She was as pale as a ghost. “He told me. He heard his father laughing about it. They knew Jessamine was found out. They were hoping you’d go to the Clave. I should’ve said something, but it seemed like you didn’t want to go to them anyways, so I . . .”

“Stepping out?” said Henry incredulously. “With *Gideon Lightwood*?”

Sophie kept her attention on Charlotte, who was gazing at her, round-eyed. “I know what Mortmain is holding over Mr. Lightwood too,” she said. “Gideon only just found out. His father doesn’t know he knows.”

“Well, dear God, girl, don’t just stand there,” said Henry, who looked as poleaxed as his wife. “Tell us.”

“Demon pox,” said Sophie. “Mr. Lightwood’s got it, has had for years, and it’ll kill him in a right couple of months if he doesn’t get the cure. And Mortmain said he can get it for him.”

The room exploded in a hubbub. Charlotte raced over to Sophie; Henry called after her; Will leaped from his chair and was dancing in a circle. Tessa stayed where she was, stunned, and Jem remained beside her. Meanwhile, Will appeared to be singing a song about how he had been right about demon pox all along.

*“Demon pox, oh, demon pox,
Just how is it acquired?
One must go down to the bad part of town
Until one is very tired.
Demon pox, oh, demon pox
I had it all along—
No, not the pox, you foolish blocks,
I mean this very song—*

For I was right, and you were wrong!"

"Will!" Charlotte shouted over the noise. "Have you LOST YOUR MIND? CEASE THAT INFERNAL RACKET! Jem—"

Jem, rising to his feet, clapped his hands over Will's mouth. "Do you promise to be quiet?" he hissed into his friend's ear.

Will nodded, blue eyes blazing. Tessa was staring at him in amazement; they all were. She had seen Will many things—amused, bitter, condescending, angry, pitying—but never *giddy* before.

Jem let him go. "All right, then."

Will slid to the floor, his back against the armchair, and threw his arms up. "A demon pox on all your houses!" he announced, and yawned.

"Oh God, weeks of pox jokes," said Jem. "We're for it now."

"It can't be true," said Charlotte. "It's simply—*demon pox*?"

"How do we know Gideon did not lie to Sophie?" asked Jem, his tone mild. "I am sorry, Sophie. I hate to have to say it, but the Lightwoods are not trustworthy. . . ."

"I've seen Gideon's face when he looks at Sophie," said Will. "It was Tessa who told me first that Gideon fancied our Miss Collins, and I thought back, and I realized it was true. And a man in love—a man in love will tell anything. Betray anyone." He was staring at Tessa as he spoke. She stared back; she could not help it. Her gaze felt pulled to him. The way he looked at her, with those blue eyes like pieces of sky, as if trying to communicate something to her silently. But what on earth . . . ?

She did owe him her life, she realized with a start. Perhaps he had been waiting for her to thank him. But there had been no time, no chance! She resolved to thank him at the first opportunity that presented itself. "Besides, Benedict was holding a demon woman on his lap at that party of his, kissing her," Will went on, glancing away. "She had snakes for eyes. Each man to his own, I suppose. Anyway, the only way you can contract demon pox is by having improper relations with a demon, so . . ."

“Nate told me Mr. Lightwood preferred demon women,” said Tessa. “I don’t suppose his wife ever knew about *that*.”

“Wait.” It was Jem, who had suddenly gone very still. “Will—what are the symptoms of demon pox?”

“Quite nasty,” said Will with relish. “It begins with a shield-shaped rash on one’s back, and spreads over the body, creating cracks and fissures in the skin—”

Jem expelled a gasp of breath. “I—I shall return,” he said, “in just a moment. By the Angel—”

And he vanished out the door, leaving the others staring after him.

“You don’t think he has demon pox, do you?” Henry inquired of no one in particular.

I hope not, since we just got engaged, Tessa had the urge to say—just to see the looks on their faces—but repressed it.

“Oh, shut up, Henry,” said Will, and looked as if he were about to say something else, but the door banged open and Jem was back in the room, panting, and holding a piece of parchment. “I got this,” he said, “from the Silent Brothers—when Tessa and I went to see Jessamine.” He gave Tessa a slightly guilty look from under his fair hair, and she remembered him leaving Jessamine’s cell and returning moments later, looking preoccupied. “It is the report on Barbara Lightwood’s death. After Charlotte told us that her father had never turned Silas Lightwood over to the Clave, I thought I would inquire of the Silent Brothers if there was another manner in which Mrs. Lightwood had died. To see if Benedict had also lied that she had died of grief.”

“And had he?” Tessa leaned forward, fascinated.

“Yes. In fact, she cut her own wrists. But there was more.” He looked down at the paper in his hand. “*A shield-shaped rash, indicative of the heraldic marks of astriola, upon the left shoulder.*” He held it out to Will, who took it and scanned it, his blue eyes widening.

“*Astriola,*” he said. “That is demon pox. You had evidence that demon pox existed and you didn’t mention it to me! *Et tu, Brute!*”

He rolled up the paper and hit Jem over the head with it.

“Ouch!” Jem rubbed his head ruefully. “The words meant nothing to me! I assumed it a minor sort of ailment. It hardly seemed as if it were what killed her. She slit her wrists, but if Benedict wanted to protect his children from the fact that their mother had taken her own life—”

“By the Angel,” said Charlotte softly. “No wonder she killed herself. *Because her husband gave her demon pox. And she knew it.*” She whirled on Sophie, who made a little gasping noise. “Does Gideon know of this?”

Sophie shook her head, saucer-eyed. “No.”

“But wouldn’t the Silent Brothers be obligated to tell someone if they discovered this?” Henry demanded. “It seems—well, dash it, irresponsible to say the least—”

“Of course they would tell someone. They would tell *her husband*. And no doubt they did, but what of it? Benedict probably already knew,” said Will. “There would have been no need to tell the children; the rash appears when one has first contracted the disease, so they were too old for her to have passed it on to them. The Silent Brothers doubtless told Benedict, and he said ‘Horrors!’ and promptly concealed the whole thing. One cannot prosecute the dead for improper relations with demons, so they burned her body, and that was that.”

“So how is it that Benedict is still alive?” Tessa demanded. “Should the disease not have killed him by now?”

“Mortmain,” said Sophie. “He’s been giving him drugs to slow the progress of the disease all this time.”

“Slow it, not stop it?” asked Will.

“No, he’s still dying, and faster now,” said Sophie. “That’s why he’s so desperate, and he’ll do anything Mortmain wants.”

“Demon pox!” Will whispered, and looked at Charlotte. Despite his clear excitement, there was a steady light flickering behind his blue eyes, a light of sharp intelligence, as if he were a chess player examining his next move for potential advantages or

drawbacks. “We must contact Benedict immediately,” said Will. “Charlotte must play on his vanity. He is too sure of getting the Institute. She must tell him that though the Consul’s official decision is not scheduled until Sunday, she has realized that it is he who will come out ahead, and she wishes to meet with him and make peace before it happens.”

“Benedict is stubborn—,” Charlotte began.

“Not as much as is he is proud,” said Jem. “Benedict has always wanted control of the Institute, but he also wants to humiliate you, Charlotte. To prove that a woman cannot run an Institute. He believes that Sunday the Consul will rule to take the Institute away from you, but that does not mean he will be able to pass up a chance to see you grovel in private.”

“To what end?” Henry demanded. “Sending Charlotte to confront Benedict accomplishes what, exactly?”

“Blackmail,” said Will. His eyes were burning with excitement. “Mortmain may not be in our grasp, but Benedict is, and for now that may be enough.”

“You think he will walk away from trying to get the Institute? Won’t that simply leave the business for one of his followers to take up?” Jem asked.

“We’re not trying to get rid of him. We want him to throw his full support behind Charlotte. To withdraw his challenge and to declare her fit to run the Institute. His followers will be at a loss; the Consul will be satisfied. We hold the Institute. And more than that, we can force Benedict to tell us what he knows of Mortmain—his location, his secrets, everything.”

Tessa said dubiously, “But I am almost certain he is more afraid of Mortmain than he is of us, and he certainly needs what Mortmain provides. Otherwise he will die.”

“Yes, he will. But what he did—having improper relations with a demon, then infecting his wife, causing her death—is the knowing murder of another Shadowhunter. It would not be considered only murder, either, but murder accomplished

through demonic means. That would call down the worst of all punishments.”

“What is worse than death?” asked Tessa, and immediately regretted saying it as she saw Jem’s mouth tighten almost imperceptibly.

“The Silent Brothers will remove that which makes him Nephilim. He will become Forsaken,” said Will. “His sons will become mundane, their Marks stripped. The name of Light-wood will be stricken from the rolls of Shadowhunters. It will be the end of the Lightwood name among Nephilim. There is no greater shame. It is a punishment even Benedict will fear.”

“And if he does not?” said Jem in a low voice.

“Then, we are no worse off, I suppose.” It was Charlotte, whose expression had hardened as Will had spoken; Sophie was leaning against the mantel, a dejected figure, and Henry, his hand on his wife’s shoulder, looked unusually subdued. “We will call on Benedict. There is no time to send a proper message ahead; it will have to be something of a surprise. Now, where are the calling cards?”

Will sat upright. “You’ve decided on my plan, then?”

“It’s my plan now,” said Charlotte firmly. “You may accompany me, Will, but you will follow my lead, and there will be no talk of demon pox until I say so.”

“But—but . . .” Will sputtered.

“Oh, leave it,” said Jem, kicking Will, not without affection, lightly on the ankle.

“She’s *annexed* my plan!”

“Will,” Tessa said firmly. “Do you care more about the plan being enacted or about getting credit for it?”

Will pointed a finger at her. “That,” he said. “The second one.”

Charlotte rolled her eyes skyward. “William, this will be either on my terms or not at all.”

Will took a deep breath, and looked at Jem, who grinned at him; Will let the air out of his lungs with a defeated sigh and said, “All right, then, Charlotte. Do you intend for all of us to go?”

“You and Tessa, certainly. We need you as witnesses regarding the party. Jem, Henry, there is no need for you to go, and we require at least one of you to remain and guard the Institute.”

“Darling . . .” Henry touched Charlotte’s arm with a quizzical look on his face.

She looked up at him in surprise. “Yes?”

“You’re sure you don’t want me to come with you?”

Charlotte smiled at him, a smile that transformed her tired, pinched face. “Quite sure, Henry; Jem isn’t technically an adult, and to leave him here alone—not that he isn’t capable—will only add fuel to Benedict’s fire of complaints. But thank you.”

Tessa looked at Jem; he gave her a regretful smile and, hidden behind the spread of her skirts, pressed her hand with his. His touch sent a warm rush of reassurance through her, and she rose to her feet, amid Will rising to go, while Charlotte sought for a pen to scribble a note to Benedict on the back of a flossed calling card, which Cyril would deliver while they waited in the carriage.

“I’d best fetch my hat and gloves,” Tessa whispered to Jem, and made her way to the door. Will was just behind her, and a moment later, the drawing room door swinging shut behind them, they found themselves alone in the corridor. Tessa was about to hurry down the hall toward her room, when she heard Will’s footsteps behind her.

“Tessa!” he called, and she swung around. “Tessa, I need to speak with you.”

“Now?” she said, surprised. “I gathered from Charlotte that she wanted us to hurry—”

“Damn hurrying,” said Will, coming closer to her. “Damn Benedict Lightwood and the Institute and all this business. I want to talk to *you*.” He grinned at her. There had always been a reckless energy to him, but this was different—the difference between the recklessness of despair and the abandonment of happiness. But what an odd time to be happy!

“Have you gone quite mad?” she asked him. “You say ‘demon pox’ the way someone else might say ‘massive surprise

inheritance.' Are you really that pleased?"

"Vindicated, not happy, and anyway, this isn't about the demon pox. This is about you and me—"

The drawing room door opened, and Henry emerged, Charlotte just behind him. Knowing Jem would be next, Tessa stepped away from Will hastily, though nothing improper had transpired between them at all. *Except in your thoughts*, said a little voice in the back of her mind, which she ignored. "Will, not now," she said under her breath. "I believe I know what it is you want to say, and you're quite right to wish to say it, but this isn't the time or place, is it? Believe me, I am as eager for the talk as you, for it has been weighing heavily on my mind—"

"You are? It has?" Will looked dazed, as if she had hit him with a rock.

"Well—yes," said Tessa, looking up to see Jem coming toward them. "But not *now*."

Will followed her gaze, swallowed, and nodded reluctantly. "Then, when?"

"Later, after we go to the Lightwoods'. Meet me in the drawing room."

"In the drawing room?"

She frowned at him. "Really, Will," she said. "Are you going to repeat everything I say?"

Jem had reached them, and heard this last remark; he grinned. "Tessa, do let poor Will gather his wits about him; he's been out all night and looks as if he can barely remember his own name." He put his hand on his *parabatai's* arm. "Come along, Herondale. You seem as if you need an energy rune—or two or three."

Will tore his eyes away from Tessa's and let Jem lead him off down the corridor. Tessa watched them, shaking her head. *Boys*, she thought. She would never understand them.



Tessa had gone only a few steps into her bedroom when she stopped in surprise, staring at what was on the bed. A stylish walking suit of cream and gray striped India silk, trimmed with

delicate braid and silver buttons. Gray velvet gloves lay beside it, figured with a pattern of leaves in silver thread. At the foot of the bed were bone-colored buttoned boots, and fashionable patterned stockings.

The door opened, and Sophie came in, holding a pale gray hat with trimmings of silver berries. She was very pale, and her eyes were swollen and red. She avoided Tessa's gaze. "New clothing, miss," Sophie said. "The fabric was part of Mrs. Branwell's trousseau, and, well, a few weeks ago she thought of having it made into a dress for you. I think she thought you ought to have some clothes that Miss Jessamine didn't buy for you. She thought it might make you more—comfortable. And these were just delivered this morning. I asked Bridget to lay them out for you."

Tessa felt tears sting the backs of her eyes and sat down hastily on the edge of the bed. The thought that Charlotte, with everything else that was going on, would think of Tessa's comfort at all made her want to cry. But she stifled the urge, as she always did. "Sophie," she said, her voice uneven. "I ought—no, I *wanted*—to apologize to you."

"Apologize to me, miss?" Sophie said tonelessly, laying the hat on the bed. Tessa stared. Charlotte wore such plain clothes herself. She never would have thought of her as having the inclination or taste to choose such lovely things.

"I was entirely wrong to speak to you about Gideon as I did," said Tessa. "I put my nose in where it was decidedly not wanted, and you are quite correct, Sophie. One cannot judge a man for the sins of his family. And I should have told you that, though I saw Gideon at the ball that night, I cannot say he was partaking of the festivities; in fact, I cannot see into his head to determine what he thinks at all, and I should not have behaved as if I could. I am no more experienced than you, Sophie, and where it comes to gentlemen, I am decidedly uninformed. I apologize for acting superior; I shan't do it again, if only you'll forgive me."

Sophie went to the wardrobe and opened it to reveal a second dress—this one of a very dark blue, trimmed with a golden velvet

braid, the polonaise slashed down the right side to reveal pale faille flounces beneath. "So lovely," she said a little wistfully, and touched it lightly with her hand. Then she turned to Tessa. "That were—that was a very pretty apology, miss, and I do forgive you. I forgave you in the drawing room, I did, when you lied for me. I don't approve of lying, but I know you meant it out of kindness."

"It was very brave, what you did," said Tessa. "Telling the truth to Charlotte. I know how you feared she'd be angry."

Sophie smiled sadly. "She isn't angry. She's disappointed. I know. She said she couldn't talk to me now but she would later, and I could see it, on her face. It's worse in a way, somehow."

"Oh, Sophie. She's disappointed in Will all the time!"

"Well, who isn't."

"That's not what I meant. I meant she loves you, like you were Will or Jem or—well, you know. Even if she's disappointed, you must stop fearing she'll sack you. She won't. She thinks you're wonderful, and so do I."

Sophie's eyes widened. "Miss Tessa!"

"Well, I do," said Tessa mutinously. "You are brave and selfless and lovely. Like Charlotte."

Sophie's eyes shone. She wiped at them hastily with the edge of her apron. "Now, that's enough of that," she said briskly, still blinking hard. "We must get you dressed and ready, for Cyril's coming round with the carriage, and I know Mrs. Branwell doesn't want to waste any time."

Tessa came forward obediently, and with Sophie's help she changed into the gray and white striped dress. "And do be careful, is all I have to say," said Sophie as she deftly wielded her buttonhook. "The old man is a nasty piece of work, and don't forget it. Very harsh, he is, on those boys."

Those boys. The way she said it made it sound like Sophie had sympathy for Gabriel as well as Gideon. Just what did Gideon think of his younger brother, Tessa wondered, and the sister, too? But she asked nothing as Sophie brushed and curled her hair, and daubed her temples with lavender water.

“Now, don’t you look lovely, miss,” she said proudly when she was done at last, and Tessa had to admit that Charlotte had done a fine job in selecting just the right cut to flatter her, and gray suited her well. Her eyes looked bigger and blue, her waist and arms more slender, her bosom fuller. “There’s just one other thing . . .”

“What is it, Sophie?”

“Master Jem,” said Sophie, startling Tessa. “Please, whatever else you do, miss . . .” The other girl glanced at the chain of the jade pendant tucked down the front of Tessa’s dress and bit her lip. “Don’t break his heart.”

THE BITTER ROOT

*But now, you are twain, you are cloven apart,
Flesh of his flesh, but heart of my heart;
And deep in one is the bitter root,
And sweet for one is the lifelong flower.*
—Algernon Charles Swinburne,
“The Triumph of Time”

Tessa was just drawing on her velvet gloves as she ducked through the front doors of the Institute. A sharp wind had come up off the river and was blowing armfuls of leaves through the courtyard. The sky had gone thunderous and gray. Will stood at the foot of the stairs, hands in his pockets, looking up at the church steeple.

He was hatless, and the wind lifted his black hair and blew it back from his face. He did not seem to see Tessa, and for a moment she stood and looked at him. She knew it was not right to do; Jem was hers, she was his now, and other men might as well not exist. But she could not stop herself from comparing the two—Jem with his odd combination of delicacy and strength, and Will like a storm at sea, slate blue and black with brilliant flashes of temper like heat lightning. She wondered if there would ever be a time when the sight of him didn't move her, make her heart flutter, and if that feeling would subside as she grew used to the

idea of being engaged to Jem. It was new enough still that it did not seem real.

There was one thing that was different, though. When she looked at Will now, she no longer felt any pain.

Will saw her then, and smiled through the hair that blew across his face. He reached up to push it back. "That's a new dress, isn't it?" he said as she came down the stairs. "Not one of Jessamine's."

She nodded, and waited resignedly for him to say something sarcastic, about her, Jessamine, the dress, or all three.

"It suits you. Odd that gray would make your eyes look blue, but it does."

She looked at him in astonishment, but before she could do more than open her mouth to ask him if he was feeling all right, the carriage came rattling around the corner of the Institute with Cyril at the reins. He pulled up in front of the steps, and the door of the carriage opened; Charlotte was inside, wearing a wine-colored velvet dress and a hat with a sprig of dried flowers in it. She looked as nervous as Tessa had ever seen her. "Get in quickly," she called, holding her hat on as she leaned out the door. "I think it's going to rain."



To Tessa's surprise, Cyril drove her, Charlotte, and Will not to the manor house in Chiswick but to an elegant house in Pimlico, which was apparently the Lightwoods' weekday residence. It *had* begun to rain, and their wet things—gloves, hats, and coats—were taken from them by a sour-faced footman before they were ushered down many polished corridors and into a large library, where a roaring fire burned in a deep grate.

Behind a massive oak desk sat Benedict Lightwood, his sharp profile made even sharper by the play of light and shadow inside the room. The drapes were pulled across the windows, and the walls were lined with heavy tomes bound in dark leather, gold printing across the spines. On either side of him stood his sons—Gideon at his right, his blond hair falling forward to hide his

expression, his arms crossed over his broad chest. On the other side was Gabriel, his green eyes alight with a superior amusement, his hands in the pockets of his trousers. He looked as if he were about to start whistling.

“Charlotte,” said Benedict. “Will. Miss Gray. Always a pleasure.” He gestured for them to seat themselves in the chairs set before the desk. Gabriel grinned nastily at Will as he sat. Will looked at him, his face a careful blank, and then looked away. *Without a sarcastic remark*, Tessa thought, baffled. Without even a cold glare. *What was going on?*

“Thank you, Benedict.” Charlotte, tiny, her spine straight, spoke with perfect poise. “For seeing us on such short notice.”

“Of course.” He smiled. “You do know that there’s nothing you can do that’s going to change the outcome of this. It isn’t up to me what the Council rules. It is their decision entirely.”

Charlotte tilted her head to the side. “Indeed, Benedict. But it is you who are making this happen. If you had not forced Consul Wayland into making a show of disciplining me, there would be no ruling.”

Benedict shrugged his narrow shoulders. “Ah, Charlotte. I remember you when you were Charlotte Fairchild. You were such a delightful little girl, and believe it or not as you will, I am fond of you even now. What I am doing is in the best interests of the Institute and the Clave. A woman cannot run the Institute. It is not in her nature. You’ll be thanking me when you’re home with Henry raising the next generation of Shadowhunters, as you should be. It might sting your pride, but in your heart you know I’m correct.”

Charlotte’s chest rose and fell rapidly. “If you abdicated your claim on the Institute before the ruling, do you truly think it would be such a disaster? Me, running the Institute?”

“Well, we’ll never find out, will we?”

“Oh, I don’t know,” Charlotte said. “I think most Council members would choose a woman over a dissolute reprobate who fraternizes not just with Downworlders but with demons.”

There was a short silence. Benedict didn't move a muscle. Neither did Gideon.

Finally Benedict spoke, though now there were teeth in the smooth velvet of his voice. "Rumors and innuendo."

"Truth and observation," said Charlotte. "Will and Tessa were at your last gathering, in Chiswick. They observed a great deal."

"That demon woman you were lounging with on the divan," said Will. "Would you call her a friend, or more of a business associate?"

Benedict's dark eyes hardened. "Insolent puppy—"

"Oh, I'd say she was a friend," said Tessa. "One doesn't usually let one's business associates lick one's face. Although I could be wrong. What do I know about these things? I'm only a silly woman."

Will's mouth quirked up at the corner. Gabriel was still staring; Gideon had his eyes on the floor. Charlotte sat perfectly composed, hands in her lap.

"All three of you are quite foolish," said Benedict, gesturing contemptuously toward them. Tessa caught a glimpse of something on his wrist, a shadow, like the coils of a woman's bracelet, before his sleeve fell back to cover it. "That is, if you think the Council will believe any of your lies. You"—he cast a dismissive look at Tessa—"are a Downworlder; your word is worthless. And you"—he flung an arm at Will—"are a certifiable lunatic who fraternizes with warlocks. Not just this chit here but Magnus Bane as well. And when they test me under the Mortal Sword and I refute your claims, who do you think will be believed, you or me?"

Will exchanged a quick look with Charlotte and Tessa. He had been right, Tessa thought, that Benedict did not fear the Sword. "There is other evidence, Benedict," he said.

"Oh?" Lightwood's lip curled upward in a sneer. "And what is that?"

"The evidence of your own poisoned blood," said Charlotte. "Just now, when you gestured at us, I saw your wrist. How far has

the corruption spread? It begins on the torso, does it not, and spreads down the arms and legs—”

“What is he talking about?” Gabriel’s voice was a mixture of fury and terror. “Father?”

“Demon pox,” said Will with the satisfaction of the truly vindicated.

“What a disgusting accusation—,” began Benedict.

“Refute it, then,” said Charlotte. “Pull up your sleeve. Show us your arm.”

The muscle by the side of Benedict’s mouth twitched again. Tessa watched him in fascination. He did not terrify her, as Mortmain had, but rather disgusted her, the way the sight of a fat worm wriggling across a garden might. She watched as he whirled on his eldest son.

“You,” he snarled. “*You* told them. You betrayed me.”

“I did,” said Gideon, raising his head and uncurling his arms at last. “And I would again.”

“Gideon?” It was Gabriel, sounding bewildered. “Father? What are you talking about?”

“Your brother has betrayed us, Gabriel. He has told our secrets to the Branwells.” Benedict spat his words out like poison. “Gideon Arthur Lightwood,” Benedict went on. His face looked older, the lines at the sides of his mouth more severe, but his tone was unchanged. “I suggest you think very carefully about what you have done, and what you will do next.”

“I *have* been thinking,” said Gideon in his soft, low voice. “Ever since you called me back from Spain, I have been thinking. As a child I assumed all Shadowhunters lived as we did. Condemning demons by the light of day, yet fraternizing with them under cover of darkness. I now realize that is not true. It is not our way, Father; it is *your* way. You have brought shame and filth upon the name of Lightwood.”

“There is no need to be melodramatic—”

“Melodramatic?” There was terrible contempt in Gideon’s normally flat tone. “Father, I fear for the future of the Enclave if

you get your hands on the Institute. I am telling you now, I will witness against you at the Council. I will hold the Mortal Sword in my hands and I will tell Consul Wayland why I think Charlotte is a thousand times more fit than you are to run the Institute. I will reveal what goes on here at night to every member of the Council. I will tell them that you are working for Mortmain. I will tell them *why*.”

“Gideon!” It was Gabriel, his voice sharp, cutting across his brother’s. “You know our custodianship of the Institute was mother’s dying wish. And it is the fault of the Fairchilds that she died—”

“That is a lie,” said Charlotte. “She took her own life, but not because of anything my father did.” She looked directly at Benedict. “It was, rather, because of something *your* father did.”

Gabriel’s voice rose. “What do you mean? Why would you say such a thing? Father—”

“Be quiet, Gabriel.” Benedict’s voice had gone hard and commanding, but for the first time there was fear in his voice, his eyes. “Charlotte, what are you saying?”

“You know very well what I am saying, Benedict,” said Charlotte. “The question is whether you wish me to share my knowledge with the Clave. And with your children. You know what it will mean for them.”

Benedict sat back. “I know blackmail when I hear it, Charlotte. What do you want from me?”

It was Will who responded, too eager to hold himself back any longer. “Withdraw your claim on the Institute. Speak out for Charlotte in front of the Council. Tell them why you think the Institute should be left in her keeping. You are a well-spoken man. You’ll think of something, I’m sure.”

Benedict looked from Will to Charlotte. His lip curled. “Those are your terms?”

Before Will could speak, Charlotte said, “Not all our terms. We need to know how you have been communicating with Mortmain, and where he is.”

Benedict chuckled. "I communicated with him through Nathaniel Gray. But, since you've killed him, I doubt he will be a forthcoming source of information."

Charlotte looked appalled. "You mean no one else knew where he was?"

"I certainly don't," said Benedict. "Mortmain is not that stupid, unfortunately for you. He wished me to be able to take the Institute that he might strike at it from its heart. But it was only one of his many plans, a strand of his web. He has been waiting for this a long time. He will have the Clave. And he will have *her*." His eyes rested on Tessa.

"What does he intend to do with me?" Tessa demanded.

"I don't know," Benedict said with a sly smile. "I do know he was consistently asking after your welfare. Such concern, so touching in a potential bridegroom."

"He says he created me," said Tessa. "What does he mean by that?"

"I haven't the vaguest idea. You are mistaken if you think he made me his confidant."

"Yes," said Will, "you two don't seem to have much in common, save a penchant for demon women and evil."

"Will!" snapped Tessa.

"I didn't mean *you*," said Will, looking surprised. "I meant the Pandemonium Club—"

"If you are quite done with your byplay," said Benedict, "I wish to make one thing very clear to my son. Gideon, understand that if you support Charlotte Branwell in this, you will no longer be welcome under my roof. It is not for nothing that they say a man should never hang all his bells on one horse."

In answer Gideon raised his hands in front of him, almost as if he meant to pray. But Shadowhunters did not pray, and Tessa realized quickly what he was doing—slipping the silver ring from his finger. The ring that was like Jem's Carstairs ring, only this one had a pattern of flames about the band. The Lightwood

family ring. He set it down on the edge of his father's desk, and turned to his brother.

"Gabriel," he said. "Will you come with me?"

Gabriel's green eyes were brilliant with anger. "You know I cannot."

"Yes, you can." Gideon held his hand out to his brother. Benedict stared between the two of them. He had paled slightly, as if suddenly realizing that he might lose not just one son, but both. His hand gripped the edge of the desk, his knuckles whitening. Tessa could not help staring at the expanse of the wrist that was revealed as his sleeve rose. It was very pale, banded with black circular striations. Something about the sight nauseated her, and she rose from her seat. Will, beside her, was already standing. Only Charlotte was still sitting, as prim and expressionless as ever.

"Gabriel, please," Gideon said. "Come with me."

"Who will take care of father? What will people say about our family if we both abandon him?" Gabriel said, bitterness and desperation coloring his tone. "Who will manage the estates, the Council seat—"

"I don't know," said Gideon. "But it does not need to be you. The Law—"

Gabriel's voice shook. "Family before Law, Gideon." His eyes locked with his brother's for a moment; then he looked away, chewing his lip, and went to stand behind Benedict, his hand on the back of his father's chair.

Benedict smiled; in this one thing, at least, he was triumphant. Charlotte rose to her feet, her chin held high. "I trust we will see you tomorrow, in the Council chamber, Benedict. I trust you will know what to do," she said, and swept from the room, Gideon and Tessa on her heels. Only Will hesitated a moment, in the doorway, his eyes on Gabriel, but when the other boy did not look at him, he shrugged at last and went out after the others, shutting the door behind him.



They rode back to the Institute in silence, rain lashing against the windows of the carriage. Charlotte attempted several times to speak to Gideon, but he was silent, staring at the blurred view of streets as they rolled by. Tessa could not tell if he was angry, or regretted his actions, or might even be relieved. He was as impassive as always, even as Charlotte explained to him that there would always be a room for him at the Institute, and that they could hardly express their gratitude for what he had done. At last, as they rattled down the Strand, he said, “I had really thought Gabriel would come with me. Once he knew about Mortmain . . .”

“He does not understand yet,” said Charlotte. “Give him time.”

“How did you know?” Will looked at Gideon keenly. “We only just discovered what happened to your mother. And Sophie said you had no idea—”

“I had Cyril deliver two notes,” said Charlotte. “One for Benedict and one for Gideon.”

“He slipped it into my hand while my father was not looking,” Gideon said. “I had only just time to read it before you came in.”

“And you chose to believe it?” Tessa said. “So quickly?”

Gideon looked toward the rain-washed window. His jaw was set in a hard line. “Father’s story about Mother’s death never made sense to me. This made sense.”

Crowded into the damp carriage, with Gideon only a few feet from her, Tessa felt the oddest urge to reach out to him, to tell him that she too had had a brother whom she had loved and had lost to what was worse than death, that she understood. She could see now what Sophie liked in him—the vulnerability under the impassive countenance, the solid honesty beneath the handsome bones of his face.

She said nothing, however, sensing it would not be welcome. Will, meanwhile, sat beside her, a bundle of coiled energy. Every once in a while she would catch a flash of blue as he looked at her, or the edge of a smile—a surprisingly *sweet* smile, something

like giddiness, which she had never associated with Will before. It was as if he were sharing a private joke with her, only she was not entirely sure she knew what that joke *was*. Still, she felt his tension so keenly that her own calm, or what there was of it, was entirely cut up by the time they finally reached the Institute and Cyril—soaked to the skin, but friendly as always—came around the carriage to open the doors.

He helped Charlotte out first, and then Tessa, and then Will was beside her, having jumped down from the carriage and narrowly skirted a puddle. It had stopped raining. Will glanced up at the sky and took hold of Tessa's arm. "Come along," he whispered, steering her toward the front door of the Institute.

Tessa glanced back over her shoulder, to where Charlotte stood at the foot of the steps, having succeeded, it seemed, in finally getting Gideon to speak to her. She was gesturing animatedly, using her hands.

"We ought to wait for them, oughtn't we—," Tessa began.

Will shook his dark head determinedly. "Charlotte will be blathering at him for ages about what room he wants to stay in, and how grateful she is for his help, and all I want is to talk to you."

Tessa stared at him as they entered the Institute. Will wanted to talk to her. He had said so before, true, but to speak so straightforwardly was very unlike him.

A thought seized her. Had Jem told him of their engagement? Was he angry, thinking her not worthy of his friend? But when would Jem have had a *chance*? Perhaps while she was dressing—but, then, Will did not *look* angry.

"I can't wait to tell Jem about our meeting," he said as they mounted the stairs. "He'll never believe that scene—for Gideon to turn on his father like that! It's one thing to tell secrets to Sophie, another to renounce your whole allegiance to your family. Yet he cast away his family ring."

"It is as you said," Tessa said as they turned at the top of the stairs and made their way down the corridor. Will's gloved hand

was warm on her arm. "Gideon's in love with Sophie. People will do anything for love."

Will looked at her as if her words had jolted him, then smiled, that same maddeningly sweet smile he had given her in the carriage. "Amazing, isn't it?"

Tessa made as if to answer, but they had reached the drawing room. It was bright inside; the witchlight torches were high, and there was a fire in the grate. The curtains were drawn back, showing squares of leaden sky. Tessa took off her hat and gloves and was just laying them on a small Moroccan table when she saw that Will, who had followed her in, was drawing closed the bolt on the door.

Tessa blinked. "Will, why are you locking—"

She never finished her sentence. Covering the space between them in two long strides, Will reached her and caught her up in an embrace. She gasped in surprise as he took her by the arms, walking her backward until they half-collided with the wall, her crinoline protesting.

"*Will*," she said in surprise, but he was pinning her to the wall with his body, his hands sliding up her shoulders, into her damp hair, his mouth sudden and hot on hers. She fell and spun and drowned in the kiss; his lips were soft and his body was hard against her, and he tasted like rain. Heat spread through the pit of her stomach as his mouth moved urgently on hers, willing her response.

Jem's face flashed against the back of her closed eyelids. She put her hands flat against Will's chest and shoved him away from her, as hard as she could. Her breath came out on a violent exhalation: "No."

Will took a surprised step backward. His voice, when he spoke, was throaty and low. "But last night? In the infirmary? I—you embraced me—"

I did? With an acute shock she realized that what she had taken for a dream had been no dream after all. Or was he lying?

But no. There was no manner in which he could have known what she had dreamed.

“I . . .” Her words stumbled over themselves. “I thought I was dreaming . . .”

The hazy look of desire was fast vanishing from his eyes, replaced by hurt and confusion. He almost stammered: “But even today. I thought you—you said you were as eager to be alone with me as I was—”

“I imagined you wanted an apology! You saved my life at the tea warehouse, and I *am* grateful, Will. I thought you wanted me to tell you that—”

Will looked as if she had slapped him. “I didn’t save your life so you’d be *grateful!*”

“Then, what?” Her voice rose. “You did it because it’s your mandate? Because the Law says—”

“*I did it because I love you!*” he half-shouted, and then, as if registering the shocked look on her face, he said in a more subdued voice, “I love you, Tessa, and I have loved you, almost since the moment I met you.”

Tessa laced her hands together. They were icy cold. “I thought you couldn’t be crueler than you were on the roof that day. I was wrong. This is crueler.”

Will stood motionless. Then he shook his head slowly, from side to side, like a patient denying the deadly diagnosis of a physician. “You . . . don’t believe me?”

“Of course I don’t believe you. After the things you said, the way you’ve treated me—”

“I *had* to,” he said. “I had no choice. Tessa, listen.” She began to move toward the door; he scrambled to block her way, his blue eyes burning. “Please listen. *Please.*”

Tessa hesitated. The way he said “please”—the catch in his voice—this was not like it had been on the roof. Then he had barely been able to look at her. Now he was staring at her desperately, as if he could will her to remain with desire alone. The voice that cried within her that he would hurt her, that he

was not sincere, grew softer, buried under an ever loudening treacherous voice that told her to stay. To hear him out.

“Tessa.” Will pushed his hands through his black hair, his slim fingers trembling with agitation. Tessa remembered what it was like to touch that hair, to have her fingers wound through it, like rough silk against her skin. “What I am going to tell you I have never told another living soul but Magnus, and that was only because I needed his help. I have not even told Jem.” Will took a deep breath. “When I was twelve, living with my parents in Wales, I found a Pyxis in my father’s office.”

She was not sure what she had expected Will to say, but this was not it. “A *Pyxis*? But why would your father keep a *Pyxis*?”

“A memento from his Shadowhunting days? Who can guess? But do you recall the *Codex* discussing curses and how they can be cast? Well, when I opened the box, I released a demon—Marbas—who cursed me. He swore that anyone who loved me was doomed to die. I might not have believed it—I was not well schooled in magic—but my elder sister died that night, horribly. I thought it was the beginning of the curse. I fled my family and came here. It seemed to me the only way to keep them safe, not to bring them death on death. I did not realize at first that I was walking into a second family. Henry, Charlotte, even bloody Jessamine—I had to make sure that no one here could ever love me. To do so, I thought, would be to put them into deadly danger. For years I have held everyone at arm’s length—everyone I could not push away entirely.”

Tessa stared at him. The words echoed in her head. *Held everyone at arm’s length—pushed everyone away*—She thought of his lies, his hiding, the unpleasantness to Charlotte and Henry, the cruelties that seemed forced, even the story of Tatiana, who had only loved him the way little girls did, and whose affections he had crushed. And then there was . . . “Jem,” she whispered.

He looked at her miserably. “Jem is different,” he whispered.

“Jem is *dying*. You let Jem in because he was already near death? You thought the curse wouldn’t affect him?”

“And with every year that passed, and he survived, that seemed more likely. I thought I could learn to live like this. I thought when Jem was gone, after I turned eighteen, I’d go live by myself, not inflict myself or my curse on anyone—and then everything changed. Because of you.”

“Me?” said Tessa in a quiet, stunned voice.

The ghost of a smile touched his mouth. “When I first met you, I thought you were unlike anyone else I had ever known. You made me laugh. No one but Jem has made me laugh in, good God, five years. And you did it like it was nothing, like breathing.”

“You did not even know me. Will—”

“Ask Magnus. He’ll tell you. After that night on the roof, I went to him. I had pushed you away because I thought you had begun to realize how I felt about you. In the Sanctuary that day, when I thought you were dead, I realized you must have been able to read it on my face. I was terrified. I had to make you hate me, Tessa. So I tried. And then I wanted to die. I had thought I could bear it if you hated me, but I could not. I realized you would be staying in the Institute, and that every time I saw you it would be like standing on that roof all over again, making you despise me and feeling as if I were choking down poison. I went to Magnus and demanded that he help me find the demon who had cursed me in the first place, that the curse might be lifted. If it was, I thought, I could try again. It might be slow and painful and nearly impossible, but I thought I could make you care for me again, if only I could tell you the truth. That I could gain your trust back—build something with you, slowly.”

“Are—are you saying the curse is lifted? That it’s *gone*?”

“There is no curse on me, Tessa. The demon tricked me. There never was a curse. All these years, I’ve been a fool. But not so much a fool that I didn’t know that the first thing I needed to do once I had learned the truth was tell you how I really felt.” He took another step forward, and this time she did not move back. She was staring at him, at the pale, almost translucent skin under

his eyes, at the dark hair curling at his temples, the nape of his neck, at the blue of his eyes and the curve of his mouth. Staring at him the way she might stare at a beloved place she was not sure she would ever see again, trying to commit the details to memory, to paint them on the backs of her eyelids that she might see it when she shut her eyes to sleep.

She heard her own voice as if from very far away. "Why me?" she whispered. "Why me, Will?"

He hesitated. "After we brought you back here, after Charlotte found your letters to your brother, I—I read them."

Tessa heard herself say, very calmly, "I know you did. I found them in your room when I was there with Jem."

He looked startled. "You said nothing to me about it."

"At first I was angry," she admitted. "But that was the night we found you in the ifrit den. I felt for you, I suppose. I told myself you had only been curious, or Charlotte had asked you to read them."

"She didn't," he said. "I pulled them out of the fire myself. I read them all. Every word you wrote. You and I, Tess, we're alike. We live and breathe words. It was books that kept me from taking my own life after I thought I could never love anyone, never be loved by anyone again. It was books that made me feel that perhaps I was not completely alone. They could be honest with me, and I with them. Reading your words, what you wrote, how you were lonely sometimes and afraid, but always brave; the way you saw the world, its colors and textures and sounds, I felt—I felt the way you thought, hoped, felt, dreamed. I felt I was dreaming and thinking and feeling *with* you. I dreamed what you dreamed, wanted what you wanted—and then I realized that truly I just wanted *you*. The girl behind the scrawled letters. I loved you from the moment I read them. I love you still."

Tessa had begun to tremble. This was what she had always wanted someone to say. What she had always, in the darkest corner of her heart, wanted *Will* to say. Will, the boy who loved the same books she did, the same poetry she did, who made her

laugh even when she was furious. And here he was standing in front of her, telling her he loved the words of her heart, the shape of her soul. Telling her something she had never imagined anyone would ever tell her. Telling her something she would never be told again, not in this way. And not by him.

And it did not matter.

"It's too late," she said.

"Don't say that." His voice was half a whisper. "I love you, Tessa. I love you."

She shook her head. "Will . . . stop."

He took a ragged breath. "I knew you would be reluctant to trust me," he said. "Tessa, please, is it that you do not believe me, or is it that you cannot imagine ever loving me back? Because if it is the second—"

"Will. It doesn't *matter*—"

"Nothing matters more!" His voice grew in strength. "I *know* that if you hate me it is because I forced you to. I *know* that you have no reason to give me a second chance to be regarded by you in a different light. But I am begging you for that chance. I will do anything. *Anything*."

His voice cracked, and she heard the echo of another voice inside it. She saw Jem, looking down at her, all the love and light and hope and expectancy in the world caught up in his eyes.

"No," she whispered. "It isn't possible."

"It is," he said desperately. "It must be. You cannot hate me as much as all that—"

"I don't hate you at all," she said, with great sadness. "I tried to hate you, Will. But I could never manage it."

"Then, there's a chance." Hope flared in his eyes. She should not have spoken so gently—oh, God, was there nothing that would make this less awful? She had to tell him. Now. Quickly. Cleanly. "Tessa, if you don't hate me, then there's a chance that you might—"

"Jem has proposed to me," she blurted out. "And I have said yes."

“What?”

“I said that Jem proposed to me,” she whispered. “He asked if I would marry him. And I said I would.”

Will had gone shockingly white. He said, “Jem. My Jem?”

She nodded, without words to say.

Will staggered and put his hand on the back of a chair for balance. He looked like someone who had been suddenly, viciously kicked in the stomach. “When?”

“This morning. But we have been growing closer, much closer, for a long time.”

“You—and Jem?” Will looked as if he were being asked to believe in something impossible—snow in summertime, a London winter without rain.

In answer, Tessa touched with her fingertips the jade pendant Jem had given her. “He gave me this,” she said. Her voice was very quiet. “It was his mother’s bridal gift.”

Will stared at it, at the Chinese characters on it, as if it were a serpent curled about her throat. “He never told me anything. He never said a word about you to me. Not that way.” He pushed his hair back from his face, that characteristic gesture she had seen him make a thousand times, only now his hand was visibly shaking. “Do you love him?”

“Yes, I love him,” she said, and she saw Will flinch. “Don’t you?”

“But he would understand,” he said dazedly. “If we explained it to him. If we told him . . . he would understand.”

For just a moment Tessa imagined herself drawing the pendant off, going down the hallway, knocking on Jem’s door. Giving it back to him. Telling him she had made a mistake, that she could not marry him. She could tell him, tell him everything about herself and about Will—how she was not sure, how she needed time, how she could not promise him all of her heart, how some part of her belonged to Will and always would.

And then she thought of the first words she had ever heard Jem speak, his eyes closed, his back to her, his face to the

moonlight. *Will? Will, is that you?* The way Will's voice, his face, softened for Jem as it did for no one else; the way Jem had gripped Will's hands in the infirmary while he'd bled, the way Will had called out *James!* when the warehouse automaton had knocked Jem down.

I cannot sever them, one from the other, she thought. *I cannot be responsible for such a thing.*

I cannot tell either of them the truth.

She imagined Jem's face if she called off the engagement. He would be kind. Jem was always kind. But she would be breaking something precious inside him, something essential. He would not be the same afterward, and there would be no Will to comfort him. And he had so little time.

And Will? What would he do then? Whatever he might think now, she knew that if she broke things off with Jem, even then, he would not touch her, would not be with her, no matter how much he loved her. How could he parade his love for her in front of Jem, knowing his happiness came at the cost of his best friend's pain? Even if Will told himself he could manage it, to him she would always be the girl Jem loved, until the day Jem died. Until the day *she* died. He would not betray Jem, even after death. If it had been anyone else, anyone else in the world—but she did not love anyone else in the world. These were the boys she loved. For better. And for worse.

She made her voice as cold as she could. As calm. "Told him *what?*"

Will only looked at her. There had been light in his eyes on the stairs, as he'd locked the door, when he'd kissed her—a brilliant, joyous light. And it was going now, fading like the last breath of someone dying. She thought of Nate, bleeding to death in her arms. She had been powerless then, to help him. As she was now. She felt as if she were watching the life bleed out of Will Herondale, and there was nothing she could do to stop it.

"Jem would forgive me," Will said, but there was hopelessness in his face, his voice, already. He had given up, Tessa thought;

Will, who never gave up on any fight before it had started. “He . . .”

“He would,” she said. “He could never stay angry at you, Will; he loves you too well for that. I do not even think he would hold anger toward me. But this morning he told me he thought he would die without ever loving anyone as his father loved his mother, without ever being loved like that in return. Do you want me to go down the hallway and knock on his door and take that away from him? And would you love me still, if I did?”

Will looked at her for a long moment. Then he seemed to crumple inside, like paper; he sat down in the armchair, and put his face into his hands. “You promise me,” he said. “That you love him. Enough to marry him and make him happy.”

“Yes,” she said.

“Then, if you love him,” he said quietly, “please, Tessa, don’t tell him what I just told you. Don’t tell him that I love you.”

“And the curse? He doesn’t know—”

“Please don’t tell him about that either. Nor Henry, nor Charlotte—no one. I must tell them in my own time, in my own way. Pretend I said nothing to you. If you care about me at all, Tessa . . .”

“I will tell no one,” she said. “I swear it. I promise it, on my angel. My mother’s angel. And, Will . . .”

He had lowered his hands, but he still could not seem to look at her. He was gripping the sides of the armchair, his knuckles white. “I think you had better go, Tessa.”

But she could not bear to. Not when he was looking like that, like he was dying on the inside. More than anything else, she wanted to go and put her arms around him, to kiss his eyes closed, to make him smile again. “What you have endured,” she said, “since you were twelve years old—it would have killed most people. You have always believed that no one loved you, that no one *could* love you, as their continued survival was proof to you that they did not. But Charlotte loves you. And Henry. And Jem. And your family. They all have always loved you, Will Herondale,

for you cannot hide what is good about yourself, however hard you try.”

He lifted his head and looked at her. She saw the flame of the fire reflected in his blue eyes. “And you? Do you love me?”

Her nails dug into her palms. “Will,” she said.

He looked at her, almost through her, blindly. “*Do you love me?*”

“I . . .” She took a deep breath. It hurt. “Jem has been right about you all this time. You were better than I gave you credit for being, and for that I am sorry. Because if this is you, what you are truly like, and I think that it is—then you will have no difficulty finding someone to love you, Will, someone for whom you come first in their heart. But I . . .”

He made a sound halfway between a choking laugh and a gasp. “First in your heart,” he said. “Would you believe that is not the only time you have said that to me?”

She shook her head, bewildered. “Will, I have not—”

“You can never love me,” he said flatly, and when she did not respond, when she said nothing, he shuddered—a shudder that ran through his whole body—and pushed away from the armchair without looking at her. He stood up stiffly and crossed the room, groping for the bolt on the door; she watched with her hand across her mouth as, after what seemed like an age, he found it, fumbled it open, and went out into the corridor, slamming the door behind him.

Will, she thought. *Will, is that you?* The backs of her eyes ached. Somehow she found that she was sitting on the floor in front of the grate of the fire. She stared at the flames, waiting for the tears to come. Nothing happened. After such a long time of forcing them back, it seemed, she had lost the ability to cry.

She took the poker from the fireplace iron holder and drove the tip of it into the heart of the burning coals, feeling the heat on her face. The jade pendant around her throat warmed, almost burning her skin.

She drew the poker out of the fire. It glowed as red as a heart. She closed her hand around the tip.

For a moment she felt absolutely nothing. And then, as if from a very great distance, she heard herself cry out, and it was like a key turned inside her heart, freeing the tears at last. The poker clattered to the ground.

When Sophie came dashing in, having heard her scream, she found Tessa on her knees by the fire, her burned hand pressed to her chest, sobbing as if her heart would break.



It was Sophie who took Tessa to her room, and Sophie who put her in her nightgown and then in bed, and Sophie who washed her burned hand with a cool flannel and bound it up with a salve that smelled like herbs and spices, the same salve, she told Tessa, that Charlotte had used on Sophie's cheek when she had first come to the Institute.

"Do you think I'll have a scar?" Tessa asked, more out of curiosity than because she cared one way or the other. The burn, and the weeping that had followed it, seemed to have seared and flooded all the emotion out of her. She felt as light and hollow as a shell.

"Probably a bit of a one, not like I've got," said Sophie frankly, securing the bandage around Tessa's hand. "Burns hurt worse than they are, if you catch my meaning, and I got to you quickly with the salve. You'll be all right."

"No, I won't be," said Tessa, looking at her hand, and then over at Sophie. Sophie, lovely as always, calm and patient in her black dress and white cap, her curls clustering around her face. "I'm sorry again, Sophie," she said. "You were right about Gideon, and I was wrong. I should have listened to you. You're the last person on earth inclined to be foolish over men. The next time you say someone is worth trusting, I will believe you."

Sophie's smile flashed out, the smile that made even strangers forget her scar. "I understand why you said it."

"I should have trusted you—"

“I shouldn’t have got so angry,” Sophie said. “The truth is, I wasn’t sure myself what he was going to do. I wasn’t sure till he came back in the carriage with you all that he would side with us in the end.”

“It must be nice, though,” Tessa said, playing with the bedclothes, “that he’s going to live here. He’ll be so close to you —”

“It will be the worst thing in the world,” Sophie said, and suddenly her eyes were full of tears. Tessa froze in horror, wondering what she could have said so wrong. The tears stood in Sophie’s eyes, without falling, making their green shimmer. “If he lives here, he’ll see me as I really am. A servant.” Her voice cracked. “I knew I should never have gone to see him when he asked me. Mrs. Branwell’s not the type to punish her servants for having followers and the like, but I knew it was wrong anyway, because he’s himself and I’m me, and we don’t belong together.” She reached up a hand and wiped at her eyes, and then the tears did fall, spilling down both her cheeks, the whole and the scarred one. “I could lose everything if I let myself—and what’s he stand to lose? Nothing.”

“Gideon’s not like that.”

“He’s his father’s son,” Sophie said. “Who says that doesn’t matter? It’s not as if he was going to marry a mundane as it was, but to see me building up his fire, doing the washing-up—”

“If he loves you, he won’t mind all that.”

“People *always* mind all that. They are not so noble as you think.”

Tessa thought of Will with his face in his hands, saying, *If you love him, please, Tessa, don’t tell him what I just told you.* “One finds nobility in the oddest places, Soph. Besides, would you really *want* to be a Shadowhunter? Wouldn’t you rather—”

“Oh, but I do want it,” said Sophie. “More than anything in the world. I always have.”

“I never knew,” Tessa said, marveling.

“I used to think if I married Master Jem—” Sophie picked at the blanket, then looked up and smiled bleakly. “You haven’t broken his heart yet, have you?”

“No,” Tessa said. *Just torn my own in two.* “I haven’t broken his heart at all.”

COALS OF FIRE

*O brother, the gods were good to you.
Sleep, and be glad while the world endures.
Be well content as the years wear through;
Give thanks for life, and the loves and lures;
Give thanks for life, O brother, and death,
For the sweet last sound of her feet, her breath,
For gifts she gave you, gracious and few,
Tears and kisses, that lady of yours.*
—Algernon Charles Swinburne,
“The Triumph of Time”

Music poured out from under Jem’s door, which was partly cracked open. Will stood with his hand on the knob, his shoulder against the wall. He felt profoundly exhausted, more tired than he ever had in his life. A terrible burning energy had kept him alert since he had left Cheyne Walk, but it was gone now, drained away, and there was only an exhausted darkness.

He had waited for Tessa to call after him once he had slammed the drawing room door, but she had not. He could still see her, looking at him, with her eyes like great gray storm clouds. *Jem has proposed to me, and I have said yes.*

Do you love him?

I love him.

And yet here he was, standing in front of Jem's door. He did not know if he had come here to try to talk Jem out of Tessa—if such a thing could be accomplished—or, more likely, if this was where he had learned to go for comfort and he could not unlearn the habit of years. He pushed the door open; witchlight poured out into the hallway, and he stepped into Jem's room.

Jem was sitting on the trunk at the foot of his bed, his violin balanced on his shoulder. His eyes were closed as the bow sawed over the string, but the corners of his lips quirked up as his *parabatai* came into the room, and he said: "Will? Is that you, Will?"

"Yes," Will said. He was standing just inside the room, feeling as if he could go no farther.

Jem stopped playing and opened his eyes. "Telemann," he said. "Fantasia in E-flat major." He set the violin and bow down. "Well, come in, then. You're making me nervous, standing there."

Will took a few more steps inside. He had spent so much time in this room, he knew it as well as his own. Jem's collection of music books; the case in which his violin lived when he was not playing it; the windows that let in square patches of sunlight. The trunk that had come all the way from Shanghai. The cane with its jade top, leaning against the wall. The box with Kwan Yin on it, that held Jem's drugs. The armchair in which Will had spent countless nights, watching Jem sleep, counting his breaths and praying.

Jem looked up at him. His eyes were luminous; no suspicion colored them, only a simple happiness at seeing his friend. "I am glad you're here."

"So am I," said Will gruffly. He felt awkward, and wondered if Jem could sense it. He had never felt awkward around his *parabatai* before. It was the words, he thought, there on the tip of his tongue, pleading to be said.

You see it, don't you, James? Without Tessa there is nothing for me—no joy, no light, no life. If you loved me, you would let me have her.

You can't love her as I do. No one could. If you are truly my brother, you would do this for me.

But the words remained unspoken, and Jem leaned forward, his voice low and confiding. "Will. There was something I wanted to say to you, and not when everyone else was around."

Will braced himself. This was it. Jem was going to tell him about the engagement, and he was going to have to pretend to be happy, and not be sick out the window, which he desperately wanted to be. He stuffed his hands into his pockets. "And what's that?"

The sun glittered off Jem's hair as he ducked his head. "I should have talked to you before. But we never have discussed the subject of love, have we, and with you being such a cynic . . ." He grinned. "I thought you'd mock me for it. And besides, I never thought there was a chance she'd return my feelings."

"Tessa," said Will. Her name was like knives in his mouth.

Jem's smile was luminous, lighting his whole face, and any hope that Will had harbored in some secret chamber of his heart that perhaps Jem did not really love her, was gone, blown away like mist before a hard wind. "You have never shirked your duties," Jem said. "And I know that you would have done what you could to save Tessa in the tea warehouse, whoever she was. But I could not help thinking that perhaps the reason you were so determined to save her was because you knew what she meant to me." He tipped his head back, his smile incandescent. "Did I guess correctly, or am I a thickheaded idiot?"

"You're an idiot," said Will, and swallowed hard, past his dry throat. "But—you are correct. I know what she means to you."

Jem grinned. His happiness was printed all over his face, his eyes, Will thought; he had never seen him look like this. He had always thought of Jem as a calm and peaceful presence, always thought that joy, like anger, was too extreme and human an emotion for him. He realized now that he had been quite wrong; Jem had simply not been happy like this before. Not since his parents had died, Will imagined. But Will had never considered it.

He had dwelled on whether Jem was safe, whether he was surviving, but not if he was *happy*.

Jem is my great sin.

Tessa had been right, he thought. He had wanted her to break things off with Jem, whatever the cost; now he realized he did not, could not. *You might at least believe I know honor—honor, and debt*, he had said to Jem, and he had meant it. He owed Jem his life. He could not take from him the one thing Jem wanted more than anything else. Even if it meant Will's own happiness, for Jem was not only someone to whom he owed a debt that could never be repaid, but, as the covenant said, someone he loved as he loved his own soul.

Jem looked not just happier, but stronger, Will thought, with healthy color in his cheeks, his back straight. "I ought to apologize," Jem said. "I was too severe regarding the ifrits' den. I know you were merely seeking solace."

"No, you were right to have—"

"I wasn't." Jem stood up. "If I was harsh with you, it was because I cannot bear to see you treat yourself as if you are worth nothing. Whatever part you might act to the contrary, I see you as you really are, my blood brother. Not just better than you pretend to be, but better than most people could hope to be." He placed a hand on Will's shoulder, gently. "You are worth everything, Will."

Will closed his eyes. He saw the black basalt Council room, the two circles burning on the ground. Jem stepping from his circle to Will's, so they inhabited the same space, circumscribed by fire. His eyes had still been black then, wide in his pale face. Will remembered the words of the *parabatai* oath. *Whither thou goest, I will go; where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Angel do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me*. That same voice spoke again to him now. "Thank you for what you did for Tessa," said Jem.

Will could not look at Jem; he looked instead toward the wall, where their shadows blended together in relief, so that one could

not tell where one boy ended and the other began. “Thank you for watching Brother Enoch pull shards of metal out of my back afterward,” he said.

Jem laughed. “What else are *parabatai* for?”



The Council chamber was draped with red banners slashed with black runes; Jem whispered to Tessa that they were runes of decision and judgment.

They took their seats toward the front, in a row that also contained Henry, Gideon, Charlotte, and Will. Tessa had not spoken to Will since the day before; he had not been at breakfast, and had joined them in the courtyard late, still buttoning his coat as he ran down the stairs. His dark hair was disheveled, and he looked as if he had not slept. He seemed to be trying to avoid looking at Tessa, and she, in turn, avoided returning his gaze, though she could feel it flicking over her from time to time, like hot flecks of ash landing on her skin.

Jem was a perfect gentleman; their engagement was still secret, and other than smiling at her every time she looked at him, he behaved in no way out of the ordinary. As they settled themselves in their seats at the Council, she felt him brush her arm with the knuckles of his right hand, gently, before moving his hand away.

She could feel Will watching them, from the end of the row they sat in. She did not look toward him.

In seats on the raised platform at the chamber’s center sat Benedict Lightwood, his eagle profile turned away from the mass of the Council, his jaw set. Beside him sat Gabriel, who, like Will, looked exhausted and unshaven. He glanced once at his brother as Gideon entered the room, and then away as Gideon took his seat, deliberately, among the Shadowhunters of the Institute. Gabriel bit his lip and looked down at his shoes, but did not move from where he sat.

She recognized a few more faces in the audience. Charlotte’s aunt Callida was there, as was gaunt Aloysius Starkweather—despite, as he had complained, doubtless not being invited. His

eyes narrowed as they fell on Tessa, and she turned back quickly to the front of the room.

“We are here,” said Consul Wayland when he had taken his place before the lectern with the Inquisitor seated to his left, “to determine to what extent Charlotte and Henry Branwell have been of assistance to the Clave during the past fortnight in the matter of Axel Mortmain, and whether, as Benedict Lightwood has put in a claim, the London Institute would be better off in other hands.”

The Inquisitor rose. He was holding something that gleamed silver and black in his hands. “Charlotte Branwell, please come up to the lectern.”

Charlotte got to her feet, and climbed up the stairs to the stage. The Inquisitor lowered the Mortal Sword, and Charlotte wrapped her hands around the blade. In a quiet voice she recounted the events of the past two weeks—searching for Mortmain in newspaper clippings and historical accounts, the visit to Yorkshire, the threat against the Herondales, discovering Jessie’s betrayal, the fight at the warehouse, Nate’s death. She never lied, though Tessa was conscious of when she left out a detail here or there. Apparently the Mortal Sword could be gotten around, if only slightly.

There were several moments during Charlotte’s speech when the Council members reacted audibly: breathing in sharply, shuffling their feet, most notably to the revelation of Jessamine’s role in the proceedings. “I knew her parents,” Tessa heard Charlotte’s aunt Callida saying from the back of the room. “Terrible business—terrible!”

“And the girl is where now?” the Inquisitor demanded.

“She is in the cells of the Silent City,” said Charlotte, “awaiting punishment for her crime. I informed the Consul of her whereabouts.”

The Inquisitor, who had been pacing up and down the platform, stopped and looked Charlotte keenly in the face. “You say this girl was like a daughter to you,” he said, “and yet you

handed her over to the Brothers willingly? Why would you do something like that?"

"The Law is hard," said Charlotte, "but it is the Law."

Consul Wayland's mouth flicked up at the corner. "And here you said she'd be too soft on wrongdoers, Benedict," he said. "Any comment?"

Benedict rose to his feet; he had clearly decided to shoot his cuffs today, and they protruded, snowy white, from the sleeves of his tailored dark tweed jacket. "I do have a comment," he said. "I wholeheartedly support Charlotte Branwell in her leadership of the Institute, and renounce my claim on a position there."

A murmur of disbelief ran through the crowd.

Benedict smiled pleasantly.

The Inquisitor turned and looked at him in disbelief. "So you are saying," he echoed, "that *despite* the fact that these Shadowhunters killed Nathaniel Gray—or were responsible for his death—our only link to Mortmain, despite the fact that once again they harbored a spy beneath their roof, *despite* the fact that they still don't know where Mortmain is, you would recommend Charlotte and Henry Branwell to run this Institute?"

"They may not know where Mortmain is," said Benedict, "but they know *who* he is. As the great mundane military strategist Sun Tzu said in *The Art of War*, 'If you know your enemies and know yourself, you can win a hundred battles without a single loss.' We know now who Mortmain really is—a mortal man, not a supernatural being; a man afraid of death; a man bent on revenge for what he considers the undeserved murder of his family. Nor does he have compassion for Downworlders. He utilized werewolves to help him build his clockwork army swiftly, feeding them drugs to keep them working around the clock, knowing the drugs would kill the wolves and ensure their silence. Judging by the size of the warehouse he used and the number of workers he employed, his clockwork army will be sizeable. And judging by his motivations and the years over which he has refined his strategies for revenge, he is a man who cannot be reasoned with,

cannot be dissuaded, cannot be stopped. We must prepare for a war. And *that* we did not know before.”

The Inquisitor looked at Benedict, thin-lipped, as if he suspected that something untoward was going on but could not imagine what it might be. “Prepare for a war? And how do you suggest we do that—building, of course, on all this supposedly valuable information the Branwells have acquired?”

Benedict shrugged. “Well, that of course will be for the Council to decide over time. But Mortmain has tried to recruit powerful Downworlders such as Woolsey Scott and Camille Belcourt to his cause. We may not know where he is, but we now know his ways, and we can trap him in that manner. Perhaps by allying ourselves with some of Downworld’s more powerful leaders. Charlotte seems to have them all well in hand, don’t you think?”

A faint laugh ran around the Council, but they were not laughing *at* Charlotte; they were smiling with Benedict. Gabriel was watching his father, his green eyes burning.

“And the spy in the Institute? Would you not call that an example of her carelessness?” said the Inquisitor.

“Not at all,” said Benedict. “She dealt with the matter swiftly and without compassion.” He smiled at Charlotte, a smile like a razor. “I retract my earlier statement about her softheartedness. Clearly she is as able to deal justice without pity as any man.”

Charlotte paled, but said nothing. Her small hands were very still on the Sword.

Consul Wayland sighed gustily. “I wish you had come to this conclusion a fortnight ago, Benedict, and saved us all this trouble.”

Benedict shrugged elegantly. “I thought she needed to be tested,” he said. “Fortunately, she has passed that test.”

Wayland shook his head. “Very well. Let us vote on it.” He handed what looked like a cloudy glass vessel to the Inquisitor, who stepped down among the crowd and handed the vial to the woman sitting in the first chair of the first row. Tessa watched in

fascination as she bent her head and whispered into the vial, then passed it to the man on her left.

As the vial made its way around the room, Tessa felt Jem slip his hands into hers. She jumped, though her voluminous skirts, she suspected, largely hid their hands. She laced her fingers through his slim, delicate ones and closed her eyes. *I love him. I love him. I love him.* And indeed, his touch made her shiver, though it also made her want to weep—with love, with confusion, with heartbreak, remembering the look on Will's face when she had told him she and Jem were engaged, the happiness going out of him like a fire doused by rain.

Jem drew his hand out of hers to take the vial from Gideon on his other side. She heard him whisper, "Charlotte Branwell," before he passed the vial over her, to Henry on her other side. She looked at him, and he must have misconstrued the unhappiness in her eyes, because he smiled at her encouragingly. "It will be all right," he said. "They'll choose Charlotte."

When the vial finished its travels, it was handed back to the Inquisitor, who presented it with a flourish to the Consul. The Consul took the vial and, placing it on the lectern before him, drew a rune on the glass with his stele.

The vial trembled, like a kettle on the boil. White smoke poured from its open neck—the collected whispers of hundreds of Shadowhunters. They spelled words out across the air.

CHARLOTTE BRANWELL.

Charlotte dropped her hands from the Mortal Sword, almost sagging in relief. Henry made a whooping noise and threw his hat into the air. The room was filled with chatter and confusion. Tessa couldn't stop herself from glancing down the row at Will. He had slumped down in his seat, his head back, his eyes closed. He looked white and drained, as if this last bit of business had taken the remainder of his energy.

A scream pierced the hubbub. Tessa was on her feet in moments, whirling around. It was Charlotte's aunt Callida screaming, her elegant gray head thrown back and her finger

pointing Heavenward. Gasps ran around the room as the other Shadowhunters followed her gaze. The air above them was filled with dozens—scores, even—of buzzing black metal creatures, like enormous steel black beetles with coppery wings, zipping back and forth through the air, filling the room with the ugly sound of metallic buzzing.

One of the metal beetles dipped down and hovered in front of Tessa, just at eye level, making a clicking sound. It was eyeless, though there was a circular plate of glass in the flat front of its head. She felt Jem reach for her arm, trying to pull her away from it, but she jerked away impatiently, seized her hat off her head, and slammed it down on top of the thing, trapping it between her hat and the seat of her chair. It immediately set up an enraged, high-pitched buzzing. “Henry!” she called. “Henry, I’ve got one of the things—”

Henry appeared behind her, pink-faced, and stared down at the hat. A small hole was opening in the side of the elegant gray velvet where the mechanical creature was tearing at it. With a curse Henry brought his fist down hard, crushing the hat and the thing inside it against the seat. It buzzed and went still.

Jem reached around and lifted the smashed hat gingerly. What was left under it was a scatter of parts—a metal wing, a shattered chassis, and broken-off stumps of copper legs. “Ugh,” said Tessa. “It’s so very—buglike.” She glanced up as another cry went through the room. The insectile creatures had come together in a black swirl in the center of the room; as she stared, they swirled faster and faster and then vanished, like black beetles sucked down a drain.

“Sorry about the hat,” said Henry. “I’ll get you another.”

“Bother the hat,” said Tessa as the cries of the angry Council echoed through the room. She looked toward the center of the room; the Consul stood with the glowing Mortal Sword in his hand, and behind him was Benedict, stone-faced, with eyes like ice. “Clearly, we have bigger things to worry about.”



“It’s a sort of camera,” Henry said, holding the bits of the smashed metal beetle creature on his lap as the carriage clotted toward home. “Without Jessamine, Nate, or Benedict, Mortmain must be out of reliable human spies who can report to him. So he sent these things.” He poked at a shard; the bits were gathered together in the wreckage of Tessa’s hat, held on his lap as they jounced along.

“Benedict didn’t look any too pleased to see those things,” said Will. “He must realize Mortmain already knows about his defection.”

“It was a matter of time,” said Charlotte. “Henry, can those things record sound, like a phonograph, or simply pictures? They were flying around so quickly—”

“I’m not sure.” Henry frowned. “I shall have to examine the parts more closely in the crypt. I can find no shutter mechanism, but that does not mean—” He looked up at the uncomprehending faces focused on him, and shrugged. “In any case,” he said, “perhaps it is not the worst thing for the Council to get a look at Mortmain’s inventions. It is one thing to hear about them, another to *see* what he is doing. Don’t you think, Lottie?”

Charlotte murmured an answer, but Tessa didn’t hear it. Her mind was caught up in going over a peculiar thing that had occurred just after she’d left the Council chambers and was waiting for the Branwells’ carriage. Jem had just turned away from her to speak to Will, when the flap of a black cloak caught her eye, and Aloysius Starkweather stalked up to her, his grizzled face fierce. “Miss Gray,” he’d barked. “That clockwork creature—the way it approached you . . .”

Tessa had stood silently, staring—waiting for him to accuse her of something, though she could not imagine what.

“Thee’s all right?” he’d said, abruptly and at last, his Yorkshire accent seeming suddenly very pronounced. “It dinna harm thee?”

Slowly Tessa had shaken her head. “No, Mr. Starkweather. Thank you kindly for your inquiry into my welfare, but no.”

By then Jem and Will had turned and were staring. As if aware he was drawing attention, Starkweather had nodded once, sharply, turned, and walked off, his ragged cloak blowing behind him.

Tessa could make neither head nor tail of the whole business. She was just thinking of her brief time in Starkweather's head, and the astonishment he'd felt when he'd first seen her, when the carriage came to a jerking halt before the Institute. Relieved to be free of their cramped quarters, the Shadowhunters and Tessa spilled out, onto the drive.

There was a gap in the gray cloud cover over the city, and lemon yellow sunlight poured down, making the front steps glisten. Charlotte started toward them, but Henry stopped her, pulling her close with the arm that wasn't holding Tessa's destroyed hat. Tessa watched them with the first glimmer of happiness she'd felt since yesterday. She had truly come to care for Charlotte and Henry, she realized, and she wanted to see them happy. "What we should remember is that everything went as well as we could have hoped," Henry said, holding her tightly. "I'm so proud of you, darling."

Tessa would have expected a sarcastic comment from Will at this juncture, but he was staring off toward the gates. Gideon looked embarrassed, Jem as if he were pleased.

Charlotte pulled away from Henry, blushing furiously and straightening her hat, but obviously delighted. "Are you really, Henry?"

"Absolutely! Not only is my wife beautiful, she is brilliant, and that brilliance should be recognized!"

"This," said Will, still looking off toward the gates, "is when Jessamine would have told you to stop because you were making her sick."

The smile vanished from Charlotte's face. "Poor Jessie . . ."

But Henry's expression was uncharacteristically hard. "She shouldn't have done what she did, Lottie. It's not your fault. We can only hope the Council deals with her leniently." He cleared

his throat. "And let's have no more talk about Jessamine today, shall we? Tonight is for celebration. The Institute is still ours."

Charlotte beamed at him, with so much love in her eyes that Tessa had to look away, toward the Institute. She blinked. High up in the stone wall, her eyes caught a flicker of movement. A curtain twitched away from the corner of a window, and she saw a pale face peering down. Sophie, looking for Gideon? She couldn't be sure—the face was gone as soon as it had appeared.



Tessa dressed with special care that night, in one of the new gowns Charlotte had provided her: blue satin with a heart-shaped basque and a deeply cut, rounded neckline over which was pinned a chemisette of Mechlin lace. The sleeves were short and ruched, showing her long white arms, and she wore her hair in curls, pinned up and back, a coiffure interlaced with dark blue pansies. It was not until after Sophie had carefully fixed them in her hair that Tessa realized they were the color of Will's eyes, and wanted suddenly to pull them out, but of course she did nothing of the sort, only thanked Sophie for her efforts and complimented her sincerely on how prettily her hair had turned out.

Sophie left before she did, to go and help Bridget in the kitchen. Tessa sat down automatically in front of the mirror to bite her lips and pinch her cheeks. She needed the color, she thought. She was unusually pale. The jade pendant was shoved down under the Mechlin lace, where it could not be seen; Sophie had looked at it as Tessa had dressed, but had not commented. She reached for the clockwork angel pendant and fastened it, too, around her throat. It sat below the other pendant, just under her collarbones, and steadied her with its ticking. There was no reason she could not wear both, was there?

When she emerged into the corridor, Jem was waiting for her. His eyes lit up when he saw her, and after a glance up and down the hall, he drew her toward him and kissed her on the mouth.

She willed herself to melt into the kiss, to dissolve against him as she had done before. His mouth was soft on hers and tasted sweet, and his hand when it cupped her neck was strong and gentle. She moved closer to him, wanting to feel the beat of his heart.

He drew back, breathless. "I didn't mean to do that . . ."

She smiled. "I think you did, James."

"Not before I saw you," he said. "I meant only to ask if I could escort you to dinner. But you look so beautiful." He touched her hair. "I'm afraid too much passion could start you shedding petals like a tree in autumn, though."

"Well, you can," she said. "Escort me to dinner, that is."

"Thank you." He ran his fingertips lightly across her cheekbones. "I thought I would wake up this morning and it would have been a dream, you saying yes to me. But it wasn't. Was it?" His eyes searched her face.

She shook her head. She could taste tears in the back of her throat and was glad for the kid gloves that hid the burn on her left hand.

"I'm sorry you're getting such a bad bargain in me, Tessa," he said. "In years, I mean. Shackling yourself to a dying man when you're only sixteen . . ."

"You're only seventeen. Plenty of time to find a cure," she whispered. "And we will. Find one. I will be with you. Forever."

"Now, *that* I believe," he said. "When two souls are as one, they stay together on the Wheel. I was born into this world to love you, and I will love you in the next life, and the one after that."

She thought of Magnus. *We are chained to this life by a chain of gold, and we dare not sever it for fear of what lies beyond the drop.*

She knew what he meant now. Immortality was a gift, but not one without its consequences. *For if I am immortal, she thought, then I have only this, this one life. I will not turn and change as you do, James. I will not see you in Heaven, or on the banks of the great river, or in whatever life lies beyond this one.*

But she did not say it. It would hurt him, and if there was anything she knew to be true, it was that a fierce unreasoning desire lived in her to protect him from hurt, to stand between him and disappointment, between him and pain, between him and death, and fight them all back as Boadicea had fought back the advancing Romans. She reached up and touched his cheek instead, and he put his face against her hair, her hair full of flowers the color of Will's eyes, and they stood like that, clasped together, until the dinner bell rang a second time.



Bridget, who could be heard singing mournfully in the kitchen, had outdone herself in the dining room, placing candles in silver holders everywhere so the whole place glimmered with light. Cut roses and orchids floated in silver bowls on the white linen tablecloth. Henry and Charlotte presided at the head of the table. Gideon, in evening dress, sat with his eyes fixed on Sophie as she came in and out of the room, though she seemed to be studiously avoiding his glances. And beside him sat Will.

I love Jem. I am marrying Jem. Tessa had repeated it to herself all the way down the hall, but it made little difference; her heart flipped sickeningly in her chest when she saw Will. She had not seen him in evening dress since the night of the ball, and, despite seeming pale and ill, he still looked ridiculously handsome in it.

"Is your cook *always* singing?" Gideon was asking in an awed tone as Jem and Tessa came in. Henry looked up and, on seeing them, smiled all over his friendly, freckled face.

"We were beginning to wonder where you two were—," he began.

"Tessa and I have news," Jem burst out. His hand found Tessa's, and held it; she stood frozen as three curious faces turned toward them—four, if you counted Sophie, who had just walked into the room. Will sat where he was, gazing at the silver bowl in front of him; a white rose was floating in it, and he seemed prepared to stare at it until it went under. In the kitchen

Bridget was still singing one of her awful sad songs; the lyrics drifted in through the door:

*“’Twas on an evening fair I went to take the air,
I heard a maid making her moan;
Said, ‘Saw ye my father? Or saw ye my mother?
Or saw ye my brother John?
Or saw ye the lad that I love best,
And his name it is Sweet William?’”*

I may murder her, Tessa thought. Let her make a song about *that*.

“Well, you have to tell us now,” said Charlotte, smiling. “Don’t leave us dangling in suspense, Jem!”

Jem raised their joined hands and said, “Tessa and I are engaged to be married. I asked her, and—she accepted me.”

There was a shocked silence. Gideon looked astonished—Tessa felt rather sorry for him, in a detached sort of way—and Sophie stood holding a pitcher of cream, her mouth open. Both Henry and Charlotte looked startled out of their wits. None of them could have been expecting this, Tessa thought; whatever Jessamine had said about Tessa’s mother being a Shadowhunter, she was still a Downworlder, and Shadowhunters did not marry Downworlders. This moment had not occurred to her. She had thought somehow that they would tell everyone separately, carefully, not that Jem would blurt it out in a fever of joyous happiness in the dining room. And she thought, *Oh, please smile. Please congratulate us. Please don’t spoil this for him. Please.*

Jem’s smile had only just begun to slip, when Will rose to his feet. Tessa drew a deep breath. He *was* beautiful in evening dress, that was true, but he was always beautiful; there was something different about him now, though, a deeper layer to the blue of his eyes, cracks in the hard and perfect armor around himself that let through a blaze of light. This was a new Will, a different Will, a Will she had caught only glimpses of—a Will that perhaps only

Jem had ever really known. And now she would never know him. The thought pierced her with a sadness as if she were remembering someone who had died.

He raised his glass of wine. "I do not know two finer people," he said, "and could not imagine better news. May your lives together be happy and long." His eyes sought Tessa's, then slid away from her, fastening on Jem. "Congratulations, brother."

A flood of other voices came after his speech. Sophie set the pitcher down and came to embrace Tessa; Henry and Gideon shook Jem's hand, and Will stood watching it all, still holding the glass. Through the happy babble of voices, only Charlotte was silent, her hand against her chest; Tessa bent worriedly over her. "Charlotte, is everything all right?"

"Yes," Charlotte said, and then more loudly, "Yes. It is just—I have news of my own. Good news."

"Yes, darling," said Henry. "We won the Institute back! But everyone does already know—"

"No, not that, Henry. You—" Charlotte made a hiccuping sound, half laughter, half tears. "Henry and I are going to have a child. A boy. Brother Enoch told me. I didn't want to say anything before, but—"

The rest of her words were drowned out by Henry's incredulous whoop of joy. He lifted Charlotte entirely out of her seat and threw his arms around her. "Darling, that's wonderful, wonderful—"

Sophie gave a little shriek and clapped her hands. Gideon looked as if he were so embarrassed that he might conceivably die on the spot, and Will and Jem exchanged bemused smiles. Tessa could not help smiling as well; Henry's delight was infectious. He waltzed Charlotte across the room and then back again before suddenly stopping, horrified that waltzing might be bad for the baby, and sat her down in the nearest chair.

"Henry, I'm perfectly capable of walking," Charlotte said indignantly. "Even of dancing."

“My darling, you are indisposed! You must remain abed for the next eight months. Little Buford—”

“I am *not* naming our child Buford. I don’t care if it was your father’s name, or if it is a traditional Yorkshire name—,” Charlotte began in exasperation, when a knock sounded on the door, and Cyril poked his tousled head in. He stared at the scene of gaiety going on in front of him, and said hesitantly:

“Mr. Branwell, there’s someone here to see you all.”

Henry blinked. “Someone to see us? But this is a private dinner, Cyril. And I did not hear the bell ring—”

“No, she is Nephilim,” said Cyril. “And she says it’s very important. She will not wait.”

Henry and Charlotte exchanged bewildered glances. “Well, all right, then,” said Henry at last. “Let her up, but tell her it will have to be quick.”

Cyril vanished. Charlotte rose to her feet, smoothing down her dress and patting her disheveled hair. “Aunt Callida, perhaps?” she said in a puzzled voice. “I can’t fathom who else . . .”

The door opened again, and Cyril came in, followed by a young girl of about fifteen. She wore a black traveling cloak over a green dress. Even if Tessa had not seen her before, she would have known who she was instantly—known her by her black hair, by the violet-blue of her eyes, by the graceful curve of her white throat, the delicate angles of her features, the full swoop of her mouth.

She heard Will draw a sudden, violent breath.

“Hello,” said the girl, in a voice both surprisingly soft and surprisingly firm. “I apologize for interrupting your dinner hour, but I had nowhere else to go. I am Cecily Herondale, you see. I have come to be trained as a Shadowhunter.”

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A NOTE ON TESSA'S ENGLAND

As in *Clockwork Angel*, the London of *Clockwork Prince* is, as much as I could make it, an admixture of the real and the unreal, the famous and the forgotten. (For instance, there really is a Pyx Chamber in Westminster Abbey.) The geography of real Victorian London is preserved as much as possible, but there were times that wasn't possible.

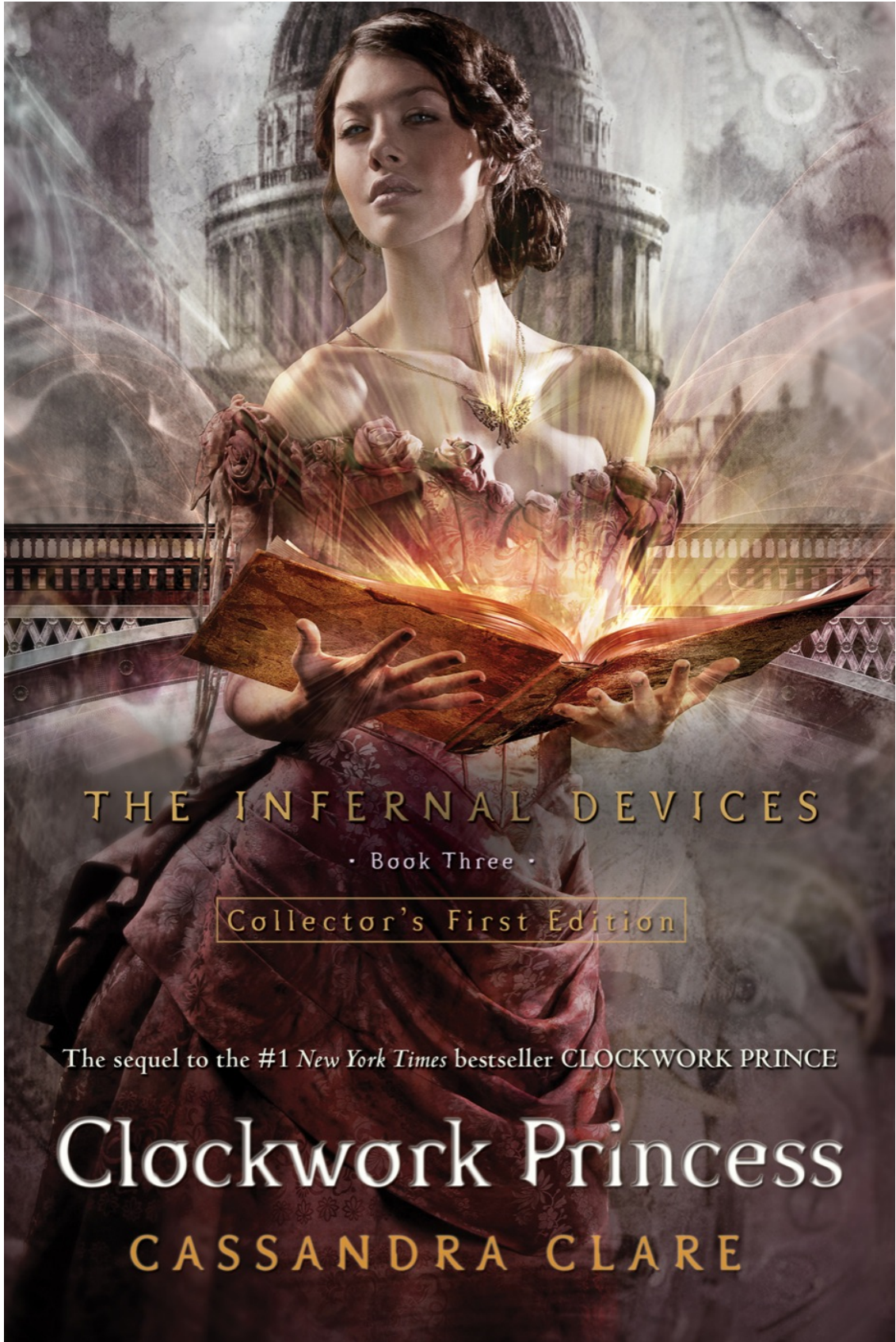
For those wondering about the Institute: There was indeed a church called All-Hallows-the-Less that burned in the Great Fire of London in 1666; it was located, however, in Upper Thames Street, not where I have placed it, just off Fleet Street. Those familiar with London will recognize the location of the Institute, and the shape of its spire, as that of the famous St. Bride's Church, beloved of newspapermen and journalists, which goes unmentioned in the *Infernal Devices* as the Institute has taken its place. For those wondering about the Institute in York, it is based on Holy Trinity Goodramgate, a church you can still find and tour in York.

As for the Lightwoods' house in Chiswick, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it was believed Chiswick was far enough from London to be a healthy refuge from the city's dirt and disease, and wealthy families did have mansions there. The Lightwoods' is based very sketchily on famous Chiswick House. As for Number 16 Cheyne Walk, where Woolsey Scott lives, it was at the time actually rented together by Algernon Charles Swinburne, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and George Meredith. They were members of the aesthetic movement, and would have

appreciated the motto on Woolsey's ring—“*L'art pour l'art*,” or “Art for art's sake.”

As for the opium den in Whitechapel, much research has been done on the subject but there is no proof that the opium den, much beloved of Sherlock Holmes fans and enthusiasts of the Gothic, ever existed at all. Here it has been replaced by a den of demonic vice. It has never been proved that those existed either, but then, it has never been proved that they didn't.

For those wondering what Will says to Tessa just outside the mansion in Chiswick, *Caelum denique* was the battle cry of the Crusaders and means “Heaven at last!”



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For the Lewis family:
Melanie, Jonathan, and Helen



*I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.*
—Alfred, Lord Tennyson, “In Memoriam A.H.H.”

PROLOGUE

York, 1847.

“I’m afraid,” said the little girl sitting on the bed. “Grandfather, can you stay with me?”

Aloysius Starkweather made an impatient noise in the back of his throat as he drew a chair closer to the bedside and seated himself. The impatient noise was only part in earnest. It pleased him that his granddaughter was so trusting of him, that often he was the only one who could calm her. His gruff demeanor had never bothered her, despite her delicate nature.

“There’s nothing to be afraid of, Adele,” he said. “You’ll see.”

She looked at him with large eyes. Normally the ceremony of first runing would have been held in one of the grander spaces of the York Institute, but because of Adele’s fragile nerves and health, it had been agreed that it could occur in the safety of her bedroom. She was sitting at the edge of her bed, her back very straight. Her ceremonial dress was red, with a red ribbon holding back her fine, fair hair. Her eyes were huge in her thin face, her arms narrow. Everything about her was as fragile as a china cup.

“The Silent Brothers,” she said. “What will they do to me?”

“Give me your arm,” he said, and she held out her right arm trustingly. He turned it over, seeing the pale blue tracery of veins below the skin. “They will use their steles—you know what a stele is—to draw a Mark upon you. Usually they start with the Voyance rune, which you will know from your studies, but in your case they will begin with Strength.”

“Because I am not very strong.”

“To build your constitution.”

“Like beef broth.” Adele wrinkled her nose.

He laughed. “Hopefully not so unpleasant. You will feel a little sting, so you must be brave and not cry out, because Shadowhunters do not cry out in pain. Then the sting will be gone, and you will feel so much stronger and better. And that will be the end of the ceremony, and we will go downstairs and there will be iced cakes to celebrate.”

Adele kicked her heels. “And a party!”

“Yes, a party. And presents.” He tapped his pocket, where a small box was hidden away—a small box wrapped in fine blue paper, that held an even smaller family ring. “I have one for you right here. You’ll get it as soon as the Marking ceremony is over.”

“I’ve never had a party for me before.”

“It’s because you’re becoming a Shadowhunter,” said Aloysius. “You know why that’s important, don’t you? Your first Marks mean you are Nephilim, like me, like your mother and father. They mean you are part of the Clave. Part of our warrior family. Something different and better than everyone else.”

“Better than everyone else,” she repeated slowly as her bedroom door opened and two Silent Brothers came in. Aloysius saw the flicker of fear in Adele’s eyes. She drew her arm back from his grasp. He frowned—he did not like to see fear in his progeny, though he could not deny that the Brothers were eerie in their silence and their peculiar, gliding motions. They moved around to Adele’s side of the bed as the door opened again and Adele’s mother and father entered: her father, Aloysius’s son, in scarlet gear; his wife in a red dress that belled out at the waist, and a golden necklace from which hung an *enkeli* rune. They smiled at their daughter, who gave a tremulous smile back, even as the Silent Brothers surrounded her.

Adele Lucinda Starkweather. It was the voice of the first Silent Brother, Brother Cimon. *You are now of age. It is time for the first of the Angel’s Marks to be bestowed on you. Are you aware of the honor being done you, and will you do all in your power to be worthy of it?*

Adele nodded obediently. “Yes.”

And do you accept these Marks of the Angel, which will be upon your body forever, a reminder of all that you owe to the Angel, and of your sacred duty to the world?

She nodded again, obediently. Aloysius's heart swelled with pride. "I do accept them," she said.

Then we begin. A stele flashed forth, held in the Silent Brother's long white hand. He took Adele's trembling arm and set the tip of the stele to her skin, and began to draw.

Black lines swirled out from the stele's tip, and Adele stared in wonderment as the symbol for Strength took shape on the pale skin of her inner arm, a delicate design of lines intersecting with each other, crossing her veins, wrapping her arm. Her body was tense, her small teeth sunk into her upper lip. Her eyes flashed upward at Aloysius, and he started at what he saw in them.

Pain. It was normal to feel some pain at the bestowing of a Mark, but what he saw in Adele's eyes—was agony.

Aloysius jerked upright, sending the chair he had been sitting on skittering away behind him. "Stop!" he cried, but it was too late. The rune was complete. The Silent Brother drew back, staring. There was blood on the stele. Adele was whimpering, mindful of her grandfather's admonition that she not cry out—but then her bloody, lacerated skin began to peel back from the bones, blackening and burning under the rune as if it were fire, and she could not help but throw her head back, and scream, and scream . . .

London, 1873.

"Will?" Charlotte Fairchild eased the door of the Institute's training room open. "Will, are you in there?"

A muffled grunt was the only response. The door swung all the way open, revealing the wide, high-ceilinged room on the other side. Charlotte herself had grown up training here, and she knew every warp of the floorboards, the ancient target painted on the north wall, the square-paned windows, so old that they were

thicker at the base than the top. In the center of the room stood Will Herondale, a knife held in his right hand.

He turned his head to look at Charlotte, and she thought again what an odd child he was—although at twelve he was barely still a child. He was a very pretty boy, with thick dark hair that waved slightly where it touched his collar—wet now with sweat, and pasted to his forehead. His skin had been tanned by country air and sun when he had first come to the Institute, though six months of city life had drained its color, causing the red flush across his cheekbones to stand out. His eyes were an unusually luminous blue. He would be a handsome man one day, if he could do something about the scowl that perpetually twisted his features.

“What is it, Charlotte?” he snapped.

He still spoke with a slight Welsh accent, a roll to his vowels that would have been charming if his tone hadn’t been so sour. He drew his sleeve across his forehead as she came partway through the door, then paused. “I’ve been looking for you for hours,” she said with some asperity, though asperity had little effect on Will. Not much had an effect on Will when he was in a mood, and he was nearly always in a mood. “Didn’t you recall what I told you yesterday, that we were welcoming a new arrival to the Institute today?”

“Oh, I remembered.” Will threw the knife. It stuck just outside the circle of the target, deepening his scowl. “I just don’t care.”

The boy behind Charlotte made a stifled noise. A laugh, she would have thought, but certainly he couldn’t be laughing? She had been warned the boy coming to the Institute from Shanghai was not well, but she had still been startled when he had stepped from the carriage, pale and swaying like a reed in the wind, his curling dark hair streaked with silver as if he were a man in his eighties, not a boy of twelve. His eyes were wide and silvery-black, strangely beautiful but haunting in such a delicate face. “Will, you *shall* be polite,” she said now, and drew the boy out from behind her, ushering him ahead into the room. “Don’t mind

Will; he's only moody. Will Herondale, may I introduce you to James Carstairs, of the Shanghai Institute."

"Jem," said the boy. "Everyone calls me Jem." He took another step forward into the room, his gaze taking in Will with a friendly curiosity. He spoke without the trace of an accent, to Charlotte's surprise, but then his father was—had been—British. "You can too."

"Well, if everyone calls you that, it's hardly any special favor to me, is it?" Will's tone was acid; for someone so young, he was amazingly capable of unpleasantness. "I think you will find, James Carstairs, that if you keep to yourself and let me alone, it will be the best outcome for both of us."

Charlotte sighed inwardly. She had so hoped that this boy, the same age as Will, would prove a tool to disarm Will of his anger and his viciousness, but it seemed clear that Will had been speaking the truth when he had told her he did not care if another Shadowhunter boy was coming to the Institute. He did not want friends, or want for them. She glanced at Jem, expecting to see him blinking in surprise or hurt, but he was only smiling a little, as if Will were a kitten that had tried to bite him. "I haven't trained since I left Shanghai," he said. "I could use a partner—someone to spar with."

"So could I," said Will. "But I need someone who can keep up with me, not some sickly creature that looks as if he's doddering off to the grave. Although I suppose you might be useful for target practice."

Charlotte, knowing what she did about James Carstairs—a fact she had not shared with Will—felt a sickly horror come over her. *Doddering off to the grave, oh dear Lord.* What was it her father had said? That Jem was dependent on a drug to live, some kind of medicine that would extend his life but not save it. *Oh, Will.*

She made as if to move in between the two boys, as if she could protect Jem from Will's cruelty, more awfully accurate in this instance that even he knew—but then she paused.

Jem had not even changed expression. "If by 'doddering off to the grave' you mean dying, then I am," he said. "I have about two

years more to live, three if I am lucky, or so they tell me.”

Even Will could not hide his shock; his cheeks flushed red. “I . . .”

But Jem had set his steps toward the target painted on the wall; when he reached it, he yanked the knife free from the wood. Then he turned and walked directly up to Will. Delicate as he was, they were of the same height, and only inches from each other their eyes met and held. “You may use me for target practice if you wish,” said Jem, as casually as if he were talking about the weather. “It seems to me I have little to fear from such an exercise, as you are not a very good shot.” He turned, took aim, and let the knife fly. It stuck directly into the heart of the target, quivering slightly. “Or,” Jem went on, turning back to Will, “you could allow *me* to teach *you*. For I am a *very* good shot.”

Charlotte stared. For half a year she had watched Will push away everyone who’d tried to get near him—tutors; her father; her fiancé, Henry; both the Lightwood brothers—with a combination of hatefulness and precisely accurate cruelty. If it were not that she herself was the only person who had ever seen him cry, she imagined she would have given up hope as well, long ago, that he would ever be any good to anybody. And yet here he was, looking at Jem Carstairs, a boy so fragile-looking that he appeared to be made out of glass, with the hardness of his expression slowly dissolving into a tentative uncertainty. “You are not *really* dying,” he said, the oddest tone to his voice, “are you?”

Jem nodded. “So they tell me.”

“I am sorry,” Will said.

“No,” Jem said softly. He drew his jacket aside and took a knife from the belt at his waist. “Don’t be ordinary like that. Don’t say you’re sorry. Say you’ll train with me.”

He held out the knife to Will, hilt first. Charlotte held her breath, afraid to move. She felt as if she were watching something very important happen, though she could not have said what.

Will reached out and took the knife, his eyes never leaving Jem’s face. His fingers brushed the other boy’s as he took the

weapon from him. It was the first time, Charlotte thought, that she had ever seen him touch any other person willingly.

“I’ll train with you,” he said.

A DREADFUL ROW

*Marry on Monday for health,
Tuesday for wealth,
Wednesday the best day of all,
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses, and
Saturday for no luck at all.*
—Folk rhyme

“December is a fortuitous time for a marriage,” said the seamstress, speaking around her mouthful of pins with the ease of years of practice. “As they say, ‘When December snows fall fast, marry, and true love will last.’ ” She placed a final pin in the gown and took a step back. “There. What do you think? It is modeled after one of Worth’s own designs.”

Tessa looked at her reflection in the pier glass in her bedroom. The dress was a deep gold silk, as was the custom for Shadowhunters, who believed white to be the color of mourning, and would not marry in it, despite Queen Victoria herself having set the fashion for doing just that. Duchesse lace edged the tightly fitted bodice and dripped from the sleeves.

“It’s lovely!” Charlotte clapped her hands together and leaned forward. Her brown eyes shone with delight. “Tessa, the color looks so fine on you.”

Tessa turned and twisted in front of the mirror. The gold put some much-needed color into her cheeks. The hourglass corset shaped and curved her everywhere it was supposed to, and the clockwork angel around her throat comforted her with its ticking. Below it dangled the jade pendant that Jem had given her. She had lengthened the chain so she could wear them both at once, not being willing to part with either. “You don’t think, perhaps, that the lace is a trifle too much adornment?”

“Not at all!” Charlotte sat back, one hand resting protectively, unconsciously, over her belly. She had always been too slim—skinny, in truth—to really need a corset, and now that she was going to have a child, she had taken to wearing tea gowns, in which she looked like a little bird. “It is your wedding day, Tessa. If there is ever an excuse for excessive adornment, it is that. Just imagine it.”

Tessa had spent many nights doing just that. She was not yet sure where she and Jem would be married, for the Council was still deliberating their situation. But when she imagined the wedding, it was always in a church, with her being marched down the aisle, perhaps on Henry’s arm, looking neither to the left or right but straight ahead at her betrothed, as a proper bride should. Jem would be wearing gear—not the sort one fought in, but specially designed, in the manner of a military uniform, for the occasion: black with bands of gold at the wrists, and gold runes picked out along the collar and placket.

He would look so young. They were *both* so young. Tessa knew it was unusual to marry at seventeen and eighteen, but they were racing a clock.

The clock of Jem’s life, before it wound down.

She put her hand to her throat, and felt the familiar vibration of her clockwork angel, its wings scratching her palm. The seamstress looked up at her anxiously. She was mundane, not Nephilim, but had the Sight, as all who served the Shadowhunters did. “Would you like the lace removed, miss?”

Before Tessa could answer, there was a knock at the door, and a familiar voice. “It’s Jem. Tessa, are you there?”

Charlotte sat bolt upright. “Oh! He mustn’t see you in your dress!”

Tessa stood dumbfounded. “Whyever not?”

“It’s a Shadowhunter custom—bad luck!” Charlotte rose to her feet. “Quickly! Hide behind the wardrobe!”

“The wardrobe? But—” Tessa broke off with a yelp as Charlotte seized her about the waist and frog-marched her behind the wardrobe like a policeman with a particularly resistant criminal. Released, Tessa dusted off her dress and made a face at Charlotte, and they both peeked around the side of the furniture as the seamstress, after a bewildered look, opened the door.

Jem’s silvery head appeared in the gap. He looked a bit disheveled, his jacket askew. He glanced around in puzzlement before his gaze lighted on Charlotte and Tessa, half-concealed behind the wardrobe. “Thank goodness,” he said. “I’d no idea where any of you had gone. Gabriel Lightwood’s downstairs, and he’s making the most dreadful row.”



“Write to them, Will,” said Cecily Herondale. “Please. Just one letter.”

Will tossed his sweat-soaked dark hair back and glared at her. “Get your feet into position,” was all he said. He pointed, with the tip of his dagger. “There, and there.”

Cecily sighed, and moved her feet. She had known she was out of position; she’d been doing in intentionally, to needle Will. It was easy to needle her brother. That much she remembered about him from when he was twelve years old. Even then daring him to do something, like climb the steeply pitched roof of their manor house, had resulted in the same thing: an angry blue flame in his eyes, a set jaw, and sometimes Will with a broken leg or arm at the end of it.

Of course this brother, the nearly adult Will, was not the brother she remembered from her childhood. He had grown both more explosive and more withdrawn. He had all their mother’s beauty, and all their father’s stubbornness—and, she feared, their

father's propensity for vices, though she had guessed that only from whispers among the occupants of the Institute.

"Raise your blade," Will said. His voice was as cool and professional as her governess's.

Cecily raised it. It had taken her some time to get used to the feel of gear against her skin: the loose tunic and trousers, the belt around her waist. Now she moved in it as comfortably as she had ever moved in the loosest nightgown. "I don't understand why you won't consider writing a letter. A single letter."

"I don't understand why you won't consider going home," Will said. "If you would just agree to return to Yorkshire yourself, you could stop worrying about our parents and I could arrange—"

Cecily interrupted him, having heard this speech a thousand times. "Would you consider a wager, Will?"

Cecily was both pleased and a little disappointed to see Will's eyes spark, just the way her father's always did when a gentleman's bet was suggested. Men were so easy to predict.

"What sort of a wager?" Will took a step forward. He was wearing gear; Cecily could see the Marks that twined his wrists, the *mnemosyne* rune on his throat. It had taken her some time to see the Marks as something other than disfiguring, but she was used to them now—as she had grown used to the gear, to the great echoing halls of the Institute, and to its peculiar denizens.

She pointed at the wall in front of them. An ancient target had been painted on the wall in black: a bull's-eye inside a larger circle. "If I hit the center of that three times, you have to write a letter to Dad and Mam and tell them how you are. You must tell them of the curse and why you left."

Will's face closed like a door, the way it always did when she made this request. But, "You'll never hit it three times without missing, Cecy."

"Well, then it should be no great concern to you to make the bet, William." She used his full name purposefully. She knew it bothered him, coming from her, though when his best friend—no, his *parabatai*; she had learned since coming to the Institute that these were quite different things—Jem did it, Will seemed to take

it as a term of affection. Possibly it was because he still had memories of her toddling after him on chubby legs, calling *Will, Will*, after him in breathless Welsh. She had never called him “William,” only ever “Will” or his Welsh name, *Gwilym*.

His eyes narrowed, those dark blue eyes the same color as her own. When their mother had said affectionately that Will would be a breaker of hearts when he was grown, Cecily had always looked at her dubiously. Will had been all arms and legs then, skinny and disheveled and always dirty. She could see it now, though, had seen it when she had first walked into the dining room of the Institute and he had stood up in astonishment, and she had thought: *That can't be Will*.

He had turned those eyes on her, her mother's eyes, and she had seen the anger in them. He had not been pleased to see her, not at all. And where in her memories there had been a skinny boy with a wild tangle of black hair like a Gypsy's and leaves in his clothes, there was now this tall, frightening *man* instead. The words she had wanted to say had dissolved on her tongue, and she had matched him, glare for glare. And so it had been since, Will barely enduring her presence as if she were a stone in his shoe, a constant but minor annoyance.

Cecily took a deep breath, raised her chin, and prepared to throw the first knife. Will did not know, would never know, of the hours she had spent in this room, alone, practicing, learning to balance the weight of the knife in her hand, discovering that a good knife throw began from behind the body. She held both arms straight down and drew her right arm back, behind her head, before bringing it, and the weight of her body, forward. The tip of the knife was in line with the target. She released it and snapped her hand back, sucking in a gasp.

The knife stuck, point-down in the wall, exactly in the center of the target.

“One,” Cecily said, giving Will a superior smile.

He looked at her stonily, yanked the knife from the wall, and handed it to her again.

Cecily threw it. The second throw, like the first, flew directly to its target and stuck there, vibrating like a mocking finger.

“Two,” Cecily said in a sepulchral tone.

Will’s jaw set as he took the knife again and presented it to her. She took it with a smile. Confidence was flowing through her veins like new blood. She knew she could do this. She had always been able to climb as high as Will, run as fast, hold her breath as long. . . .

She threw the knife. It struck its target, and she leaped into the air, clapping her hands, forgetting herself for a moment in the thrill of victory. Her hair came down from its pins and spilled into her face; she pushed it back and grinned at Will. “You *shall* write that letter. You agreed to the bet!”

To her surprise he smiled at her. “Oh, I will write it,” he said. “I will write it, and then I will throw it into the fire.” He held up a hand against her outburst of indignation. “I said I would write it. I never said I would *send* it.”

Cecily’s breath went out of her in a gasp. “How *dare* you trick me like that!”

“I told you that you were not made of Shadowhunter stuff, or you would not be so easily fooled. I am not going to write a letter, Cecy. It’s against the Law, and that’s the end of it.”

“As if *you* care about the Law!” Cecily stamped her foot, and was immediately more annoyed than ever; she detested girls who stamped their feet.

Will’s eyes narrowed. “And *you* don’t care about being a Shadowhunter. How is this? I shall write a letter and give it to you if you promise to deliver it home yourself—and not to return.”

Cecily recoiled. She had many memories of shouting matches with Will, of the china dolls she had owned that he had broken by dropping them out an attic window, but there was also kindness in her memories—the brother who had bandaged up a cut knee, or retied her hair ribbons when they had come loose. That kindness was absent from the Will who stood before her now. Mam used to cry for the first year or two after Will went; she had

said, holding Cecily to her, that the Shadowhunters would “take all the love out of him.” A cold people, she had told Cecily, a people who had forbidden her marriage to her husband. What could he want with them, her Will, her little one?

“I will *not* go,” Cecily said, staring her brother down. “And if you insist that I must, I will—I will—”

The door of the attic slid open, and Jem stood silhouetted in the doorway. “Ah,” he said, “threatening each other, I see. Has this been going on all afternoon, or did it just begin?”

“He began it,” Cecily said, jerking her chin at Will, though she knew it was pointless. Jem, Will’s *parabatai*, treated her with the distant sweet kindness reserved for the little sisters of one’s friends, but he would always side with Will. Kindly, but firmly, he put Will above everything else in the world.

Well, nearly everything. She had been most struck by Jem when she first came to the Institute—he had an unearthly, unusual beauty, with his silvery hair and eyes and delicate features. He looked like a prince in a fairy-tale book, and she might have considered developing an attachment to him, were it not so absolutely clear that he was entirely in love with Tessa Gray. His eyes followed her where she went, and his voice changed when he spoke to her. Cecily had once heard her mother say in amusement that one of their neighbors’ boys looked at a girl as if she were “the only star in the sky” and that was the way Jem looked at Tessa.

Cecily didn’t resent it: Tessa was pleasant and kind to her, if a little shy, and with her face always stuck in a book, like Will. If that was the sort of girl Jem wanted, she and he never would have suited—and the longer she remained at the Institute, the more she realized how awkward it would have made things with Will. He was ferociously protective of Jem, and he would have watched her constantly in case she ever distressed or hurt him in any way. No—she was far better out of the whole thing.

“I was just thinking of bundling up Cecily and feeding her to the ducks in Hyde Park,” said Will, pushing his wet hair back and favoring Jem with a rare smile. “I could use your assistance.”

“Unfortunately, you may have to delay your plans for sororicide a bit longer. Gabriel Lightwood is downstairs, and I have two words for you. Two of your *favorite* words, at least when you put them together.”

“‘Utter simpleton?’” inquired Will. “‘Worthless upstart?’”

Jem grinned. “‘*Demon pox,*’” he said.



Sophie balanced the salver on one hand with the ease of long practice while she rapped on Gideon Lightwood’s door with the other.

She heard the sound of a hurried shuffle, and the door swung open. Gideon stood before her in trousers, braces, and a white shirt rolled up to the elbows. His hands were wet, as if he had just run quick fingers through his hair, which was also damp. Her heart took a little leap inside her chest before settling. She forced herself to frown at him.

“Mr. Lightwood,” she said. “I’ve brought the scones you rang for, and Bridget’s made you up a plate of sandwiches as well.”

Gideon took a step back to allow her into the room. It was like all the other rooms in the Institute: heavy dark furniture, a great four-poster bed, a wide fireplace, and high windows, which in this case looked down upon the courtyard below. Sophie could feel his gaze on her as she moved across the room to place the salver on the table before the fire. She straightened up and turned to him, her hands folded in front of her apron.

“Sophie—,” he began.

“Mr. Lightwood,” she interrupted. “Is there anything else you require?”

He looked at her half-mutinously, half-sadly. “I wish you would call me Gideon.”

“I have told you, I cannot call you by your Christian name.”

“I am a Shadowhunter; I do not have a Christian name. Sophie, please.” He took a step toward her. “Before I took up residence in the Institute, I had thought we were well on our way

to a friendship. Yet since the day I arrived, you have been cold to me.”

Sophie’s hand went involuntarily to her face. She remembered Master Teddy, the son of her old employer, and the horrible way he would catch her in dark corners and press her up against the wall, hands creeping under her bodice, murmuring in her ear that she had better be friendlier to him, if she knew what was good for her. The thought filled her with sickness, even now.

“Sophie.” Gideon’s eyes crinkled worriedly at the corners. “What is it? If there is some wrong I have done you, some slight, please tell me what it is that I may remedy it—”

“There is no wrong, no slight. You are a gentleman and I am a servant; anything more would be a familiarity. Please do not make me uncomfortable, Mr. Lightwood.”

Gideon, who had half-raised his hand, let it drop to his side. He looked so woebegone that Sophie’s heart softened. *I have everything to lose, and he has nothing to lose*, she reminded herself. It was what she told herself late at night, lying in her narrow bed, with the memory of a pair of storm-colored eyes hovering in her mind. “I had thought we were friends,” he said.

“I cannot be your friend.”

He took a step forward. “What if I were to ask you—”

“Gideon!” It was Henry, at the open door, breathless, wearing one of his terrible green-and-orange-striped waistcoats. “Your brother’s here. Downstairs—”

Gideon’s eyes widened. “Gabriel’s here?”

“Yes. Shouting something about your father, but he won’t tell us anything more unless you’re there. He swears it. Come along.”

Gideon hesitated, his eyes moving from Henry to Sophie, who tried to look invisible. “I . . .”

“Come *now*, Gideon.” Henry rarely spoke sharply, and when he did, the effect was startling. “He’s covered in blood.”

Gideon paled, and he reached for the sword that hung on a set of double pegs by his door. “I’m on my way.”



Gabriel Lightwood leaned against the wall inside the Institute doors, his jacket gone, his shirt and trousers drenched in scarlet. Outside, through the open doors, Tessa could see the Lightwood carriage, with its flame blazon on the side, drawn up at the foot of the steps. Gabriel must have driven it here himself.

“Gabriel,” Charlotte said soothingly, as if she were trying to gentle a wild horse. “Gabriel, tell us what happened, please.”

Gabriel—tall and slender, brown hair sticky with blood—scrubbed at his face, wild-eyed. His hands were bloody too. “Where’s my brother? I have to talk to my brother.”

“He’s coming down. I sent Henry to fetch him, and Cyril to ready the Institute’s carriage. Gabriel, are you injured? Do you need an *iratze*?” Charlotte sounded as motherly as if this boy had never faced her down from behind Benedict Lightwood’s chair, had never conspired with his father to take the Institute away from her.

“That is a great deal of blood,” said Tessa, pushing forward. “Gabriel, it is not all yours, is it?”

Gabriel looked at her. It was the first time, Tessa thought, that she had seen him behave with no posturing at all. There was only stunned fear in his eyes, fear and—confusion. “No. . . . It’s *theirs* —”

“Theirs? Who are *they*?” It was Gideon, hurrying down the stairs, a sword in his right hand. Along with him came Henry, and Jem, and behind him, Will and Cecily. Jem paused on the steps in startlement, and Tessa realized that he had caught sight of her in her wedding dress. His eyes widened, but the others were already pushing by, and he was carried down the steps like a leaf in a current.

“Is Father hurt?” Gideon went on, coming to a stop before his brother. “Are you?” He put his hand up and took his brother’s face, his hand cupping Gabriel’s chin and turning it toward him. Though Gabriel was taller, the look of a younger sibling was clear in his face—relief that his brother was there, and a flicker of resentment at his peremptory tone.

“Father. . .,” Gabriel began. “Father is a worm.”

Will gave a short laugh. He was in gear as if he had just come from the practice room, and his hair curled damply against his temples. He was not looking at Tessa, but she had grown used to that. Will hardly ever looked at her unless he had to. "It's good to see you've come round to our view of things, Gabriel, but this is an unusual way of announcing it."

Gideon shot Will a reproachful look before turning back to his brother. "What do you mean, Gabriel? What did Father do?"

Gabriel shook his head. "He's a worm," he said again, tonelessly.

"I know. He has brought shame on the name of Lightwood, and lied to both of us. He shamed and destroyed our mother. But we need not be like him."

Gabriel pulled away from his brother's grip, his teeth suddenly flashing in an angry scowl. "You're not listening to me," he said. "He's a worm. *A worm*. A bloody great serpentlike thing. Since Mortmain stopped sending the medicine, he's been getting worse. Changing. Those sores upon his arms, they started to cover him. His hands, his neck, h-his *face* . . ." Gabriel's green eyes sought Will. "It was the pox, wasn't it? You know all about it, don't you? Aren't you some sort of expert?"

"Well, you needn't act as if I invented it," said Will. "Just because I believed it existed. There are accounts of it—old stories in the library—"

"Demon pox?" said Cecily, her face screwed up in confusion. "Will, what is he talking about?"

Will opened his mouth, and flushed faintly across his cheekbones. Tessa hid a smile. It had been weeks since Cecily had come to the Institute, and still her presence bothered and upset Will. He did not seem to know how to behave around this younger sister, who was not the child he remembered, and whose presence he insisted was unwelcome. And yet Tessa had seen him follow Cecily around a room with his eyes, with the same protective love in his gaze that he sometimes bent on Jem. Certainly the existence of demon pox, and how one acquired it,

was the last thing he would want to explain to Cecily. “Nothing you need know about,” he muttered.

Gabriel’s eyes went to Cecily, and his lips parted in surprise. Tessa could see him taking Cecily in. Will’s parents must both have been very beautiful, Tessa thought, for Cecily was as pretty as Will was handsome, and with the same gleaming black hair and startling dark blue eyes. Cecily gazed boldly back at him, her expression curious; she must have been wondering who this boy was, who seemed to so dislike her brother.

“Is Father dead?” Gideon demanded, his voice rising. “Has the demon pox killed him?”

“Not killed,” said Gabriel. “Changed. It has changed him. Some weeks ago he moved our household to Chiswick. He would not say why. Then a few days ago he locked himself in his study. He wouldn’t come out, not even to eat. This morning I went to the study to try to rouse him. The door had been torn off its hinges. There was a . . . a *trail* of some slimy stuff leading down the hall. I followed it downstairs and into the gardens.” He looked around the now silent entryway. “He has become a worm. That is what I am telling you.”

“I don’t suppose it would be possible,” said Henry into the silence, “to, er, step on him?”

Gabriel looked at him in disgust. “I searched around the gardens. I found some of the servants. And when I say ‘I found’ some of them, I mean exactly what I say. They had been torn into—into pieces.” He swallowed and looked down at his bloody clothes. “I heard a sound—a high-pitched howling noise. I turned and saw it coming toward me. A great blind worm like a dragon out of a legend. Its mouth was open wide, lined with dagger teeth. I turned and ran for the stables. It slithered after me, but I leaped upon the carriage and drove it out through the gates. The creature—Father—did not follow. I think it fears to be seen by the general populace.”

“Ah,” said Henry. “Too big to be stepped on, then.”

“I shouldn’t have run,” said Gabriel, looking at his brother. “I should have stood and fought the creature. Maybe it could be

reasoned with. Maybe Father is in there somewhere.”

“And maybe it would have bitten you in half,” said Will. “What you are describing, the transformation into a demon, is the last stage of the pox.”

“Will!” Charlotte threw up her hands. “Why didn’t you *say* so?”

“You know, the books on demon pox are in the library,” Will said with an injured tone. “I wasn’t preventing anyone from reading them.”

“Yes, but if Benedict was going to turn into an enormous *serpent*, you’d think you could at least have mentioned it,” said Charlotte. “As a matter of general interest.”

“First,” said Will, “I didn’t know he was going to turn into a gigantic worm. The end stage of demon pox is turning into a demon. It could have been any sort. Second, it takes weeks for the transformation process to occur. I would have thought even a certified idiot like Gabriel here would have taken account of it and notified someone.”

“Notified who?” asked Jem, not unreasonably. He had moved closer to Tessa as the conversation had continued. As they stood side by side, the backs of their hands brushed.

“The Clave. The postman. Us. *Anyone*,” said Will, shooting an irritated look at Gabriel, who was starting to get some color back and looked furious.

“I am not a certified idiot—”

“Lack of certification hardly proves intelligence,” Will muttered.

“And as I told you, Father locked himself in his study for the past week—”

“And you didn’t think to take any special notice of that?” said Will.

“You don’t know our father,” said Gideon in the flat tone of voice he used sometimes when conversation about his family was inescapable. He turned back to his brother and put his hands on Gabriel’s shoulders, speaking quietly, in measured tones none of them could hear.

Jem, beside Tessa, hooked his smallest finger through hers. It was a habitual affectionate gesture, one that Tessa had grown used to over the past months, enough that she sometimes put out her hand without thinking when he was standing by her. “Is that your wedding dress?” he asked under his breath.

Tessa was saved answering by the appearance of Bridget, carrying gear, and Gideon suddenly turning to the rest of them and saying, “Chiswick. We must go. Gabriel and I, if no one else.”

“Go alone?” Tessa said, startled enough to speak out of turn. “But why would you not call upon others to come with you—”

“The Clave,” said Will, his blue eyes keen. “He doesn’t want the Clave to know about his father.”

“Would you?” said Gabriel hotly. “If it were *your* family?” His lip curled. “Never mind. It’s not as if you know the meaning of loyalty—”

“Gabriel.” Gideon’s voice was a reprimand. “Do not speak to Will in that manner.”

Gabriel looked surprised, and Tessa could hardly blame him. Gideon knew of Will’s curse, of the belief that had caused his hostility and his abrupt manners, as all in the Institute did, but the story was private to them, and none outside had been told of it.

“We will come with you. Of course we will come with you,” said Jem, releasing Tessa’s hand and stepping forward. “Gideon did us a service. We have not forgotten, have we, Charlotte?”

“Of course not,” said Charlotte, turning. “Bridget, the gear—”

“I am conveniently already in gear,” said Will as Henry shucked off his coat and traded it for a gear jacket and a weapons belt; Jem did the same, and suddenly the entryway was full of motion—Charlotte speaking quietly to Henry, her hand hovering just above her stomach. Tessa looked away from the private moment and saw a dark head bent with a fair one. Jem was at Will’s side with his stele drawn, tracing a rune on the side of Will’s throat. Cecily looked at her brother and scowled.

“I, too, am conveniently already in gear,” she announced.

Will jerked his head up, causing Jem to make a sound of annoyed protest. “Cecily, absolutely not.”

“You have no right to tell me yes or no.” Her eyes flashed. “I am going.”

Will jerked his head toward Henry, who shrugged apologetically. “She does have the right. She has trained for nearly two months—”

“She’s a little girl!”

“You were doing the same at fifteen,” said Jem quietly, and Will spun back toward him. For a moment everyone seemed to hold their breath, even Gabriel. Jem’s gaze held Will’s, steadily, and not for the first time Tessa had the sense of unspoken words passing between them.

Will sighed and half-closed his eyes. “Tessa will be wanting to come next.”

“Of course I am coming,” Tessa said. “I may not be a Shadowhunter, but I too have trained. Jem is not going without me.”

“You are in your *wedding dress*,” Will protested.

“Well, now that you’ve all seen it, I can’t possibly wear it to be married in,” said Tessa. “Bad luck, you know.”

Will groaned something in Welsh—unintelligible, but clearly the tone of a man defeated. Across the room Jem cast Tessa a slight, worried smile. The Institute door swung open then, letting a blaze of autumn sunlight into the entryway. Cyril stood on the threshold, breathless.

“The second carriage is now ready,” he said. “Who’ll be coming, then?”

To: Consul Josiah Wayland

From: The Council

Dear Sir,

As you are doubtless aware, your term of service as Consul, after ten years, is coming to an end. The time has come to appoint a successor.

As for ourselves, we are giving serious consideration to the appointment of Charlotte Branwell, née Fairchild. She has done good work as the head of the London Institute, and we believe her to have your stamp of approval, as she was appointed by you after the death of her father.

As your opinion and esteem are to us of the highest value, we would appreciate any thoughts that you might have on the matter.

Yours with the highest regards,

Victor Whitelaw, Inquisitor, on behalf of the Council

2

THE CONQUEROR WORM

*And much of Madness, and more of Sin,
And Horror the soul of the plot.*
—Edgar Allan Poe, “The Conqueror Worm”

As the Institute’s carriage rolled through the gates of Lightwood House in Chiswick, Tessa was able to appreciate the place as she had not the first time she had been there, in the dead of night. A long gravel road flanked by trees led up to an immense white house with a circular drive in front of it. The house bore a strong resemblance to sketches she had seen of the classical temples of Greece and Rome with its strong, symmetrical lines and clean columns. There was a carriage drawn up before the steps, and gravel paths spread out through a network of gardens.

And lovely gardens they were. Even in October they were a riot of blooms—late-flowering red roses and chrysanthemums in bronze-orange, yellow, and dark gold bordered neat paths that wandered through the trees. As Henry drew their carriage to a stop, Tessa stepped out of the carriage, helped by Jem, and heard the sound of water: a stream, she suspected, diverted to run through the gardens. It was such a lovely place, she could hardly associate it in her mind with the same location where Benedict had held his devilish ball, though she could see the path that wound around the side of the house that she had taken that

night. It led to a wing of the house that looked as if it had been recently added. . . .

The Lightwood carriage rolled up behind them, driven by Gideon. Gabriel, Will, and Cecily spilled out. The Herondale siblings were still arguing with each other as Gideon climbed down, Will illustrating his points with bold sweeps of his arms. Cecily was scowling at him, the furious expression on her face making her look so much like her brother that it would, under other circumstances, have been amusing.

Gideon, even paler than before, turned in a circle, his blade unsheathed in his hand.

“Tatiana’s carriage,” he said shortly as Jem and Tessa reached him. He pointed toward the vehicle drawn up by the steps. Its doors were both open. “She must have decided to pay a call.”

“Of all the times . . .” Gabriel sounded furious, but his green eyes were sick with fear. Tatiana was their sister, recently married. The coat of arms on the carriage, a wreath of thorns, must have been the symbol of her husband’s family, Tessa thought. The group stood frozen, watching, as Gabriel moved to the carriage, slipping a long sabre from his belt. He leaned in the door, and cursed aloud.

He pulled back, his eyes meeting Gideon’s. “There’s blood on the seats,” he said. “And . . . this stuff.” He prodded at a wheel with the tip of the sabre; when he drew it away, a long thread of stinking slime trailed from it.

Will whipped a seraph blade from his coat and called aloud, “*Eremiel!*” As it began to blaze, a pale white star in the autumn light, he pointed first north, then south. “The gardens run all round the house, down to the river,” he said. “I ought to know—I chased the demon Marbas all up through here one night. Wherever Benedict is, I doubt he’ll leave these grounds. Too much of a chance of being seen.”

“We’ll take the west side of the house. You take the east,” said Gabriel. “Shout if you see anything and we’ll converge.”

Gabriel cleaned his blade on the gravel of the drive, stood, and followed his brother around the side of the house. Will headed

the other way, followed by Jem, with Cecily and Tessa just behind them. Will paused at the corner of the house, scanning the gardens with his gaze, alert for any unusual sight or sound. A moment later, he beckoned for the others to follow.

As they moved forward, the heel of Tessa's shoe caught on one of the loose bits of gravel beneath the hedges. She stumbled, and immediately righted herself, but Will glanced back, and scowled. "Tessa," he said. There had been a time when he had called her Tess, but no longer. "You shouldn't be with us. You're not prepared. At least wait in the carriage."

"I shan't," said Tessa mutinously.

Will turned back to Jem, who appeared to be hiding a smile. "Tessa's *your* fiancée. You make her see sense."

Jem, holding his sword-cane in one hand, moved across the gravel to her. "Tessa, do it as a favor to me, could you?"

"You don't think I can fight," Tessa said, drawing back and matching his silvery gaze with her own. "Because I'm a girl."

"I don't think you can fight because you're wearing a wedding dress," said Jem. "For what it's worth, I don't think Will could fight in that dress either."

"Perhaps not," said Will, who had ears like a bat's. "But I would make a radiant bride."

Cecily raised her hand to point into the distance. "What's that?"

All four of them whirled to see a figure racing toward them. The sunlight was directly ahead, and for a moment, as Tessa's eyes adjusted, all she saw was a blur. The blur quickly resolved itself into the figure of a running girl. Her hat was gone; her light brown hair flew on the wind. She was tall and bony, dressed in a bright fuchsia dress that had probably once been elegant but was now torn and bloodstained. She continued shrieking as she barreled toward them and threw herself into Will's arms.

He staggered backward, nearly dropping Eremiel. "Tatiana—"

Tessa couldn't quite tell if Will pushed her away or she drew back on her own, but either way Tatiana moved an inch or so away from Will, and Tessa could see her face for the first time.

She was a narrow, angular girl. Her hair was sandy like Gideon's, her eyes green like Gabriel's, and she might have been pretty had her face not borne the lines of pinched disapproval. Even though she was tearstained and gasping, there was something theatrical about it, as if she were aware of all eyes on her—especially Will's.

"A great monster," she wept. "A creature—it seized darling Rupert from the carriage and made off with him!"

Will pushed her a bit farther away. "What do you mean 'made off with him'?"

She pointed. "Th-there," she sobbed. "It dragged him to the Italian gardens. He managed to elude its maw at first, but it harried him through the paths. No matter how much I screamed, it would not put him d-down!" She burst into a fresh wave of tears.

"You screamed," Will said. "Is that all you did?"

"I screamed a great deal." Tatiana sounded injured. She drew fully away from Will and fixed him with a green gaze. "I see you are as ungenerous as you ever were." Her eyes skated to Tessa, Cecily, and Jem. "Mr. Corstairs," she said stiffly, as if they were at a garden party. Her eyes narrowed as they fell on Cecily. "And you—"

"Oh, in the name of the Angel!" Will pushed past her; Jem, with a smile at Tessa, followed.

"You *cannot* be other than Will's sister," said Tatiana to Cecily as the boys vanished into the distance. Tessa she pointedly ignored.

Cecily looked at her incredulously. "I am, though I cannot imagine what difference it makes. Tessa—are you coming?"

"I am," Tessa said, and joined her; whether Will wanted her there or not—or Jem either—she could not watch the two of them walk into danger and not want to be where they were. After a moment she heard Tatiana's reluctant footsteps on the gravel behind her.

They were moving away from the house, toward the formal gardens half-hidden behind their high hedges. In the distance sunlight sparked off a wood-and-glass greenhouse with a cupola

on the roof. It was a fine autumn day: There was a brisk wind, the smell of leaves in the air. Tessa heard a rustle and glanced at the house behind her. Its smooth white facade rose high, broken only by the arches of balconies.

“Will,” she whispered as he reached up and unlocked her hands from around his neck. He drew her gloves off, and they joined her mask and Jessie’s pins on the stone floor of the balcony. He pulled off his own mask next and cast it aside, running his hands through his damp black hair, pushing it back from his forehead. The lower edge of the mask had left marks across his high cheekbones, like light scars, but when she reached to touch them, he gently caught at her hands and pressed them down.

“No,” he said. “Let me touch you first. I have wanted . . .”

Blushing furiously, Tessa pulled her gaze away from the house and the memories it contained. The group had reached a gap in the hedges on their right. Through it what was clearly “the Italian garden” was visible, ringed round by foliage. Within the circle the garden was lined with rows of statuary depicting classical heroes and figures of myth. Venus poured water from an urn in a central fountain, while statues of great historians and statesmen—Caesar, Herodotus, Thucydides—regarded each other with blank eyes across the walkways that radiated out from the central point. There were also poets and playwrights. Tessa, hurrying along, passed Aristotle, Ovid, Homer—his eyes bound with a stone mask to indicate his blindness—Virgil and Sophocles, before an earsplitting scream rent the air.

She whirled around. Several feet behind her Tatiana was standing stock-still, her eyes bulging out of her head. Tessa dashed back toward her, the others on her heels; she reached the girl first, and Tatiana caught at her blindly, as if forgetting for the moment who Tessa was. “Rupert,” Tatiana moaned, staring ahead of her, and Tessa, following her gaze, saw a man’s boot protruding from behind a hedge. She thought for a moment that he must have been lying stunned upon the ground, the rest of his body hidden by foliage, but as she leaned forward, she realized that the

boot—and the several inches of gnawed-upon, bloody flesh that protruded from the boot’s opening—were all there was to see.



“A forty-foot worm?” Will muttered to Jem as they moved through the Italian garden, their boots—thanks to a pair of Soundless runes—making no noise on the gravel. “Think of the size of the fish we could catch.”

Jem’s lips twitched. “It’s not funny, you know.”

“It is a bit.”

“You cannot reduce the situation to worm jokes, Will. This is Gabriel and Gideon’s father we’re discussing.”

“We’re not just discussing him; we’re chasing him through an ornamental sculpture garden because he’s turned into a *worm*.”

“A demonic worm,” said Jem, pausing to peer cautiously around a hedgerow. “A great serpent. Would that help your inappropriate humor?”

“There was a time when my inappropriate humor brought you a certain amusement,” sighed Will. “How the worm has turned.”

“Will—”

Jem was interrupted by an earsplitting scream. Both boys spun, in time to see Tatiana Blackthorn reel backward into Tessa’s arms. Tessa caught the other girl, supporting her, as Cecily moved toward a gap in the hedges, whipping a seraph blade from her belt with the ease of a practiced Shadowhunter. Will did not hear her speak, but the blade sprang up in her hand, lighting her face and setting a sick blaze of dread alight in Will’s stomach.

He began to run, Jem at his heels. Tatiana was sagging limply in Tessa’s arms, her face starkly twisted into a wail. “Rupert! Rupert!” Tessa was struggling with the other girl’s weight, and Will wanted to pause to help her—but Jem already had, his hand on Tessa’s arm, and it was reasonable. It was his place, as her fiancé.

Will savagely yanked his attention away, back to his sister, who was moving between the gap in the hedges, her blade held high as she edged around the grisly remains of Rupert Blackthorn.

“Cecily!” Will called in exasperation. She began to turn—

And the world exploded. A fountain of dirt and mud sprayed up before them, geysering into the sky. Clods of earth and mud clattered down on them like hail. In the center of the geyser—an enormous, blind serpent, a pale grayish-white color. The color of dead flesh, Will thought. A stench came off it like the stench of a grave. Tatiana gave a wail and went limp, pulling Tessa to the ground with her.

The worm began to fling itself to and fro, trying to pull free of the earth. Its mouth opened—it was less of a mouth and more of an enormous slash bisecting its head, lined with sharklike teeth. A great keening hiss came from its throat.

“Halt!” Cecily cried. She held her blazing seraph blade out in front of her; she looked absolutely fearless. “Get back, damned creature!”

The worm lashed down toward her. She stood fast, her blade in hand, as its great jaws descended—and Will leaped at her, knocking her out of the way. They both rolled into a hedge as the worm’s head struck the ground where she had been standing, leaving a sizeable dent.

“Will!” Cecily pulled herself away from him, but not quite in time. Her seraph blade slashed across his forearm, leaving a red burn behind. Her eyes were blue fire. “That was unnecessary!”

“You’re not trained!” Will shouted, half out of his mind with fury and terror. “You’ll get yourself killed! Stay where you are!” He reached for her blade, but she twisted away from him and onto her feet. A moment later the worm was surging down again, its mouth open. Will had dropped his own blade diving for his sister; it was several feet away. He leaped to the side, avoiding the creature’s jaws by inches, and then Jem was there, sword-cane in hand. He drove the blade up, hard, into the side of the worm’s body. A hellish scream burst from its throat, and it whipped backward, spraying black blood. With a hiss it disappeared behind a hedgerow.

Will spun around. He could barely see Cecily; Jem had thrown himself between her and Benedict, and he was spattered in black blood and mud. Behind Jem, Tessa had dragged Tatiana into her

lap; their skirts belled out together, Tatiana's gaudy pink mixing with the ruined gold of Tessa's wedding dress. Tessa had bent over her as if to protect her from the sight of her father, and much of the demon blood had splashed upon Tessa's hair and clothes. She looked up, her face pale, and her eyes met Will's.

For a moment the garden, the noise, the stench of blood and demon, vanished away, and he was alone in a soundless place with only Tessa. He wanted to run to her, wrap her in his arms. Protect her.

But it was Jem's place to do those things, not his. *Not his.*

The moment passed, and Tessa was on her feet, pulling Tatiana up by main force, looping the other girl's arm about her own shoulders even as Tatiana lolled against her, half-conscious.

"You must move her from here. She'll be killed," Will said, sweeping his gaze over the garden. "She has no training."

Tessa's mouth began to set in its familiar, stubborn line. "I don't wish to leave you."

Cecily looked horrified. "You don't think . . . Wouldn't the creature hold off? She's his daughter. If it—if he—has any family feeling left—"

"He *consumed* his son-in-law, Cecy," Will snapped. "Tessa, go with Tatiana if you want to save her life. And stay with her by the house. It would be a disaster if she came rushing back here."

"Thank you, Will," Jem murmured as Tessa drew the stumbling girl away as quickly as she could, and Will felt the words as three needle pricks inside his heart. Always when Will did something to protect Tessa, Jem thought it was for his sake, not for Will's. Always Will wished Jem could be entirely right. Each needle prick had its own name. *Guilt. Shame. Love.*

Cecily screamed. A shadow blotted out the sun, and the hedgerow in front of Will burst apart. He found himself staring down the dark red gullet of the massive worm. Ropes of spittle hung between its enormous teeth. Will snatched for the sword at his belt, but the worm was already rearing back, a dagger protruding from the side of its neck. Will recognized it without turning. It was Jem's. He heard his *parabatai* cry out a warning,

and then the worm was hurtling toward Will again and he slammed his sword upward, through the underside of its jaw. Blood spurted through its teeth, splattering Will's gear with a hissing noise. Something struck the back of his knees and, unprepared, he went over hard, his shoulders slamming into the turf.

He choked as the wind was knocked out of him. The worm's thin, annulated tail was wrapped around his knees. He kicked out, seeing stars, Jem's anxious face, blue sky above him—

Thunk. An arrow embedded itself in the worm's tail, just below Will's knee. Benedict's grip loosened, and Will rolled away across the dirt and struggled to his knees, just in time to see Gideon and Gabriel Lightwood pounding toward them across the dirt path. Gabriel held a bow. He was notching it again as he ran, and Will realized with a distant surprise that Gabriel Lightwood had just shot his father to save Will's life.

The worm caromed backward, and there were hands under Will's arms, hauling him to his feet. *Jem.* He released Will, who turned to see that his *parabatai* already had his sword-cane out and was glaring ahead. The demon worm appeared to be writhing in agony, undulating as it swept its great, blind head from side to side, uprooting shrubbery with its thrashings. Leaves filled the air, and the small group of Shadowhunters choked on dust. Will could hear Cecily coughing and longed to tell her to run back to the house, but he knew she wouldn't do it.

Somehow the worm, by thrashing its jaws, had worked the sword free; the weapon clattered to the ground among the rosebushes, smeared with black ichor. The worm began to slide backward, leaving a trail of slime and blood. Gideon grimaced and dashed forward to seize up the fallen sword with a gloved hand.

Suddenly Benedict reared up like a cobra, his jaws apart and dripping. Gideon raised the sword, looking impossibly small against the creature's vast bulk.

"*Gideon!*" It was Gabriel, white-faced, raising his bow; Will spun aside as an arrow flew past him and buried itself in the

worm's body. The worm yelped and spun, humping its body away from them with incredible speed. As it slithered away, a flick of its tail caught the edge of a statue, and squeezed it tightly—the statue exploded into dust, showering into the dry ornamental pool.

“By the Angel, it just crushed Sophocles,” noted Will as the worm vanished behind a large structure shaped like a Greek temple. “Has no one respect for the classics these days?”

Gabriel, breathing hard, lowered his bow. “You *fool*,” he said savagely to his brother. “What were you thinking, rushing up to him like that?”

Gideon whirled, pointing his bloody sword at Gabriel. “Not ‘him.’ *It*. That is not our father any longer, Gabriel. If you cannot countenance that fact—”

“I shot him with an arrow!” Gabriel shouted. “What more do you want of me, Gideon?”

Gideon shook his head as if disgusted with his brother; even Will, who did not like Gabriel, felt a twinge of sympathy for him. He *had* shot the beast.

“We must pursue it,” said Gideon. “It has gone behind the folly —”

“The *what*?” said Will.

“A folly, Will,” said Jem. “It is a decorative structure. I assume there is no real interior.”

Gideon shook his head. “It is merely plaster. If we two were to go around one side of it, and you and James the other—”

“Cecily, *what* are you doing?” Will demanded, interrupting Gideon; he knew he sounded like a distracted parent, but he didn't care. Cecily had slid her blade into her belt and appeared to be trying to climb one of the small yew trees inside the first row of hedges. “Now is not the time for climbing trees!”

She looked toward him angrily, her black hair blowing across her face. She opened her mouth to answer, but before she could speak, there was a sound like an earthquake, and the folly burst apart in shards of plaster. The worm hurtled forth, heading

straight toward them with the terrifying speed of an out-of-control train.



By the time they reached the front courtyard of Lightwood House, Tessa's neck and back were aching. She was tightly laced into her corset beneath the heavy wedding dress, and the weight of the sobbing Tatiana dragged down her left shoulder painfully.

She was relieved to see the carriages come into view—relieved, and also startled. The scene in the courtyard was so peaceful—the carriages where they had left them, the horses cropping grass, the facade of the house undisturbed. After half-carrying, half-dragging Tatiana to the first carriage, Tessa wrenched the door open and helped her in, wincing when the other girl's sharp nails dug into her shoulders as she heaved herself and her skirts into the space inside.

“Oh, God,” Tatiana moaned. “The shame of it, the terrible shame. That the Clave might know of what has befallen my father. For pity's sake, could he not have thought of me, even for a moment?”

Tessa blinked. “That *thing*,” she said. “I do not think it was capable of thinking of anyone, Mrs. Blackthorn.”

Tatiana looked at her dizzily, and for a moment Tessa was ashamed of the resentment she had felt toward the other girl. She had not liked being sent away from the gardens, where she might perhaps have helped—but Tatiana had just seen her husband torn to pieces before her eyes by her own father. She was deserving of more sympathy than Tessa had been feeling.

Tessa made her voice more gentle. “I know you have had a bad shock. If you would lie down—”

“You are *very* tall,” Tatiana said. “Do gentlemen complain of it?”

Tessa stared.

“And you are dressed as a bride,” said Tatiana. “Is that not *very* odd? Would not gear suit the task better? I understand it is unflattering, and needs must as the devil drives, but—”

There was a sudden loud crash. Tessa detached herself from the carriage and glanced about; the sound had come from inside the house. *Henry*, Tessa thought. Henry had gone into the house, alone. Of course, the creature was out in the gardens, but nevertheless—it was Benedict’s house. She thought of the ballroom, full of demons the last time Tessa had been there, and she gathered up her skirts in both hands. “Remain here, Mrs. Blackthorn,” she said. “I must discover the cause of that noise.”

“No!” Tatiana sat bolt upright. “Do not leave me!”

“I am sorry.” Tessa backed away, shaking her head. “I must. Please stay inside the carriage!”

Tatiana cried something after her, but Tessa had already turned to dash up the steps. She pushed her way through the front doors and emerged in a grand entryway floored with alternating squares of black and white marble, like a checkerboard. A massive chandelier hung from the ceiling, though none of its tapers were lit; the only light in the place came from the daylight flooding in through the high windows. A curving staircase of great grandeur wound its way upward. “Henry!” Tessa cried. “Henry, where are you?”

An answering cry and another crash came from the floor above. Tessa dashed up the stairs, stumbling as her foot caught on the hem of her dress and ripped a seam wide open. She switched the skirt out of the way impatiently and continued running, down a long corridor whose walls were painted powder blue and were hung with dozens of gilt-framed etchings, through a pair of doors, and into another room.

It was most assuredly a man’s room, a library or an office: the curtains a heavy dark fabric, oil paintings of great ships of war hung on the walls. Rich green wallpaper covered the walls, though it appeared to be mottled with odd dark stains. There was a strange smell to the place—a smell like the one down by the banks of the Thames, where odd things rotted in the weak daylight. And laid over that, the coppery tang of blood. A bookcase had tipped over, a welter of smashed glass and broken wood, and on the Persian rug beside it was Henry, locked in a

wrestling match with a *thing* with gray skin and an unnerving number of arms. Henry was yelling and kicking out with his long legs, and the thing—a demon, no doubt—was tearing at his gear with claws, its wolflike snout snapping at his face.

Tessa looked around wildly, seized up the poker that lay by the dormant fireplace, and charged. She tried to keep her training in mind—all those hours of Gideon’s careful talk of calibration and speed and grip—but in the end it seemed pure instinct to drive the long steel rod into the creature’s torso, where there would have been a rib cage if it had been a real, earthly animal.

She heard *something* crunch as the weapon went in. The demon gave a howl like a baying dog and rolled off Henry, and the poker clattered to the floor. Black ichor sprayed, filling the room with the stench of smoke and rot. Tessa stumbled back, her heel catching on the torn edge of her gown. She fell to the ground just as Henry heaved himself over and, with a muttered curse, slashed the demon across the throat with a daggerlike blade that glowed with runes. The demon gave a gurgling cry and folded up like paper.

Henry lurched to his feet, his gingery hair matted with blood and ichor. His gear was torn at the shoulder, scarlet fluid leaking from the wound. “Tessa,” he exclaimed, and then he was beside her, helping her to her feet. “By the Angel, we’re a pair,” he said in his rueful Henry way, looking at her worriedly. “You’re not hurt, are you?”

She glanced down at herself and saw what he meant: Her dress was soaked with a spray of ichor, and there was an ugly cut on her forearm where she had fallen on the broken glass. It didn’t hurt much, yet, but there was blood. “I am quite all right,” she said. “What happened, Henry? What was that thing and why was it in here?”

“A guardian demon. I was searching Benedict’s desk, and I must have moved or touched something that awoke it. A black smoke poured from the drawer, and became *that*. It lunged at me —”

“And clawed you,” Tessa said in concern. “You’re bleeding—”

“No, I did that myself. Fell on my dagger,” Henry said sheepishly, drawing a stele from his belt. “Don’t tell Charlotte.”

Tessa almost smiled; then, remembering, she dashed across the room and tugged open the curtains across one of the tall windows. She could see out across the gardens, but not, frustratingly, the Italian garden; they were on the wrong side of the house for that. Green box hedges and flat grass, beginning to brown with winter, stretched out before her. “I must go,” she said. “Will and Jem and Cecily—they were battling the creature. It has killed Tatiana Blackthorn’s husband. I had to convey her back to the carriage as she was near fainting.”

There was a silence. Then: “Tessa,” Henry said in an odd voice, and she turned to see him, arrested in the act of applying an *iratze* to his inner arm. He was staring at the wall across from him—the wall Tessa had thought earlier was oddly mottled and splotched with stains. She saw now that they were no accidental mess. Letters a foot tall each stretched across the wallpaper, written in what looked like dried black blood.

THE INFERNAL DEVICES ARE WITHOUT PITY.
THE INFERNAL DEVICES ARE WITHOUT REGRET.
THE INFERNAL DEVICES ARE WITHOUT NUMBER.
THE INFERNAL DEVICES WILL NEVER STOP COMING.

And there, beneath the scrawls, a last sentence, barely readable, as if whoever had written it had been losing the use of his hands. She pictured Benedict locked in this room, going slowly mad as he transformed, smearing the words on the wall with his own ichor-ridden blood.

MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON OUR SOULS.



The worm lunged—and Will dived forward into a roll, narrowly missing its snapping jaws. He came up into a crouch, then to his feet, and raced along the length of the creature until he reached

its thrashing tail. He whirled around and saw the demon looming like a cobra over Gideon and Gabriel—though, to his surprise, it seemed to have frozen, hissing but not attacking. Did it recognize its children? Feel anything for them? It was impossible to tell.

Cecily was halfway up the yew tree, clinging to a branch. Hoping that she would see sense and stay there, Will spun toward Jem and held up a hand so his *parabatai* could see him. They had long ago worked out a series of gestures they used to communicate what they needed in the midst of battle, in case they could not hear each other's voices. Jem's eyes lit with understanding, and he tossed his cane toward Will. In a perfect throw it sailed end over end till Will caught it in one hand and clicked the handle. The blade shot out, and Will brought it down swift and hard, cleaving straight through the creature's thick skin. The worm jerked back and howled as Will struck again, parting its tail from its body. Benedict thrashed at both ends, and ichor gushed forth in a sticky blast, coating Will. He ducked away with a shout, his skin burning.

"*Will!*" Jem darted toward him. Gideon and Gabriel were slashing at the worm's head, doing their best to keep its attention focused on them. As Will wiped burning ichor from his eyes with his free hand, Cecily dropped from the yew tree and landed squarely on the worm's back.

Will dropped the sword-cane in shock. He had never done that before, never dropped a weapon in the middle of a battle, but there was his little sister, clinging with grim determination to the back of a massive demon worm, like a tiny flea clinging to the fur of a dog. As he stared in horror, Cecily yanked a dagger from her belt and drove it viciously into the demon's flesh.

What does she think she's doing? As if that tiny dagger could kill a thing that size! "Will, Will," Jem was saying in his ear, his voice urgent, and Will realized he had spoken aloud, and, name of the Angel, the worm's head was swinging around toward Cecily, its mouth open and vast and lined with teeth—

Cecily let go of the dagger's handle and rolled sideways, off the body of the worm. Its jaws missed her by a hairsbreadth and snapped viciously shut on its own body. Black ichor gushed and the worm jerked its head back, a howl like the wail of a banshee erupting from its throat. A massive wound gaped in its side, and gobbets of its own flesh hung from its jaws. As Will stared, Gabriel raised his bow and let an arrow fly.

It sang home to its target and buried itself in one of the worm's lidless black eyes. The creature reared back—and then its head sagged forward and it crumpled in on itself, folding up, disappearing as demons did when the life left them.

Gabriel's bow fell to the ground with a clatter that Will barely heard. The trampled ground was soaked with blood from the worm's savaged body. In the midst of it all, Cecy was rising slowly to her feet, wincing, her right wrist twisted at an odd angle.

Will did not even feel himself begin to run toward her—he realized it only when he was brought up short by Jem's restraining hand. He turned on his *parabatai* wildly. "My sister—"

"Your *face*," replied Jem, with remarkable calm, considering the situation. "You are covered in demon blood, William, and it is burning you. I must give you an *iratze* before the damage cannot be undone."

"Let me go," Will insisted, and tried to pull away, but Jem's cool hand was cupping the back of his neck, and then there was the burn of a stele on his wrist, and the pain he had not even known he was feeling began to ebb. Jem let go of him with a small hiss of pain of his own; he had gotten some of the ichor on his fingers. Will paused, irresolute—but Jem waved him away, already applying his own stele to his hand.

It was only a moment's delay, but by the time Will reached his sister's side, Gabriel had gotten there first. Gabriel had his hand under her chin, his green eyes flicking over her face. She was looking up at him with astonishment, when Will arrived and caught her by the shoulder.

"Get *away* from my sister," he barked, and Gabriel stepped back, his mouth thinning into a hard line. Gideon was hard on his

heels, and they swarmed around Cecily as Will held her fast with one hand, drawing his stele with the other. She looked at him with flashing blue eyes as he carved a black *iratze* against one side of her throat, and a *mendelin* on the other. Her black hair had escaped from its braid, and she looked like the wild girl he remembered, fierce and unafraid of anything.

“Are you hurt, *cariad*?” The word slipped out before he could stop it—a childhood endearment he had almost forgotten.

“*Cariad*?” she echoed, her eyes flashing disbelief. “I am quite unhurt.”

“Not quite,” Will said, indicating her injured wrist and gashes on her face and hands, which had begun to close up as the *iratze* did its work. Anger swirled up inside him, so much that he did not hear Jem, behind him, begin to cough—usually a sound that would have lit him to action like a spark thrown into dry tinder. “Cecily, what could you possibly have been—”

“That was one of the bravest things I’ve seen a Shadowhunter do,” interrupted Gabriel. He was not looking at Will but at Cecily, with a mixture of surprise and something else in his expression. There was mud and blood in his hair, as there was on all of them, but his green eyes were very bright.

Cecily flushed. “I was only—”

She broke off, her eyes widening as she looked past Will. Jem coughed again, and this time Will heard it; he turned just in time to see his *parabatai* slump to his knees on the ground.

3

TO THE LAST HOUR

*Not, I'll not, carrion comfort, Despair, not feast on
thee;
Not untwist—slack they may be—these last strands of
man
In me or, most weary, cry I can no more. I can;
Can something, hope, wish day come, not choose not to
be.
—Gerard Manley Hopkins, “Carrion Comfort”*

Jem was leaning against the side of the Institute's carriage, his eyes closed, his face as pale as paper. Will stood beside him, his hand tightly gripping Jem's shoulder. Tessa knew as she hurried toward them that it was not just a brotherly gesture. His grip would be much of what was keeping Jem upright.

She and Henry had heard the dying scream of the worm. Gabriel had found them, what felt like moments later, racing down the front steps. He had told them breathlessly of the death of the creature, and then of what had happened to Jem, and everything for Tessa had gone white, as if she had been struck suddenly and hard across the face.

They were words she had not heard in a long time, but half-expected always, and dreamed of sometimes in nightmares that left her bolting upright, fighting for air—“Jem,” “collapse,” “breathing,” “blood,” “Will,” “Will is with him,” “Will—”

Of course Will was with him.

The others were swarming about, the Lightwood brothers with their sister, and even Tatiana was quiet, or perhaps Tessa simply could not hear her hysterics. Tessa was aware of Cecily nearby as well, and Henry standing awkwardly beside her, as if he wished to comfort her but did not know how to begin.

Will's eyes met Tessa's as she came closer, almost tripping again over her torn gown. For a moment they were in perfect understanding. Jem was what they could still look each other straight in the eye about. On the topic of Jem they were both fierce and unyielding. Tessa saw Will's hand tighten on Jem's sleeve. "She's here," he said.

Jem's eyes opened slowly. Tessa fought to keep the look of shock from her face. His pupils were blown out, his irises a thin ring of silver around the black. "*Ni shou shang le ma, quin ai de?*" he whispered.

Jem had been teaching Tessa Mandarin, at her insistence. She understood "*quin ai de,*" at least, if not the rest. *My dear, my darling.* She reached for his hand, squeezed it. "Jem . . ."

"Are you hurt, my love?" Will said. His voice was as level as his eyes, and for a moment the blood came up in Tessa's cheeks and she glanced down at her hand where it held Jem's; his fingers were paler than hers, like a doll's hands, made of porcelain. How had she not seen he was so ill?

"Thank you for the translation, Will," she answered, not looking away from her fiancé. Jem and Will were both splattered with black ichor, but Jem's chin and throat were also stained with flecks of red blood. His own blood.

"I am not hurt," Tessa whispered, and then she thought, *No, this will not do, not at all. Be strong for him.* She straightened her shoulders, keeping her grip on Jem's hand. "Where is his medicine?" she demanded of Will. "Did he not take it before we left the Institute?"

"Do not talk about me as if I am not here," Jem said, but there was no anger in it. He turned his head to the side and said something, softly, under his breath to Will, who nodded and let

go of his shoulder. Tessa could sense the tension in Will's posture; he was poised, catlike, to seize Jem again if the other boy should slip or fall, but Jem remained standing. "I am stronger when Tessa is here, you see. I told it to you," said Jem, still in the same soft voice.

At that, Will did duck his head so that Tessa could not see his eyes. "I see it," he said. "Tessa, there is none of his medicine here. I believe he left the Institute without taking enough of it, though he will not admit it. Ride back to the Institute with him in the carriage, and watch over him—someone must."

Jem took a rough breath. "The others—"

"I will drive for you. It will be little trouble; Balios and Xanthos know the way. Henry can drive the Lightwoods." Will was brisk and efficient, too brisk and efficient to even be thanked; he did not seem as if he wanted it. He helped Tessa get Jem into the carriage, very careful not to brush her shoulder or touch her hand as he did. He moved to tell the others what was happening. She caught a bit of Henry explaining that he needed to remove Benedict's record books from the house, before she reached to swing the carriage door closed, shutting herself and Jem into a welcome silence.



"What was inside the house?" Jem asked as they rattled through the open gate bordering the Lightwoods' property. He still looked ghastly, his head back against the cushions of the carriage, his eyes at half-mast, his cheekbones shining with fever. "I heard Henry speaking of Benedict's study . . ."

"He had gone mad in there," she said, chafing his cold hands between hers. "In the days before he transformed, when Gabriel said he would not leave the room, his mind must have gone. He had scrawled on the wall in what looked like blood, sentences about 'the Infernal Devices.' That they had no pity, that they would never stop coming—"

"He must have meant the automaton army."

“He must have.” Tessa shivered slightly, and moved closer to Jem. “I suppose it was foolish of me—but it has been so peaceful for these past two months—”

“You had forgotten about Mortmain?”

“No. Never forgotten.” She glanced toward the window, though she could not see out; she had drawn the curtains when the light had seemed to be hurting Jem’s eyes. “Hoped, perhaps, that he might have turned his mind elsewhere.”

“We do not know that he hasn’t.” Jem’s fingers wrapped around hers. “Benedict’s death is a tragedy perhaps, but those wheels were set in motion long ago. This has nothing to do with you.”

“There were other items in the library. Notes and books of Benedict’s. Journals. Henry is bringing them back to the Institute to study. My name was in them.” Tessa stopped herself; how could she trouble Jem with these things when he was so unwell?

As if Jem were reading her mind, his finger moved over her wrist, resting lightly on her pulse point. “Tessa, it is only a passing attack. It will not last. I would rather you told me the truth, all the truth, whether it is bitter or frightening, that I might share it with you. I would never let harm come to you, nor would any in the Institute.” He smiled. “Your pulse is quickening.”

The truth, all the truth, whether it is bitter or frightening. “I love you,” she said.

He looked at her with a light in his thin face that made it more beautiful. “*Wo xi wang ni ming tian ke yi jia gei wo.*”

“You . . .” She drew her brows together. “You want to get married? But we are already engaged. I do not think one can get engaged twice.”

He laughed, which turned into a cough; Tessa’s whole body tightened, but the cough was slight, and there was no blood. “I said I would marry you tomorrow if I could.”

Tessa pretended to toss her head. “Tomorrow is not convenient for me, sir.”

“But you are already appropriately attired,” he said with a smile.

Tessa looked down at the ruined gold of her wedding dress. “If I were getting married in a slaughterhouse,” she allowed. “Ah, well. I did not like this one very much as it was. Much too gaudy.”

“I thought you looked beautiful.” His voice was soft.

Tessa laid her head against his shoulder. “There will be another time,” she said. “Another day, another dress. A time when you are well and everything is perfect.”

His voice was still gentle, but it held a terrible weariness. “There is no such thing as perfect, Tessa.”



Sophie was standing at the window of her small bedroom, the curtain drawn back, her eyes fixed on the courtyard. It had been hours since the carriages had gone rattling away, and she was meant to be sweeping out the grates, but the brush and bucket were motionless at her feet.

She could hear Bridget’s voice drifting softly up from the kitchen below:

*“Earl Richard had a daughter;
A comely maid was she.
And she laid her love on Sweet William,
Though not of his degree.”*

Sometimes, when Bridget was in a particularly melodious mood, Sophie thought about stalking downstairs and pushing her into the oven like the witch in “Hansel and Gretel.” But Charlotte would certainly not approve. Even if Bridget *were* singing about forbidden love between the social classes just at the same moment that Sophie was cursing herself for clutching the curtain fabric tightly in her hand, seeing gray-green eyes in her mind as she wondered and worried—Would Gideon be all right? Was he hurt? Could he fight his father? And how dreadful if he had to—

The gates of the Institute creaked open, and a carriage rattled inside; Will was driving. Sophie recognized him, hatless, his black hair wild in the wind. He leaped down from the driver's seat and came around to help Tessa out of the carriage—even at this distance Sophie could see that a bleak wreck had been made of her golden gown—and then Jem, leaning heavily on his *parabatai's* shoulder.

Sophie sucked in her breath. Though she no longer fancied herself in love with Jem, she still cared for him a great deal. It was hard not to, considering his openheartedness, his sweetness and graciousness. He had never been anything but exquisitely kind to her. She had been relieved over the past months that he had not had one of his “bad spells,” as Charlotte called them—that though happiness had not healed him, he had seemed to be stronger, better. . . .

The threesome had disappeared inside the Institute. Cyril had come from the stables and was dealing with the whickering Balios and Xanthos. Sophie took a deep breath and let the curtain fall away from her hand. Charlotte might need her, want her, to assist with Jem. If there was anything she could do . . . She pulled herself away from the window and hurried out into the corridor and down the narrow servants' stairs.

In the hall downstairs she met Tessa, ashen and pinched-looking, hesitating just outside Jem's bedroom. Through the partly open door Sophie could see Charlotte bending over Jem, who was sitting on the bed; Will leaned by the fireplace, his arms crossed, tension clear in every line of his body. Tessa raised her head as she saw Sophie, a little of the color coming back into her face. “Sophie,” she cried softly. “Sophie, Jem isn't well. He's had another . . . another bout of illness.”

“It will be all right, Miss Tessa. I've seen him very ill before, and he always comes through it, right as rain.”

Tessa closed her eyes. The shadows beneath them were gray. She did not need to say what they were both thinking, that one day there would be a time when he would have an attack and he would not come through it.

“I ought to be fetching hot water,” Sophie added, “and cloths —”

“I should be fetching those things,” said Tessa. “And I would, but Charlotte says that I must change out of this dress, that demon blood can be dangerous if it too greatly encounters the skin. She sent Bridget for cloths and poultices, and Brother Enoch will arrive at any moment. And Jem will not hear otherwise, but—”

“That is enough,” Sophie said firmly. “You will do him no good at all if you let yourself become ill as well. I will help you with the dress. Come, let us manage it, and quickly.”

Tessa’s eyes fluttered open. “Dear sensible Sophie. Of course you are right.” She began to move across the corridor, toward her room. At the door she paused, and turned to look at Sophie. Her wide gray eyes searched the other girl’s face, and she seemed to nod to herself, as if she had been proved right in a guess. “*He* is all right, you know. Not hurt at all.”

“Master Jem?”

Tessa shook her head. “Gideon Lightwood.”

Sophie blushed.



Gabriel wasn’t sure quite why he was in the Institute’s drawing room, except that his brother had told him to come here and wait, and even after everything that had happened, he was still used to doing what Gideon said. He was surprised at how plain the room was, nothing like the grand drawing rooms in either the Lightwoods’ Pimlico house or the one in Chiswick. The walls were papered with a faded print of cabbage roses, the surface of the desk stained with ink and scarred with the marks of letter openers and pen nibs, and the grate was sooty. Over the fireplace hung a water-blotched mirror, framed in gilt.

Gabriel glanced at his own reflection. His gear was torn at the neck, and there was a red mark on his jaw where a long graze was in the process of healing. There was blood all over his gear—*Your own blood, or your father’s blood?*

He pushed the thought away quickly. It was odd, he thought, how he was the one who looked like their mother, Barbara. She had been tall and inclined toward slenderness, with curling brown hair and eyes he remembered as the purest green, like the grass that sloped down toward the river behind the house. Gideon looked like their father: broad and stocky, with eyes more gray than green. Which was ironic, because Gabriel was the one who had inherited their father's temperament: headstrong and quick to anger, slow to forgive. Gideon and Barbara were more peacemakers, quiet and steady, faithful in their beliefs. They were both much more like—

Charlotte Branwell came in through the open door of the drawing room in a loose dress, her eyes as bright as a small bird's. Whenever Gabriel saw her, he was struck by how small she was, how he towered over her. What had Consul Wayland been thinking, giving this tiny creature power over the Institute and all the Shadowhunters of London?

"Gabriel." She inclined her head. "Your brother says you were not hurt."

"I'm quite all right," he said shortly, and immediately knew he had sounded rude. He had not meant to, precisely. His father had drilled into his head for years now what a fool Charlotte was, how useless and easily influenced, and though he knew his brother disagreed—disagreed enough to come and live in this place and leave his family behind—it was a hard lesson to put aside. "I thought you would be with Carstairs."

"Brother Enoch has arrived, with another of the Silent Brothers. They have banned us all from Jem's room. Will is pacing outside in the corridor like a caged panther. Poor boy." Charlotte looked at Gabriel briefly before walking to the fireplace. In her glance was a look of keen intelligence, quickly masked by the lowering of her eyelashes. "But enough of that. I understand that your sister has already been delivered to the Blackthorns' residence in Kensington," she said. "Is there someone you would like me to send a message to for you?"

"A—message?"

She paused before the fireplace, clasping her hands behind her back. “You need to go somewhere, Gabriel, unless you want me to turn you out of doors with only the key of the streets to your name.”

Turn me out of doors? Was this horrible woman actually throwing him out of the Institute? He thought of what his father had always told him: *The Fairchilds don't care about anyone but themselves and the Law.* “I—the house in Pimlico—”

“The Consul will shortly be informed of all that transpired at Lightwood House,” said Charlotte. “Both of your family’s London residences will be confiscated in the name of the Clave, at least until they can be searched and it can be determined that your father left nothing behind that could provide the Council with clues.”

“Clues to *what?*”

“To your father’s plans,” she said, unfazed. “To his connection to Mortmain, his knowledge of Mortmain’s plans. To the Infernal Devices.”

“I’ve never even heard of the bloody Infernal Devices,” Gabriel protested, and then blushed. He had sworn, and in front of a lady. Not that Charlotte was quite like any other lady.

“I believe you,” she said. “I don’t know if Consul Wayland will, but that is your lookout. If you will give me an address—”

“I haven’t *got* one,” Gabriel said, in desperation. “Where do you think I could go?”

She just looked at him, one eyebrow raised.

“I want to stay with my brother,” he said finally, aware that he sounded petulant and angry, but not quite sure what to do about it.

“But your brother lives here,” she said. “And you have made your feelings about the Institute and about my claim to it very clear. Jem told me what you believe. That my father drove your uncle to suicide. It isn’t true, you know, but I don’t expect you to believe me. It does leave me wondering, however, why you would wish to remain here.”

“The Institute is a refuge.”

“Was your father planning on running it as a refuge?”

“I don’t know! I don’t know what his plans are—what they were!”

“Then why did you go along with them?” Her voice was soft but merciless.

“Because he was my *father!*” Gabriel shouted. He spun away from Charlotte, his breath becoming ragged in his throat. Only barely aware of what he was doing, he wrapped his arms around himself, hugging his own body tight, as if he could keep himself from coming undone.

Memories of the past few weeks, memories that Gabriel had been doing his best to press back into the very recesses of his mind, threatened to burst out into the light: weeks in the house after the servants had been sent away, hearing the noises coming from the upstairs rooms, screams in the night, blood on the stairs in the morning, Father shouting gibberish from behind the locked library door, as if he could no longer form words in English . . .

“If you are going to throw me out on the street,” Gabriel said, with a sort of terrible desperation, “then do it now. I do not want to think I have got a home when I have not. I do not want to think I am going to see my brother again if I am not going to.”

“You think he would not go after you? Find you wherever you were?”

“I think he has proved who he cares for most,” said Gabriel, “and it is not me.” He slowly straightened, loosing his grip on himself. “Send me away or let me stay. I will not beg you.”

Charlotte sighed. “You will not have to,” she said. “Never before have I sent away anyone who told me they had nowhere else to go, and I will not start now. I will ask of you only one thing. To allow someone to live in the Institute, in the very heart of the Enclave, is to place my trust in their good intentions. Do not make me regret that I have trusted you, Gabriel Lightwood.”



The shadows had lengthened in the library. Tessa sat in a pool of light by one of the windows, beside a shaded blue lamp. A book

had been open on her lap for several hours, but she had not been able to concentrate on it. Her eyes skidded over the words on the pages without absorbing them, and she would often find that she was pausing to try to remember who a character was, or why they were doing what they were doing.

She was in the middle of beginning chapter five yet again when the creak of a floorboard alerted her, and she looked up to find Will standing before her, damp-haired, his gloves in his hands.

“Will.” Tessa set the book down on the windowsill beside her. “You startled me.”

“I didn’t mean to interrupt,” he said in a low voice. “If you are reading . . .” He began to turn away.

“I am not,” she said, and he stopped, looking back at her over his shoulder. “I cannot lose myself in words now. I cannot calm the distraction of my mind.”

“Nor I,” he said, turning fully now. He was no longer spattered in blood. His clothes were clean, and his skin mostly unmarked, though she could see the pinkish-white lines of grazes on his neck, disappearing down into the collar of his shirt, healing as the *iratzes* did their work.

“Is there news of my—is there news of Jem?”

“There is no change,” he said, though she had guessed as much. If there had been a change, Will would not have been here. “The Brothers will still not let anyone into the room, not even Charlotte.

“And why are you here?” he went on. “Sitting in the dark?”

“Benedict wrote on the wall of his study,” she said in a low voice. “Before he turned into that creature, I imagine, or while it was happening. I don’t know. ‘The Infernal Devices are without pity. The Infernal Devices are without regret. The Infernal Devices are without number. The Infernal Devices will never stop coming.’ ”

“The infernal devices? I assume he means Mortmain’s clockwork creatures. Not that we have seen any of them for months.”

“That does not mean they will not come back,” Tessa said. She looked down at the library table, its scratched veneer. How often Will and Jem must have sat here together, studying, carving their initials, as bored schoolboys did, into the table’s surface. “I am a danger to you here.”

“Tessa, we have talked about this before. You are not the danger. You are the thing Mortmain wants, yes, but if you were not here and protected, he could get you easily, and to what destruction would he turn your powers? We don’t know—only that he wants you for something, and that it is to our advantage to keep you from him. It is not selflessness. We Shadowhunters are not selfless.”

She looked up at that. “I think you are very selfless.” At his noise of disagreement she said: “Surely you must know that what you do is exemplary. There is a coldness to the Clave, it is true. *We are dust and shadows*. But you are like the heroes of ancient times, like Achilles and Jason.”

“Achilles was murdered with a poisoned arrow, and Jason died alone, killed by his own rotting ship. Such is the fate of heroes; the Angel knows why anyone would want to be one.”

Tessa looked at him. There were shadows under his blue eyes, she saw, and his fingers were worrying at the material of his cuffs, thoughtlessly, as if he were not aware he was doing it. Months, she thought. Months since they had been alone together for more than a moment. They’d had only accidental encounters in hallways, in the courtyard, awkwardly exchanged pleasantries. She had missed his jokes, the books he had lent her, the flashes of laughter in his gaze. Caught in the memory of the easier Will of an earlier time, she spoke without thinking:

“I cannot stop recollecting something you told me once,” she said.

He looked at her in surprise. “Yes? And what is that?”

“That sometimes when you cannot decide what to do, you pretend you are a character in a book, because it is easier to decide what they would do.”

“I am,” Will said, “perhaps, not someone to take advice from if you are seeking happiness.”

“Not happiness. Not exactly. I want to help—to do good—” She broke off and sighed. “And I have turned to many books, but if there is guidance in them, I have not found it. You said you were Sydney Carton—”

Will made a sound, and sank down onto a chair on the opposite side of the table from her. His lashes were lowered, veiling his eyes.

“And I suppose I know what that makes the rest of us,” she said. “But I do not want to be Lucie Manette, for she did nothing to save Charles; she let Sydney do it all. And she was cruel to him.”

“To Charles?” Will said.

“To Sydney,” Tessa said. “He wanted to be a better man, but she would not help him.”

“She could not. She was engaged to Charles Darney.”

“Still, it was not kind,” Tessa said.

Will threw himself out of his chair as quickly as he had thrown himself into it. He leaned forward, his hands on the table. His eyes were very blue in the blue light of the lamp. “Sometimes one must choose whether to be kind or honorable,” he said. “Sometimes one cannot be both.”

“Which is better?” Tessa whispered.

Will’s mouth twisted with bitter humor. “I suppose it depends on the book.”

Tessa craned her head back to look at him. “You know that feeling,” she said, “when you are reading a book, and you know that it is going to be a tragedy; you can feel the cold and darkness coming, see the net drawing close around the characters who live and breathe on the pages. But you are tied to the story as if being dragged behind a carriage, and you cannot let go or turn the course aside.” His blue eyes were dark with understanding—of course Will would understand—and she hurried on. “I feel now as if the same is happening, only not to characters on a page but to my own beloved friends and companions. I do not want to sit by

while tragedy comes for us. I would turn it aside, only I struggle to discover how that might be done.”

“You fear for Jem,” Will said.

“Yes,” she said. “And I fear for you, too.”

“No,” Will said hoarsely. “Don’t waste that on me, Tess.”

Before she could reply, the library door opened. It was Charlotte, looking drained and exhausted. Will turned toward her quickly.

“How is Jem?” he said.

“He is awake and talking,” said Charlotte. “He has had some of the *yin fen*, and the Silent Brothers have been able to make his condition stable, and to stop the internal bleeding.”

At the mention of internal bleeding, Will looked as if he were going to throw up; Tessa imagined she looked much the same.

“He can have a visitor,” Charlotte went on. “In fact, he has requested it.”

Will and Tessa exchanged a quick glance. Tessa knew what both were thinking: Which of them should the visitor be? Tessa was Jem’s fiancée, but Will was his *parabatai*, which was sacred in and of itself. Will had begun to step back, when Charlotte spoke again, sounding tired down to her bones:

“He has asked for you, Will.”

Will looked startled. He darted a glance at Tessa. “I—”

Tessa could not deny the little burst of surprise and almost-jealousy she had felt behind her rib cage at Charlotte’s words, but she pushed it down ruthlessly. She loved Jem enough to want whatever he wanted for himself, and he always had his reasons. “You go,” she said gently. “Of course he would want to see you.”

Will began to move toward the door to join Charlotte. Halfway there he turned back and crossed the room to Tessa. “Tessa,” he said, “while I am with Jem, would you do something for me?”

Tessa looked up and swallowed. He was too close, too close: All the lines, shapes, angles of Will filled her field of vision as the sound of his voice filled her ears. “Yes, certainly,” she said. “What is it?”

*To: Edmund and Linette Herondale
Ravenscar Manor
West Riding, Yorkshire*

~~*Dear Dad and Mam,*~~

~~*I know it was cowardly of me to have left as I did, in the early morning before you woke, with only a note to explain my absence. I could not bear to face you, knowing what I had decided to do, and that I was the worst of disobedient daughters.*~~

~~*How can I explain the decision I made, how I arrived at it? It seems, even now, like madness. Each day in fact is madder than the one before it. You did not lie, Dad, when you said the life of a Shadowhunter was like a feverish dream—*~~

Cecily drew the nib of the pen viciously through the lines she had written, then crumpled up the paper in one hand and rested her head on the desk.

She had started this letter so many times, and had yet to arrive at any satisfactory version. Perhaps she should not be attempting it now, she thought, not when she had been trying to calm her nerves since they had returned to the Institute. Everyone had been swarming about Jem, and Will, after roughly checking her for injuries in the garden, had barely spoken to her again. Henry had gone running for Charlotte, Gideon had drawn Gabriel aside, and Cecily had found herself climbing the Institute stairs alone.

She had slipped into her bedroom, not bothering to divest herself of her gear, and curled up on the soft four-poster bed. As she'd lain among the shadows, hearing the faint sounds of London passing by outside, her heart had clenched with sudden, painful homesickness. She'd thought of the green hills of Wales, and of her mother and father, and had bolted out of the bed as if she had been pushed, stumbling to the desk and taking up pen and paper, the ink staining her fingers in her haste. And yet the right words would not come. She felt as if she bled her regret and her loneliness from her very pores, and yet she could not shape

those feelings into any sentiment she could imagine her parents could bear reading.

At that moment there was a knock on the door. Cecily reached for a book she had left resting on the desk, propped it up as if she had been reading, and called: "Come in."

The door swung open; it was Tessa, standing hesitantly in the doorway. She was no longer wearing her destroyed wedding dress but a simple gown of blue muslin with her two necklaces glittering at her throat: the clockwork angel and the jade pendant that had been her bridal gift from Jem. Cecily looked at Tessa curiously. Though the two girls were friendly, they were not close. Tessa had a certain wariness around her that Cecily suspected the source of without ever being able to prove it; on top of that there was something fey and strange about her. Cecily knew she could shape-shift, could transform herself into the likeness of any person, and Cecily could not rid herself of the sense that it was unnatural. How could you know someone's true face if they could change it as easily as someone else might change a gown?

"Yes?" Cecily said. "Miss Gray?"

"Please call me Tessa," said the other girl, shutting the door behind her. It was not the first time she had asked Cecily to call her by her given name, but habit and perversity kept Cecily from doing it. "I came to see if you were all right and if you needed anything."

"Ah." Cecily felt a slight pang of disappointment. "I am quite all right."

Tessa moved forward slightly. "Is that *Great Expectations*?"

"Yes." Cecily did not say that she had seen Will reading it, and had picked it up to try to gain insight into what he was thinking. So far she was woefully lost. Pip was morbid, and Estella so awful that Cecily wanted to shake her.

"'Estella,'" Tessa said softly. "'To the last hour of my life, you cannot choose but remain part of my character, part of the little good in me, part of the evil.'"

"So you memorize passages of books, just like Will? Or is this a favorite?"

“I don’t have Will’s memory,” said Tessa, coming forward slightly. “Or his *mnemosyne* rune. But I do love that book.” Her gray eyes searched Cecily’s face. “Why are you still in your gear?”

“I was thinking of going up to the training room,” Cecily said. “I find I can think well there, and it isn’t as if anyone minds one way or the other what I do.”

“More training? Cecily, you’ve just been in a battle!” Tessa protested. “I know it can sometimes take more than one application of runes to entirely heal—Before you start training again, I should call someone to you: Charlotte, or—”

“Or Will?” Cecily snapped. “If either of them cared, they would have come already.”

Tessa paused by the bedside. “You cannot think Will doesn’t care about you.”

“He isn’t here, is he?”

“He sent me,” Tessa said, “because he is with Jem,” as if that explained everything. Cecily supposed that in a way it did. She knew that Will and Jem were close friends, but also that it was more than that. She had read of *parabatai* in the *Codex*, and knew that the bond was one that did not exist among mundanes, something closer than brothers and better than blood. “Jem is his *parabatai*. He has made a vow to be there in times like this.”

“He would be there, vow or not. He would be there for *any* of you. But he has not so much as come by to see if I needed another *iratze*.”

“Cecy . . .,” Tessa began. “Will’s curse—”

“It wasn’t a real curse!”

“You know,” Tessa said thoughtfully, “in its way, it was. He believed no one could love him, and that if he allowed them to, it would result in their death. That is why he left you all. He left you to keep you safe, and here you are now—the very definition, to him, of *not* safe. He cannot bear to come and look at your injuries, because to him it is as if he had put them there himself.”

“I chose this. Shadowhunting. And not only because I wanted to be with Will.”

“I know that,” Tessa said. “But I also sat with Will while he was delirious from exposure to vampire blood, choking on holy water, and I know the name he called out. It was yours.”

Cecily looked up in surprise. “Will called out for me?”

“Oh, yes.” A small smile touched the edge of Tessa’s mouth. “He wouldn’t tell me who you were, of course, when I asked him, and it drove me half-mad—” She broke off, and looked away.

“Why?”

“Curiosity,” said Tessa with a shrug, though there was a flush on her cheekbones. “It’s my besetting sin. In any event, he loves you. I know that with Will everything is backward and upside down, but the fact that he *isn’t* here is only further proof to me of how precious you are to him. He is used to pushing away everyone he loves, and the more he loves you, the more he will violently try not to show it.”

“But there is no curse—”

“The habits of years are not unlearned so quickly,” Tessa said, and her eyes were sad. “Do not make the mistake of believing that he does not love you because he plays at not caring, Cecily. Confront him if you must and demand the truth, but do not make the mistake of turning away because you believe that he is a lost cause. Do not cast him from your heart. For if you do, you will regret it.”

*To: Members of the Council
From: Consul Josiah Wayland*

Forgive the delay in my reply, gentlemen. I wished to be sure that I was not giving you my opinions in any spirit of precipitate haste, but rather that my words were the sound and well-reasoned results of patient thought.

I am afraid I cannot second your recommendation of Charlotte Branwell as my successor. Though possessed of a good heart, she is altogether too flighty, emotional, passionate, and disobedient to have the making of a Consul. As we know, the fair sex has its weaknesses that men are not heir to, and sadly

she is prey to all of them. No, I cannot recommend her. I urge you to consider another—my own nephew, George Penhallow, who will be twenty-five this November and is a fine Shadowhunter and an upstanding young man. I believe he has the moral certainty and strength of character to lead the Shadowhunters into a new decade.

*In Raziel's name,
Consul Josiah Wayland*

4

TO BE WISE AND LOVE

*For to be wise and love
Exceeds man's might.
—Shakespeare, Troilus and Cressida*

“I thought you’d at least make a song out of it,” said Jem.

Will looked at his *parabatai* curiously. Jem, though he had asked for Will, did not seem in a forthcoming mood. He was sitting quietly on the edge of his bed in a clean shirt and trousers, though the shirt was loose and made him look thinner than ever. There were still flecks of dried blood around his collarbones, a sort of brutal necklace. “Make a song out of what?”

Jem’s mouth quirked. “Our defeat of the worm?” he said. “After all those jokes you made . . .”

“I have not been in a joking mood, these past few hours,” Will said, his eyes flicking to the bloody rags that covered the nightstand by the bed, the bowl half-full of pinkish fluid.

“Don’t fuss, Will,” Jem said. “Everyone’s been fussing over me and I can’t abide it; I wanted you because—because you wouldn’t. You make me laugh.”

Will threw his arms up. “Oh, all right,” he said. “How’s this?”

*“Forsooth, I no longer toil in vain,
To prove that demon pox warps the brain.
So though ’tis pity, it’s not in vain*

*That the pox-ridden worm was slain:
For to believe in me, you all must deign."*

Jem burst out laughing. "Well, that was awful."

"It was impromptu!"

"Will, there is such a thing as *scansion*—" Between one moment and the next Jem's laughter turned into a fit of coughing. Will darted forward as Jem doubled up, his thin shoulders heaving. Blood splattered the bed's white coverlet.

"Jem —"

With a hand, Jem gestured toward the box on his nightstand. Will reached for it; the delicately drawn woman on the lid, pouring water from a jug, was intimately familiar to him. He hated the sight of her.

He snapped the box open—and froze. What looked like a light dusting of silvery powdered sugar barely covered the wooden bottom. Perhaps there had been a greater quantity before the Silent Brothers had treated Jem; Will did not know. What he did know was that there should have remained much, much more. "Jem," he said in a strangled voice, "how is this all there is?"

Jem had stopped coughing. There was blood on his lips, and as Will watched, too shocked to move, Jem raised his arm and scrubbed the blood from his face with his sleeve. The linen was instantly scarlet. He looked feverish, his pale skin glowing, though he showed no other outward sign of agitation.

"Will," he said softly.

"Two months ago," Will began, realized his voice was rising, and forced it down again with an effort. "Two months ago I purchased enough *yin fen* that it should have lasted a year."

There was a mixture of challenge and sadness in Jem's glance. "I have accelerated the process of taking it."

"Accelerated it? By how much?"

Now Jem did not meet his gaze. "I have been taking twice, perhaps three times, as much."

"But the rate at which you take the drug is tied to the deterioration of your health," Will said, and when Jem said

nothing back, his voice rose and cracked on a single word: “*Why?*”

“I do not want to live half a life—”

“At this rate you won’t even live a fifth of one!” shouted Will, and he sucked in his breath. Jem’s expression had changed, and Will had to slam the box he was holding back onto the nightstand to keep himself from punching the wall.

Jem was sitting up straight, his eyes blazing. “There is more to living than *not dying*,” he said. “Look at the way you live, Will. You burn as bright as a star. I had been taking only enough of the drug to keep me alive but not enough to keep me *well*. A little extra of the drug before battles, perhaps, to give me energy, but otherwise, a half life, a gray twilight of a life—”

“But you have changed your dosage now? Has this been since the engagement?” Will demanded. “Is this because of Tessa?”

“You cannot blame her for this. This was my decision. She has no knowledge of it.”

“She would want you to live, James—”

“*I am not going to live!*” And Jem was on his feet, his cheeks flushed; it was the angriest, Will thought, that he had ever seen him. “I am not going to live, and I can choose to be as much for her as I can be, to burn as brightly for her as I wish, and for a shorter time, than to burden her with someone only half-alive for a longer time. It is my choice, William, and you cannot make it for me.”

“Maybe I can. I have always been the one to buy your *yin fen* for you—”

The color went in Jem’s face. “If you refuse to do it, I will buy it on my own. I have always been willing. You said you wished to be the one who bought it. And as to that—” He pulled the Carstairs family ring from his finger and held it out to Will. “Take it.”

Will let his eyes drift down toward it, and then up to Jem’s face. A dozen awful things he could say, or do, went through his mind. One did not slough off a persona so quickly, he had found. He had pretended to be cruel for so many years that the pretense was still what he reached for first, as a man might absently turn

his carriage toward the home he had lived in for all his life, despite the fact that he had recently moved. "You wish to marry *me* now?" he said, at last.

"Sell the ring," Jem said. "For the money. I told you, you should not have to pay for my drugs; I paid for yours, once, you know, and I recall the feeling. It was unpleasant."

Will winced, then looked down at the Carstairs family symbol glittering in Jem's pale, scarred palm. He reached out and took his friend's hand gently, closing his fingers over the ring. "When did you become reckless and I cautious? Since when have I had to guard you from yourself? It is always you who has guarded me." His eyes searched Jem's face. "Help me to understand you."

Jem stood very still. Then he said, "In the beginning, when I first realized I loved Tessa, I did think that perhaps love was making me well. I had not had an attack in so long. And when I asked her to marry me, I told her that. That love was healing me. So the first time I was—the first time it happened again, after that, I could not bear to tell her, lest she think it meant a lessening of my love for her. I took more of the drug, to fend off another illness. Soon it was taking more of the drug to simply keep me on my feet than it used to take to keep me going for a week. I don't have years, Will. I might not even have months. And I don't want Tessa to know. Please don't tell her. Not just for her sake but for mine."

Against his own will, almost, Will felt himself understanding; he would have done anything, he thought, told any lie, taken any risk, to make Tessa love him. He would have done—

Almost anything. He would not betray Jem for it. That was the one thing he would not do. And here Jem stood, his hand in Will's, his eyes asking for Will's sympathy, his understanding. And how could Will not understand? He recalled himself in Magnus's drawing room, begging to be sent to the demon realms rather than live another hour, another moment, of a life he could no longer bear.

"So you are dying for love, then," Will said finally, his voice sounding constricted to his own ears.

“Dying a little faster for love. And there are worse things to die for.”

Will released Jem’s hand; Jem looked from the ring to him, his eyes questioning. “Will—”

“I’ll go to Whitechapel,” said Will. “Tonight. I will get you all the *yin fen* there is, everything you could need.”

Jem shook his head. “I cannot ask you to do something that goes against your conscience.”

“My conscience,” Will whispered. “You are my conscience. You have ever been, James Carstairs. I will do this for you, but I will extract one promise first.”

“What sort of promise?”

“You asked me years ago to cease looking for a cure for you,” Will said. “I want you to release me from that promise. Free me to look, at least. Free me to search.”

Jem looked at him with some wonder. “Just when I think I know you perfectly, you surprise me again. Yes, I will free you. Search. Do what you must. I cannot fetter your best intentions; it would only be cruel, and I would do the same for you, were I in your place. You know that, don’t you?”

“I know it.” Will took a step forward. He put his hands on Jem’s shoulders, feeling how sharp they were beneath his grip, the bones like the wings of a bird. “This is not some empty promise, James. Believe me, there is no one who knows more than I do the pain of false hope. I will look. If there is anything to be found, I will find it. But until then—your life is yours to live as you choose.”

Incredibly, Jem smiled. “I know that,” he said, “but it is gracious of you to remind me.”

“I am nothing if not gracious,” Will said. His eyes searched Jem’s face, that face as familiar to him as his own. “And determined. *You will not leave me.* Not while I live.”

Jem’s eyes widened, but he said nothing. There was no more to be said. Will dropped his hands from his *parabatai*’s shoulders and turned toward the door.



Cecily stood where she had stood earlier that day, the knife in her right hand. She sighted along her eye line, then drew the knife back and let it fly. It stuck in the wall, just outside the drawn circle.

Her conversation with Tessa had not relieved her nerves; it had only made them worse. There had been an air of trapped, resigned sadness about Tessa that had made Cecily feel prickly and anxious. As angry as she was at Will, she could not help but feel that Tessa held some fear for him, some dread she would not speak of, in her heart, and Cecily longed to know what it was. How could she protect her brother if she didn't know what he needed protecting from?

After retrieving the knife, she raised it to shoulder level again and let fly. It stuck even farther outside the circle this time, prompting an angry exhale of breath. "*Uffern nef!*" she muttered in Welsh. Her mother would have been horrified, but then, her mother was not there.

"Five," said a drawling voice from the corridor outside.

Cecily started and turned. There was a shadow in the doorway, a shadow that as it moved forward became Gabriel Lightwood, all tousled brown hair and green eyes as sharp as glass. He was as tall as Will, perhaps taller, and more lanky than his brother. "I don't take your meaning, Mr. Lightwood."

"Your throw," he said with an elegantly outflung arm. "I rate it at five points. Your skill and technique may, perhaps, require work, but the native talent is certainly there. What you require is *practice*."

"Will has been training me," she said as he drew closer.

The corner of his mouth turned up slightly. "As I said."

"I suppose you could do better."

He paused, and jerked the knife from the wall. It sparked as he twirled it between his fingers. "I could," he said. "I was trained by the best, and I had been training Miss Collins and Miss Gray—"

"I heard. Until you grew bored. Not the commitment one might perhaps look for in a tutor." Cecily kept her voice cool; she remembered Gabriel's touch as he had lifted her to her feet at

Lightwood House, but she knew Will disliked him, and the smug distance in his voice grated.

Gabriel touched the tip of his finger to the point of the knife. Blood sprang up in a red bead. He had callused fingers, with a spray of freckles across the backs of his hands. "You changed your gear."

"It was covered in blood and ichor." She glanced at him, her gaze raking him up and down. "I see you have not."

For a moment an odd look flashed across his face. Then it was gone, but she had seen her brother hide emotion enough times to recognize the signs. "None of my clothes are here," he said, "and I do not know where I will be living. I could return to one of the family residences, but—"

"You are considering remaining at the Institute?" Cecily said in surprise, reading it on his face. "What does Charlotte say?"

"She will allow it." Gabriel's face changed briefly, a sudden vulnerability showing where only hardness had shown before. "My brother is here."

"Yes," said Cecily. "So is mine."

Gabriel paused for a moment, almost as if that had not occurred to him. "Will," he said. "You do look very much like him. It is . . . unnerving." He shook his head then, as if clearing it of cobwebs. "I just saw your brother," he said. "Pounding down the front steps of the Institute as if the Four Horsemen were chasing him. I don't suppose you'd know what that's about?"

Purpose. Cecily's heart leaped. She seized the knife out of Gabriel's hand, ignoring his startled exclamation. "Not at all," she said, "but I intend to find out."



Just as the City of London seemed to shutter itself as the workday ended, the East End was bursting into life. Will moved through streets lined with stalls selling secondhand clothes and shoes. Rag-and-bone men and knife sharpeners pushed their carts through the byways, shouting their wares in hoarse voices. Butchers lounged in open doorways, their aprons spattered with

blood, carcasses hanging in their windows. Women putting out washing called to each other across the streets in voices so tinged with the accent of everyone born within the sound of Bow Bells that they might as well have been speaking Russian, for all that Will could understand them.

A faint drizzle had begun to fall, dampening Will's hair as he crossed in front of a wholesale tobacconist's, closed now, and turned a corner onto a narrower street. He could see the spire of Whitechapel Church in the distance. The shadows gathered in here, the fog thick and soft and smelling of iron and rubbish. A narrow gutter ran down the center of the street, filled with stinking water. Up ahead was a doorway, a gas carriage lamp hanging to either side. As Will was passing, he ducked into it suddenly and thrust out his hand.

There was a cry, and then he was hauling a slim, black-clad figure toward him—Cecily, a velvet cloak thrown on hastily over her gear. Dark hair spilled from the edges of her hood, and his own blue eyes gazed back at him, snapping with fury. "Let go of me!"

"What are you doing following me about the back streets of London, you little idiot?" Will gave her arm a light shake.

Her eyes narrowed. "This morning it was *cariad*, now it's *idiot*?"

"These streets are dangerous," Will said. "And you know nothing of them. You are not even using a glamour rune. It is one thing to declare you are not afraid of anything when you live in the country, but this is London."

"I am not afraid of London," Cecily said defiantly.

Will leaned close, almost hissing into her ear. "*Fyddai'n wneud unrhyw dda yn ddweud wrthyh i fynd adref?*"

She laughed. "No, it would not do you any good to tell me to go home. *Rwyd ti fy mrawd ac rwy eisiau mynd efo chi.*"

Will blinked at her words. *You are my brother and I want to go with you.* It was the sort of thing he was used to hearing Jem say, and though Cecily was unlike Jem in every other conceivable way, she did share one quality with him: an absolute stubbornness.

When Cecily said she wanted something, it did not express an idle desire but an iron determination.

“Don’t you even care where I’m going?” he said. “What if I were going to Hell?”

“I’ve always wanted to see Hell,” Cecily said calmly. “Doesn’t everyone?”

“Most of us spend our time struggling to stay out of it,” said Will. “I am going to an ifrit den, if you must know, to purchase drugs from violent, dissolute reprobates. They may clap eyes on you and decide to sell you.”

“Wouldn’t you stop them?”

“I suppose it would depend on how much they would give me.”

She shook her head. “Jem is your *parabatai*,” she said. “He is your brother, given to you by the Clave. But I am your sister by blood. Why will you do anything in the world for him but you only want me to go home?”

“How do you know the drugs are for Jem?”

“I am not a fool, Will.”

“No, more’s the pity,” Will muttered. “Jem—Jem is all the better part of myself. I would not expect you to understand. I owe him this.”

“Then what am I?” Cecily asked.

Will exhaled, too exasperated to check himself. “You are my weakness.”

“And Tessa is your heart,” she said, not angrily but thoughtfully. “Not a fool, as I told you,” she added at his startled expression. “I know that you love her.”

Will put his hand to his head, as if her words had caused a splitting pain there. “Have you told anyone? You mustn’t, Cecily. No one knows, and it must remain that way.”

“I would hardly tell anyone.”

“No, I suppose you wouldn’t, would you?” His voice had gone hard. “You must be ashamed of your brother—harboring illicit feelings for his *parabatai*’s fiancée—”

“I am not ashamed of you, Will. Whatever you feel, you have not acted on it, and I suppose we all want things we cannot

have.”

“Oh?” Will said. “And what do you want that you cannot have?”

“For you to come home.” A strand of black hair was stuck to her cheek by the dampness, making her look as if she had been crying, though Will knew she had not.

“The Institute is my home.” Will sighed and leaned his head back against the stone archway. “I cannot stand out here arguing with you all evening, Cecy. If you are determined to follow me into Hell, I cannot stop you.”

“Finally, you have seen sense. I knew you would; you are related to me, after all.”

Will fought the urge to shake her, again. “Are you ready?”

She nodded, and Will raised his hand to knock on the door.



The door flew open, and Gideon stood on the threshold of his bedroom, blinking as if he had been in a dark place and had just come out into the light. His trousers and shirt were wrinkled, and one of his braces had slid halfway down his arm.

“Mr. Lightwood?” Sophie said, hesitating on the threshold. She was carrying a tray in her hands, loaded with scones and tea, just heavy enough to be uncomfortable. “Bridget told me you had rung for a tray—”

“Yes. Of course, yes. Do come in.” As if snapped into full wakefulness, Gideon straightened and ushered her over the threshold. His boots were off, kicked into a corner. The whole room lacked its usual neatness. Gear was strewn over a high-backed chair—Sophie winced inside to think what that would do to the upholstery—a half-eaten apple was on the nightstand, and sprawled in the middle of the bed was Gabriel Lightwood, fast asleep.

He was clearly wearing his brother’s clothes, for they were far too short at his wrists and ankles. Asleep he looked younger, the usual tension smoothed from his face. One of his hands clutched a pillow as if for reassurance.

"I couldn't wake him," Gideon said, unconsciously hugging his elbows. "I ought to have brought him back to his own room, but . . ." He sighed. "I couldn't bring myself."

"Is he staying?" Sophie asked, setting the tray down on the nightstand. "At the Institute, I mean."

"I—I don't know. I think so. Charlotte told him he was welcome. I think she terrified him." Gideon's mouth quirked slightly.

"Mrs. Branwell?" Sophie bristled, as she always did when she thought her mistress was being criticized. "But she is the gentlest of people!"

"Yes—that is *why* I think she terrified him. She embraced him and told him that if he remained here, the incident with my father would be put into the past. I am not sure *which* incident with my father she was referring to," Gideon added dryly. "Most likely the one where Gabriel supported his bid to take over the Institute."

"You don't think she meant the most recent?" Sophie pushed a lock of hair that had come free back under her cap. "With the . . ."

"Enormous worm? No, oddly, I don't. It is not in my brother's nature, though, to expect to be forgiven. For anything. He understands only the strictest discipline. He may think Charlotte is trying to play a trick on him, or that she is mad. She showed him to a room he could have, but I think the entire business frightened him. He came to speak to me about it, and fell asleep." Gideon sighed, looking at his brother with a mixture of fondness, exasperation, and sorrow that made Sophie's heart beat in sympathy.

"Your sister . . .," she began.

"Oh, Tatiana wouldn't even consider staying here for a moment," Gideon said. "She has fled to the Blackthorns', her in-laws, and good riddance. She is not a stupid girl—in fact, she considers her intelligence to be quite superior—but she is a self-important and vain one, and there is no love lost between her and my brother. And he had been awake for days, mind you. Waiting

in that great blasted house, locked out of the library, pounding on the door when no answer came from my father . . .”

“You feel protective of him,” Sophie observed.

“Of course I do; he is my little brother.” He moved toward the bed and brushed a hand over Gabriel’s tousled brown hair; the other boy moved and made a restless sound but did not wake.

“I thought he would not forgive you for going against your father,” Sophie said. “You had said—that you were frightened of it. That he would consider your actions a betrayal of the Lightwood name.”

“I think he has begun to question the Lightwood name. Just as I did, in Madrid.” Gideon stepped away from the bed.

Sophie ducked her head. “I am sorry,” she said. “Sorry about your father. Whatever anyone said about him, or whatever he might have done, he was your father.”

He turned toward her. “But, Sophie—”

She did not correct him for the use of her Christian name. “I know that he did deplorable things,” she said. “But you should be allowed to mourn him nonetheless. No one can take your grief from you; it belongs to you, and you alone.”

He touched her cheek lightly with the tips of his fingers. “Did you know your name means ‘wisdom’? It was very well-given.”

Sophie swallowed. “Mr. Lightwood—”

But his fingers had spread out to cup her cheek, and he was bending to kiss her. “*Sophie*,” he breathed, and then their lips found each other, a light touch giving way to a greater pressure as he leaned in. Lightly and delicately she curved her hands—so *rough, worn down with washing and carrying, with scraping the grates and dusting and polishing*, she fretted, but he didn’t seem to be bothered or notice—around his shoulders.

Then she moved closer to him, and the heel of her shoe caught on the carpet, and she was slipping to the floor, Gideon catching at her. They tumbled to the ground together, Sophie’s face flaming in embarrassment—dear God, he would think she had pulled him down on purpose, that she was some sort of wanton madwoman intent on passion. Her cap had fallen off, and her

dark curls fell over her face. The rug was soft beneath her, and Gideon, above her, was whispering her name with concern. She turned her head aside, her cheeks still burning, and found herself gazing beneath his four-poster bed.

“Mr. Lightwood,” she said, raising herself up on her elbows. “Are those *scones* under your bed?”

Gideon froze, blinking, a rabbit cornered by hounds. “What?”

“There.” She pointed to the mounded dark shapes piled beneath the four-poster. “There is a veritable *mountain* of scones beneath your bed. What on earth?”

Gideon sat up, raking his hands through his tumbled hair as Sophie scrambled back away from him, her skirts rustling around her. “I . . .”

“You called for those scones. Nearly every day. You *asked* for them, Mr. Lightwood. Why would you do that if you didn’t want them?”

His cheeks darkened. “It was the only way I could think of to see you. You wouldn’t speak to me, wouldn’t listen when I tried to talk to you—”

“So you lied?” Seizing up her fallen cap, Sophie rose to her feet. “Do you have any idea how much work I have to do, Mr. Lightwood? Carrying coal and hot water, dusting, polishing, cleaning up after *you* and the others—and I don’t mind or complain, but how dare you make extra work for me, make me drag heavy trays up and down the stairs, just to bring you something you didn’t even *want*?”

Gideon scrambled to his feet, his clothes even more wrinkled now. “Forgive me,” he said. “I did not think.”

“No,” Sophie said, furiously tucking her hair up under her cap. “You lot never do, do you?”

And with that, she stalked from the room, leaving Gideon staring hopelessly after her.

“Nicely done, brother,” said Gabriel from the bed, blinking sleepy green eyes at Gideon.

Gideon threw a scone at him.



“Henry.” Charlotte moved across the floor of the crypt. The witchlight torches were burning so brightly it looked almost as if it were day, though she knew it was closer to midnight. Henry was hunched over the largest of the great wooden tables scattered about the center of the room. Something or other odious was burning in a beaker on another table, giving off great puffs of lavender smoke. A massive piece of paper, the sort butchers used to wrap their wares in, was spread across Henry’s table, and he was covering it with all sorts of mysterious ciphers and calculations, muttering to himself under his breath as he scribbled. “Henry, darling, aren’t you exhausted? You’ve been down here for hours.”

Henry started and looked up, pushing the spectacles he wore when he worked up into his gingery hair. “Charlotte!” He seemed astonished, if thrilled, to see her; only Henry, Charlotte thought dryly, would be astonished to see his own wife in their own home. “My angel. What are you doing down here? It’s freezing cold. It can’t be good for the baby.”

Charlotte laughed, but she didn’t object when Henry hurried over to her and gave her a gentle hug. Ever since he had found out they were going to have a child, he had been treating her like fine china. He pressed a kiss into the top of her hair now and drew back to study her face. “In fact, you look a little peaked. Perhaps rather than supper you should have Sophie bring you some strengthening beef tea in your room? I shall go and—”

“Henry. We decided not to have supper hours ago—everyone was brought sandwiches in their rooms. Jem is still too ill to eat, and the Lightwood boys too shaken up. And you know how Will is when Jem is unwell. And Tessa, too, of course. Really, the whole house is going all to pieces.”

“Sandwiches?” said Henry, who seemed to have seized on this as the substantive part of Charlotte’s speech, and was looking wistful.

Charlotte smiled. “There are some for you upstairs, Henry, if you can tear yourself away. I suppose I shouldn’t scold you—I’ve

been going through Benedict's journals, and quite fascinating they are—but what *are* you working on?”

“A portal,” said Henry eagerly. “A form of transport. Something that might conceivably whisk a Shadowhunter from one point of the globe to another in a matter of seconds. It was Mortmain's rings that gave me the idea.”

Charlotte's eyes were wide. “But Mortmain's rings are assuredly dark magic. . . .”

“But this is not. Oh, and there is something else. Come. It is for Buford.”

Charlotte allowed her husband to take her wrist and draw her across the room. “I have told you a hundred times, Henry, no son of mine will ever be named Buford—By the Angel, is that a *cradle*?”

Henry beamed. “It is better than a cradle!” he announced, flinging his arm out to indicate the sturdy-looking wooden baby's bed, hung between two poles that it might rock from side to side. Charlotte had to admit to herself it was quite a nice-looking piece of furniture. “It is a self-rocking cradle!”

“A what?” Charlotte asked faintly.

“Watch.” Proudly Henry stepped forward and pressed some sort of invisible button. The cradle began to rock gently from side to side.

Charlotte expelled a breath. “That's lovely, darling.”

“Don't you like it?” Henry beamed. “There, it's rocking a bit faster now.” It was, with a slight jerkiness to the motion that gave Charlotte the feeling that she had been cast adrift on a choppy sea.

“Hm,” she said. “Henry, I do have something I wish to speak to you about. Something important.”

“More important than our child being rocked gently to sleep each night?”

“The Clave has decided to release Jessamine,” Charlotte said. “She is returning to the Institute. In two days.”

Henry turned to her with an incredulous look. Behind him the cradle was rocking even faster, like a carriage hurtling ahead at

full tilt. “She is coming back *here*?”

“Henry, she has nowhere else to go.”

Henry opened his mouth to reply, but before a word could emerge, there was a terrible ripping sound, and the cradle tore free of its mooring and flew across the room to crash against the farthest wall, where it exploded into splinters.

Charlotte gave a little gasp, her hand rising to cover her mouth. Henry’s brow furrowed. “Perhaps with some refinements to the design . . .”

“No, Henry,” Charlotte said firmly.

“But—”

“Under no circumstances.” There were daggers in Charlotte’s voice.

Henry sighed. “Very well, dear.”



The Infernal Devices are without pity. The Infernal Devices are without regret. The Infernal Devices are without number. The Infernal Devices will never stop coming.

The words written on the wall of Benedict’s study echoed in Tessa’s head as she sat by Jem’s bed, watching him sleep. She was not sure what time it was exactly; certainly it was “in the wee smalls,” as Bridget would have said, no doubt past midnight. Jem had been awake when she had come in, just after Will had gone, awake and sitting up and well enough to take some tea and toast, though he’d been more breathless than she would have liked, and paler.

Sophie had come later to clear away the food, and had smiled at Tessa. “Fluff his pillows up,” she had suggested in a whisper, and Tessa had done it, though Jem had looked amused at her fussing. Tessa had never had much experience with sickrooms. Taking care of her brother when he’d been drunk was the closest she had come to playing nursemaid. She did not mind it now that it was Jem, did not mind sitting holding his hand while he breathed softly, his eyes half-closed, his eyelashes fluttering against his cheekbones.

“Not very heroic,” he said suddenly without opening his eyes, though his voice was steady.

Tessa started, and leaned forward. She had slid her fingers into his earlier, and their linked hands lay beside him on the bed. His fingers were cool in hers, his pulse slow. “What do you mean?”

“Today,” he said in a low voice, and coughed. “Collapsing and coughing up blood all over Lightwood House—”

“It only improved the look of the place,” said Tessa.

“Now you sound like Will.” Jem gave a sleepy smile. “And you’re changing the subject, just like he would.”

“Of course I am. As if I would ever think any less of you for being ill; you know that I don’t. And you were quite heroic today. Though Will was saying earlier,” she added, “that heroes all come to bad ends, and he could not imagine why anyone would want to be one anyway.”

“Ah.” Jem’s hand squeezed hers briefly, and then let it go. “Well, Will is looking at it from the hero’s viewpoint, isn’t he? But as for the rest of us, it’s an easy answer.”

“Is it?”

“Of course. Heroes endure because we need them. Not for their own sakes.”

“You speak of them as though you were not one.” She reached to brush the hair from his forehead. He leaned into her touch, his eyes closing. “Jem—have you ever—” She hesitated. “Have you ever thought of ways to prolong your life that are not a cure for the drug?”

At that his eyelids flew open. “What do you mean?”

She thought of Will, on the floor of the attic, choking on holy water. “Becoming a vampire. You would live forever—”

He scrambled upright against the pillows. “Tessa, *no*. Don’t—you can’t think that way.”

She darted her eyes away from him. “Is the thought of becoming a Downworlder truly so horrible to you?”

“Tessa . . .” He exhaled. “I am a Shadowhunter. Nephilim. Like my parents before me. It is the heritage I claim, just as I claim my mother’s heritage as part of myself. It does not mean I hate

my father. But I honor the gift they gave me, the blood of the Angel, the trust placed in me, the vows I have taken. Nor, I think, would I make a very good vampire. Vampires by and large despise us. Sometimes they turn a Nephilim, as a joke, but that vampire is scorned by the others. We carry day and the fire of angels in our veins, everything they hate. They would shun me, and the Nephilim would shun me. I would no longer be Will's *parabatai*, no longer be welcome in the Institute. No, Tessa. I would rather die and be reborn and see the sun again, than live to the end of the world without daylight."

"A Silent Brother, then," she said. "The *Codex* says that the runes they put upon themselves are powerful enough to arrest their mortality."

"Silent Brothers cannot marry, Tessa." He had lifted his chin. Tessa had known for a long time that beneath Jem's gentleness lay a stubbornness as strong as Will's. She could see it now, steel under silk.

"You know I would rather have you alive and not married to me than—" Her throat closed on the word.

His eyes softened slightly. "The path of Silent Brotherhood is not open to me. With the *yin fen* in my blood, contaminating it, I cannot survive the runes they must put upon themselves. I would have to cease the drug until it was purged from my system, and that would most likely kill me." He must have seen something in her expression, for he gentled his voice. "And it is not much of a life they have, Silent Brothers, shadows and darkness, silence and—no music." He swallowed. "And besides, I do not wish to live forever."

"I may live forever," Tessa said. The enormity of it was something she could still not quite comprehend. It was as hard to comprehend that your life would never end as it was to comprehend that it would.

"I know," Jem said. "And I am sorry for it, for I think it is a burden no one should have to bear. You know I believe we live again, Tessa. I will return, if not in this body. Souls that love each

other are drawn to each other in their next lives. I will see Will, my parents, my uncles, Charlotte and Henry . . .”

“But you will not see me.” It was not the first time she had thought it, though she often pushed the thought down when it rose. *If I am immortal, then I have only this, this one life. I will not turn and change as you do, James. I will not see you in Heaven, or on the banks of the great river, or in whatever life lies beyond this one.*

“I see you now.” He reached out and put his hand on her cheek, his clear silver-gray eyes searching hers.

“And I see you,” she whispered, and he smiled tiredly, closing his eyes. She put her hand over his, her cheek resting in the hollow of his palm. She sat, wordless, his fingers cool against her skin, until his breathing slowed and his fingers went boneless in hers; he had fallen asleep. With a rueful smile she lowered his hand gently so that it rested on the coverlet, by his side.

The bedroom door opened; Tessa turned round in her chair and saw Will standing on the threshold, still in his coat and gloves. One look at his stark, distraught face had her rising to her feet and following Will out into the corridor.

Will was already striding down the corridor with the haste of a man with the devil at his heels. Tessa closed the bedroom door carefully behind her and hurried after him. “What is it, Will? What’s happened?”

“I just came back from the East End,” Will said. There was pain in his voice, pain she had not heard the likes of since that day in the drawing room when she had told him she was engaged to Jem. “I had gone to look for more *yin fen*. But there is no more.”

Tessa nearly stumbled as they reached the steps. “What do you mean, there’s no more? Jem has a supply, does he not?”

Will turned to face her, walking backward down the stairs. “It’s gone,” he said curtly. “He did not want you to know, but there is no way to hide it. It is gone, and I cannot find more. I have always been the one to buy it. I had suppliers—but they have either vanished or come up empty-handed. I went first to that

place—that place where you came and found me, you and Jem, together. They had no *yin fen*.”

“Then another place—”

“I went *everywhere*,” Will said, spinning back around. They emerged into the corridor on the second level of the Institute; the library and the drawing room were here. Both their doors were open, spilling yellow light into the hall. “Everywhere. In the last place I went, someone told me that it had all been deliberately bought up in the last few weeks. There is nothing.”

“But Jem,” Tessa said, shock buzzing through her like fire. “Without the *yin fen* . . .”

“He’ll die.” Will paused for a moment in front of the library door; his eyes met hers. “Just this afternoon he gave me permission to seek a cure for him. To search. And now he will die because I cannot keep him alive long enough to find it.”

“No,” Tessa said. “He will not die; we will not let him.”

Will moved into the library, Tessa beside him, his gaze roaming over the familiar room, the lamplit tables, the shelves of old volumes. “There were books,” he said, as if she hadn’t spoken. “Books I was consulting, volumes about rare poisons.” He moved away from her, toward a nearby shelf, his gloved hands running feverishly over the tomes that rested there. “It was years ago, before Jem forbade any more research. I have forgotten—”

Tessa moved to join him, her skirts swishing about her ankles. “Will, stop.”

“But I have to *remember*.” He moved to another shelf, and then another, his long, slender body casting an angled shadow across the floor. “I have to find—”

“Will, you can’t read every book in the library in time. Stop.” She had moved behind him, close enough to see where the collar of his jacket was damp from the rain. “This will not help Jem.”

“Then what will? *What will?*” He reached for another book, stared at it, and threw it to the floor; Tessa jumped.

“Stop,” she said again, and caught at his sleeve, turning him to face her. He was flushed, breathless, his arm as tense as iron beneath her grip. “When you searched for the cure before, you

did not know what you know now. You did not have the allies you have now. We will go and we will ask Magnus Bane. He has eyes and ears in Downworld; he knows of all kinds of magic. He helped you with your curse; he can help us with this as well.”

“There was no curse,” said Will, as if he were reciting the lines of a play; his eyes were glassy.

“Will—listen to me. Please. Let us go to Magnus. He can help.”

He closed his eyes and drew a deep breath. Tessa stared. She could not help watching him when she knew he could not see her—the fine spidering dark lashes against his cheekbones, the faint blue tint to his eyelids. “Yes,” he said finally. “Yes. Of course. Tessa—thank you. I did not think.”

“You were grieved,” she said, suddenly aware that she was still holding his arm, and that they were close enough that she could have pressed a kiss to his cheek, or wrapped her arms about his neck to comfort him. She stepped back, releasing him. His eyes opened. “And you had thought he would always forbid you from searching for a cure. You know I have never been at peace with that. I had thought of Magnus before.”

His eyes searched her face. “But you have never asked him?”

She shook her head. “Jem did not wish it. But now—All is changed now.”

“Yes.” He drew back from her, his eyes lingering on her face. “I will go down and call Cyril to fetch the carriage. Meet me in the courtyard.”

To: Consul Josiah Wayland

From: Members of the Council

Dear Sir,

We can but express our great distress at receiving your letter. It was our impression that Charlotte Branwell was a choice you wholeheartedly embraced, and that she had proven herself a fit leader of the London Institute. Our own Inquisitor Whitelaw speaks highly of her and the manner in which she managed the challenge laid against her authority by Benedict Lightwood.

It is our opinion as a body that George Penhallow is not a fit successor to the place of Consul. Unlike Mrs. Branwell, he has not proven himself as a leader of others. It is true Mrs. Branwell is young and passionate, but the role of Consul is one that requires passion. We urge you to put aside thoughts of Mr. Penhallow, who is too young and green for the position, and take time to consider again the possibility of Mrs. Branwell.

*Yours in Raziel's name,
Members of the Council*

5

A HEART DIVIDED

*Yea, though God search it warily enough,
There is not one sound thing in all thereof;
Though he search all my veins through, searching them
He shall find nothing whole therein but love.*

—Algernon Charles Swinburne, “Laus Veneris”

To: Members of the Council

From: Josiah Wayland, Consul

It is with a weighted heart that I take up my pen to write to you, gentlemen. Many of you have known me for a good number of years, and for many of those I have led you in the position of Consul. I believe I have led you well, and have served the Angel as best I could. It is, however, human to err, and I believe I have done such in appointing Charlotte Branwell head of the London Institute.

When I granted her the position, I believed that she would follow in the footsteps of her father and prove a faithful leader, obedient to the rule of the Clave. I also believed that her husband would stem her natural feminine tendencies toward impulsivity and thoughtlessness. Unfortunately, this has not proved to be the case. Henry Branwell lacks the strength of character to restrain his wife, and, unfettered by womanly duty, she has left the virtues of obedience far behind. Only the other

day I discovered that Charlotte had given orders to have the spy Jessamine Lovelace recalled to the Institute upon her release from the Silent City, despite my express wishes that she be sent to Idris. I also suspect she lends an ear to those who are not friendly to the cause of the Nephilim and may in fact even be in league with Mortmain, such as the werewolf Woolsey Scott.

The Council does not serve the Consul; it has always been the other way around. I am a symbol of the power of the Council and the Clave. When my authority is undermined by disobedience, it undermines the authority of us all. Better a dutiful boy like my nephew, whose worth is untested, than one whose worth has been tested and found wanting.

*In the Angel's name,
Consul Josiah Wayland*



Will remembered.

Another day, months ago, in Jem's bedroom. Rain pounding against the windows of the Institute, streaking the glass with clear lines.

"And that is all?" Jem had asked. "That is the whole of it? The truth?" He'd been sitting at his desk, one of his legs bent up on the chair beneath him; he'd looked very young. His violin had been propped against the side of the chair. He had been playing it when Will had come in and, without preamble, announced that it was the end of pretense—he had a confession to make, and he meant to make it now.

That had ended the Bach. Jem had put the violin away, his eyes on Will's face the whole time, anxiety blooming behind his silver eyes as Will had paced and spoken, paced and spoken, until he had run out of words.

"That is all of it," Will had said finally when he was done. "And I do not blame you if you hate me. I could understand it."

There'd been a long pause. Jem's gaze had been steady on his face, steady and silver in the wavering light of the fire. "I could never hate you, William."

Will's guts contracted now as he saw another face, a pair of steady blue-gray eyes looking up at his. "I tried to hate you, Will, but I could never manage it," she had said. In that moment Will had been painfully aware that what he had told Jem was not "the whole of it." There was more truth. There was his love for Tessa. But it was his burden to bear, not Jem's. It was something that must be hidden for Jem to be happy. "I deserve your hatred," Will had said to Jem, his voice cracking. "I put you in danger. I believed I was cursed and that all who cared for me would die; I let myself care for you, and let you be a brother to me, risking the danger to you—"

"There was no danger."

"But I believed there was. If I held a revolver to your head, James, and pulled the trigger, would it really matter if I did not know that there were no bullets in the chambers?"

Jem's eyes had widened, and then he'd laughed, a soft laugh. "Did you think I did not know you had a secret?" he'd said. "Did you think I walked into my friendship with you with my eyes shut? I did not know the nature of the burden you carried. But I knew there was a burden." He'd stood up. "I knew you thought yourself poison to all those around you," he'd added. "I knew you thought there to be some corruptive force about you that would break me. I meant to show you that I would not break, that love was not so fragile. Did I do that?"

Will had shrugged once, helplessly. He had almost wished Jem would be angry with him. It would have been easier. He'd never felt so small within himself as he did when he faced Jem's expansive kindness. He thought of Milton's Satan. *Abashed the Devil stood, / And felt how awful goodness is.* "You saved my life," Will had said.

A smile had spread across Jem's face, as brilliant as the sunrise breaking over the Thames. "That is all I ever wanted."

"Will?" A soft voice broke him from his reverie. Tessa, sitting across from him inside the carriage, her gray eyes the color of rain in the dim light. "What are you thinking of?"

With an effort he pulled himself out of memory, his eyes fixing on her face. Tessa's face. She wore no hat, and the hood of her brocade cloak had fallen back. Her face was pale—wider across the cheekbones, slightly pointed at the chin. He thought he had never seen a face that had such a power of expression: Her every smile divided his heart as lightning might split a blackened tree, as did her every look of sorrow. At the moment she was gazing at him with a wistful concern that caught his heart. "Jem," he said, with perfect honesty. "I was thinking of his reaction when I told him of Marbas's curse."

"He felt only sorrow for you," she said immediately. "I know he did; he told me as much."

"Sorrow but not pity," said Will. "Jem has always given me exactly what I needed in the way that I needed it, even when I did not know myself what I required. All *parabatai* are devoted. We must be, to give so much of ourselves to each other, even if we gain in strength by doing so. But with Jem it is different. For so many years I needed him to live, and he kept me alive. I thought he did not know that he was doing it, but maybe he did."

"Perhaps," Tessa said. "He would never have counted a moment of such effort as wasted."

"He has never said anything to you of it?"

She shook her head. Her small hands, in their white gloves, were in fists in her lap. "He speaks of you only with the greatest pride, Will," she said. "He admires you more than you could ever know. When he learned of the curse, he was heartbroken for you, but there was also, almost, a sort of . . ."

"Vindication?"

She nodded. "He had always believed you were good," she said. "And then it was proven."

"Oh, I don't know," he said bitterly. "To be good and to be cursed, it is not the same thing."

She leaned forward and caught at his hand, pressing it between her own. The touch was like white fire through his veins. He could not feel her skin, only the cloth of the gloves, and yet it did not matter. *You kindled me, heap of ashes that I am, into fire.* He

had wondered once why love was always phrased in terms of burning. The conflagration in his own veins, now, gave the answer. “You *are* good, Will,” she said. “There is no one better placed than I am to be able to say with perfect confidence how good you really are.”

He said slowly, not wanting her to move her hands away, “You know, when we were fifteen years old, Yanluo, the demon who murdered Jem’s parents, was finally slain. Jem’s uncle determined to relocate himself from China to Idris and invited Jem to come and live with him there. Jem refused—for me. He said you do not leave your *parabatai*. That it was part of the words of the oath. ‘Thy people shall be my people.’ I wonder, if I had had the chance to return to my family, would I have done the same for him?”

“You are doing it,” Tessa said. “Do not think I do not know that Cecily wants you to return home with her. And do not think I do not know that you remain for Jem’s sake.”

“And yours,” he said before he could stop himself. She withdrew her hands from his, and he cursed himself silently and savagely: *How could you have been so foolish? How could you, after two months? You’ve been so careful. Your love for her is only a burden she endures out of politeness. Remember that.*

But Tessa was only pulling aside the curtain as the carriage came to a stop. They were rolling into a mews, from whose entry hung a sign: ALL DRIVERS OF VEHICLES ARE DIRECTED TO WALK THEIR HORSES WHILE PASSING UNDER THIS ARCHWAY. “We are here,” she said, as if he had not said a word. Perhaps he had not, Will thought. Perhaps he had not spoken aloud. Perhaps he was only losing his mind. Certainly it was not unimaginable, under the circumstances.

When the carriage door opened, it brought with it a blast of cool Chelsea air. He saw Tessa raise her head as Cyril helped her down. He joined Tessa on the cobblestones. The place smelled of the Thames. Before the Embankment had been built, the river had come much closer to these rows of houses, their edges softened by gaslight in the darkness. Now the river was separated

by a greater distance, but one could still smell the salt-dirt-iron tang of water.

The front of No. 16 was Georgian, made of plain red brickwork, with a bay window that jutted out over the front door. There was a small paved court and a garden behind an elegant fence with a great deal of delicate scrolling ironwork. The gate was already open. Tessa pushed through and marched up the front steps to knock upon the door, Will only a few steps behind her.

The door was opened by Woolsey Scott, wearing a canary-yellow brocaded silk dressing gown over trousers and a shirt. He had a gold monocle perched in one eye socket, and regarded them both through it with some distaste. "Bother," he said. "I would have had the footman answer and send you away, but I thought you were somebody else."

"Who?" Tessa inquired, which did not seem to Will to be germane to the issue, but it was Tessa's way—she was forever asking questions; leave her alone in a room, and she'd begin asking questions of the furniture and plants.

"Someone with absinthe."

"Swallow enough of that stuff and you'll think *you're* somebody else," said Will. "We're seeking Magnus Bane; if he isn't here, just tell us and we'll not take up more of your time."

Woolsey sighed as if greatly prevailed upon. "Magnus," he called. "It's your blue-eyed boy."

There were footsteps in the corridor behind Woolsey, and Magnus appeared in full evening dress, as if he had just come from a ball. Starched white shirtfront and cuffs, swallowtail black coat, and hair like a ragged fringe of dark silk. His eyes flicked from Will to Tessa. "And to what do I owe the honor, at such a late hour?"

"A favor," Will said, and amended himself when Magnus's eyebrows went up. "A question."

Woolsey sighed and stepped back from the door. "Very well. Come into the drawing room."

No one offered to take their hats or coats, and once they reached the drawing room, Tessa stripped off her gloves and stood with her hands close to the fire, shivering slightly. Her hair was a damp mass of curls at the back of her neck, and Will looked away from her before he could remember what it felt like to put his hands through that hair and feel the strands wind about his fingers. It was easier at the Institute, with Jem and the others to distract him, to remember that Tessa was not his to recall that way. Here, feeling as if he were facing the world with her by his side—feeling that she was here for him instead of, quite sensibly, for the health of her own fiancé—it was nearly impossible.

Woolsey threw himself into a flower-patterned armchair. He had plucked the monocle from his eye and was swinging it around his fingers on its long gold chain. “I simply cannot wait to hear what this is about.”

Magnus moved toward the fireplace and leaned against the mantel, the very picture of a young gentleman at leisure. The room was painted a pale blue, and decorated with paintings that featured vast fields of granite, gleaming blue seas, and men and women in classical dress. Will thought he recognized a reproduction of an Alma-Tadema—or at least it *must* have been a reproduction, mustn’t it?

“Don’t gape at the walls, Will,” said Magnus. “You have been all but absent for months. What brings you here now?”

“I did not want to trouble you,” Will muttered. It was only partly the truth. Once the curse Will had believed he was under had been proved, by Magnus, to be false, he had avoided Magnus—not because he was angry with the warlock, or had no more need of him, but because the sight of Magnus caused him pain. He had written him a short letter, telling him what had happened and that his secret was a secret no more. He had spoken of Jem’s engagement to Tessa. He had asked that Magnus not reply. “But this—this is a crisis.”

Magnus’s cat eyes widened. “What sort of crisis?”

“It is about *yin fen*,” said Will.

“Gracious,” Woolsey said. “Don’t tell me my pack is taking the stuff again?”

“No,” Will said. “There is none of it to take.” He saw dawning comprehension on Magnus’s face and went on to explain the situation, as best he could. Magnus didn’t change expression as Will spoke, any more than Church did when someone spoke to him. Magnus only watched out of his gold-green eyes until Will was done.

“And without the *yin fen*?” Magnus said at last.

“He will die,” said Tessa, turning from the fireplace. Her cheeks were flushed carnation pink, whether from the heat of the fire or from the stress of the situation, Will could not tell. “Not immediately, but—within the week. His body cannot sustain itself without the powder.”

“How does he take it?” Woolsey inquired.

“Dissolved in water, or inhaled—What has that got to do with anything?” Will demanded.

“Nothing,” Woolsey said. “I was only wondering. Demon drugs are a curious thing.”

“For us, who love him, it is a sight more than curious,” Tessa said. Her chin was up, and Will remembered what he had said to her once, about being like Boadicea. She *was* brave, and he adored her for it, even as it was employed in the defense of her love for someone else.

“Why have you come to me with this?” Magnus’s voice was quiet.

“You helped us before,” Tessa said. “We thought perhaps you could help again. You helped with de Quincey—and Will, with his curse—”

“I am not at your beck and call,” Magnus said. “I helped with de Quincey because Camille requested it of me, and Will, once, because he offered me a favor in return. I am a warlock. And I do not serve Shadowhunters for free.”

“And I am not a Shadowhunter,” said Tessa.

There was a silence. Then: “Hmm,” Magnus said, and turned away from the fire. “I understand, Tessa, that you are to be

congratulated?”

“I . . .”

“On your engagement to James Carstairs.”

“Oh.” She flushed, and her hand went to her throat, where she always wore Jem’s mother’s necklace, his gift to her. “Yes. Thank you.”

Will *felt* rather than saw Woolsey’s eyes on all three of them—Magnus, Tessa, and himself—sliding from one to the other, the mind behind the eyes examining, deducing, *enjoying*.

Will’s shoulders tightened. “I would be happy to offer anything,” he said. “This time. Another favor, or whatever you wanted, for the *yin fen*. If it’s payment, I could arrange—that is, I could try—”

“I may have helped you before,” Magnus said. “But this—” He sighed. “*Think*, the pair of you. If someone is buying up all the *yin fen* in the country, then it is someone who has a reason. And who has a reason to do that?”

“Mortmain,” Tessa whispered before Will could say it. He could still remember his own voice:

“Mortmain’s minions have been buying up the yin fen supply in the East End. I confirmed it. If you had run out and he was the only one with a supply . . .”

“We would have been put in his power,” said Jem. “Unless you were willing to let me die, of course, which would be the sensible course of action.”

But with enough *yin fen* to last them twelve months, Will had thought there was no danger. Had thought that Mortmain would find some other way to harry and torment them, for surely he would see this plan could not work. Will had not expected a year’s worth of the drug to be gone in eight weeks.

“You do not want to help us,” Will said. “You do not want to position yourself as an enemy of Mortmain’s.”

“Well, can you blame him?” Woolsey rose in a whirl of yellow silk. “What could *you* possibly have to offer that would make the risk worth it to him?”

“I will give you anything,” said Tessa in a low voice that Will felt in his bones. “Anything at all, if you can help us help Jem.”

Magnus gripped a handful of his black hair. “God, the two of you. I can make inquiries. Track down some of the more unusual shipping routes. Old Molly—”

“I’ve been to her,” Will said. “Something’s frightened her so badly, she won’t even crawl out of her grave.”

Woolsey snorted. “And that doesn’t tell you anything, little Shadowhunter? Is it really worth all this, just to stretch your friend’s life out another few months, another year? He will die anyway. And the sooner he dies, the sooner you can have his fiancée, the one you’re in love with.” He cut his amused gaze toward Tessa. “Really you ought to be counting with great eagerness the days till he expires.”

Will did not know what happened after that; everything went suddenly white, and Woolsey’s monocle was flying across the room. Will’s head hit something painfully, and the werewolf was under him, kicking and swearing, and they were rolling across the rug, and there was a sharp pain in his wrist, where Woolsey had clawed him. The pain cleared his head, and he was aware that Woolsey was pinning him to the ground, his eyes gone yellow and his teeth bared and as sharp as daggers, ready to bite.

“Stop it. Stop it!” Tessa, by the fire, had seized up a poker; Will choked and put his hand against Woolsey’s face, pushing him away. Woolsey yelled, and suddenly the weight was off Will’s chest; Magnus had lifted the werewolf and shoved him away. Then Magnus’s hands were fisted in the back of Will’s jacket, and Will found himself being dragged from the room, Woolsey staring after him, one hand to his face where Will’s silver ring had burned his cheekbone.

“Let me go. Let me go!” Will struggled, but Magnus’s grip was like iron. He marched Will down the corridor and into a half-lit library. Will pulled free just as Magnus let go of him, resulting in an inelegant stumble that fetched him up against the back of a red velvet sofa. “I cannot leave Tessa alone with Woolsey—”

“Her virtue is hardly in danger from him,” Magnus said dryly. “Woolsey will behave himself, which is more than I can say for you.”

Will turned around slowly, wiping blood from his face. “You’re glaring at me,” he said to Magnus. “You look like Church before he bites someone.”

“Picking a fight with the head of the Praetor Lupus,” Magnus said bitterly. “You know what his pack would do to you if they had an excuse. You *want* to die, don’t you?”

“I don’t,” Will said, surprising even himself a little.

“I don’t know why I ever helped you.”

“You like broken things.”

Magnus took two strides across the room and seized Will’s face in his long fingers, forcing his chin up. “You are *not* Sydney Carton,” he said. “What good will it do you to die for James Carstairs, when he is dying anyway?”

“Because if I save him, then it is worth it—”

“God!” Magnus’s eyes narrowed. “*What* is worth it? What could possibly be worth it?”

“Everything I have lost!” Will shouted. “*Tessa!*”

Magnus dropped his hand from Will’s face. He took several paces backward and breathed in and out slowly, as if mentally counting to ten. “I’m sorry,” he said finally. “About what Woolsey said.”

“If Jem dies, I cannot be with Tessa,” said Will. “Because it will be as if I were waiting for him to die, or took some joy in his death, if it let me have her. And I will not be that person. I will not profit from his death. So he must live.” He lowered his arm, his sleeve bloody. “It is the only way any of this can ever mean anything. Otherwise it is only—”

“Pointless, needless suffering and pain? I don’t suppose it would help if I told you that is the way life is. The good suffer, the evil flourish, and all that is mortal passes away.”

“I want more than that,” said Will. “*You* made me want more than that. You showed me I was only ever cursed because I had chosen to believe myself so. You told me there was possibility,

meaning. And now you would turn your back on what you created.”

Magnus laughed shortly. “You are incorrigible.”

“I’ve heard that.” Will pulled himself away from the sofa, wincing. “You’ll help me, then?”

“I’ll help you.” Magnus reached down his shirtfront and drew out something that dangled on a chain, something that glowed with a soft red light. A square red stone. “Take this.”

He folded it into Will’s hand.

Will looked at him in confusion. “This was Camille’s.”

“I gave it to her as a gift,” said Magnus, a bitter quirk to the side of his mouth. “She returned all my gifts to me last month. You might as well take it. It warns when demons are close. It might work on those clockwork creations of Mortmain’s.”

“‘True love cannot die,’ ” Will said, translating the inscription on the back in the light from the corridor. “I can’t wear this, Magnus. It’s too pretty for a man.”

“So are you. Go home and clean yourself up. I will call upon you as soon as I have information.” He looked at Will keenly. “In the meantime do your best to be worthy of my assistance.”



“If you come near me, I shall bash in your head with this poker,” Tessa said, brandishing the fireplace instrument between herself and Woolsey Scott as if it were a sword.

“I’ve no doubt you would too,” he said, looking at her with a grudging sort of respect as he mopped the blood from his chin with a monogrammed handkerchief. Will had been bloody too, his own blood and Woolsey’s; he was doubtless in another room with Magnus now, getting more blood smeared everywhere. Will was never overconcerned with neatness, and even less so when he was emotional. “I see you’ve begun to be like them, the Shadowhunters you seem to adore so much. Whatever possessed you to engage yourself to one of them? And a dying one at that.”

Rage flared up in Tessa, and she considered smacking Woolsey with the poker whether he came near her or not. He had moved

awfully quickly while fighting Will, though, and she didn't fancy her chances. "You don't know James Carstairs. Don't speak about him."

"Love him, do you?" Woolsey managed to make it sound unpleasant. "But you love Will, too."

Tessa froze inside. She had known that Magnus knew of Will's affection for her, but the idea that what she felt for him in return was written across her face was too terrifying to contemplate. "That's not true."

"Liar," said Woolsey. "Really, what is the difference if one of them dies? You always have a fine secondary option."

Tessa thought of Jem, of the shape of his face, his eyes shut in concentration as he played the violin, the curve of his mouth when he smiled, his fingers careful in hers—every line of him inexpressibly dear to her. "If you had two children," she said, "would you say that it was all right if one of them died, because then you'd still have another?"

"One can love two children. But your heart can be given in romantic love to only a single other," said Woolsey. "That is the nature of Eros, is it not? So novels would tell us, though I have no experience of it myself."

"I have come to understand something about novels," Tessa said.

"And what is that?"

"That they are not true."

Woolsey quirked an eyebrow. "You are a funny thing," he said. "I would say I could see what those boys see in you, but . . ." He shrugged. His yellow dressing gown had a long, bloody tear in it now. "Women are not something I have ever understood."

"What about them do you find mysterious, sir?"

"The point of them, mainly."

"Well, you must have had a mother," said Tessa.

"Someone whelped me, yes," said Woolsey without much enthusiasm. "I remember her little."

"Perhaps, but you would not exist without a woman, would you? However little use you may find us, we are cleverer and

more determined and more patient than men. Men may be stronger, but it is women who endure.”

“Is that what you are doing? Enduring? Surely an engaged woman should be happier.” His light eyes raked her. “A heart divided against itself cannot stand, as they say. You love them both, and it tears you apart.”

“House,” said Tessa.

He raised an eyebrow. “What was that?”

“A house divided against itself cannot stand. Not a heart. Perhaps you should not attempt quotations if you cannot get them correct.”

“And maybe you should stop pitying yourself,” he said. “Most people are lucky to have even one great love in their life. You have found two.”

“Says the man who has none.”

“Oh!” Woolsey staggered back with his hand against his heart, mock swooning. “The dove has teeth. Very well, if you don’t wish to discuss personal matters, then perhaps something more general? Your own nature? Magnus seems convinced you are a warlock, but I am not so sure. I think there may be some of the blood of faeries about you, for what is the magic of shape-changing if it is not a magic of illusion? And who are the masters of magic and illusion if not the Fair Folk?”

Tessa thought of the blue-haired faerie woman at Benedict’s party who had claimed to know her mother, and her breath hitched in her throat. Before she could say another word to Woolsey, though, Magnus and Will came back in through the door—Will, as predicted, just as bloody as before, and scowling. He looked from Tessa to Woolsey and laughed a short laugh. “I suppose you were right, Magnus,” he said. “Tessa is in no danger from him. One cannot say the same in reverse.”

“Tessa, darling, put the poker down,” Magnus said, holding out his hand. “Woolsey can be dreadful, but there are better ways of handling his moods.”

With a last glare at Woolsey, Tessa handed the poker to Magnus. She went to retrieve her gloves, and Will his coat, and

there was a blur of movement and voices, and she heard Woolsey laugh. She was barely paying attention; she was too focused on Will. She could tell already from the look on his face that whatever he and Magnus had said to each other in private, it had not solved the problem of Jem's drugs. He looked haunted, and a little deadly, the blood freckling his high cheekbones only making the blue of his eyes more startling.

Magnus led them from the drawing room and out to the front door, where the cool air hit Tessa like a wave. She tugged her gloves on and nodded a good-bye to Magnus, who shut the door, closing the two of them out in the night.

The Thames glittered past the trees, the roadway, and the Embankment, and the gas lamps on Battersea Bridge shone down into the water, a nocturne in blue and gold. The shadow of the carriage was visible beneath the trees by the gate. Above them the moon appeared and disappeared between moving banks of gray cloud.

Will was utterly still. "Tessa," he said.

His voice sounded peculiar, odd and choked. Tessa stepped quickly down to stand beside him, looking up into his face. Will's face was so often changeable as moonlight itself; she had never seen his expression so still.

"Did he say he would help?" she whispered. "Magnus?"

"He will try, but—the way he looked at me—he felt *sorry* for me, Tess. That means there's no hope, doesn't it? If even Magnus thinks the endeavor is doomed, there is nothing more I can do, is there?"

She laid her hand upon his arm. He did not move. It was so peculiar, being this close to him, the familiar feel and presence of him, when for months they had avoided each other, had barely spoken. He had not even wanted to meet her eyes. And now he was here, smelling of soap and rain and blood and Will. . . . "You have done so much," she whispered. "Magnus will try to help, and we will keep searching, and something may yet come to light. You cannot abandon hope."

“I know. I know it. And yet I feel such dread in my heart, as if it were the last hour of my life. I have felt hopelessness before, Tess, but never such fear. And yet I have known—I have always *known . . .*”

That Jem would die. She did not say it. It was between them, unspoken.

“Who am I?” he whispered. “For years I pretended I was other than I was, and then I gloried that I might return to the truth of myself, only to find there is no truth to return to. I was an ordinary child, and then I was a not very good man, and now I do not know how to be either of those things any longer. I do not know what I am, and when Jem is gone, there will be no one to show me.”

“I know just who you are. You’re Will Herondale,” was all she said, and then suddenly his arms were around her, his head on her shoulder. She froze at first out of pure astonishment, and then carefully she returned the embrace, holding him as he shuddered. He was not crying; this was something else, a sort of paroxysm, as if he were choking. She knew she should not touch him, yet she could not imagine Jem wanting her to push Will away at such a moment. She could not be Jem for him, she thought, could not be his compass that always pointed north, but if nothing else she could make his a slighter burden to carry.



“Would you like this rather dreadful snuffbox someone gave me? It’s silver, so I can’t touch it,” Woolsey said.

Magnus, standing at the bay window of the drawing room, the curtain pulled aside just enough so that he could see Will and Tessa on his front steps, clinging to each other as if their lives depended on it, hummed noncommittally in response.

Woolsey rolled his eyes. “Still out there, are they?”

“Quite.”

“Messy, all that romantic love business,” said Woolsey. “Much better to go on as we do. Only the physical matters.”

“Indeed.” Will and Tessa had broken apart at last, though their hands were still joined. Tessa appeared to be coaxing Will down the steps. “Do you think you would have married, if you hadn’t had nephews to carry on the family name?”

“I suppose I would have had to. Cry God for England, Harry, Saint George, and the Praetor Lupus!” Woolsey laughed; he had poured himself a glass of red wine from the decanter on the sideboard, and he swirled it now, gazing down into its changeable depths. “You gave Will Camille’s necklace,” he observed.

“How did you know?” Magnus’s mind was only half on the conversation; the other half was watching Will and Tessa walk toward their carriage. Somehow, despite the difference in their height and build, she appeared to be the one who was being leaned upon.

“You were wearing it when you left the room with him, but not when you returned. I don’t suppose you told him what it’s worth? That he’s wearing a ruby that would cost more than the Institute?”

“I didn’t want it,” Magnus said.

“Tragic reminder of lost love?”

“Didn’t suit my complexion.” Will and Tessa were in the carriage now, and their driver was snapping the reins. “Do you think there’s a chance for him?”

“A chance for who?”

“Will Herondale. To be happy.”

Woolsey sighed gustily and put down his glass. “Is there a chance for you to be happy if he *isn’t*?”

Magnus said nothing.

“Are you in love with him?” Woolsey asked—all curiosity, no jealousy. Magnus wondered what it was like to have a heart like that, or rather to have no heart at all.

“No,” Magnus said. “I have wondered that, but no. It is something else. I feel that I owe him. I have heard it said that when you save a life, you are responsible for that life. I feel I am responsible for that boy. If he never finds happiness, I will feel I have failed him. If he cannot have that girl he loves, I will feel I

have failed him. If I cannot keep his *parabatai* by him, I will feel I failed him.”

“Then you will fail him,” Woolsey said. “In the meantime, while you are moping and seeking *yin fen*, I think I may take myself traveling. See the countryside. The city depresses me in the winter.”

“Do as you like.” Magnus let the curtain fall back, blocking the view of Will and Tessa’s carriage as it passed out of sight.

To: Consul Josiah Wayland

From: Inquisitor Victor Whitelaw

Josiah,

I was deeply concerned to hear of your letter to the Council on the topic of Charlotte Branwell. As old acquaintances, I had hoped you could perhaps speak more freely to me than you have to them. Is there some issue regarding her that concerns you? Her father was a dear friend of ours both, and I have not known her to do a dishonorable thing.

Yours in concern,

Victor Whitelaw

6

LET DARKNESS

*Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd,
Let darkness keep her raven gloss:
Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,
To dance with death, to beat the ground.*
—Alfred, Lord Tennyson, “In Memoriam A.H.H.”

~~To: Inquisitor Victor Whitelaw
From: Consul Josiah Wayland~~

~~It is with some trepidation that I pen this letter to you, Victor, for all that we have known each other for some years now. I feel a bit like the prophetess Cassandra, doomed to know the truth and to have no one believe her. Perhaps it is my sin of hubris, which put Charlotte Branwell in the place she now occupies and from which she devils me.~~

~~Her undermining of my authority is constant, the instability which I fear it will cause in the Clave severe. What should have been a disaster for her—the revelation that she harbored spies under her roof, the Lovelace girl's complicity in the Magister's schemes—has been recast as a triumph. The Enclave hails the inhabitants of the Institute as those who uncovered the Magister and have harried him from London. That he has not been seen or heard from in the past months has been put down to Charlotte's good judgment and is not seen, as I suspect it is, as~~

~~*a tactical retreat and regrouping on his part. Though I am the Consul and lead the Clave, it seems very much to me that this will go down as the time of Charlotte Branwell, and that my legacy will be lost—*~~

*To: Inquisitor Victor Whitelaw
From: Consul Josiah Wayland*

Victor,

While your concern is much appreciated, I have no anxiety regarding Charlotte Branwell that I did not touch on in my letter to the Council.

*May you take heart in the strength of the Angel in these troubled times,
Josiah Wayland*



Breakfast was at first a quiet affair. Gideon and Gabriel came down together, both subdued, Gabriel barely saying a word, aside from asking Henry to pass the butter. Cecily had placed herself at the far end of the table and was reading a book as she ate; Tessa longed to see the title, but Cecily had placed the book at such an angle that it was not visible. Will, across from Tessa, had the dark shadows of sleeplessness below his eyes, a memory of their eventful night; Tessa herself poked unenthusiastically at her kedgerree, silent until the door opened and Jem came in.

She looked up with surprise and a lurch of delight. He did not look unusually ill, only tired and pale. He slid gracefully into the seat beside her. “Good morning.”

“You look much better, Jemmy,” Charlotte observed with delight.

Jemmy? Tessa looked at Jem with amusement; he shrugged and gave her a self-deprecating grin.

She looked across the table and found Will watching them. Her gaze brushed his, just for a moment, a question in her eyes. Was there any chance that somehow Will had found some

replacement *yin fen* in the time between returning home and this morning? But no, he looked as surprised as she felt.

“I am, quite,” Jem said. “The Silent Brothers were of great assistance.” He reached to pour himself a cup of tea, and Tessa watched the bones and tendons move in his thin wrist, distressingly visible. When he set the pot down, she reached for his hand beneath the table, and he clasped it. His slim fingers wound about hers reassuringly.

Bridget’s voice floated out from the kitchen.

*“Cold blows the wind tonight, sweetheart,
Cold are the drops of rain;
The very first love that ever I had
In greenwood he was slain.
I’ll do as much for my sweetheart
As any young woman may;
I’ll sit and mourn at his graveside
A twelve-month and a day.”*

“By the Angel, she’s depressing,” said Henry, setting down his newspaper directly on his plate and causing the edge to soak through with egg yolk. Charlotte opened her mouth as if to object, and closed it again. “It’s all heartbreak, death, and unrequited love.”

“Well, that is what most songs are about,” said Will. “Requited love is ideal but doesn’t make much of a ballad.”

Jem looked up, but before he could say anything, a great reverberation sounded through the Institute. Tessa was familiar enough with her London home now to know it as the sound of the doorbell. They all looked down the table at the same time at Charlotte, as if their heads were mounted on springs.

Charlotte, looking startled, put down her fork. “Oh, dear,” she said. “There is something I had meant to tell you all, but—”

“Ma’am?” It was Sophie, drifting into the room with a salver in one hand. Tessa could not help but notice that though Gideon was staring at her, she seemed to be deliberately avoiding his

gaze, her cheeks pinking slightly. "Consul Wayland is downstairs requesting to speak with you."

Charlotte took the folded paper off the salver, gazed at it, sighed, and said, "Very well. Send him up."

Sophie vanished in a swirl of skirts.

"Charlotte?" Henry sounded puzzled. "What is going on?"

"Indeed." Will let his cutlery clatter onto his plate. "The Consul? Breaking up our breakfast time? Whatever next? The Inquisitor over for tea? Picnics with the Silent Brothers?"

"Duck pies in the park," said Jem under his breath, and he and Will smiled at each other, just a flash, before the door opened and the Consul swept it.

Consul Wayland was a big man, broad-chested and thick-armed, and the robes of the Consul's status always seemed to hang a bit awkwardly from his wide shoulders. He was blond bearded like a Viking, and at the moment his expression was stormy. "Charlotte," he said without preamble. "I am here to talk to you about Benedict Lightwood."

There was a faint rustling; Gabriel's fingers had clenched on the tablecloth. Gideon put a hand lightly over his brother's wrist, stilling him, but the Consul was already looking at them. "Gabriel," he said. "I had rather thought you might go to the Blackthorns' with your sister."

Gabriel's fingers tightened on the handle of his teacup. "They are quite overset in their grief for Rupert," he said. "I did not think now was the time to intrude."

"Well, you are grieving your father, are you not?" said the Consul. "Grief shared is grief lessened, they say."

"Consul—," Gideon began, shooting a worried look at his brother.

"Though perhaps it might be rather awkward to lodge with your sister, considering that she has brought a complaint against you for murder."

Gabriel made a noise as if someone had spilled boiling water over him. Gideon threw his napkin down and stood up.

"Tatiana did *what*?" he demanded.

“You heard me,” the Consul said.

“It was not murder,” said Jem.

“As you say,” said the Consul. “I was informed that it was.”

“Were you also *informed* that Benedict had turned into a gigantic worm?” Will inquired, and Gabriel looked at him in surprise, as if he had not expected to be defended by Will.

“Will, please,” Charlotte said. “Consul, I notified you yesterday that Benedict Lightwood had been discovered to be in the last stages of *astriola*—”

“You told me there was a battle, and he was killed,” the Consul replied. “But what I am hearing reported is that he was ill with the pox, and that as a result he was hunted down and killed despite offering no resistance.”

Will, his eyes suspiciously bright, opened his mouth. Jem reached out and clapped a hand over it. “I cannot understand,” Jem said, talking over Will’s muffled protests, “how you could know that Benedict Lightwood is dead but not the manner of his death. If there was no body to find, it was because he had become more demon than human, and had vanished when slain, as demons do. But the missing servants—the death of Tatiana’s *own husband*—”

The Consul looked weary. “Tatiana Blackthorn says that a group of Shadowhunters from the Institute murdered her father and that Rupert was killed in the brawl.”

“Did she mention that her father had eaten her husband?” Henry inquired, finally looking up from his newspaper. “Oh, yes. Ate him. Left his bloody boot in the garden for us to find. There were teeth marks. Love to know how that could have been an accident.”

“I would think that counted as offering resistance,” Will said. “Eating one’s son-in-law, that is. Though I suppose everyone has their family altercations.”

“You are not seriously suggesting,” Charlotte said, “that the worm—that Benedict should have been subdued and restrained, are you, Josiah? He was in the last stages of the pox! He had gone mad and become a worm!”

“He could have become a worm and *then* gone mad,” Will said diplomatically. “We cannot be entirely sure.”

“Tatiana is greatly upset,” the Consul said. “She is considering demanding reparations—”

“Then I will pay them.” It was Gabriel, having pushed his chair back from the table and risen to his feet. “I will give my ridiculous sister my salary for the rest of my life if she desires it, but I will *not* admit to wrongdoing—not for myself, not for any of us. Yes, I put an arrow through his eye. *Its* eye. And I would do it again. Whatever that thing was, it was not my father anymore.”

There was a silence. Even the Consul did not seem to have a ready word to hand. Cecily had put her book down and was looking intently from Gabriel to the Consul and back again.

“I beg your pardon, Consul, but whatever Tatiana is telling you, she does not know the truth of the situation,” said Gabriel. “Only I was there in the house with my father as he sickened. I was alone with him as he was going mad for the past fortnight. Finally I came here; I begged for my brother’s help,” Gabriel said. “Charlotte kindly lent me the assistance of her Shadowhunters. By the time we had arrived back at the house, the thing that had been my father had torn my sister’s husband apart. I assure you, Consul, there was no manner in which my father could have been saved. We were in a fight for our lives.”

“Then why would Tatiana—”

“Because she is humiliated,” Tessa said. It was the first words she had spoken since the Consul had entered the room. “She said as much to me. She believed it would be a blight on the family name if the demon pox was known of; I assume she is trying to present some kind of alternate narrative in the hopes you will repeat it to the Council. But she is not telling the truth.”

“Really, Consul,” said Gideon. “What makes more sense? That we all ran mad and killed my father, and his sons are covering it up, or that Tatiana is lying? She never thinks things through; you know that.”

Gabriel stood with his hand on the back of his brother’s chair. “If you believe I would have so lightly committed patricide, feel

free to bring me to the Silent City to be questioned.”

“That would probably be the most sensible course of action,” the Consul said.

Cecily set her teacup down with a sharp bang that made everyone at the table jump. “That is not fair,” she said. “He is telling the truth. We all are. You must know that.”

The Consul gave her a long, measuring look, then turned back to Charlotte. “You expect my trust?” he said. “And yet you conceal your actions from me. Actions have consequences, Charlotte.”

“Josiah, I informed you about what happened at Lightwood House the moment everyone returned and I was assured they were all right—”

“You should have told me before,” the Consul said flatly. “The moment Gabriel arrived. This was no routine mission. As it is, you have left yourself in a position in which I must defend you, despite the fact that you disobeyed protocol and set out upon this mission without Council approval.”

“There wasn’t time—”

“Enough,” said the Consul, in a voice that implied it was anything but enough. “Gideon and Gabriel, you will come with me to the Silent City to be questioned.” Charlotte began to protest, but the Consul held up a hand. “To have Gabriel and Gideon cleared by the Brothers is expedient; it will avoid any mess and allow me to have Tatiana’s request for reparations dismissed swiftly. The two of you.” Consul Wayland turned to the Lightwood brothers. “Go downstairs to my carriage and wait for me. We will all *three* adjourn to the Silent City; when the Brothers are done with you, if they find nothing of interest, we will return you here.”

“If they find nothing,” Gideon said in a disgusted tone. He took his brother by the shoulders and guided him out of the room. As Gideon closed the door behind them, Tessa noticed something spark on his hand. He was wearing his Lightwood ring again.

“All right,” said the Consul, rounding on Charlotte. “Why did you not tell me the very moment your Shadowhunters returned and told you Benedict was dead?”

Charlotte fixed her eyes on her tea. Her mouth was pressed into a firm line. “I wanted to protect the boys,” she said. “I wanted them to have some moments of peace and quiet. Some respite, after seeing their father die before their eyes, before you started asking questions, Josiah!”

“That is hardly all,” the Consul went on, ignoring her expression. “Benedict’s books and papers. Tatiana told us of them. We searched his house, but his journals are gone, his desk is empty. This is not your investigation, Charlotte; those papers belong to the Clave.”

“What are you searching for in them?” Henry asked, moving his newspaper off his plate. He sounded deceptively uninterested in the answer, but there was a hard glint in his eyes that belied his apparent disinterest.

“Information about his connection to Mortmain. Information about any other Clave members that might have had a connection to Mortmain. Clues as to Mortmain’s whereabouts—”

“And his devices?” Henry said.

The Consul paused midsentence. “His devices?”

“The Infernal Devices. His army of automatons. It is an army created for the purpose of destroying Shadowhunters, and he means to bend it against us,” Charlotte, seemingly recovered, said as she set her napkin down. “In fact, if Benedict’s increasingly incomprehensible notes are believed, that time will come sooner rather than later.”

“So you *did* take his notes and journals. The Inquisitor was convinced of it.” The Consul rubbed the back of his hand across his eyes.

“Of course I took them. And of course I will give them to you. I always planned to do so.” Eminently composed, Charlotte picked up the small silver bell by her plate and rang it; when Sophie appeared, she whispered to the girl for a moment, and Sophie, with a curtsy to the Consul, slipped out of the room.

“You should have left the papers where they were, Charlotte. It is procedure,” said the Consul.

“There was no reason for me not to look at them—”

“You must trust my judgment, and the Law’s. Protecting the Lightwood boys is not a higher priority than discovering Mortmain’s whereabouts, Charlotte. You are not running the Clave. You are part of the Enclave, and you *will* report to me. Is that clear?”

“Yes, Consul,” Charlotte said as Sophie reentered the room with a packet of papers, which she silently offered to the Consul. “The next time one of our esteemed members turns into a worm and eats another esteemed member, we will inform you immediately.”

The Consul’s jaw set. “Your father was my friend,” he said. “I trusted him, and because of that I have trusted you. Do not make me sorry I appointed you, or supported you against Benedict Lightwood when he challenged your position.”

“You went along with Benedict!” Charlotte cried. “When he suggested I be given a fortnight only to complete an impossible task, you agreed to it! You spoke not a word in my defense! If I were not a woman, you would not have behaved in such a way.”

“If you were not a woman,” said the Consul, “I would not have had to.”

And with that, he was gone, in a swirl of dark robes and dully sparking runes. No sooner had the door closed behind him than Will hissed: “How could you give him those papers? We need those—”

Charlotte, who had sagged back in her chair, her eyes half-closed, said, “Will, I have already been up all night copying down the relevant parts. Much of it was—”

“Gibberish?” Jem suggested.

“Pornographic?” said Will at the same time.

“Could be both,” said Will. “Haven’t you ever heard of pornographic gibberish before?”

Jem grinned, and Charlotte put her face in her hands. “It was more the former than the latter, if you must know,” she said. “I

copied down all I could, with Sophie's invaluable assistance." She looked up then. "Will—you need to remember. This is no longer our charge. Mortmain is the Clave's problem, or at least that is how they see it. There was a time when we were singularly responsible for Mortmain, but—"

"We are responsible for protecting Tessa!" Will said with a sharpness that startled even Tessa. Will paled slightly when he realized everyone had looked at him with surprise, but he went on anyway: "Mortmain wants Tessa, still. We cannot imagine he has given up. He may come with automatons, he may come with witchcraft and fire and betrayal, but *he will come*."

"Of course we will protect her," Charlotte said. "We need no reminders, Will. She is one of our own. And speaking of our own . . ." She glanced down at her plate. "Jessamine returns to us tomorrow."

"What?" Will upset his teacup, soaking the tablecloth with the dregs. There was a buzz around the table, though Cecily only stared in puzzlement, and Tessa, after a sharp intake of breath, stayed silent. She was remembering the last time she had seen Jessamine, in the Silent City, pale and red-eyed, weeping and terrified. . . . "She tried to betray us, Charlotte. And you are simply allowing her back?"

"She has no other family, her wealth has been confiscated by the Clave, and she is besides in no fit state to live on her own. Two months of questioning in the Bone City has left her nearly mad. I do not think she will be a danger to any of us."

"Neither did we think she would be a danger before," said Jem, in a harder voice than Tessa would have expected of him, "and yet the course of action she took nearly placed Tessa in Mortmain's hands, and the rest of us in disgrace."

Charlotte shook her head. "There is a need here for mercy and pity. Jessamine is not what she once was—as any of you would know if you had visited her in the Silent City."

"I have no wish to visit with traitors," said Will coldly. "Was she still gibbering about Mortmain being in Idris?"

“Yes—that is why the Silent Brothers finally gave up; they could get no sense out of her. She has no secrets, nothing of worth that she knows. And she understands that. She *feels* worthless. If you could but put yourself in her shoes—”

“Oh, I don’t doubt she’s putting on a show for you, Charlotte, weeping and rending her garments—”

“Well, if she’s rending her *garments*,” said Jem, with a flick of a smile toward his *parabatai*. “You know how much Jessamine likes her garments.”

Will’s smile back was grudging but real. Charlotte saw her opening and pressed the advantage. “You will not even know her when you see her, I promise you that,” she said. “Give it a week, a week only, and if none of you can bear to have her here, I will arrange for her transport to Idris.” She pushed her plate away. “And now to go through my copies of Benedict’s papers. Who will assist me?”

*To: Consul Josiah Wayland
From: The Council*

Dear Sir,

Until our receipt of your last letter, we had thought our difference in thought on the topic of Charlotte Branwell to be a matter of simple opinion. Though you may not have given express permission for the removal of Jessamine Lovelace to the Institute, the approval was granted by the Brotherhood, who are in charge of such things. It seemed to us the action of a generous heart to allow the girl back into the only home she has known, despite her wrongdoing. As for Woolsey Scott, he leads the Praetor Lupus, an organization we have long considered allies.

Your suggestion that Mrs. Branwell may have given her ear to those who do not have the Clave’s best interests at heart is deeply troubling. Without proof, however, we are reluctant to move forward with this as a basis of information.

In Raziel’s name,

The Members of the Nephilim Council



The Consul's carriage was a shining red five-glass landau with the four Cs of the Clave on the side, drawn by a pair of impeccable gray stallions. It was a wet day, drizzling faintly; his driver sat slumped in the seat up front, almost entirely hidden by an oilskin hat and cloak. With a frown the Consul, who had said not a word since they had left the breakfast room of the Institute, ushered Gideon and Gabriel into the carriage, climbed up after, and latched the door behind them.

As the carriage lurched away from the church, Gabriel turned to stare out the window. There was a faint burning pressure behind his eyes and in his stomach. It had come and gone since the previous day, sometimes rolling over him so strongly that he thought he might be sick.

A gigantic worm . . . the last stages of astriola . . . the demon pox.

When Charlotte and the rest of them had first made their accusations against his father, he hadn't wanted to believe it. Gideon's defection had seemed like madness, a betrayal so monstrous it could be explained only by insanity. His father had promised that Gideon would rethink his actions, that he would return to help with the running of the house and the business of being a Lightwood. But he had not come back, and as the days had grown shorter and darker, and Gabriel had seen less and less of his father, he had first begun to wonder and then to be afraid.

Benedict was hunted down and killed.

Hunted and killed. Gabriel rolled the words around in his mind, but they made no sense. He had killed a monster, as he had grown up being trained to do, but that monster had not been his father. His father was still alive somewhere, and any moment Gabriel would look out the window of the house and see him striding up the walk, his long gray coat flapping in the wind, the clean sharp lines of his profile outlined against the sky.

"Gabriel." It was his brother's voice, cutting through the fog of memory and daydream. "Gabriel, the Consul asked you a question."

Gabriel looked up. The Consul was regarding him, his dark eyes expectant. The carriage was rolling through Fleet Street, journalists and barristers and costermongers all hurrying to and fro in the traffic.

“I asked you,” the Consul said, “how you were enjoying the hospitality of the Institute.”

Gabriel blinked at him. Little stood out for him among the fog of the past few days. Charlotte, putting her arms around him. Gideon, washing the blood off his hands. Cecily’s face, like a bright, angry flower. “It is all right, I suppose,” he said in a rusty voice. “It is not my home.”

“Well, Lightwood House is magnificent,” said the Consul. “Built on blood and spoils, of course.”

Gabriel stared at him, uncomprehending. Gideon was looking out the window, his expression faintly sick. “I thought you wished to speak to us about Tatiana,” he said.

“I know Tatiana,” said the Consul. “None of your father’s sense and none of your mother’s kindness. Rather a bad bargain for her, I’m afraid. Her request for reparations will be dismissed, of course.”

Gideon twisted about in his seat and looked at the Consul incredulously. “If you credit her account so little, why are we here?”

“So I could speak with you alone,” the Consul said. “You understand, when I first turned over the Institute to Charlotte, I had some thought that a woman’s touch would be good for the place. Granville Fairchild was one of the strictest men I’ve known, and though he ran the Institute according to the Law, it was a cold, unwelcoming place. Here, in London, the greatest city in the world, and a Shadowhunter could not feel at home.” He shrugged fluidly. “I thought giving over administration of the place to Charlotte might help.”

“Charlotte *and* Henry,” Gideon corrected.

“Henry was a cipher,” said the Consul. “We all know, as the saying goes, that the gray mare is the better horse in that marriage. Henry was never meant to interfere, and indeed he

does not. But neither was Charlotte. She was meant to be docile and obey my wishes. In that she has disappointed me deeply.”

“You backed her against our father,” Gabriel blurted, and was immediately sorry he had. Gideon shot him a quelling glare, and Gabriel folded his gloved hands tightly in his lap, pressing his lips together.

The Consul’s eyebrows went up. “Because your father would have been docile?” he said. “There were two bad ends, and I chose the best of them. I still had hopes of controlling her. But now . . .”

“Sir,” Gideon cut in, in his best polite voice. “Why are you telling us this?”

“Ah,” said the Consul, glancing out the rain-streaked window. “Here we are.” He rapped on the carriage window. “Richard! Stop the carriage at the Argent Rooms.”

Gabriel flicked his eyes toward his brother, who shrugged in bafflement. The Argent Rooms were a notorious music hall and gentleman’s club in Piccadilly Circus. Ladies of ill repute frequented the place, and there were rumors that the business was owned by Downworlders, and that on some evenings the “magic shows” featured real magic.

“I used to come here with your father,” said the Consul, once all three of them were on the pavement. Gideon and Gabriel were staring up through the drizzle at the rather tasteless Italianate theater front that had clearly been grafted onto the more modest buildings that had stood there before. It featured a triple loggia and some rather loud blue paint. “Once the police revoked the Alhambra’s license because the management had allowed the cancan to be danced upon their premises. But then, the Alhambra is run by mundanes. This is much more satisfactory. Shall we go in?”

His tone left no room for disagreement. Gabriel followed the Consul through the arcaded entrance, where money changed hands and a ticket was purchased for each of them. Gabriel looked at his ticket with some puzzlement. It was in the form of an advertisement, promising THE BEST ENTERTAINMENT IN LONDON!

“Feats of strength,” he read off to Gideon as they made their way down a long corridor. *“Trained animals, strongwomen, acrobats, circus acts, and comic singers.”*

Gideon was muttering under his breath.

“And contortionists,” Gabriel added brightly. “It looks like there’s a woman here who can put her foot on top of her—”

“By the Angel, this place is barely better than a penny gaff,” Gideon said. “Gabriel, don’t look at anything unless I tell you it’s all right.”

Gabriel rolled his eyes as his brother took firm hold of his elbow and propelled him into what was clearly the grand salon—a massive room whose ceiling was painted with reproductions of the Italian Great Masters, including Botticelli’s *Birth of Venus*, now rather smoke-stained and the worse for wear. Gasoliers hung from gilded mounds of plaster, filling the room with a yellowish light.

The walls were lined with velvet benches, on which dark figures huddled—gentlemen, surrounded by ladies whose dresses were too bright and whose laughter was too loud. Music poured from the stage at the front of the room. The Consul moved toward it, grinning. A woman in a top hat and tails was slinking up and down the stage, singing a song entitled “It’s Naughty, but It’s Nice.” As she turned, her eyes flashed out green beneath the light of the gasolier.

Werewolf, Gabriel thought.

“Wait here for me a moment, boys,” said the Consul, and he disappeared into the crowd.

“Lovely,” Gideon muttered, and pulled Gabriel closer toward him as a woman in a tight-bodiced satin dress swayed by them. She smelled of gin and something else beneath it, something dark and sweet, a bit like James Carstairs’s scent of burned sugar.

“Who knew the Consul was such a ramper?” Gabriel said. “Couldn’t this have waited until after he took us to the Silent City?”

“He’s not taking us to the Silent City.” Gideon’s mouth was tight.

“He’s not?”

“Don’t be a half-wit, Gabriel. Of course not. He wants something else from us. I don’t know what yet. He took us here to unsettle us—and he wouldn’t have done it if he weren’t fairly sure he has something over us that will prevent us from telling Charlotte or anyone else where we’ve been.”

“Maybe he did used to come here with Father.”

“Maybe, but that’s not why we’re here now,” Gideon said with finality. He tightened his grip on his brother’s arm as the Consul reappeared, carrying with him a small bottle of what looked like soda water but what Gabriel guessed likely had at least a tuppence worth of spirit in it.

“What, nothing for us?” Gabriel inquired, and was met with a glare from his brother and a sour smile from the Consul. Gabriel realized he had no idea if the Consul himself had a family, or children. He was just the Consul. “Do you boys have any idea,” he said, “what kind of peril you’re in?”

“Peril? From who, Charlotte?” Gideon sounded incredulous.

“Not from Charlotte.” The Consul returned his gaze to them. “Your father did not just break the Law; he blasphemed it. He did not just deal with demons; he lay down among them. You are the Lightwoods—you are *all* that is left of the Lightwoods. You have no cousins, no aunts and uncles. I could have your whole family stricken off the registers of the Nephilim and turn you and your sister out into the street to starve or beg a living amid the mundanes, and I would be within the rights of Clave and Council to do it. And who do you think would stand up for you? Who would speak in your defense?”

Gideon had gone very pale, and his knuckles, where he gripped Gabriel’s arm, were white. “That is not fair,” he said. “We did not know. My brother trusted my father. He cannot be held responsible—”

“Trusted him? He delivered the deathblow, didn’t he?” said the Consul. “Oh, you all contributed, but his was the coup de grâce that slew your father—which rather indicates that he knew exactly what your father was.”

Gabriel was aware of Gideon looking at him with concern. The air in the Argent Rooms was hot and close, stealing his breath. The woman onstage was now singing a song called “All Through Obliging a Lady” and striding up and down, hitting the stage over and over with the end of a walking stick, which made the floor shudder.

“The sins of the fathers, children. You can and will be punished for his crimes if I desire it. What will you do, Gideon, while your brother and Tatiana have their runes burned off? Will you stand and watch?”

Gabriel’s right hand twitched; he felt sure he would have reached out and seized the Consul by the throat if Gideon hadn’t caught hold of him first and held his wrist. “What do you want from us?” Gideon asked, his voice controlled. “You didn’t bring us here just to threaten us, not unless you want something in return. And if it was something you could ask easily or legally, you would have done it in the Silent City.”

“Clever boy,” the Consul said. “I want you to do something for me. Do it, and I will see to it that, though Lightwood House may be confiscated, you retain your honor and your name, your lands in Idris, and your place as Shadowhunters.”

“What do you want us to do?”

“I wish you to observe Charlotte. Most specifically her correspondence. Tell me what letters she receives and sends, especially to and from Idris.”

“You want us to spy on her.” Gideon’s voice was flat.

“I don’t want any more surprises like the one about your father,” said Consul. “She should never have kept his disease a secret from me.”

“She had to,” Gideon said. “It was a condition of the agreement they made—”

The Consul’s lips tightened. “Charlotte Branwell has no right to make agreements of such scope without consulting me. I am her superior. She should not and cannot go over my head in that manner. She and that group in the Institute behave as if they are their own country that exists under its own laws. Look what

happened with Jessamine Lovelace. She betrayed us all, nearly to our destruction. James Carstairs is a dying drug addict. That Gray girl is a changeling or a warlock and has no place in an Institute, ridiculous engagement be damned. And Will Herondale—Will Herondale is a liar and a spoiled brat who will grow up to be a criminal, if he grows up at all.” The Consul paused, breathing hard. “Charlotte may run that place like a fiefdom, but it is not. It is an Institute and reports to the Consul. And so will you.”

“Charlotte has done nothing to deserve such a betrayal from me,” Gideon said.

The Consul jabbed a finger toward him. “That is exactly what I speak of. Your loyalty is not to her; it cannot be to her. It is to me. It must be to me. Do you understand that?”

“And if I say no?”

“Then you lose everything. House, lands, name, lineage, purpose.”

“We’ll do it,” said Gabriel, before Gideon could speak again. “We will watch her for you.”

“Gabriel—,” Gideon began.

Gabriel turned on his brother. “No,” he said. “It’s too much. You don’t want to be a liar, I understand that. But our first loyalty is to family. The Blackthorns would throw Tati out on the streets, and she wouldn’t last a moment there, her and the child—”

Gideon whitened. “Tatiana is going to have a child?”

Despite the horror of the situation, Gabriel felt a flash of satisfaction at knowing something his brother hadn’t known. “Yes,” he said. “You would have known it, if you were still part of our family.”

Gideon glanced around the room as if searching for a familiar face, then looked helplessly back at his brother and the Consul. “I . . .”

Consul Wayland smiled coldly at Gabriel, and then his brother. “Have we an agreement, gentlemen?”

After a long moment Gideon nodded. “We will do it.”

Gabriel would not soon forget the look that spread over the Consul's face at that. There was satisfaction in it, but there was little surprise. It was clear he had expected nothing else, and nothing better, from the Lightwood boys.



“Scones?” Tessa said incredulously.

Sophie's mouth twitched into a smile. She was down on her knees before the grate with a rag and a bucket of soapy water. “You could have knocked me into a cocked hat, I was that startled,” she confirmed. “Dozens of scones. Under his bed, all gone hard as rocks.”

“My goodness,” Tessa said, sliding to the edge of the bed and leaning back on her hands. Whenever Sophie was in her room cleaning, Tessa always had to hold herself back from rushing over to help the other girl with the tinderbox or the dusting. She had tried it on a few occasions, but after Sophie had set Tessa down gently but firmly for the fourth time, she had given it up.

“And you were angry?” Tessa said.

“Of course I was! Making all that extra work for me, carrying the scones up and down stairs, and then hiding them like that—I shouldn't be surprised if we end the autumn with mice.”

Tessa nodded, gravely acknowledging the potential rodent issue. “But isn't it a bit flattering that he went to such lengths just to see you?”

Sophie sat up straight. “It's not flattering. He is not thinking. He is a Shadowhunter, and I am a mundane. I can expect nothing from him. In the best of all possible worlds, he might offer to take me as a mistress while he marries a Shadowhunter girl.”

Tessa's throat tightened, remembering Will on the roof, offering her just that, offering her shame and disgrace, and how small she had felt, how worthless. It had been a lie, but the memory still held pain.

“No,” Sophie said, looking back down at her red, work-roughened hands. “It is better that I never entertain the idea. That way there will be no disappointment.”

“I think the Lightwoods are better men than that,” Tessa offered.

Sophie brushed her hair back from her face, her fingers lightly touching the scar that bisected her cheek. “Sometimes I think there are no better men than that.”



Neither Gideon nor Gabriel spoke as their carriage rattled back through the streets of the West End to the Institute. The rain was pouring down now, rattling the carriage so noisily that Gabriel doubted anyone would have heard him if he had spoken.

Gideon was studying his shoes, and did not look up as they rolled back to the Institute. As it loomed up out of the rain, the Consul reached across Gabriel and opened the door for them to exit.

“I trust you boys,” he said. “Now go make Charlotte trust you too. And tell no one of our discussion. As far as this afternoon is concerned, you spent it with the Brothers.”

Gideon climbed down out of the carriage without another word, and Gabriel followed him. The landau swung around and rattled off into the gray London afternoon. The sky was black and yellow, the drizzle as heavy as lead pellets, the fog so thick that Gabriel could barely see the Institute gates as they swung shut behind the carriage. He certainly didn’t see his brother’s hands as they darted forward, seized him by the collar of his jacket, and dragged him halfway around the side of the Institute.

He nearly fell as Gideon pushed him up against the stone wall of the old church. They were near the stables, half-hidden from view by one of the buttresses, but not protected from the rain. Cold drops assaulted Gabriel’s head and neck and slid into his shirt. “Gideon—,” he protested, slipping on the muddy flagstones.

“Be quiet.” Gideon’s eyes were huge and gray in the dull light, barely tinged with green.

“You’re right.” Gabriel dropped his voice. “We should organize our story. When they ask us what we did this afternoon, we must

be in perfect accord in our answer, or it will not be believable—”

“I said be *quiet*.” Gideon slammed his brother’s shoulders back against the wall, hard enough for Gabriel to let out a gasp of pain. “We are not going to tell Charlotte of our conversation with the Consul. But neither are we going to *spy* on her. Gabriel, you are my brother, and I love you. I would do anything to protect you. But I will not sell out your soul and mine.”

Gabriel looked at his brother. Rain soaked Gideon’s hair and dripped into the collar of his coat. “We could die on the street if we refuse to do what the Consul says.”

“I am not going to lie to Charlotte,” said Gideon.

“Gideon—”

“Did you see the look on the Consul’s face?” Gideon interrupted. “When we agreed to spy for him, to betray the generosity of the house that hosts us? He was not in the least surprised. He never had a moment’s doubt about us. He expects nothing but treachery from Lightwoods. That is our birthright.” His hands tightened on Gabriel’s arms. “There is more to life than surviving,” he said. “We have honor, we are Nephilim. If he takes that, we truly have nothing.”

“Why?” Gabriel asked. “Why are you so sure that Charlotte’s side is the right one?”

“Because our father’s was not,” said Gideon. “Because I know Charlotte. Because I have lived among these people for months and they are good people. Because Charlotte Branwell has been nothing but kind to me. And Sophie loves her.”

“And you love Sophie.”

Gideon’s mouth tensed.

“She’s a mundane and a servant,” said Gabriel. “I don’t know what you expect to come of it, Gideon.”

“Nothing,” Gideon said roughly. “I expect nothing. But the fact that you believe I should shows that our father brought us up to believe that we should do right only if some reward was the result. I will not betray the word I have given Charlotte; that is the situation, Gabriel. If you do not want a part of it, I will send

you to live with Tatiana and the Blackthorns. I am sure they will take you in. But I will not lie to Charlotte.”

“Yes, you will,” said Gabriel. “We are both going to lie to Charlotte. But we are going to lie to the Consul, too.”

Gideon narrowed his eyes. Rainwater dripped off his eyelashes. “What do you mean?”

“We will do as the Consul says and read Charlotte’s correspondence. Then we will report to him, but the reports will be false.”

“If we are going to give him false reports anyway, why read her correspondence?”

“To know what *not* to say,” Gabriel said, tasting dampness in his mouth. It tasted as if it had dripped from the Institute roof, bitter and dirty. “To avoid accidentally telling him the truth.”

“If we are discovered, we could face consequences of the utmost severity.”

Gabriel spit rainwater. “Then you tell me. Would you risk severe consequences for the inhabitants of the Institute, or not? Because I—I am doing this for *you*, and because . . .”

“Because?”

“Because I made a mistake. I was wrong about our father. I believed in him, and I should not have.” Gabriel took a deep breath. “I was wrong, and I seek to undo that, and if there is a price to be paid, then I will pay it.”

Gideon looked at him for a long time. “Was this your plan all along? When you agreed to the Consul’s demands, in the Argent Rooms, was this your plan?”

Gabriel looked away from his brother, toward the rain-wet courtyard. In his mind he could see the two of them, much younger, standing where the Thames cut through the edge of the house’s property, and Gideon showing him the safe paths through the swampy ground. His brother had always been the one to show him the safe paths. There had been a time when they had trusted each other implicitly, and he did not know when it had ended, but his heart ached for it more than it ached at the loss of his father.

“Would you believe me,” he said bitterly, “if I told you it was? Because it is the truth.”

Gideon was still for a long moment. Then Gabriel found himself hauled forward, his face mashed into the wet wool of Gideon’s overcoat while his brother held him tightly, murmuring, “All right, little brother. It’s going to be all right,” as he rocked them both back and forth in the rain.

*To: Members of the Council
From: Consul Josiah Wayland*

Very well, gentlemen. In that case I ask only for your patience and that you not act in haste. If it is proof you want, I will furnish proof.

*I shall write again on this subject soon.
In Raziel’s name and in defense of his honor,
Consul Josiah Wayland*

7

DARE TO WISH

*If the past year were offered me again,
And choice of good and ill before me set
Would I accept the pleasure with the pain
Or dare to wish that we had never met?*

—Augusta, Lady Gregory, “If the Past Year Were
Offered Me Again”

To: Consul Wayland

From: Gabriel and Gideon Lightwood

Dear Sir,

We are most thankful that you have assigned us the task of monitoring Mrs. Branwell's behavior. Women, as we know, need to be closely watched so they do not go astray. We are grieved to announce that we have shocking tidings to report.

A woman's management of her household is her most important duty, and one of the most important womanly virtues is frugality. Mrs. Branwell, however, seems addicted to expenditure and cares for nothing save vulgar display.

Though she may be dressed plainly when you pay a visit, we are saddened to report that in her leisure hours she bedecks herself with the finest silks and the most costly jewels imaginable. You asked us to, and loath though we were to invade a lady's privacy, we did so. We would report the exact

details of her letter to her modiste, but we fear you would be overcome. Suffice it to say, the money outlaid upon hats rivals the annual income of a large estate or a small country. We fail to see why one small woman needs so many hats. She is unlikely to be concealing additional heads upon her person.

We would be too gentlemanly to comment upon a lady's attire, except for the deleterious effect it has on our duties. She skimps on household necessities to the most horrifying degree. Every night we sit down to a dinner of gruel as she sits at table dripping with gems and gewgaws. This is, you may conceive, hardly fighting fare for your valiant Shadowhunters. We are so weak that we were almost vanquished by a Behemoth demon last Tuesday, and of course those creatures are chiefly composed of a viscous substance. At our peak, and sustained with good victuals, either of us would be capable of crushing beneath our boot heels a dozen Behemoth demons at a time.

We very much hope that you will be able to render us assistance in this matter, and that Mrs. Branwell's outlay upon hats—and other feminine articles of clothing that we hesitate in delicacy to name—will be checked.

Yours truly,

Gideon and Gabriel Lightwood

“What’s a gewgaw?” Gabriel asked, blinking owlishly down at the epistle he had just helped compose. Actually, Gideon had dictated most of it; Gabriel had merely moved the pen across the page. He was beginning to suspect that behind his brother’s dour facade lay an unsung comic genius.

Gideon waved a dismissive hand. “It doesn’t matter. Seal the envelope and let us give it to Cyril that it may go out with the morning post.”



It had been several days since the battle with the great worm, and Cecily was in the training room again. She was beginning to wonder if she should simply move her bed and other furnishing

into this space, as she seemed to spend most of her time here. The bedroom Charlotte had given her was nearly bare of decoration or anything that might remind her of home. She had brought almost nothing personal with her from Wales, not expecting that she would be staying for a lengthy time.

Here at least in the weapons room she felt secure. Perhaps because there was no room like it where she had grown up; it was purely a Shadowhunter place. Nothing about it could possibly make her homesick. The walls were hung with dozens of weapons. Her first lesson with Will, when he had still been blazing with rage that she was there at all, had involved memorizing all their names and what they did. *Katana* blades from Japan, double-handed broadswords, thin-bladed misericords, morning stars and maces, curved Turkish blades, crossbows and slingshots and tiny pipes that blew poisoned needles. She remembered him spitting the words out as if they were poison.

Be as angry as you want, big brother, she had thought. I may pretend I wish to be a Shadowhunter now, because it gives you no choice but to keep me here. But I will show you that these people are not your family. I will bring you home.

She lifted a sword down from the wall now and balanced it carefully in her hands. Will had explained to her that the way to hold a two-handed sword was just below the rib cage, pointing straight out. Legs should be balanced with equal weight on them, and the sword should be swung from the shoulders, not the arms, to get the most force into a killing blow.

A killing blow. For so many years she had been angry at her brother for leaving them all to join the Shadowhunters in London, for giving himself up to what her mother had termed a life of mindless murder, of weapons and blood and death. What was so poor to him about the green mountains of Wales? What did their family lack? Why turn your back on the bluest of blue seas, for something as empty as all that?

And yet here she was, choosing to spend her time alone in the training room with the silent collection of weaponry. The weight

of the sword in her hand was comforting, almost as if it served as a barrier between herself and her feelings.

She and Will had wandered all over the city a few nights before, from opium dens to gambling hells to ifrit haunts, a blur of color and scents and light. He had not been exactly friendly, but she knew that, for Will, allowing her to accompany him on such a sensitive errand had been a gesture indeed.

She had enjoyed their companionship that night. It had been like having her brother back. But as the evening had worn on, Will had become progressively more silent, and when they'd returned to the Institute, he had stalked away, clearly wishing to be alone, leaving Cecily with nothing to do but return to her room and lie awake staring at the ceiling until dawn came.

She had thought, somehow, when she had planned to come here, that the bonds that held him here could not be that strong. His attachment to these people could not be like his attachment to family. But as the night had gone on and she had seen his hope, and then his disappointment, at each new establishment when he'd asked after *yin fen* and there was none to be had, she had understood—oh, she had been told it before, had known it before, but that was not the same as *understanding*—that the ties that bound him here were as strong as any ties of blood.

She was tired now, and though she gripped the sword as Will had taught her—right hand below the guard, left hand on the pommel—it slipped from her grasp and tipped forward, burying itself point-down in the floor.

“Oh, dear,” said a voice from the doorway. “I’m afraid I could only give *that* effort a three. Four perhaps, if I were inclined to give you an extra point for practicing swordplay in an afternoon dress.”

Cecily, who indeed had not bothered to change into gear, flung her head back and glared at Gabriel Lightwood, who had appeared in the doorway like some sort of imp of the perverse. “Perhaps I am not interested in your opinion, sir.”

“Perhaps.” He took a step forward into the room. “The Angel knows your brother never has been.”

“In that we are united,” Cecily remarked, pulling the sword free of the floor.

“But not in much else.” Gabriel moved to stand behind her. They were both reflected in one of the training mirrors; Gabriel was a good head taller than her, and she could see his face clearly over her shoulder. He had one of those odd sharp-boned faces: handsome from some angles, and peculiarly interesting-looking from others. There was a small white scar on his chin, as if he had been nicked there by a thin blade. “Would you like me to show you how to properly hold the sword?”

“If you must.”

He did not reply but reached around her, adjusting her grip on the pommel. “You never want to hold your sword point-down,” he said. “Hold it like this—point out—so that if your opponent charges you, they will skewer themselves on your blade.”

Cecily adjusted her grip accordingly. Her mind was racing. She had thought of Shadowhunters as monsters for such a long time. Monsters who had kidnapped her brother, and she a heroine, riding up to rescue him even if he didn’t realize he needed rescuing. It had been strange and gradual, realizing how human they were. She could feel the warmth rising from Gabriel’s body, his breath stirring her hair, and oh, it was odd, to be conscious of so many things about someone else: the way they felt, the brush of their skin, the way they *smelled*—

“I saw the way you fought at Lightwood House,” Gabriel Lightwood murmured. His callused hand brushed down over her fingers, and Cecily fought back a small shiver.

“Badly?” she said, attempting a teasing tone.

“With passion. There are those who fight because it is their duty and those who fight because they love it. You love it.”

“I don’t—,” Cecily began, but she was interrupted as the training room door flew open with a loud bang.

It was Will, filling the doorway with his lanky, broad-shouldered frame. His blue eyes were thunderous. “What are you doing here?” he demanded.

So much for the brief peace they had achieved the night before. "I am practicing," Cecily said. "You told me I would get no better without practice."

"Not you. Gabriel Lightworm over here." Will jerked his chin toward the other boy. "Sorry, Lightwood."

Gabriel slowly unhitched his arms from around Cecily. "Whoever has been tutoring your sister in swordplay has imparted many bad habits. I was merely endeavoring to help."

"I told him it was all right," Cecily said, having no idea why she was defending Gabriel, except that she suspected it would annoy Will.

It did. His eyes narrowed. "And did *he* tell *you* he has been looking for years for a way to get back at me for what he perceives as an insult to *his* sister? And what better way to do it than through you?"

Cecily whipped her head around to stare at Gabriel, who wore an expression of mixed annoyance and defiance. "Is that true?"

He did not reply to her but to Will. "If we are going to live in the same house, Herondale, then we shall have to learn to treat each other cordially. Don't you agree?"

"As long as I can still break your arm as easily as look at you, I agree to no such thing." Will reached up and plucked a rapier off the wall. "Now get out of here, Gabriel. And leave my sister alone."

With a single scornful look, Gabriel pushed his way past Will and out of the room. "Was that absolutely necessary, Will?" Cecily demanded as soon as the door had shut behind him.

"I know Gabriel Lightwood and you do not. I suggest you leave it to me to be the best judge of his character. He wishes to use you to hurt me—"

"Really, you cannot imagine a motivation he might have that is not yourself?"

"I know him," Will said again. "He has shown himself to be a liar and a traitor—"

"People change."

"Not that much."

“You have,” Cecily said, striding across the room and dropping her sword onto a bench with a clatter.

“So have you,” Will said, surprising her. She turned on him.

“I have changed? How have *I* changed?”

“When you came here,” he said, “you spoke over and over of getting me to come home with you. You disliked your training. You pretended otherwise, but I could tell. Then it ceased to be ‘Will, you must go home,’ and became ‘Write a letter, Will.’ And you began to enjoy your training. Gabriel Lightwood is a bounder, but he was right about one thing: You did enjoy fighting the great worm at Lightwood House. Shadowhunter blood is like gunpowder in your veins, Cecy. Once it is lit, it is not so easily extinguished. Remain much longer here, and there is every likelihood you will be like me—too entwined to leave.”

Cecily squinted at her brother. His shirt was open at the collar, showing something scarlet winking in the hollow of his throat. “Are you wearing a woman’s necklace, Will?”

Will put a hand to his neck with a startled look, but before he could respond, the door to the training room opened once more and Sophie stood there, an anxious expression upon her scarred face.

“Master Will, Miss Herondale,” she said. “I have been looking for you. Charlotte has requested that everyone come to the drawing room right away; it is a matter of some urgency.”



Cecily had always been something of a lonely child. It was difficult not to be when your elder siblings were dead or missing and there were no young people your age nearby whom your parents considered suitable companions. She had learned early to amuse herself with her own observations of people, unshared with others but kept close that she might take them out later and examine them when she was in solitude.

The habits of a lifetime were not broken quickly, and though Cecily was no longer lonely, since she had come to the Institute eight weeks ago, she had made its inhabitants the subject of her

close study. They were Shadowhunters, after all—the enemy at first, and then, as that had become less and less her view, simply the subject of fascination.

She examined them now as she walked into the drawing room beside Will. First was Charlotte, seated behind her desk. Cecily had not known Charlotte long, and yet she knew that Charlotte was the sort of woman who kept her calm even under pressure. She was tiny but strong, a bit like Cecily's own mother, although with less of a penchant for muttering in Welsh.

Then there was Henry. He might have been the first of them all to convince Cecily that though Shadowhunters were different, they were not dangerously alien. There was nothing frightening about Henry, all lanky legs and angles as he leaned against Charlotte's desk.

Her eyes slid over Gideon Lightwood next, shorter and stockier than his brother—Gideon, whose green-gray eyes usually followed Sophie about the Institute like a hopeful puppy's. She wondered if the others in the Institute had noticed his attachment to their maid, and what Sophie thought about it herself.

And then there was Gabriel. Cecily's thoughts where he was concerned were jumbled and confused. His eyes were bright, his body tense as a coiled spring as he leaned against his brother's armchair. On the dark velvet sofa just across from the Lightwoods sat Jem, with Tessa beside him. He had looked up as the door had opened and, as he always did, had seemed to glow a little brighter when he saw Will. It was a quality peculiar to both of them, and Cecily wondered if it was that way for all *parabatai*, or if they were a unique case. In either eventuality, it must be terrifying to be so intertwined with another person, especially when one of them was as fragile as Jem.

As she watched, Tessa laid her hand over Jem's and said something quiet to him that made him smile. Tessa looked quickly to Will, but he only crossed the room as he always did to lean against the fireplace mantel. Cecily had never been able to

decide if he did this because he was perpetually cold or because he thought he looked dashing standing before the leaping flames.

You must be ashamed of your brother—harboring illicit feelings for his parabatai's fiancée, Will had said to her. If he had been anyone else, she would have told him there was no point keeping secrets. The truth would out, eventually. But in Will's case, she was not sure. He had the skill of years of hiding and pretending on his side. He was a master actor. If it were not that she was his sister, if it were not that she saw his face at the moments when Jem was not looking, she did not think she would have guessed it either.

And then there was the awful truth that he would not need to hide his secret forever. He needed to hide it only as long as Jem lived. If James Carstairs were not so unrelentingly kind and well intentioned, Cecily thought, she might have hated him on her brother's behalf. Not only was he marrying the girl Will loved, but when he himself died, she feared, Will would never recover. But you could not blame someone for dying. For leaving on purpose, perhaps, as her brother had left her and her parents, but not for dying, the power over which was surely beyond the grasp of any mortal human.

"I'm glad you're all here," Charlotte said in a strained voice that snapped Cecily out of her brown study. Charlotte was looking gravely down at a polished salver on her desk, on which was an opened letter and a small packet wrapped in waxed paper. "I have received a disturbing piece of correspondence. From the Magister."

"From *Mortmain*?" Tessa leaned forward, and the clockwork angel she always wore around her neck swung free, glittering in the light from the fire. "He *wrote* to you?"

"Not to inquire about your health, one presumes," said Will. "What does he want?"

Charlotte took a deep breath. "I will read you the letter."

My Dear Mrs. Branwell,

Forgive me for troubling you at what must be a distressing time for your household. I was grieved, though I must confess

not shocked, to hear of Mr. Carstairs's grave indisposition.

I believe you are aware that I am the happy possessor of a large—I might say exclusively large—portion of the medicine that Mr. Carstairs requires for his continued well-being. Thus we find ourselves in a most interesting situation, which I am eager to resolve to the satisfaction of us both. I would be very glad to make an exchange: If you are willing to confide Miss Gray to my keeping, I will place a large portion of yin fen in yours.

I send a token of my goodwill. Pray let me know your decision by writing to me. If the correct sequence of numbers that are printed at the bottom of this letter, are spoken to my automaton, I am sure to receive it.

*Yours sincerely,
Axel Mortmain*

“That is all,” Charlotte said, folding the letter in half and placing it back on the salver. “There are instructions on how to summon the automaton to which he wishes us to give our answer, and there are the number he speaks of, but they give no clue as to his location.”

There was a shocked silence. Cecily, who had seated herself in a small flowered armchair, glanced at Will and saw him look away quickly as if to hide his expression. Jem paled, his face turning the color of old ash, and Tessa—Tessa sat very still, the light from the fire chasing shadows across her face.

“Mortmain wants *me*,” she said finally, breaking the silence. “In exchange for Jem’s *yin fen*.”

“It is ridiculous,” Jem said. “Untenable. The letter should be given to the Clave to see if they can discern anything about his location from it, but that is all.”

“They will not be able to discern anything about his location from it,” said Will quietly. “The Magister has proved himself over and over too clever for that.”

“This is not clever,” said Jem. “This is the crudest form of blackmail—”

“I do not disagree,” said Will. “I say we take the packet as a blessing, a handful more of *yin fen* that will help you, and we ignore the rest.”

“Mortmain wrote the letter about me,” Tessa said, interrupting them both. “The decision should be mine.” She angled her body toward Charlotte. “I will go.”

There was another dead silence. Charlotte looked ashen; Cecily could feel her own hands slippery with sweat where they twisted in her lap. The Lightwood brothers seemed desperately uncomfortable. Gabriel looked as if he wished he were anywhere else but there. Cecily could hardly blame them. The tension between Will, Jem, and Tessa felt like a powder keg that needed only a match to blow it to kingdom come.

“No,” Jem said finally, rising to his feet. “Tessa, you cannot.”

She followed his motion, rising as well. “I can. You are my fiancé. I cannot allow you to die when I might help you, and Mortmain does not mean me physical harm—”

“We do not know what he means! He cannot be trusted!” Will said suddenly, and then he put his head down, his hand gripping the mantel so hard that his fingers were white. Cecily could tell he was forcing himself to be silent.

“If it were you Mortmain wanted, Will, you would go,” said Tessa, looking at Cecily’s brother with a meaning in her eyes that brooked no contradiction. Will flinched at her words.

“No,” said Jem. “I would forbid him as well.”

Tessa turned to Jem with the first expression of anger toward him Cecily had ever seen on her face. “You cannot forbid me—any more than you could Will—”

“I can,” Jem said. “For a very simple reason. The drug is not a *cure*, Tessa. It only extends my living. I will not allow you to throw away your own life for a remnant of mine. If you go to Mortmain, it will be for nothing. I still won’t take the drug.”

Will lifted his head. “James—”

But Tessa and Jem were staring at each other, eyes locked. “You would not,” Tessa breathed. “You would not insult me by hurling a sacrifice I made for you back in my face like that.”

Jem strode across the room and seized the packet—and the letter—off Charlotte’s desk. “I would rather insult you than lose you,” he said, and before any of them could make a move to stop him, he cast both items into the fire.

The room erupted in shouts. Henry dashed forward, but Will had already dropped to his knees before the grate and thrust both his hands into the flames.

Cecily bolted out of her chair. “*Will!*” she shouted, and darted over to her brother. She seized him by the shoulders of his jacket and pulled him away from the fire. He tumbled backward, the still-burning packet falling from his hands. Gideon was there a moment later, stamping out the small flames with his feet, leaving a mess of burned paper and silvery powder on the rug.

Cecily stared into the grate. The letter with the instructions telling how to summon Mortmain’s automaton was gone, burned into ashes.

“Will,” Jem said. He looked sick. He fell to his knees next to Cecily, still holding her brother’s shoulders, and drew a stele from his jacket. Will’s hands were scarlet, livid white where blisters were already forming on the skin, and patched black with soot. His breath was hitching and harsh in Cecily’s ear—gasps of pain, the way he had sounded when he’d fallen off the roof of their house when he was nine and had shattered the bones in his left arm. “*Byddwch yn iawn, Will,*” she said as Jem put the stele to her brother’s forearm and drew quickly. “You’ll be all right.”

“Will,” Jem said, half under his breath. “Will, I’m so sorry, I’m so sorry. Will—”

Will’s hitching breaths were slowing as the *iratze* took effect, his skin paling back to its normal color. “There’s still some *yin fen* that can be preserved,” Will said, slumping back against Cecily. He smelled like smoke and iron. She could feel his heart pounding through his back. “It had better be gathered up before anything else—”

“Here.” It was Tessa, kneeling down; Cecily was dimly aware that all the others were standing, Charlotte with one hand over her mouth in shock. In Tessa’s right hand was a handkerchief, in

which was perhaps half a handful of *yin fen*, all that Will had saved from the fire. "Take this," she said, and put it in Jem's free hand, the one that did not hold the stele. He looked as if he were about to speak to her, but she had already straightened up. Looking utterly shattered, Jem watched as she walked from the room.



"Oh, Will. Whatever are we going to do with you?"

Will sat, feeling rather incongruous in the flowered armchair in the drawing room, letting Charlotte, perched on a small stool before him, smear salve on his hands. They no longer hurt much, after three *iratzes*, and they had returned to their normal color, but Charlotte insisted on treating them anyway.

The others had gone, save for Cecily and Jem; Cecily sat beside him, perched on the arm of his chair, and Jem knelt on the burned rug, his stele still in his hands, not touching Will but close. They had refused to leave, even after the others had drifted away and Charlotte had sent Henry back to the cellar to work. There was nothing more to be done, after all. The instructions on how to contact Mortmain were gone, burned to ash, and there was no more decision to be made.

Charlotte had insisted that Will stay and have his hands salved, and Cecily and Jem had refused to leave him. And Will had to admit he liked it, liked having his sister there on the arm of his chair, liked the fiercely protective glares she shot at anyone who came near him, even Charlotte, sweet and harmless with her salve and her motherly clucking. And Jem, at his feet, leaning a bit against his chair, as he had so many times when Will was being bandaged up from fights or *iratzed* because of wounds he'd gotten in battle.

"Do you remember the time Meliorn tried to knock your teeth out for calling him a pointy-eared layabout?" Jem said. He had taken some of the *yin fen* Mortmain had sent, and there was color in his cheeks again.

Will smiled, despite everything; he couldn't help it. It had been the one thing in the past few years that had made him feel fortunate: that he had someone in his life who knew him, knew what he was thinking before he said it out loud. "I would have knocked his teeth out in return," he said, "but when I went to find him again, he had emigrated to America. To avoid my wrath, no doubt."

"Hmph," said Charlotte, the way she always did when she thought Will was getting above himself. "He had many enemies in London, to my understanding."

"Dydw I ddim yn gwybod pwy yw unrhyw un o'r bobl yr ydych yn siarad amdano," said Cecily plaintively.

"You may not know who we are talking about, but no one else knows what you are *saying*," said Will, though his tone held no real reproof. He could hear the exhaustion in his own voice. The lack of sleep of the night before was taking its toll. "Speak English, Cecy."

Charlotte rose, returned to her desk, and set the jar of salve down. Cecily tugged on a lock of Will's hair. "Let me see your hands."

He held them up. He remembered the fire, the white-hot agony of it, and more than anything else Tessa's shocked face. He knew she would understand why he had done what he had done, why he had not thought twice about it, but the look in her eyes—as if her heart had broken for him.

He only wished that she were still here. It was good to be here with Jem and Cecily and Charlotte, to be surrounded by their affection, but without her there would always be something missing, a Tessa-shaped part chiseled out of his heart that he would never get back.

Cecily touched his fingers, which looked quite normal now, aside from the soot under his fingernails. "It is quite astonishing," she said, then patted his hands lightly, careful not to smear the salve. "Will has always been prone to damaging himself," she added, with fondness in her tone. "I cannot count the broken

limbs he sustained when we were children—the scratches, the scars.”

Jem leaned closer against the chair, staring into the fire. “Better it were my hands,” he said.

Will shook his head. Exhaustion was muting the edges of everything in the room, blurring the flocked wallpaper into a single mass of dark color. “No. Not your hands. You need your hands for the violin. What do I need mine for?”

“I should have known what you would do,” Jem said in a low voice. “I always know what you will do. I should have known you would put your hands into the fire.”

“And I should have known you would throw that packet away,” said Will, without rancor. “It was—it was a madly noble thing to do. I understand why you did it.”

“I was thinking of Tessa.” Jem drew his knees up and rested his chin on them, then laughed softly. “Madly noble. Isn’t that meant to be your area of expertise? Suddenly I am the one who does ridiculous things and you tell me to stop?”

“God,” said Will. “When did we change places?”

The firelight played over Jem’s face and hair as he shook his head. “It is a very strange thing, to be in love,” he said. “It changes you.”

Will looked down at Jem, and what he felt, more than jealousy, more than anything else, was a wistful desire to commiserate with his best friend, to speak of the feelings he held in his heart. For were they not the same feelings? Did they not love the same way, the same person? But, “I wish you wouldn’t risk yourself,” was all he said.

Jem stood up. “I have always wished that about you.”

Will raised his eyes, so drowsy with sleep and the tiredness that came with healing runes that he could see Jem only as a haloed figure of light. “Are you going?”

“Yes, to sleep.” Jem touched his fingers lightly to Will’s healing hands. “Let yourself rest, Will.”

Will’s eyes were already drifting closed, even as Jem turned to go. He did not hear the door close behind Jem. Somewhere down

the corridor Bridget was singing, her voice rising above the crackle of the fire. Will did not find it as annoying as he usually did, but rather more like a lullaby that his mother would once have sung him, to guide him to sleep.

*“Oh, what is brighter than the light?
What is darker than the night?
What is keener than an axe?
What is softer than melting wax?”*

*Truth is brighter than the light,
Falsehood darker than the night.
Revenge is keener than an axe,
And love is softer than melting wax.”*

“A riddle song,” Cecily said, her voice drowsy and half-awake. “I’ve always liked those. Do you remember when Mam used to sing to us?”

“A little,” Will admitted. If he were not so tired, he might not have admitted it at all. His mother had always been singing, music filling the corners of the manor house, singing while she walked beside the waters in the Mawddach estuary, or among the daffodils in the gardens. *Llawn yw’r coed o ddail a blode, llawn o goriad merch wyf inne.*

“Do you remember the sea?” he said, exhaustion making his voice heavy. “The lake at Tal-y-Llyn? There is nothing so blue here in London as either of those things.”

He heard Cecily take a sharp breath. “Of course I remember. I thought you did not.”

Images from dreams painted themselves on the inside of Will’s eyelids, sleep reaching for him like a current, pulling him away from the lighted shore. “I don’t think I can get up out of this chair, Cecy,” he murmured. “I shall rest here tonight.”

Her hand came up, felt for his, and circled it in a loose clasp. “Then I will stay with you,” she said, and her voice became part

of the current of dreams and sleep that caught him finally and drew him down and over and under.

To: Gabriel and Gideon Lightwood

From: Consul Josiah Wayland

I was most surprised to receive your missive. I fail to perceive how I could possibly have made myself more clear. I wish for you to relay the details of Mrs. Branwell's correspondence with her relatives and well-wishers in Idris. I did not request any persiflage about the woman's milliner. I care neither about her manner of dress nor about your daily menu.

Pray write back to me a letter containing relevant information. I devoutly hope such a letter will also be one more befitting Shadowhunters and less Bedlamites.

In Raziel's name,

Consul Wayland

8

THAT FIRE OF FIRE

*You call it hope—that fire of fire!
It is but agony of desire.*
—Edgar Allan Poe, “Tamerlane”

Tessa sat at her vanity table methodically brushing out her hair. The air outside was cool but humid, seeming to trap the water of the Thames, scented with iron and city dirt. It was the sort of weather that made her normally thick, wavy hair tangle at the ends. Not that her mind was on her hair; it was simply a repetitive motion, the brushing, that allowed her to keep a sort of forcible calm.

Over and over in her mind she saw Jem’s shock as Charlotte read out Mortmain’s letter, and Will’s burned hands, and the tiny bit of *yin fen* she had managed to gather up off the floor. She saw Cecily’s arms about Will, and Jem’s anguish as he apologized to Will, *I’m so sorry, I’m so sorry*.

She hadn’t been able to bear it. They had been in agony, both of them, and she loved them both. Their pain had been because of her—*she* was what Mortmain wanted. She was the cause of Jem’s *yin fen* being gone, and Will’s misery. When she had whirled and run out of the room, it had been because she could not stand it any longer. How could three people who cared for one another so much cause one another so much pain?

She set the hairbrush down and looked at herself in the mirror. She looked tired, with shadowed eyes, as Will had looked all day as he'd sat with her in the library and helped Charlotte with Benedict's papers, translating some of the passages that were in Greek or Latin or Purgatic, his quill pen moving swiftly over paper, his dark head bent. It was odd to look at Will in the daylight and remember the boy who had held her as if she were a life raft in a storm on the steps of Woolsey's house. Will's daylight face was not untroubled, but it was not open or giving either. He had not been unfriendly or cold, but neither had he looked up, or smiled over the library table at her, or acknowledged in any way the events of the previous night.

She had wanted to pull him aside and ask him if he had heard from Magnus, to say to him: *No one understands what you feel but me, and no one understands what I feel but you, so can we not feel together?* But if Magnus had contacted him, Will would have told her; he was honorable. They were all honorable. If they had not been, she thought, looking down at her hands, perhaps everything would not be so awful.

It had been foolish to offer to go to Mortmain—she knew that now—but the thought had seized her as fiercely as a passion. She could *not* be the cause of all this unhappiness and not do something to alleviate it. If she gave herself up to Mortmain, Jem would live longer, and Jem and Will would have each other, and it would be as if she had never come to the Institute.

But now, in the cold hours of the evening, she knew that nothing she could do would turn back the clock, or unmake the feelings that existed between them all. She felt hollow inside, as if a piece of her were missing, and yet she was paralyzed. Part of her wanted to run to Will, to see if his hands were healed and to tell him she understood. The rest of her wanted to flee across the hall to Jem's room and beg him to forgive her. They had never been angry with each other before, and she did not know how to navigate a Jem who was furious. Would he want to end their engagement? Would he be disappointed in her? Somehow that

thought was as hard to bear, that Jem might be disappointed in her.

Skritch. She looked up and around the room—a faint noise. Perhaps she had imagined it? She was tired; perhaps it was time to call for Sophie to help her with her dress, and then to retire to bed with a book. She was partway through *The Castle of Otranto* and finding it an excellent distraction.

She had risen from her chair and gone to ring the servants' bell when the noise came again, more determined. A *sktritch, skritch*, against the door of her bedroom. With slight trepidation she crossed the room and flung the door open.

Church crouched on the other side, his blue-gray fur ruffled, his expression furious. Around his neck was tied a bow of silver lace, and attached to the bow was a small piece of rolled paper, like a tiny scroll. Tessa dropped to her knees, reached for the bow, and untied it. The bow fell away, and the cat immediately bolted down the hall.

The paper came free of the lace, and Tessa picked up the paper and unrolled it. Familiar looping script traced its way across the page.

Meet me in the music room.

—J

“There’s nothing here,” Gabriel said.

He and Gideon were in the drawing room. It was quite dark, with the curtains drawn; if they had not had their witchlights, it would have been as black as pitch. Gabriel was going hastily through the correspondence on Charlotte’s desk, for the second time.

“What do you mean, nothing?” said Gideon, standing by the door. “I see a pile of letters there. Certainly one of them must be —”

“Nothing scandalous,” Gabriel said, slamming a desk drawer shut. “Or even interesting. Some correspondence with an uncle in Idris. He appears to have gout.”

“Fascinating,” Gideon muttered.

“One cannot help but wonder exactly what it is that the Consul believes Charlotte to be involved in. Some sort of betrayal of the Council?” Gabriel picked up her sheaf of letters and made a face. “We could reassure him of her innocence if only we knew what it was that he suspected.”

“And if I believed he wanted to be reassured of her innocence,” Gideon said. “It seems to me more likely that he is hoping to catch her out.” He reached out a hand. “Give me that letter.”

“The one to her uncle?” Gabriel was dubious, but did as directed. He held the witchlight up, shining its rays over the desk as Gideon bent over and, having appropriated one of Charlotte’s pens, began to scratch out a missive to the Consul.

Gideon was blowing on the ink to dry it when the door of the drawing room flew open. Gideon jerked upright. A yellow glow poured into the room, far brighter than the dim witchlight; Gabriel put up a hand to cover his eyes, blinking. He ought to have put on a Night Vision rune, he thought, but they took time to fade, and he had been concerned it would have raised questions. In the moments that it took his vision to adjust, he heard his brother exclaim, aghast:

“*Sophie?*”

“I have told you not to call me that, Mr. Lightwood.” Her tone was cold. Gabriel’s vision resolved, and he saw the maid standing in the doorway, a lit lamp in one hand. She was squinting. Her eyes narrowed further as they lit on Gabriel, Charlotte’s letters still in his hand. “Are you—Is that Mrs. Branwell’s correspondence?”

Gabriel dropped the letters hastily onto the desk. “I . . . We . . .”

“Have you been *reading her letters?*” Sophie looked furious, like some sort of avenging angel, lamp in hand. Gabriel glanced quickly at his brother, but Gideon appeared to be struck speechless.

In all Gabriel’s life he could not remember his brother giving even the prettiest of Shadowhunter girls a second glance. Yet he

looked at this scarred mundane servant as if she were the sun rising. It was inexplicable, but it was also undeniable. He could see the horror on his brother's face as Sophie's good opinion of him shattered before his eyes.

"Yes," Gabriel said. "Yes, we are indeed going through her correspondence."

Sophie took a step back. "I shall fetch Mrs. Branwell immediately—"

"No—" Gabriel held out a hand. "It isn't what you think. Wait." Quickly he outlined what had happened: the Consul's threats, his request that they spy on Charlotte, and their solution to the problem. "We never intended to reveal a word she had actually written," he finished. "Our intention was to protect her."

Sophie's suspicious expression did not change. "And why should I believe a word of that, Mr. Lightwood?"

Gideon finally spoke. "Ms. Collins," he said. "Please. I know that since the—unfortunate business—with the scones you have not held me in esteem, but please do believe I would not betray the trust Charlotte has placed in me, nor reward her kindness to me with betrayal."

Sophie wavered for a moment, then dropped her gaze. "I am sorry, Mr. Lightwood. I *wish* to believe you, but it is with Mrs. Branwell that my first loyalty must lie."

Gabriel snatched up from the desk the letter his brother had just written. "Miss Collins," he said. "Please read this missive. It was what we had intended to send the Consul. If, after reading it, you are still determined in your heart to seek out Mrs. Branwell, then we will not try to stop you."

Sophie looked from him to Gideon. Then, with a quick inclination of her head, she came forward and set the lamp down on the desk. Taking the letter from Gideon, she unfolded it and read out loud:

*"To: Consul Josiah Wayland
From: Gideon and Gabriel Lightwood"*

Dear Sir,

You have displayed your usual great wisdom in asking us to read Mrs. Branwell's missives to Idris. We obtained a private glance into said correspondence and observed that she is in almost daily communication with her great-uncle Roderick Fairchild.

The contents of these letters, sir, would shock and disappoint you. It has robbed us of much of our belief in the fairer sex.

Mrs. Branwell displays a most callous, inhumane, and unfeminine attitude toward his many grievous ills. She recommends the application of less liquor to cure his gout, shows unmistakable signs of being amused by his dire ailment of dropsy, and entirely ignores his mention of a suspicious substance building up within his ears and other orifices.

Signs of the tender feminine care one would expect from a woman to her male relatives, and the respect any relatively young woman should give her elder as his due—there are none! Mrs. Branwell, we fear, has run mad with power. She must be stopped before it is too late and many brave Shadowhunters have fallen by the wayside for lack of feminine care.

Yours faithfully,

Gideon and Gabriel Lightwood"

There was silence when she had finished. Sophie stood for what felt like an eternity, staring wide-eyed at the paper. At last she said, "Which one of you wrote this?"

Gideon cleared his throat. "I did."

She looked up. She had pressed her lips together, but they were trembling. For a horrible moment Gabriel thought she was about to cry. "Oh, my gracious," she said. "And is this the first?"

"No, there has been one other," Gabriel admitted. "It was about Charlotte's hats."

"Her hats?" A peal of laughter escaped Sophie's lips, and Gideon looked at her as if he had never seen anything so marvelous. Gabriel had to admit she did look quite pretty when she laughed, scar or not. "And was the Consul furious?"

“Murderously so,” said Gideon.

“Are you going to tell Mrs. Branwell?” demanded Gabriel, who could not stand the suspense another moment.

Sophie had stopped laughing. “I will not,” she said, “for I do not wish to compromise you in the eyes of the Consul, and also, I think such news would hurt her, and to no good end. Spying on her like that, that awful man!” Her gaze sparked. “If you would like aid in your plan to frustrate the Consul’s schemes, I am happy to give it. Let me keep the letter, and I shall ensure that it is posted tomorrow.”



The music room was not as dusty as Tessa remembered it—it looked as if it had received a good cleaning recently; the mellow wood of the windowsills and floors shone, as did the grand piano in the corner. A fire was leaping in the grate, outlining Jem in fire as he turned away from it and, seeing her, smiled a nervous smile.

Everything in the room seemed soft, as muted as watercolor—the light of the fire bringing the white-sheeted instruments to life like ghosts, the dark gleam of the piano, the flames a dim reflected gold in the windowpanes. She could see her and Jem too, facing each other: a girl in a dark blue evening dress, and a thin rake of a boy with a mop of silvery hair, his black jacket hanging just slightly too loose on his slender frame.

His face in the shadows was all vulnerability, anxiety in the soft curve of his mouth. “I was not sure that you would come.”

At that, she took a step forward, wanting to fling her arms about him, but she stopped herself. She had to speak first. “Of course I came,” she said. “Jem, I am so sorry. So very sorry. I cannot explain—it was a sort of madness. I could not bear the thought that harm would come to you because of me, because in some way I am connected to Mortmain, and he to me.”

“That is not your fault. It was never your choice—”

“I was not seeing sense. Will was right; Mortmain cannot be trusted. Even if I went to him, there is no guarantee that he would honor his end of the bargain. And I would be placing a

weapon in the hands of your enemy. I do not know what he wants to use me for, but it is not for the good of Shadowhunters; of that we can be sure. I could even in the end yet be what hurts you all." Tears stung her eyes, but she held them back by force. "Forgive me, Jem. We cannot waste the time we have together in anger. I understand why you did what you did—I would have done it for you."

His eyes went soft and silver as she spoke. "*Zhe shi jie shang, wo shi zui ai ne de,*" he whispered.

She understood it. *In all the world, you are what I love the most.*

"Jem—"

"You know that; you must know that. I could never let you go away from me, not into danger, not while I have breath." He held his hand up, before she could take a step toward him. "Wait." He bent down, and when he rose, he was holding his square violin case and bow. "I—There was something I wished to give you. A bridal gift, when we were married. But I would like to give it to you now, if you will let me."

"A gift?" she said, wonderingly. "After—But we quarreled!"

He smiled at that, the lovely smile that lit his face and made you forget how thin and drawn he looked. "An integral part of married life, I have been informed. It will have been good practice."

"But—"

"Tessa, did you imagine that there exists any quarrel, large or small, that could make me stop loving you?" He sounded amazed, and she thought suddenly of Will, of the years that Will had tested Jem's loyalty, driven him mad with lies and evasion and self-harm, and through all of it Jem's love for his blood brother had never frayed, much less broken.

"I was afraid," she said softly. "And I—I have no gift for you."

"Yes, you do." He said it quietly but firmly. "Sit down, Tessa, please. Do you remember how we met?"

Tessa sat down on a low chair with gilded arms, her skirts crinkling around her. "I barged into your room in the middle of the night like a madwoman."

Jem grinned. "You glided *gracefully* into my bedroom and found me playing the violin." He was tightening the screw on the bow; he finished, set it down, and lovingly took his violin out of its case. "Would you mind if I play for you now?"

"You know I love to hear you play." It was true. She even loved to hear him talk about the violin, though she understood little of it. She could listen to him rattle on passionately for hours about rosin, pegs, scrolls, bowing, finger positions, and the tendency of A strings to break—without getting bored.

"*Wo wei ni xie de,*" he said as he raised the violin to his left shoulder and tucked it under his chin. He had told her that many violinists used a shoulder rest, but he did not. There was a slight mark on the side of his throat, like a permanent bruise, where the violin rested.

"You—made something for me?"

"I *wrote* something for you," he corrected with a smile, and began to play.

She watched in amazement. He began simply, softly, his grip light on the bow, producing a soft, harmonic sound. The melody rolled over her, as cool and sweet as water, as hopeful and lovely as sunrise. She watched his fingers in fascination as they moved and an exquisite note rose from the violin. The sound deepened as the bow moved faster, Jem's forearm sawing back and forth, his slim body seeming to blur into motion from the shoulder. His fingers slid up and down slightly, and the pitch of the music deepened, thunderclouds gathering on a bright horizon, a river that had become a torrent. The notes crashed at her feet, rose to surround her; Jem's whole body seemed to be moving in tune with the sounds he wrung from the instrument, though she knew his feet were firmly planted on the floor.

Her heart raced to keep pace with the music; Jem's eyes were shut, the corners of his mouth downturned as if in pain. Part of her wanted to rush to her feet, to put her arms about him; the other part of her wanted to do nothing to stop the music, the lovely sound of it. It was as if he had taken his bow and used it as a paintbrush, creating a canvas upon which his soul was clearly

displayed. As the last soaring notes reached higher and higher, climbing toward Heaven, Tessa was aware that her face was wet, but only when the last of the music had faded away and he had lowered the violin did she realize she had been crying.

Slowly Jem put the violin back into its case and laid the bow beside it. He straightened and turned to her. His expression was shy, though his white shirt was soaked through with sweat and the pulse in his neck was pounding.

Tessa was speechless.

“Did you like it?” he said. “I could have given you . . . jewelry, but I wanted it to be something that was wholly *yours*. That no one else would hear or own. And I am not good with words, so I wrote how I felt about you in music.” He paused. “Did you like it?” he said again, and the soft dropping-off of his voice at the end of the question indicated that he expected to receive an answer in the negative.

Tessa raised her face so that he could see the tears on it. “Jem.”

He dropped to his knees before her, his face all contrition. “*Ni jue de tong man, qin ai de?*”

“No—no,” she said, half-crying, half-laughing. “I am not hurt. Not unhappy. Not at all.”

A smile broke across his face, lighting his eyes with delight. “Then you did like it.”

“It was like I saw your soul in the notes of the music. And it was beautiful.” She leaned forward and touched his face lightly, the smooth skin over his hard cheekbone, his hair like feathers against the back of her hand. “I saw rivers, boats like flowers, all the colors of the night sky.”

Jem exhaled, sinking down onto the floor by her chair as if the strength had gone out of him. “That is a rare magic,” he said. He leaned his head against her, his temple against her knee, and she kept up the stroking of his hair, carding her fingers through its softness. “Both my parents loved music,” he said abruptly. “My father played the violin, my mother the *qin*. I chose the violin, though I could have learned either. I regretted it sometimes, for there are melodies of China I cannot play on the violin, that my

mother would have liked me to know. She used to tell me the story of Yu Boya, who was a great player of the *qin*. He had a best friend, a woodcutter named Zhong Ziqi, and he would play for him. They say that when Yu Boya played a song of water, his friend would know immediately that he was describing rushing rivers, and when he played of mountains, Ziqi would see their peaks. And Yu Boya would say, 'It is because you understand my music.' ” Jem looked down at his own hand, curled loosely on his knee. “People still use the expression ‘*zhi yin*’ to mean ‘close friends’ or ‘soul mates,’ but what it really means is ‘understanding music.’ ” He reached up and took her hand. “When I played, you saw what I saw. You understand my music.”

“I don’t know anything about music, Jem. I cannot tell a sonata from a partita—”

“No.” He turned, rising up onto his knees, bracing himself on the arms of her chair. They were close enough now that she could see where his hair was damp with sweat at his temples and nape, smell his scent of rosin and burned sugar. “That is not the kind of music I mean. I mean—” He made a sound of frustration, caught at her hand, brought it to his chest, and pressed it flat over his heart. The steady beat hammered against her palm. “Every heart has its own melody,” he said. “You know mine.”

“What happened to them?” Tessa whispered. “The woodcutter and the musician?”

Jem’s smile was sad. “Zhong Ziqi died, and Yu Boya played his last song over his friend’s grave. Then he broke his *qin* and never played again.”

Tessa felt the hot press of tears under her lashes, trying to force its way through. “What a terrible story.”

“Is it?” Jem’s heart skipped and stuttered under her fingers. “While he lived and they were friends, Yu Boya wrote some of the greatest music that we know. Would he have been able to do that alone? Our hearts, they need a mirror, Tessa. We see our better selves in the eyes of those who love us. And there is a beauty that brevity alone provides.” He dropped his gaze, then raised it to hers. “I would give you everything of myself,” he said. “I would

give you more in two weeks than most men would give you in a lifetime.”

“There is nothing you haven’t given me, nothing I am dissatisfied with. . . .”

“I am,” he said. “I want to be married to you. I would wait for you forever, but . . .”

But we do not have forever. “I have no family,” Tessa said slowly, her eyes on his. “No guardian. No one who might be . . . offended . . . by a more immediate marriage.”

Jem’s eyes widened slightly. “I—Do you mean that? I would not want you to not have all the time you require to prepare.”

“What kind of preparation do you imagine I might require?” Tessa said, and for just that moment her thoughts ghosted back to Will, to the way he had put his hands in the fire to save Jem’s drugs, and watching him, she could not help but remember that day in the drawing room when he had told her he loved her, and when he had left, she had closed her hand around a poker, that the burning pain of it against her skin might shut out, even for a moment, the pain in her heart.

Will. She had lied to him then—if not in exact words, then in implication. She had let him think she did not love him. The thought still gave her pain, but she did not regret it. There had been no other way. She knew Will well enough to know that even had she broken things off with Jem, he would not have been with her. He could not have stood a love bought at the price of his *parabatai*’s happiness. And if there was some part of her heart that belonged to Will and Will alone, and always would, then it served no one to reveal it. She loved Jem, too—loved him even more now than she had when she had agreed to marry him.

Sometimes one must choose whether to be kind or honorable, Will had said to her. *Sometimes one cannot be both.*

Perhaps it did depend on the book, she thought. But in this, the book of her life, the way of dishonor was only unkindness. Even if she had hurt Will in the drawing room, over time as his feelings for her faded, he would someday thank her for keeping him free. She believed that. He could not love her forever.

She had set her feet on this path long ago. If she intended to see it through next month, then she could see it through the next day. She knew that she loved Jem, and though there was a part of her that loved Will as well, it was the best gift she could give both of them that neither Will nor Jem should ever know it.

“I don’t know,” Jem said, gazing up at her from the floor, his expression a mixture of hope and disbelief. “The Council has not yet approved our request . . . and you do not have a dress . . .”

“I do not care about the Council. And I do not care what I wear, if you do not. If you mean it, Jem, I will marry you whenever you like.”

“Tessa,” he breathed. He reached for her as if he were drowning, and she ducked her head down to brush her lips against his. Jem raised himself up on his knees. His mouth ghosted across hers, once, twice, until her lips opened and she could taste his burned-sugar sweetness. “You are too far away,” he whispered, and then his arms were around her, and there was no space between them, and he was drawing her down off the chair, and they were kneeling together on the floor, their arms around each other.

He held her to him, and her hands traced the shape of his face, his sharp cheekbones. *So sharp, too sharp, the bones of his face, the pulse of his blood too close to the surface of the skin, collarbones as hard as a metal necklace.*

His hands slid from her waist to her shoulders; his lips skimmed across her collarbone, the hollow of her throat, as her fingers twisted in his shirt, drawing it up so that her palms were against his bare skin. He was so thin, his spine sharp under her touch. Against the firelight she could see him painted in shadow and fire, the moving golden path of the flames turning his white hair to gilt.

I love you, he had said. *In all the world, you are what I love the most.*

She felt the hot press of his mouth again at the hollow of her throat, then lower. His kisses ended where her dress began. She felt her heart beating beneath his mouth, as if trying to reach

him, trying to beat for him. She felt his shy hand slip around her body, to where the lacings fastened her dress closed. . . .

The door opened with a creak, and they sprang apart, both gasping as if they had been running a race. Tessa heard her own blood thunder loudly in her ears as she stared at the empty doorway. Beside her Jem's gasp turned into a hitch of laughter.

"What—," she began.

"Church," he said, and Tessa dropped her gaze down to see the cat sauntering across the floor of the music room, having nudged the door open, and looking very pleased with himself.

"I've never seen a cat look so self-satisfied," she said as Church—ignoring her, as always—padded up to Jem and nudged at him with his head.

"When I said we might need a chaperon, this wasn't what I had in mind," said Jem, but he stroked the cat's head anyway, and smiled at her out of the corner of his mouth. "Tessa," he said. "Did you mean what you said? That you would marry me tomorrow?"

She raised her chin and looked directly into his eyes. She could not bear the thought of waiting, and wasting another instant of his life. She wanted suddenly and fiercely to be tied to him—in sickness, in health, for better, for worse—tied to him with a promise and able to give him her word and her love without holding back.

"I meant it," she said.



The dining room was not quite full, not everyone having yet arrived for breakfast, when Jem made his announcement.

"Tessa and I are going to get married," he said, very calmly, draping his napkin over his lap.

"Is this meant to be a surprise?" asked Gabriel, who was dressed in gear as if he intended to train after breakfast. He had already taken all the bacon from the serving platter, and Henry was looking at him mournfully. "Aren't you engaged already?"

“The wedding date was set for December,” said Jem, reaching beneath the table to give Tessa’s hand a reassuring squeeze. “But we have changed our minds. We intend to marry tomorrow.”

The effect was galvanic. Henry choked on his tea and had to be pounded on the back by Charlotte, who appeared to have been stricken speechless. Gideon dropped his cup into his saucer with a clatter, and even Gabriel paused with his fork halfway to his mouth. Sophie, who had just come in from the kitchen carrying a rack of toast, gave a gasp. “But you can’t!” she said. “Miss Gray’s dress was ruined, and the new one isn’t even started yet!”

“She can wear any dress,” Jem said. “She does not have to wear Shadowhunter gold, for she is not a Shadowhunter. She has several pretty gowns; she can choose her favorite.” He ducked his head shyly toward Tessa. “That is, if that is all right with you.”

Tessa did not answer, for at that moment Will and Cecily had crowded in through the doorway. “I have *such* a crick in my neck,” Cecily was saying with a smile. “I can hardly believe I managed to fall asleep in such a position—”

She broke off as both of them seemed to sense the mood of the room and paused, glancing around. Will did seem better rested than he had the day before, and pleased to have Cecily by him, though that cautious good mood was clearly evaporating as he glanced around at the expressions of the others in the room. “What’s going on?” he said. “Has something happened?”

“Tessa and I have decided to move up our wedding ceremony,” Jem said. “It will be in the next few days.”

Will said nothing, and his expression did not change, but he went very white. He did not look at Tessa.

“Jem, the Clave,” Charlotte said, ceasing to pound Henry’s back and standing up with a look of agitation on her face. “They have not approved your marriage yet. You cannot go against them —”

“We cannot wait for them either,” Jem said. “It could be months, a year—you know how they prefer to delay than give an answer they fear you will not like.”

“And it is not as if our marriage can be their focus at the moment,” Tessa said. “Benedict Lightwood’s papers, searching for Mortmain—all must take priority. But this is a personal matter.”

“There are no personal matters to the Clave,” Will said. His voice sounded hollow and odd, as if he were a great distance away. There was a pulse pounding at his throat. Tessa thought of the delicate rapport they had begun to build between them over the past few days and wondered if this would destroy it, dashing it into pieces like a fragile craft against rocks. “My mother and father—”

“There are Laws about marriage to mundanes. There are no Laws about marriage between a Nephilim and what Tessa is. And if I must, like your father, I will give up being a Shadowhunter for this.”

“James—”

“I would have thought you of all people would understand that,” said Jem, the look he bent on Will both puzzled and hurt.

“I am not saying I don’t understand. I’m only urging you to *think*—”

“I have thought.” Jem sat back. “I have a mundane marriage license, legally procured and signed. We could walk into any church and marry today. I would much prefer you all be there, but if you cannot be, we will do it regardless.”

“To marry a girl just to make her a widow,” said Gabriel Lightwood. “Many would say that was not a kindness.”

Jem went rigid beside Tessa, his hand stiff in hers. Will started forward, but Tessa was already on her feet, burning holes in Gabriel Lightwood with her eyes.

“Do not *dare* speak about it as if Jem has all the choice about it and I have none,” she said, never moving her eyes from his face. “This engagement was not forced on me, nor do I have any illusions about Jem’s health. I choose to be with him for however many days or minutes we are granted, and to count myself blessed to have them.”

Gabriel’s eyes were as cold as the sea off the Newfoundland coast. “I was only concerned for your welfare, Miss Gray.”

“Better to look out for your own,” Tessa snapped.

And now those green eyes narrowed. “Meaning?”

“I believe the lady means,” Will drawled, “that *she* is not the one who killed her father. Or have you so quickly recovered from it that we have no need for concern for your sensibilities, Gabriel?”

Cecily gave a gasp. Gabriel rose to his feet, and in his expression Tessa saw again the boy who had challenged Will to single combat the first time she had met him—all arrogance, stiffness, and hate. “If you ever dare—,” he began.

“*Stop*,” Charlotte said—and then she broke off, as through the windows came the sound of the rusty gates of the Institute grinding open and the clop of horse hooves on pavement. “Oh, by the Angel. *Jessamine*.” Charlotte scrambled to her feet, discarding her napkin on her plate. “Come—we must go down to greet her.”

It proved, if an ill-timed arrival in other respects, at least an excellent distraction. There was a slight hubbub, and a deal of puzzlement on the part of Gabriel and Cecily, neither of whom really understood precisely who Jessamine was or the part she had played in the life of the Institute. They proceeded down the corridor in a disorderly fashion, Tessa hanging back slightly; she felt breathless, as if her corset had been laced too tightly. She thought of the night before, holding Jem in the music room as they kissed and whispered to each other for hours of the wedding they would have, the marriage that would follow—as if they had all the time in the world. As if getting married would grant him immortality, though she knew it would not.

As she started down the stairs toward the entryway, she stumbled, distracted. A hand on her arm steadied her. She looked up, and saw Will.

They stood there for a moment, frozen together like a statue. The others were already on their way down the stairs, their voices rising up like smoke. Will’s hand was gentle on Tessa’s arm, though his face was almost expressionless, seeming carved out of granite. “You do not agree with the rest of them, do you?” she said, with more of a sharp edge than she meant. “That I should

not marry Jem today. You asked me if I loved him enough to marry him and make him happy, and I told you I did. I don't know if I can make him happy entirely, but I can try."

"If anyone can, you can," he said, his eyes locking with hers.

"The others think I have illusions about his health."

"Hope is not illusion."

The words were encouraging, but there was something in his voice, something dead that frightened her.

"Will." She caught at his wrist. "You would not abandon me now—not leave me the only one who still searches for a cure? I cannot do it without you."

He took a deep breath, half-closing his shadowed blue eyes. "Of course not. I would not give up on him, on you. I will help. I will continue. It is only—"

He broke off, turning his face away. The light that came down through the window high above illuminated cheek and chin and the curve of his jaw.

"Only what?"

"You remember what else I said to you that day in the drawing room," he said. "I want you to be happy, and him to be happy. And yet when you walk that aisle to meet him and join yourselves forever you will walk an invisible path of the shards of my heart, Tessa. I would give over my own life for either of yours. I would give over my own life for your happiness. I thought perhaps that when you told me you did not love me that my own feelings would fall away and atrophy, but they have not. They have grown every day. I love you now more desperately, this moment, than I have ever loved you before, and in an hour I will love you more than that. It is unfair to tell you this, I know, when you can do nothing about it." He took a shuddering breath. "How you must despise me."

Tessa felt as if the ground had dropped out from beneath her. She remembered what she had told herself the night before: that surely Will's feelings for her had faded. That over the term of years, his pain would be less than hers. She had believed it. But now—"I do not despise you, Will. You have been nothing but

honorable—more honorable than ever I could have asked you to be—”

“No,” he said bitterly. “You expected nothing of me, I think.”

“I have expected *everything* of you, Will,” she whispered. “More than you ever expected of yourself. But you have given even more than that.” Her voice faltered. “They say you cannot divide your heart, and yet—”

“Will! Tessa!” It was Charlotte’s voice, calling up to them from the entryway. “Do stop dawdling! And can one of you fetch Cyril? We may need help with the carriage if the Silent Brothers intend to stay at all.”

Tessa looked helplessly at Will, but the moment between them had snapped; his expression had closed; the desperation that had fueled him a moment before was gone. He was shut away as if a thousand locked doors stood between them. “You go on down. I will be there shortly.” He said it without inflection, turned, and sprinted up the steps.

Tessa put a hand against the wall as she made her way numbly down the stairs. What had she almost done? What had she nearly told Will?

And yet I love you.

But God in Heaven, what good would that do, what benefit would it be to anyone to say those words? Only the most awful burden on him, for he would know what she felt but not be able to act on it. And it would tie him to her, would not free him to seek out someone else to love—someone who was *not* engaged to his best friend.

Someone else to love. She stepped out onto the front stairs of the Institute, feeling the wind cut through her dress like a knife. The others were there, gathered on the steps a bit awkwardly, especially Gabriel and Cecily, who looked as if they were wondering what on earth they were doing there. Tessa barely noticed them. She felt sick at the heart and knew it was not the cold. It was the idea of Will in love with someone else.

But that was pure selfishness. If Will found someone else to love, she would suffer through it, biting her lips in silence, as he

had suffered her engagement to Jem. She owed him that much, she thought, as a dark carriage driven by a man in the parchment robes of the Silent Brothers rattled through the open gates. She owed Will behavior that was as honorable as his own.

The carriage clattered up to the foot of the stairs and paused. Tessa felt Charlotte move uneasily behind her. “Another carriage?” she said, and Tessa followed her gaze to see that there was indeed a second carriage, all black with no crest, rolling silently in behind the first.

“An escort,” said Gabriel. “Perhaps the Silent Brothers are worried she will try to escape.”

“No,” said Charlotte, bewilderment shading her voice. “She wouldn’t—”

The Silent Brother driving the first carriage put away his reins and dismounted, moving to the carriage door. At that moment the second carriage pulled up behind him, and he turned. Tessa could not see his expression, as his face was hidden by his hood, but something in the cast of his body betokened surprise. She narrowed her eyes—there was something strange about the horses drawing the second carriage: their bodies gleamed not like the pelts of animals but like metal, and their movements were unnaturally swift.

The driver of the second carriage leaped down from his seat, landing with a jarring thud, and Tessa saw the gleam of metal as his hand went to the neck of his parchment robes—and pulled the robes away.

Beneath was a shimmering metal body with an ovoid head, eyeless, copper rivets holding together the joints of elbows, knees, and shoulders. Its right arm, if you could call it that, ended in a crude bronze crossbow. It raised that arm now and flexed it. A steel arrow, fletched with black metal, flew through the air and punched into the chest of the first Silent Brother, lifting him off his feet and sending him flying several feet across the courtyard, before he struck the earth, blood soaking the chest of the familiar robes.

9

GRAVEN IN METAL

*The liquid ore he drained
Into fit moulds prepared; from which he formed
First his own tools; then, what might else be wrought
Fusil or graven in metal.*

—John Milton, *Paradise Lost*

Silent Brothers, Tessa saw with a frozen shock, bled as red as any mortal man did.

She heard Charlotte shout out orders, and then Henry was tearing down the stairs, racing for the first carriage. He yanked the door open, and Jessamine tumbled out into his arms. Her body was limp, her eyes half-closed. She wore the ragged white dress Tessa had seen her in when she had visited her in the Silent City, and her lovely blond hair was shorn close to her skull like a fever patient's. "Henry," she sobbed audibly, clutching at his lapels. "Help me, Henry. Get me inside the Institute, *please*—"

Henry rose, turning, with Jessamine in his arms, just as the doors of the second carriage burst open and automatons poured out, joining the first one. They seemed to be unfolding themselves as they stepped out, like children's paper toys—one, two, three, and then Tessa lost count as the Shadowhunters around her seized weapons from their belts. She saw the flash of the metal that shot from the tip of Jem's sword-cane, heard the

murmur of Latin as seraph blades blazed up around her like a circle of holy fire.

And the automatons charged. One of them raced toward Henry and Jessamine, while the others darted for the steps. She heard Jem call her name, and realized she had no weapon. She had not planned to train today. She looked around wildly, for anything, for a heavy rock, or even a stick. Inside the entryway there were weapons hung on the walls—as adornment, but a weapon was a weapon. She dashed inside and seized a sword from its peg on the wall before spinning about and racing back outside.

The scene that met her eyes was chaos. Jessamine was on the ground, crouched against a wheel of her carriage, her arms up over her face. Henry stood before her, a seraph blade slashing back and forth in his hands as he fended off the automaton trying to get by him, its spiked hands reaching for Jessamine. The rest of the clockwork creatures had spread out across the steps and were locked in combat with individual Shadowhunters.

As Tessa lifted the sword in her hands, her eyes darted about the courtyard. These automatons were different from those she had seen before. They moved more swiftly, with less jerking to their steps, their copper joints folding and unfolding smoothly.

On the lowest step both Gideon and Gabriel were battling furiously with a ten-foot mechanical monster, its spiked hands swinging down at them like maces. Gabriel already had a wide slash across his shoulder that was pouring blood, but he and his brother were harrying the creature, one from the front, one from the back. Jem rose from a crouch to drive his sword-cane through the head of another automaton. Its arms spasmed and it tried to jerk back, but the sword was buried in its metal skull. Jem tugged his blade free, and when the automaton came at him again, he sliced at its legs, taking one out from under the creature. It lurched to the side, toppling to the cobblestones.

Closer to Tessa, Charlotte's whip flashed through the air like lightning, slicing the crossbow arm from the first automaton. It did not even slow the creature down. As it reached for her with

its second, spatulate and taloned arm, Tessa darted between them and swung her sword the way Gideon had taught her to, using her whole body to drive the force and striking from above to add the power of gravity to her strike.

The blade fell, shearing away the creature's second arm. This time blackish fluid jetted from the wound. The automaton kept its course, bending to butt at Charlotte with the crown of its head, from which a short, sharp blade protruded. She cried out as it struck her upper arm. Then she flashed forth with her whip, the silver-gold electrum winding about the creature's throat and pulling tight. Charlotte yanked her wrist back, and the head, sheared away, fell to the side; finally the creature toppled, dark fluid pulsing sluggishly from the gashes in its metal chassis.

Tessa gasped and tossed her head back; sweat was sticking her hair to her forehead and temples, but she needed both hands for the heavy sword and couldn't push it away. Through stinging eyes she saw that Gabriel and Gideon had their automaton on the ground and were hacking at it; behind them Henry ducked just in time to miss a swing from the creature that had him cornered against the carriage. Its clublike hand punched through the carriage window, and glass rained down on Jessamine, who screamed and covered her head. Henry drove his seraph blade up, burying it in the automaton's torso. Tessa was used to seeing seraph blades burn through demons, reducing them to nothing, but the automaton only staggered back and then came on again, the blade buried in its chest burning like a torch.

With a cry Charlotte began to dart down the stairs toward her husband. Tessa glanced around—and did not see Jem. Her heart lurched. She took a step forward—

And a dark figure rose up in front of her, robed all in black. Black gloves covered its hands and black boots its feet. Tessa could see nothing but a snow-white face surrounded by the folds of a black hood, as familiar and horrible as a recurring nightmare.

“Hello, Miss Gray,” said Mrs. Black.



Despite ducking his head into every room he could think of, Will had not been able to find Cyril. He was irritable about it, and his irritable mood had not been helped by his encounter with Tessa on the stairs. After two months of being so careful around her that it had felt like walking a knife's edge, he had spilled what he was feeling like blood from an open wound, and only Charlotte's call had prevented his foolishness from turning into disaster.

And still, her response nagged at him as he made his way down the corridor and past the kitchen. *They say you cannot divide your heart, and yet—*

And yet what? What had she been about to say?

Bridget's voice trilled out from the dining room, where she and Sophie were doing the cleaning up.

*“Oh, Mother, Mother, make my bed
Make it soft and narrow.
My William died for love of me,
And I shall die of sorrow.”*

*“They buried her in the old churchyard.
Sweet William's grave was nigh hers
And from his grave grew a red, red rose
And from her grave a briar.*

*“They grew and grew up the old church spire
Until they could grow no higher
And there they twined, in a true love knot,
The red, red rose and the briar.”*

Will was wondering idly how Sophie refrained from hitting Bridget over the head with a plate, when a shock went through him as if he had been struck in the chest. He stumbled back against the wall with a short gasp, his hand going to his throat. He could feel something beating there, like a second heart against his own. The chain of the pendant Magnus had given him was cold to the touch, and he drew it hastily from his shirt and

stared as the pendant that dangled there was revealed—deep red and pulsing with a scarlet light like the center of a flame.

Dimly he was aware that Bridget had stopped singing, and that both girls had crowded into the doorway of the dining room, staring at him in owlish astonishment. He released the pendant, letting it fall against his chest.

“What is it, Master Will?” Sophie said. She had stopped calling him Mr. Herondale since the truth of his curse had come out, though he still wondered sometimes if she liked him very much. “Are you well?”

“It is not I,” he said. “We must go downstairs, quickly. Something has gone terribly wrong.”



“But you’re dead,” Tessa gasped, backing up a step. “I saw you die—”

She broke off with a shriek as long metal arms snaked around from behind her like bands, jerking her off her feet. Her sword clattered to the ground as an automaton’s grip tightened about her, and Mrs. Black smiled her terrible cold smile.

“Now, now, Miss Gray. Aren’t you at least a little glad to see me? After all, I was the first to welcome you to England. Though you’ve made yourself quite at home since, I daresay.”

“Let me go!” Tessa kicked out hard, but the automaton only slammed its head into hers, making her bite down hard on her lip. She choked and spit: saliva and blood splattered Mrs. Black’s still white face. “I’d rather die than go with you—”

The Dark Sister wiped away the fluid with a glove and a scowl of distaste. “Unfortunately, that cannot be arranged. Mortmain wants you alive.” She snapped her fingers at the automaton. “Take her to the carriage.”

The automaton took a step forward, Tessa in its arms—and collapsed forward. Tessa barely had time to throw her arms out to break her fall as they hit the ground, the clockwork creature on top of her. Agony shot through her right wrist, but she pushed against it anyway, a scream ripping free of her throat as she tore

herself sideways and slid down several steps, Mrs. Black's shriek of frustration echoing in her ears.

She looked up dizzily. Mrs. Black was gone. The automaton that had been holding Tessa listed sideways on the steps, part of its metal body sheared away. Tessa caught a quick glimpse of what was inside it as it turned: gears and mechanisms and clear tubes pumping brackish fluid. Jem stood behind and above it, breathing hard, splattered with the automaton's oily black blood. His face was white and set. He glanced at her quickly, a swift check to assess that she was all right, and sprang down the stairs, slicing again at the automaton, severing one of its legs from its torso. It spasmed like a dying snake, and its remaining arm shot out and seized Jem by the ankle and yanked hard.

Jem's feet went out from under him, and he clattered to the ground, rolling over and over down the steps, clutched in an awful embrace with the metal monster. The noise as the automaton skidded down, of metal being dragged along stone, was awful. As they hit the ground together, the force of the fall knocked them apart. Tessa stared in horror as Jem staggered dizzily to his feet, his own red blood mixing with the black fluid staining his clothes. His sword-cane was gone—lying on one of the stone steps where he had dropped it as he'd fallen.

"Jem," she whispered, and hauled herself to her knees. She tried to crawl forward, but her wrist gave way; she dropped to her elbows and reached for the cane—

Just as arms came around her, jerking her upright, and she heard Mrs. Black's hissing voice in her ear. "Don't struggle, Miss Gray, or it'll go very badly for you, very badly indeed." Tessa tried to twist away, but something soft came down over her mouth and nose. She smelled a sickly sweet stench, and then blackness came down over her vision and carried her away into unconsciousness.



Seraph blade in hand, Will bolted out of the open door of the Institute and into a scene of chaos.

He looked automatically for Tessa first, but she was nowhere to be seen—thank God. She must have had the sense to hide herself away. A black carriage was drawn up at the foot of the steps. Slumped against one of the wheels, amid a pile of broken glass, was Jessamine. On either side of her were Henry and Charlotte: Henry with his sword and Charlotte with her whip, fending off three long-legged metal automatons with bladed arms and smooth, blank heads. Jem's sword-cane lay on the steps, which were everywhere slippery with oily black fluid. Near the doors Gabriel and Gideon Lightwood were fighting another two automatons with the practiced competence of two warriors who had trained together for years. Cecily was kneeling by the body of a Silent Brother, his robes stained scarlet with blood.

The Institute gates were open, and through them was pounding a second black carriage, hurtling away from the Institute at top speed. But Will barely spared it a thought, for at the foot of the stairs was Jem. As pale as paper but upright, he was backing away as another automaton advanced on him. It was staggering, almost drunkenly, half its side and an arm sheared away, but Jem was unarmed.

The cold sharpness of battle came over Will, and everything seemed to slow down around him. He was aware that Sophie and Bridget, both armed, had fanned out on either side of him—that Sophie had run to Cecily's side, and that Bridget, a whirl of red hair and slashing blades, was busy reducing a surprisingly enormous automaton to scrap metal with a ferocity that would in other cases have astonished him. But his world had narrowed, narrowed to the automatons and to Jem, who, looking up, saw him and reached out a hand.

Leaping down four steps and skidding sideways, Will seized up Jem's sword-cane and threw it. Jem caught it out of the air just as the automaton lunged for him, and Jem carved it cleanly in two. The top half fell away, though the legs and lower torso, now pumping an excess of disgusting black and greenish fluids, continued lurching toward him. Jem whirled to the side and

swung his sword again, cutting the thing off at the knees. It fell finally, its disparate bits still twitching.

Jem turned his head and looked up at Will. Their eyes met for a moment, and Will offered a smile—but Jem did not smile back; he was as white as salt, and Will could not read his eyes. Was he injured? He was covered in so much oil and fluid that Will could not tell if he was bleeding. Anxiety spearing through him, Will began to move down the stairs toward Jem—but before he could go more than a few steps, Jem had whirled around and run for the gates. As Will stared, Jem disappeared through them, vanishing into the streets of London beyond.

Will broke into a run—and was brought up short at the foot of the steps when an automaton slid in front of him, moving as quickly and gracefully as water, to block his pathway. Its arms ended in long scissors; Will ducked as one slashed at his face, and Will drove his seraph blade into its chest.

There was the spitting noise of melting metal, but the creature only staggered back a foot and then lunged again. Will ducked under its bladed arms, seizing a dagger from his belt. He whirled back, slashing out with the blade—only to see the automaton suddenly come apart in ribbons before him, great slices of metal peeling back like the skin of an orange. Black fluid boiled up and splashed across his face as the thing went down in crumpled pieces.

He stared. Bridget looked at him serenely across its ruined body. Her hair was standing out around her head in a frizz of red curls, and her white apron was covered in black blood, but she was expressionless. “You ought to be more careful,” she said. “Don’t you think?”

Will was speechless; fortunately, Bridget did not seem to be waiting for an answer. She tossed her hair and walked away toward Henry, who was battling a particularly fearsome-looking automaton, at least fourteen feet high. Henry had deprived it of one of its arms, but the other, a long, multi-jointed monstrosity ending in a curved blade like a *kindjal*, was still stabbing at him. Bridget walked up behind it calmly and stuck it through the

jointure of the torso with her blade. Sparks flew, and the creature began to totter forward. Jessamine, still crouched against the wheel of the carriage, gave a scream and began to crawl out of its way on her hands and knees, toward Will.

Will watched her in stunned surprise for a moment as she bloodied her hands and knees on the glass shards of the broken carriage window but kept crawling. Then, as if slapped into action, he moved forward, darting around Bridget until he reached Jessie, and slid his arms under her, deadlifting her from the ground. She gave a little gasp—his name, he thought—and then went limp against him, only her hands tautly gripping his lapels.

He carried her away from the brougham, his eyes on what was happening in the courtyard. Charlotte had dispatched her automaton, and Bridget and Henry were in the middle of slicing another into bits. Sophie, Gideon, Gabriel, and Cecily had two automatons on the ground among them, and were carving them up like a Christmas roast. Jem had not returned.

“Will,” Jessie said, her voice a weak thread. “Will, please set me down.”

“I need to get you inside, Jessamine.”

“No.” She coughed, and Will saw to his horror that blood was running from the corners of her mouth. “I won’t survive that long. Will—if ever you cared about me at all, even a bit, put me down.”

Will sank to the foot of the stairs with Jessie in his arms, trying his best to cradle her head against his shoulder. Blood freely stained her throat and the front of her white dress, pasting the material to her body. She was terribly thin, her collarbone sticking out like the wings of a bird, her cheeks sunk into hollows. She resembled a patient staggering out of Bedlam more than the pretty girl who had left them only eight weeks ago.

“Jess,” he said softly. “Jessie. Where are you hurt?”

She gave a ghastly sort of smile. Red rimmed the edges of her teeth. “One of the creature’s talons went through my back,” she whispered, and indeed, as Will looked down, he saw that the back of her dress was soaked through with blood. Blood stained his

hands, his trousers, his shirt, filling his throat with its choking coppery smell. "It pierced my heart. I can feel it."

"An *iratze*—" Will began to fumble at his belt for his stele.

"No *iratze* will help me now." Her voice was sure.

"Then the Silent Brothers—"

"Even their power cannot save me. Besides, I cannot bear to have them touch me again. I would rather die. I *am* dying, and I am glad of it."

Will looked down at her, stunned. He could remember when Jessie had come to the Institute, fourteen years old and as wicked as an angry cat with all her claws out. He had never been kind to her, nor she to him—he had never been kind to anyone save Jem—but Jessie had saved him the trouble of regretting it. Still, he had admired her in an odd way, admired the strength of her hatred and the force of her will.

"Jessie." He put his hand on her cheek, awkwardly smearing the blood.

"You needn't." She coughed again. "Be kind to me, that is. I know you hate me."

"I don't hate you."

"You never visited me in the Silent City. The others all came. Tessa and Jem, Henry and Charlotte. But not you. You are not forgiving, Will."

"No." He said it because it was true, and because part of the reason he had never liked Jessamine was that in some ways she reminded him of himself. "Jem is the forgiving one."

"And yet I always liked you better." Her eyes darted over his face thoughtfully. "Oh, no, not like that. Don't think it. But the way you hated yourself . . . I understood that. Jem always wanted to give me a chance, as Charlotte did. But I do not want the gifts of generous hearts. I want to be seen as I am. And because you do not pity me, I know if I ask you to do something, you will do it."

She gave a gasping breath. The blood had formed bubbles about her mouth. Will knew what that meant: Her lungs were

punctured or dissolving, and she was drowning in her own blood. “What is it?” he said urgently. “What is it you want me to do?”

“Take care of them,” she whispered. “Baby Jessie and the others.”

It took Will a moment before he realized that she meant her dolls. Good God. “I will not let them destroy any of your things, Jessamine.”

She gave the ghost of a smile. “I thought they might—not want anything to remember me by.”

“You are not hated, Jessamine. Whatever world lies beyond this one, do not go to it thinking that.”

“Oh, no?” Her eyes were fluttering shut. “Though surely you would all have liked me a bit better if I had told you where Mortmain was. I might not have lost your love then.”

“Tell me now,” Will urged. “Tell me, if you can, and earn that love back—”

“Idris,” she whispered.

“Jessamine, we *know* that’s not true—”

Jessamine’s eyes flew open. The whites were tinted scarlet now, like blood in water. “You,” she said. “You of all people should have understood.” Her fingers tightened suddenly, spasmodically, on his lapel. “You are a terrible Welshman,” she said thickly, and then her chest hitched, and did not hitch again. She was dead.

Her eyes were open, fixed on his face. He touched them lightly, closing her eyelids, leaving the bloody prints of his thumb and forefinger behind. “*Ave atque vale*, Jessamine Lovelace.”

“No!” It was Charlotte. Will looked up through a mist of shock to see others gathered about him—Charlotte, slumped in Henry’s arms; Cecily with her eyes wide; and Bridget, holding two oil-spattered blades, quite expressionless. Behind them Gideon was sitting on the steps of the Institute with his brother and Sophie on either side of him. He was leaning back, very pale, his jacket off; a torn strip of cloth was tied about one of his legs, and Gabriel was applying what was likely a healing rune to his arm.

Henry nuzzled his face into Charlotte’s neck and murmured soothing things as tears ran down his wife’s face. Will looked at

them, and then at his sister.

“Jem,” he said, and the name was a question.

“He went off after Tessa,” said Cecily. She was staring down at Jessamine, her expression a mixture of pity and horror.

A white light seemed to flash in front of Will’s eyes. “*Went off after Tessa?* What do you mean?”

“One—one of the automatons seized her and threw her into a carriage.” Cecily faltered at the fierceness in his tone. “None of us could follow. The creatures were blocking us. Then Jem ran through the gates. I assumed—”

Will found that his hands had tightened, quite unconsciously, on Jessamine’s arms, leaving livid marks in the skin. “Someone take Jessamine from me,” he said raggedly. “I must go after them.”

“Will, no—,” Charlotte began.

“*Charlotte.*” The word tore out of his throat. “I must go—”

There was a clang—the sound of the Institute gates slamming shut. Will’s head jerked up, and he saw Jem.

The gates had just closed behind him, and he was walking toward them. He was moving slowly, as if drunk or injured, and as he drew closer, Will saw that he was covered in blood. The coal-black blood of the automatons, but a great deal of red blood as well—on his shirt, streaking his face and hands, and in his hair.

He neared them, and stopped dead. He looked the way Thomas had looked when Will had found him on the steps of the Institute, bleeding out and nearly dead.

“James?” Will said.

There was a world of questions in that one word.

“She’s gone,” Jem said in a flat, uninflected voice. “I ran after the carriage—but it was gaining speed and I could not run fast enough. I lost them near Temple Bar.” His eyes flicked toward Jessamine, but he did not even seem to see her body, or Will holding her, or anything at all. “If I could have run faster—,” he said, and then he doubled up as if he had been struck, a cough ripping through him. He hit the ground on his knees and elbows,

blood spattering the ground at his feet. His fingers clawed at the stone. Then he rolled onto his back and was still.

10

LIKE WATER UPON SAND

For I wondered that others, subject to death, did live, since he whom I loved, as if he should never die, was dead; and I wondered yet more that myself, who was to him a second self, could live, he being dead. Well said one of his friends, "Thou half of my soul"; for I felt that my soul and his soul were "one soul in two bodies": and therefore was my life a horror to me, because I would not live halved. And therefore perchance I feared to die, lest he whom I had much loved should die wholly.

—Saint Augustine, *Confessions*, Book IV

Cecily pushed open the door of Jem's bedroom with the tips of her fingers, and stared inside.

The room was quiet but aflutter with movement. Two Silent Brothers stood by the side of Jem's bed, with Charlotte between them. Her face was grave and tearstained. Will knelt by the side of the bed, still in his bloodstained clothes from the courtyard fight. His head was down on his crossed arms, and he looked as if he was praying. He seemed young and vulnerable and despairing, and despite her conflicted feelings, some part of Cecily longed to go into the room and comfort him.

The rest of her saw the still, white figure lying in the bed, and quailed. She had been here such a short time; she could feel

nothing but that she was intruding on the inhabitants of the Institute—their grief, their sorrow.

But she *must* talk to Will. She had to. She moved forward—

And felt a hand on her shoulder, pulling her away. Her back hit the wall of the corridor, and Gabriel Lightwood immediately released her.

She looked up at him in surprise. He looked exhausted, his green eyes shadowed, flecks of blood in his hair and on the cuffs of his shirt. His collar was damp. He had clearly come from his brother's room. Gideon had been wounded badly in the leg by an automaton's blade, and though the *iratzes* had helped, it seemed there was a limit to what they could cure. Both Sophie and Gabriel had assisted him to his room, though he had protested the whole way that all available attention should go to Jem.

"Do not go in there," Gabriel said in a low voice. "They are trying to save Jem. Your brother needs to be there for him."

"Be there for him? What can he do? Will is not a doctor."

"Even unconscious, James will draw strength from his *parabatai*."

"I need to talk to Will for only a moment."

Gabriel ran his hands through his mop of tousled hair. "You have not been with the Shadowhunters very long," he said. "You may not understand. To lose your *parabatai*—it is no small thing. We take it as seriously as losing a husband or wife, or a brother or sister. It is as if it were you lying in that bed."

"Will would not care so much if I were lying in that bed."

Gabriel snorted. "Your brother would not have taken so much trouble to warn me off you if he did not care about you, Miss Herondale."

"No, he does not like you much. Why is that? And why are you giving me advice about him now? You do not like him, either."

"No," Gabriel said. "It is not quite like that. I do not *like* Will Herondale. We have disliked each other for years. In fact, he broke my arm once."

"Did he?" Cecily's eyebrows shot up despite herself.

“And yet I am beginning to come to see that many things that I had always thought were certain, are not certain. And Will is one of those things. I was certain he was a scoundrel, but Gideon has told me more about him, and I begin to understand he has a very peculiar sense of honor.”

“And you respect that.”

“I wish to respect it. I wish to understand it. And James Carstairs is one of the best of us; even if I hated Will, I would want him spared now, for Jem’s sake.”

“The thing I must tell my brother,” Cecily said. “Jem would want me to tell him. It is important enough. And it will take but a moment.”

Gabriel rubbed the skin at his temples. He was so very tall—he seemed to tower above Cecily, for all that he was very slender. He had a sharply planed face, not quite pretty, but elegant, his lower lip shaped nearly exactly like a bow. “All right,” he said. “I will go in and send him out.”

“Why you? And not me?”

“If he is angry, if he is grief-stricken, it is better I see it, and that he be furious with me than with you,” Gabriel said matter-of-factly. “I am trusting you, Miss Herondale, that this is important. I hope you won’t disappoint me.”

Cecily said nothing, just watched as Gabriel pushed the door of the sickroom open and went in. She leaned against a wall, her heart pounding, as a murmur of voices came from within. She could hear Charlotte say something about blood replacement runes, which were apparently dangerous—and then the door opened and Gabriel came out.

She stood up straight. “Is Will—”

Gabriel’s eyes flashed at her, and a moment later Will appeared, on Gabriel’s heels, reaching around to shut the door firmly behind him. Gabriel nodded at Cecily and set off down the hall, leaving her alone with her brother.

She had always wondered how you could be alone with someone else, really. If you were with them, weren’t you by definition *not* alone? But she felt entirely alone now, for Will

seemed to be somewhere else completely. He did not even seem to be angry. He leaned against the wall by the door, beside her, and yet he seemed as insubstantial as a ghost.

“Will,” she said.

He did not seem to hear her. He was trembling, his hands shaking with strain and tension.

“Gwilym Owain,” she said again, more softly.

He turned his head to look at her at least, though his eyes were as blue and cold as the water of Llyn Mwyngil in the lee of the mountains. “I first came here when I was twelve,” he said.

“I know,” Cecily said, bewildered. Did he think she could have forgotten? Losing Ella, and then her Will, her beloved older brother, in only a matter of days? But Will did not even seem to hear her.

“It was, to be precise, the tenth of November of that year. And every year after, on the anniversary of that day, I would fall into a black mood of despair. That was the day—that and my birthday—when I was most strongly reminded of Mam and Dad, and of you. I knew you were alive, that you were out there, that you wanted me back, and I could not go, could not even send you a letter. I wrote dozens, of course, and burned them. You had to hate me and blame me for Ella’s death.”

“We never blamed you—”

“After the first year, even though I still dreaded the day’s approach, I began to find that there was something Jem simply *had* to do every November tenth, some training exercise or some search that would take us to the far end of the city in the cold, wet winter weather. And I would abuse him bitterly for it, of course. Sometimes the damp chill made him ill, or he would forget his drugs and become ill on the day, coughing blood and confined to bed, and that would be a distraction too. And only after it had happened three times—for I am very stupid, Cecy, and think only of myself—did I realize that of course he was doing it *for* me. He had noticed the date and was doing all he could to draw me from my melancholy.”

Cecily stood stock-still, staring at him. Despite the words that pounded in her head to be spoken, she could say nothing, for it was as if the veil of years had fallen away and she was seeing her brother at last, as he had been as a child, petting her clumsily when she was hurt, falling asleep on the rug in front of the fire with a book open on his chest, climbing out of the pond laughing and shaking water out of his black hair. Will, with no wall between himself and the world outside.

He put his arms about himself as if he were cold. "I do not know who to be without him," he said. "Tessa is gone, and every moment she is gone is a knife ripping me apart from the inside. She is gone, and they cannot track her, and I have no idea where to go or what to do next, and the only person I can imagine speaking my agony to is the one person who cannot know. Even if he were not dying."

"Will. *Will.*" She put her hand on his arm. "Please listen to me. This is about finding Tessa. I believe I know where Mortmain is."

His eyes snapped wide at that. "How could *you* know?"

"I was close enough to you to hear what Jessamine said when she was dying," Cecily said, feeling the blood pounding in him under his skin. His heart was hammering. "She said you were a terrible Welshman."

"Jessamine?" He sounded bewildered, but she saw the slight narrowing of his eyes. Perhaps, unconsciously, he was beginning to follow the same line of thought that she had.

"She kept saying Mortmain was in Idris. But the Clave knows he is not," said Cecily rapidly. "You did not know Mortmain when he lived in Wales, but I did. He knows it well. And once you did too. We grew up in the shadow of the mountain, Will. *Think.*"

He stared at her. "You don't imagine—Cadair Idris?"

"He knows those mountains, Will," she said. "And he would find it all funny, a great joke on you and all the Nephilim. He has taken her exactly where you fled from. He has taken her to our home."



“A posset?” said Gideon, taking the steaming mug from Sophie. “I feel like a child again.”

“It has spice and wine in it. It will do you good. Build up your blood.” Sophie fussed about, not looking at Gideon directly as she set the tray she had been carrying down on the nightstand beside his bed. He was sitting up, one of the legs of his trousers cut away below the knee and the leg itself wrapped in bandages. His hair was still disarrayed from the fight, and though he had been given clean clothes to wear, he still smelled slightly of blood and sweat.

“*These* build up my blood,” he said, holding out an arm on which two blood-replacement runes, *sangliers*, had been inked.

“Is that supposed to mean that you don’t like possets, either?” she demanded, her hands on her hips. She could still recall how annoyed she’d been with him about the scones, but she had forgiven him completely the night before, while reading his letter to the Consul (which she had not had a chance to post yet—it was still in the pocket of her bloodstained apron). And today, when the automaton had sliced at his leg on the Institute steps and he’d fallen, blood pouring from the open wound, her heart had seized up with a terror that had surprised her.

“No one likes possets,” he said with a faint but charming smile.

“Do I have to stay and make sure you drink it, or are you going to throw it under the bed? Because then we’ll have mice.”

He had the grace to look sheepish; Sophie rather wished she had been there when Bridget had swept into his room and announced that she was there to clean the scones out from under the bed. “Sophie,” he said, and when she gave him a stern look, he took a hasty swig of the posset. “Miss Collins. I have not yet had a chance to properly apologize to you, so let me take it now. Please forgive me for the trick I played on you with the scones. I did not mean to show you disrespect. I hope you do not imagine I think any less of you for your position in the household, for you are one of the finest and bravest ladies I have ever had the pleasure of knowing.”

Sophie took her hands off her hips. "Well," she said. It was not many gentlemen who would apologize to a servant. "That is a very pretty apology."

"And I am sure the scones are very good," he added hastily. "I just don't like scones. I never have liked scones. It's not *your* scones."

"Do please stop saying the word 'scone,' Mr. Lightwood."

"All right."

"And they are not my scones; Bridget made them."

"All right."

"And you are not drinking your posset."

He opened his mouth, then shut it hastily and lifted the mug. When he was looking at her over the rim, she relented, and smiled. His eyes lit up.

"Very well," she said. "You do not like scones. How do you feel about sponge cake?"



It was midafternoon and the sun was high and weak in the sky. A dozen or so of the Enclave Shadowhunters, and several Silent Brothers, were spread out across the property of the Institute. They had taken away Jessamine earlier, and the body of the dead Silent Brother, whose name Cecily had not known. She could hear voices from the courtyard, and the clank of metal, as the Enclave sifted through remnants of the automaton attack.

In the drawing room, however, the loudest noise was the ticking of the grandfather clock in the corner. The curtains were drawn back, and in the pale sunlight the Consul stood scowling, his thick arms crossed over his chest. "This is madness, Charlotte," he said. "Utter madness, and based on the fancy of a child."

"I am not a child," Cecily snapped. She was seated in a chair by the fireplace, the same one Will had fallen asleep in the night before—had it been such a short time ago? Will stood beside her, glowering. He had not changed his clothes. Henry was in Jem's room with the Silent Brothers; Jem had still not regained

consciousness, and only the arrival of the Consul had dragged Charlotte and Will from his side. “And my parents knew Mortmain, as you well know. He befriended my family, my father. He gave us Ravenscar Manor when my father had—when we lost our house near Dolgellau.”

“It is true,” said Charlotte, who stood behind her desk, papers spread out before her on the surface. “I spoke to you of it this summer, of what Ragnor Fell had reported to me about the Herondales.”

Will pulled his fists from his trouser pockets and faced the Consul angrily. “It was a joke to Mortmain, giving my family that house! He toyed with us. Why would he not extend the joke in this manner?”

“Here, Josiah,” said Charlotte, indicating one of the papers on the desk in front of her. A map of Wales. “There is a Lake Lyn in Idris—and here, Tal-y-Llyn lake, at the foot of Cadair Idris—”

“‘Llyn’ means ‘lake,’ ” said Cecily in an exasperated tone. “And we call it Llyn Mwyngil, though some call it Tal-y-Llyn—”

“And there are probably other locations in the world with the name of Idris,” snapped the Consul, before he seemed to realize that he was arguing with a fifteen-year-old girl, and subsided.

“But this one *means something*,” Will said. “They say the lakes around the mountain are bottomless—that the mountain itself is hollow, and inside it sleep the Cŵn Annwn, the Hounds of the Underworld.”

“The Wild Hunt,” said Charlotte.

“Yes.” Will raked his dark hair back. “We are Nephilim. We believe in legends, in myths. *All the stories are true*. Where better than a hollow mountain already associated with dark magic and portents of death to hide himself and his contraptions? No one would find it odd if strange noises came from the mountain, and no locals would investigate. Why else would he even be in the area? I always wondered why he took a particular interest in my family. Maybe it was simple proximity—the opportunity to devil a Nephilim family. He would have been unable to resist it.”

The Consul was leaning against the desk, his eyes on the map beneath Charlotte's hands. "It is not enough."

"Not enough? Not enough for what?" Cecily cried.

"To convince the Clave." The Consul stood. "Charlotte, *you* will understand. To launch a force against Mortmain on the assumption that he is in Wales, we will have to convene a Council meeting. We cannot take a small force and risk being outnumbered, especially by those creatures—how many of them were here this morning when you were attacked?"

"Six or seven, not counting the creature that seized Tessa," said Charlotte. "We believe they can fold in upon themselves and were therefore able to fit within the small confines of a brougham."

"And I believe that Mortmain did not realize that Gabriel and Gideon Lightwood would be with you, and thus underestimated the numbers he would need. Otherwise I suspect you might all be dead."

"Hang the Lightwoods," muttered Will. "I believe he underestimated Bridget. She carved those creatures up like a Christmas turkey."

The Consul threw his hands up. "We have read Benedict Lightwood's papers. In them he states that Mortmain's stronghold is just outside London, and that Mortmain intends to send a force against the London Enclave—"

"Benedict Lightwood was going rapidly insane when he wrote that," Charlotte interrupted. "Does it seem likely Mortmain would have shared with him his true plans?"

"What next and next?" The Consul's voice was snappish, but also deadly cold. "Benedict had no reason to lie in his own journals, Charlotte, which *you* should not have read. If you were not so convinced that you should know more than the Council, you would have given them over immediately. Such displays of disobedience do not incline me to trust you. If you must, you can bring this issue of Wales up with the Council when we meet in a fortnight—"

“A fortnight?” Will’s voice rose; he was pale, with splotches of red standing out on his cheekbones. “Tessa was taken *today*. She does not have a fortnight.”

“The Magister wanted her unharmed. You know that, Will,” said Charlotte in a soft voice.

“He also wants to marry her! Do you not think she would hate becoming his plaything more than she would hate death? She could be married by tomorrow—”

“And to the devil with it if she is!” said the Consul. “One girl, who is not Nephilim, is not, *cannot*, be our priority!”

“She is *my* priority!” Will shouted.

There was a silence. Cecily could hear the sound of the damp wood popping in the grate. The fog that smeared the windows was dark yellow, and the Consul’s face was cast in shadow. Finally: “I thought she was your *parabatai*’s fiancée,” he said tightly. “Not yours.”

Will raised his chin. “If she is Jem’s fiancée, then I am duty bound to guard her as if she were my own. That is what it means to be *parabatai*.”

“Oh, yes.” The Consul’s voice dripped sarcasm. “Such loyalty is commendable.” He shook his head. “Herondales. As stubborn as rocks. I remember when your father wanted to marry your mother. Nothing would dissuade him, though she was no candidate for Ascension. I had hoped for more amenability in his children.”

“You’ll forgive my sister and myself if we do not agree,” said Will, “considering that if my father had been more amenable, as you say, we would not exist.”

The Consul shook his head. “This is a war,” he said. “Not a rescue.”

“And she is not just a girl,” said Charlotte. “She is a weapon in the hands of the enemy. I am telling you, Mortmain intends to use her against us.”

“Enough.” The Consul lifted his overcoat from the back of a chair and shrugged himself into it. “This is a profitless

conversation. Charlotte, see to your Shadowhunters.” His gaze swept over Will and Cecily. “They seem . . . overexcited.”

“I see that we cannot force your cooperation, Consul.” Charlotte’s face was like thunder. “But remember that I will put it on record that we warned you of this situation. If in the end we were correct and disaster comes from this delay, all that results will be on your head.”

Cecily expected the Consul to look angry, but he only flipped up his hood, hiding his features. “That is what it means to be Consul, Charlotte.”



Blood. Blood on the flagstones of the courtyard. Blood staining the stairs of the house. Blood on the leaves of the garden, the remains of what had once been Gabriel’s brother-in-law lying in thick pools of drying blood, hot jets of blood splattering Gabriel’s gear as the arrow he had released drove into his father’s eye—

“Regretting your decision to remain at the Institute, Gabriel?” The cool, familiar voice cut through Gabriel’s feverish thoughts, and he looked up with a gasp.

The Consul stood over him, outlined by weak sunlight. He wore a heavy overcoat, gloves, and an expression as if Gabriel had done something to amuse him.

“I—” Gabriel caught his breath, forced the words to come out evenly. “No. Of course not.”

The Consul quirked an eyebrow. “That must be why you are crouching here around the side of the church, in bloodstained clothes, looking as if you’re terrified someone might find you.”

Gabriel scrambled to his feet, grateful for the hard stone wall behind him, bearing him up. He glared at the Consul. “Are you suggesting that I did not fight? That I ran away?”

“I am not suggesting any such thing,” said the Consul mildly. “I know that you stayed. I know that your brother was injured—”

Gabriel took a sharp rattling breath, and the Consul’s eyes narrowed.

“Ah,” he said. “So that is it, isn’t it? You saw your father die, and you thought you were going to see your brother die as well?”

Gabriel wanted to scrabble at the wall behind him. He wanted to hit the Consul in his unctuous, falsely sympathetic face. He wanted to run upstairs and throw himself down by his brother’s bed, refuse to leave, as Will had refused to leave Jem until Gabriel had forced him away. Will was a better brother to Jem than he himself was to Gideon, he had thought bitterly, and there was no blood shared between them. It was that in part that had driven him back out of the Institute, to this hiding space behind the stables. Surely no one would look for him here, he had told himself.

He had been wrong. But he was wrong so often, what was one more time?

“You saw your brother bleed,” said the Consul, still in the same mild voice. “And you remembered—”

“I killed my father,” Gabriel said. “I put an arrow through his eye—I spilled his blood. Do you think I don’t know what that means? His blood will cry to me from the ground, as Abel’s blood called to Cain. Everyone says he wasn’t my father anymore, but he was still all that remained of him. He was a Lightwood once. And Gideon could have been killed today. To lose him as well—”

“You see what I meant,” said the Consul. “When I spoke of Charlotte and her refusal to obey the Law. The cost of life it engenders. It could have been your brother’s life sacrificed to her overweening pride.”

“She does not seem proud.”

“Is that why you wrote this?” The Consul drew from his coat pocket the first letter Gabriel and Gideon had sent him. He looked at it in contempt and let it flutter to the ground. “This ridiculous missive, calculated to annoy me?”

“Did it work?”

For a moment Gabriel thought the Consul was going to hit him. But the look of anger passed quickly from the older man’s eyes; when he spoke again, it was calmly. “I suppose I should not have expected a Lightwood to react well to being blackmailed.

Your father would not have. I confess I thought you of weaker stuff.”

“If you intend to try another avenue to persuade me, do not bother,” Gabriel said. “There is no point in it.”

“Really? You’re that loyal to Charlotte Branwell, after all her family did to yours? Gideon I might have expected this from—he takes after your mother. Too trusting in nature. But not you, Gabriel. From you I expected more pride in your blood.”

Gabriel let his head fall back against the wall. “There was nothing,” he said. “You understand? There was nothing in Charlotte’s correspondence to interest you, to interest *anyone*. You told us you would destroy us utterly if we did not report on her activities, but there was nothing to report on. You gave us no choice.”

“You could have told me the truth.”

“You did not want to hear it,” said Gabriel. “I am not stupid, and neither is my brother. You want Charlotte removed as head of the Institute, but you do not want it to be too clear that it was your hand that removed her. You wished to discover her engaged in some sort of illegal dealing. But the truth is that there is nothing to be discovered.”

“Truth is malleable. Truth can be uncovered, certainly, but it can also be created.”

Gabriel’s gaze snapped to the Consul’s face. “You would rather I lied to you?”

“Oh, no,” said the Consul. “Not to *me*.” He put a hand on Gabriel’s shoulder. “The Lightwoods have always had honor. Your father made mistakes. You should not pay for them. Let me give you back what you have lost. Let me return to you Lightwood House, the good name of your family. You could live in the house with your brother and sister. You need no longer be dependent on the charity of the Enclave.”

Charity. The word was bitter. Gabriel thought of his brother’s blood on the flagstones of the Institute. Had Charlotte not been so foolish, so determined to take the shape-changer girl into the bosom of the Institute against the objections of Clave and

Consul, the Magister would not have sent his forces against the Institute. Gideon's blood would not have been spilled.

In fact, whispered a small voice at the back of his mind, *had it not been for Charlotte, my father's secret would have remained a secret*. Benedict would not have been forced to betray the Magister. He would not have lost the source of the drug that held off the *astriola*. He might never have transformed. His sons might never have learned of his sins. The Lightwoods could have continued in blissful ignorance.

"Gabriel," said the Consul. "This offer is for you only. It must be kept a secret from your brother. He is like your mother, too loyal. Loyal to Charlotte. His mistaken loyalty may do him credit, but it will not help us here. Tell him that I grew tired of your antics; tell him that I no longer desire any action from you. You are a good liar"—here he smiled sourly—"and I feel sure you can convince him. What do you say?"

Gabriel set his jaw. "What do you wish me to do?"



Will shifted in the armchair by the side of Jem's bed. He had been here for hours now, and his back was growing stiff, but he refused to move. There was always the chance that Jem might wake, and expect him there.

At least it was not cold. Bridget had built up the fire in the grate; the damp wood popped and crackled, sending up the occasional blaze of sparks. The night outside the windows was dark without a hint of blue or clouds, only a flat black as if it had been painted on the glass.

Jem's violin leaned against the foot of his bed, and his cane, still slicked with blood from the fight in the courtyard, lay beside it. Jem himself lay still, propped up on pillows, no color at all in his pale face. Will felt as if he were seeing him for the first time after a long absence, for that brief moment when you were apt to notice changes in familiar faces before they became part of the scenery of one's life once again. Jem looked so thin—how had Will not noticed?—all extra flesh stripped away from the bones of

cheek and jaw and forehead, so he was all hollows and angles. There was a faint bluish sheen to his closed eyelids, and to his mouth. His collarbones curved like the prow of a ship.

Will upbraided himself. How had he not realized all these months that Jem was dying—so quickly, so soon? How had he not seen the scythe and the shadow?

“Will.” It was a whisper at the door. He looked up dully and saw Charlotte there, her head around the doorway. “There is . . . someone here to see you.”

Will blinked as Charlotte moved out of the way and Magnus Bane stepped around her and into the room. For a moment Will could think of nothing to say.

“He says you summoned him,” Charlotte said, sounding a little dubious. Magnus stood, looking indifferent, in a charcoal-gray suit. He was slowly rolling his gloves, dark gray kid, off his thin brown hands.

“I *did* summon him,” Will said, feeling as if he were waking up. “Thank you, Charlotte.”

Charlotte gave him a look that mixed sympathy with the unspoken message *Be it on your head, Will Herondale*, and went out of the room, closing the door conspicuously behind her.

“You came,” Will said, aware that he sounded stupid. He never liked it when people observed the obvious aloud, and here he was doing just that. He could not shake his feeling of discombobulation. Seeing Magnus here, in the middle of Jem’s bedroom, was like seeing a faerie knight seated among the white-wigged barristers of the Old Bailey.

Magnus dropped his gloves on top of a table and moved toward the bed. He put out a hand to brace himself against one of the posts as he looked down at Jem, so still and white that he could have been carved on top of a tomb. “James Carstairs,” he said, murmuring the words under his voice as if they had some incantatory power.

“He’s dying,” Will said.

“That much is evident.” It could have sounded cold, but there were worlds of sadness in Magnus’s voice, a sadness that Will felt

with a jolt of familiarity. "I thought you believed he had a few days, a week perhaps."

"It is not just the lack of the drug." Will's voice sounded rusty; he cleared his throat. "In fact, we have a little of that, and have administered it. But there was a fight this afternoon, and he lost blood and was weakened. He is not strong enough, we fear, to recover himself."

Magnus reached out and with great gentleness lifted Jem's hand. There were bruises on his pale fingers, and the blue veins ran like a map of rivers under the skin of his wrist. "Is he suffering?"

"I don't know."

"Perhaps it would be better to let him die." Magnus looked at Will, his eyes dark gold-green. "Every life is finite, Will. And you knew, when you chose him, that he would die before you did."

Will stared ahead of him. He felt as if he were hurtling down a dark tunnel, one that had no end, no sides to grip to slow his fall. "If you think that would be the best thing for him."

"Will." Magnus's voice was gentle but urgent. "Did you bring me here because you hoped I could help him?"

Will looked up blindly. "I don't know why I summoned you," he said. "I don't think it was because I believed there was anything you could do. I think rather I thought you were the only one who might understand."

Magnus looked surprised. "The only one who might understand?"

"You have lived so long," Will said. "You must have seen so many die, so many that you loved. And yet you survive and you go on."

Magnus continued to look astonished. "You summoned me here—a warlock to the Institute, just after a battle in which you were nearly all killed—to *talk*?"

"I find you easy to talk to," Will said. "I cannot say why."

Magnus shook his head slowly, and leaned against the post of the bed. "You are so young," he murmured. "But then again, I do

not think a Shadowhunter has ever called upon me before simply to pass the watches of the night with him.”

“I don’t know what to do,” Will said. “Mortmain has taken Tessa, and I believe now I know where she might be. There is a part of me that wants nothing more than to go after her. But I cannot leave Jem. I swore an oath. And what if he wakes in the night and finds I am not here?” He looked as lost as a child. “He will think I left him willingly, not caring that he was dying. He will not know. And yet if he could speak, would he not tell me to go after Tessa? Is that not what he would want?” Will dropped his face into his hands. “I cannot say, and it is tearing me in half.”

Magnus looked at him silently for a long moment. “Does he know you are in love with Tessa?”

“No.” Will lifted his face, shocked. “No. I have never said a word. It was not his burden to bear.”

Magnus took a deep breath and spoke gently. “Will. You asked me for my wisdom, as someone who has lived many lifetimes and buried many loves. I can tell you that the end of a life is the sum of the love that was lived in it, that whatever you think you have sworn, being here at the end of Jem’s life is not what is important. It was being here for every other moment. Since you met him, you have never left him and never not loved him. *That* is what matters.”

“You really mean that,” Will said wonderingly, and then, “Why are you being so kind to me? I owe you a favor still, don’t I? I remember that, you know, though you have never called it in.”

“Haven’t I?” Magnus said, and then smiled at him. “Will, you treat me as a human being, a person like yourself; rare is the Shadowhunter who treats a warlock like that. I am not so heartless that I would call in a favor from a brokenhearted boy. One who I think, by the way, will be a very good man someday. So I will tell you this. I will stay here when you go, and I will watch over your Jem for you, and if he wakes, I will tell him where you went, and that it was for him. And I will do what I can to preserve his life: I do not have *yin fen*, but I do have magic,

and perhaps there is something in an old spell book I might find that can help him.”

“I would count it a great favor,” Will said.

Magnus stood looking down at Jem. There was sadness etched on his face, that face that was usually so merry or sardonic or uncaring, a sadness that surprised Will. “*‘For whence had that former sorrow so easily penetrated to the quick, but that I had poured out my soul upon the dust, in loving one who must die?’*” Magnus said.

Will looked up at him. “What was that?”

“*Confessions of Saint Augustine,*” said Magnus. “You asked me how I, being immortal, survive so many deaths. There is no great secret. You endure what is unbearable, and you bear it. That is all.” He drew away from the bed. “I will give you a moment alone with him, to say good-bye as you need. You can find me in the library.”

Will nodded, speechless, as Magnus went to retrieve his gloves, then turned and left the room. Will’s mind was spinning.

He looked again at Jem, motionless in the bed. *I must accept that this is the end,* he thought, and even his thoughts felt hollow and distant. *I must accept that Jem will never look at me, never speak to me again. You endure what is unbearable, and you bear it. That is all.*

And yet it still did not seem real to him, as if it were a dream. He stood up and leaned over Jem’s still form. He touched his *parabatai*’s cheek lightly. It was cold.

“*Atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale,*” he whispered. The words of the poem had never seemed so fitting: *Forever and ever, my brother, hail and farewell.*

Will began to straighten up, to turn away from the bed. And as he did, he felt something wrap tightly around his wrist. He glanced down and saw Jem’s hand braceleting his own. For a moment he was too shocked to do anything but stare.

“I am not dead yet, Will,” Jem said in a soft voice, thin but as strong as wire. “What did Magnus mean by asking you if I knew you were in love with Tessa?”

FEARFUL OF THE NIGHT

*Though my soul may set in darkness, it will rise in
perfect light;
I have loved the stars too fondly to be fearful of the
night.*

—Sarah Williams, “The Old Astronomer”

“Will?”

After so much time of silence, of only Jem’s breaths, raggedly in and out, Will thought for a moment he was imagining it, his best friend’s voice speaking to him out of the dimness. As Jem released his grip on Will’s wrist, Will sank into the armchair beside the bed. His heart was pounding, half with relief and half with a sickly dread.

Jem turned his head toward him, against the pillow. His eyes were dark, their silver swallowed up by black. For a moment the two young men just stared at each other. It was like the calm just as one engaged in a battle, Will thought, when thought fled and inevitability took over.

“Will,” Jem said again, and coughed, pressing his hand to his mouth. When he took it away, there was blood on his fingers. “Did I—have I been dreaming?”

Will started upright. Jem had sounded so clear, so sure—*What did Magnus mean by asking you if I knew you were in love with*

Tessa?—but it was as if that burst of strength had fled from him, and now he sounded dizzy and bewildered.

Had Jem really heard what Magnus had said to him? And if he had, was there any chance it could be passed off as a dream, a feverish hallucination? The thought filled Will with a mixture of relief and disappointment. “Dream what?”

Jem looked down at his bloody hand, and slowly closed it into a fist. “The fight in the courtyard. Jessamine’s death. And they took her, didn’t they? *Tessa?*”

“Yes,” Will whispered, and he repeated the words Charlotte had said to him earlier. They had brought him no comfort, but perhaps they would to Jem. “Yes, but I don’t think they’ll hurt her. Remember, Mortmain desired her unharmed.”

“We must find her. You know that, Will. We must—” Jem struggled into a sitting position, and immediately began to cough again. Blood spattered the white coverlet. Will held Jem’s frail and shaking shoulders until the coughing ceased to rack his frame, then took one of the damp cloths from the bedside table and began to clean Jem’s hands. When he reached to wipe the blood from his *parabatai*’s face, Jem took the cloth gently from his grasp and looked at him gravely. “I am not a child, Will.”

“I know.” Will drew his hands back. He had not cleaned them since the fight in the courtyard, and Jessamine’s dried blood mixed with Jem’s fresh blood on his fingers.

Jem took a deep breath. Both he and Will waited to see if it would produce another spasm of coughing, and when it did not, Jem spoke. “Magnus said you were in love with *Tessa*. Is it true?”

“Yes,” Will said, with the feeling that he was falling off a cliff. “Yes, it’s true.”

Jem’s eyes were wide and luminous in the darkness. “*Does she love you?*”

“No.” Will’s voice cracked. “I told her I loved her, and she never wavered from you. It is you she loves.”

Jem’s death grip on the cloth in his hands relaxed slightly. “You told her,” he said. “That you were in love with her.”

“Jem—”

“When was this, and what excess of desperation could have driven you?”

“It was before I knew you were engaged. It was the day I discovered there was no curse on me.” Will spoke haltingly. “I went to Tessa and told her that I loved her. She was as kind as she could be in telling me that she loved you and not me, and that you two were engaged.” Will dropped his gaze. “I do not know if this will make any difference to you, James. But I truly had no idea that you cared for her. I was entirely obsessed with my own emotions.”

Jem bit his lower lip, bringing color to the white skin. “And—forgive me for asking this—it is not a passing fancy, a transient regard . . . ?” He broke off, looking at Will’s face. “No,” he murmured. “I can see that it is not.”

“I love her enough that when she assured me that she would be happy with you, I swore to myself I would never speak of my desires again, never indicate my regard by word or by gesture, never by action or speech violate her happiness. My feelings have not changed, and yet I care enough for her and for you that I would not say a word to threaten what you have found.” The words spilled from Will’s lips; there seemed no reason to keep them back. If Jem was going to hate him, he would hate him for the truth and not a lie.

Jem looked stricken. “I am so sorry, Will. So very, very sorry. I wish that I had known—”

Will slumped down in the chair. “What could you have done?”

“I could have called off the engagement—”

“And broken both your hearts? How would that have benefited me? You are as dear to me as another half of my soul, Jem. I could not be happy while you were unhappy. And Tessa—she loves *you*. What sort of awful monster would I be, delighting in causing the two people I love the most in the world agony simply that I might have the satisfaction of knowing that if Tessa could not be mine, she could not be anybody’s?”

“But you are my *parabatai*. If you are in pain, I wish to lessen it—”

“This,” Will said, “is the one thing you cannot give me comfort for.”

Jem shook his head. “But how could I not have noticed? I told you, I saw that the walls about your heart were coming down. I thought—I thought I knew why; I told you I always knew you carried a burden, and I knew you had gone to see Magnus. I had thought that perhaps you had made some use of his magic, to free yourself from some imaginary guilt. If I had ever known it was because of Tessa, you must know, Will, I would never have made my feelings known to her.”

“How could you have guessed?” Miserable though Will was, he felt free, as if a heavy burden had been displaced from him. “I did all I could to hide and deny it. You—you never hid your feelings. Looking back, it was clear and plain, and yet I never saw it. I was astonished when Tessa told me that you were engaged. You’ve always been the source in my life of such good things, James. I never thought you would be the source of pain, and so, wrongly, I never thought of your feelings at all. And that is why I was so blind.”

Jem closed his eyes. The lids were blue-shadowed, parchmentlike. “I am grieved for your pain,” he said. “But I am glad that you love her.”

“You are *glad*?”

“It makes it easier,” Jem said. “To ask you to do what I wish you to do: leave me, and go after Tessa.”

“Now? Like this?”

Jem, incredibly, smiled. “Is that not what you were doing when I caught at your hand?”

“But—I did not believe you would regain consciousness. This is different. I cannot leave you like this, not to face alone whatever you must face—”

Jem’s hand came up, and for a moment Will thought he was going to reach for Will’s hand, but he knotted his fingers in the material of his friend’s sleeve instead. “You are my *parabatai*,” he said. “You have said I could ask anything of you.”

“But I *swore* to stay with you. ‘If aught but death part thee and me—’ ”

“Death *will* part us.”

“You know the words of the oath come from a longer passage,” Will said. “ ‘Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, *I will* go.’ ”

Jem cried out with all his remaining strength. “You cannot go where I am going! Nor would I want that for you!”

“Neither can I walk away and leave you to die!”

There. Will had said it, said the word, admitted the possibility. *Die.*

“No one else can be trusted with this.” Jem’s eyes were bright, feverish, almost wild. “Do you think I don’t know that if you do not go after her, no one will? Do you think it doesn’t kill me that I cannot go, or at least go with you?” He leaned toward Will. His skin was as pale as the frosted glass of a lamp shade, and like such a lamp, light seemed to shine through him from some inner source. He slid his hands across the coverlet. “Take my hands, Will.”

Numbly Will closed his hands around Jem’s. He imagined he could feel a flicker of pain in the *parabatai* rune on his chest, as if it knew what he did not and was warning him of coming pain, a pain so great he did not imagine he could bear it and live. *Jem is my great sin*, he had told Magnus, and this, now, was the punishment for it. He had thought losing Tessa was his penance; he had not thought of how it would be when he had lost both of them.

“Will,” Jem said. “For all these years I have tried to give you what you could not give yourself.”

Will’s hands tightened on Jem’s, which were as thin as a bundle of twigs. “And what is that?”

“Faith,” said Jem. “That you were better than you thought you were. Forgiveness, that you need not always punish yourself. I always loved you, Will, whatever you did. And now I need you to do for me what I cannot do for myself. For you to be my eyes when I do not have them. For you to be my hands when I cannot

use my own. For you to be my heart when mine is done with beating.”

“No,” said Will wildly. “No, no, no. I will not be those things. Your eyes will see, your hands will feel, your heart will continue to beat.”

“But if not, Will—”

“If I could tear myself in half, I would—that half of me might remain with you and half follow Tessa—”

“Half of you would be no good to either of us,” said Jem. “There is no other I could trust to go after her, no other who would give of his own life, as I would, to save hers. I would have asked you to undertake this mission even if I had not known your feelings, but being certain that you love her as I do—Will, I trust you above all, and believe in you above all, knowing that as always your heart is twinned with mine in this matter. *Wo men shi jie bai xiong di*—we are more than brothers, Will. Undertake this journey, and you undertake it not for yourself alone but for both of us.”

“I cannot leave you to face death alone,” Will whispered, but he knew he was beaten; the sands of his will had run out.

Jem touched the *parabatai* rune on his shoulder, through the thin material of his nightshirt. “I am not alone,” he said. “Wherever we are, we are as one.”

Will rose slowly to his feet. He could not believe he was doing what he was doing, but it was clear that he was, as clear as the silver rim around the black of Jem’s eyes. “If there is a life after this one,” he said, “let me meet you in it, James Carstairs.”

“There *will* be other lives.” Jem held his hand out, and for a moment they clasped hands, as they had done during their *parabatai* ritual, reaching across twin rings of fire to interlace their fingers with each other. “The world is a wheel,” he said. “When we rise or fall, we do it together.”

Will tightened his grip on Jem’s hand. “Well, then,” he said, through a tight throat, “since you say there will be another life for me, let us both pray I do not make as colossal a mess of it as I have this one.”

Jem smiled at him, that smile that had always, even on Will's blackest days, eased his mind. "I think there is hope for you yet, Will Herondale."

"I will try to learn how to have it, without you to show me."

"Tessa," Jem said. "She knows despair, and hope as well. You can teach each other. Find her, Will, and tell her that I loved her always. My blessing, for all that it is worth, is on you both."

Their eyes met and held. Will could not bring himself to say good-bye, or to say anything at all. He only gripped Jem's hand one last time and released it, and then turned and walked out the door.



The horses were stabled out behind the Institute—Cyril's territory during the daytime, where the rest of them rarely ventured. The stable had once been an old parish house, and the floor was of uneven stone, swept scrupulously clean. Stalls lined the walls, though only two were occupied: one by Balios and the other by Xanthos, both fast asleep with their tails switching slightly, in the manner of dreaming equines. Their mangers were packed with fresh hay, and shining tack lined the walls, polished to bright perfection. Will determined that if he should return from his mission alive, he would make sure to tell Charlotte that Cyril was doing an excellent job.

Will woke Balios with gentle murmurings and drew him from his stall. He had been taught to saddle and bridle a horse as a boy, before he had ever come to the Institute, and so he let his mind wander as he did it now, running the stirrups up the leathers, checking both sides of the saddle, reaching carefully beneath Balios to capture the cinch.

He had left no notes behind him, no messages for anyone in the Institute. Jem would tell them where he had gone, and Will had found that now, in this time when he most needed the words he usually found so easily, he could not reach them. He could not quite conceive that he might be saying good-bye, and so he ran over and over in his mind what he had packed in the saddlebags:

gear, a clean shirt and collar (who knew when he might need to look like a gentleman?), two steles, all the weapons that would fit, bread, cheese, dried fruit, and mundane money.

As Will fastened the cinch, Balios lifted his head and whickered. Will's head whipped around. A slight feminine figure stood in the doorway of the stable. As Will stared, she raised her right hand, and the witchlight in it flared up, illuminating her face.

It was Cecily, a blue velvet cloak wrapped around her, her dark hair loose and free around her face. Her feet were bare, peeking out beneath the hem of the cloak. He straightened up. "Cecy, what are you doing here?"

She took a step forward, then paused on the threshold, glancing down at her bare feet. "I could ask of you the same."

"I like to talk to the horses at night. They make good company. And you should not be out and about in your nightgown. There are Lightwoods wandering these halls."

"Very funny. Where are you going, Will? If you are going to seek more *yin fen*, take me with you."

"I am not going to seek more *yin fen*."

Understanding dawned in her blue eyes. "You are going after Tessa. You are going to Cadair Idris."

Will nodded.

"Take me," she said. "Take me with you, Will."

Will could not look at her; he went to get the bit and bridle, though his hands shook as he took them down and turned back to Balios. "I cannot take you with me. You cannot ride Xanthos—you have not the training—and an ordinary horse would only slow our journey down."

"The carriage horses are automatons. You cannot hope to catch them up—"

"I do not expect to. Balios may be the fastest horse in England, but he must rest and sleep. I am already resigned. I shall not reach Tessa on the road. I can only hope to arrive at Cadair Idris before it is too late."

“Then let me ride after you and do not worry if you outpace me—”

“Be reasonable, Cecy!”

“Reasonable?” she flared. “All I see is my brother going away from me again! It has been years, Will! Years, and I came to London to find you, and now that we are together again, you are leaving!”

Balios stirred uneasily as Will fitted the bit into his mouth and slid the bridle up over his head. Balios did not like shouting. Will gentled him with a hand on his neck.

“Will.” Cecily sounded dangerous. “Look at me, or I shall go wake the household and stop you, I swear that I will.”

Will leaned his head against the horse’s neck and closed his eyes. He could smell hay and horse, and cloth and sweat and some of the sweet scent of smoke that still clung to his clothes, from the fire in Jem’s room. “Cecily,” he said. “I need to know that you are here and as safe as you can be, or I cannot leave. I cannot fear for Tessa ahead on the road, and you behind me, or the fear will break me down. Already too many that I love are in danger.”

There was a long silence. Will could hear the beat of Balios’s heart under his ear, but nothing else. He wondered if Cecily had left, walked out while he was speaking, perhaps to rouse the household. He lifted his head.

But no, Cecily was still standing where she had been, the witchlight burning in her hand. “Tessa said that you called out for me once,” she said. “When you were ill. Why me, Will?”

“Cecily.” The word was a soft exhale. “For years you were my—my talisman. I thought I had killed Ella. I left Wales to keep you safe. As long as I could imagine you thriving and happy and well, the pain of missing you and Mother and Father was worth it.”

“I never understood why you left,” Cecily said. “And I thought the Shadowhunters were monsters. I could not understand why you had come here, and I thought—I always thought—that when I was old enough, I would come, and pretend I wished to be a

Shadowhunter myself, until I could convince you to come home. When I learned of the curse, I did not know what to think anymore. I understood why you had come but not why you stayed.”

“Jem—”

“But even if he dies,” she said, and he flinched, “you will not come home to Mam and Dad, will you? You are a Shadowhunter, through and through. As Father never was. It is why you have been so stubborn about writing to them. You do not know how to both ask forgiveness and also say that you are not coming home.”

“I can’t come home, Cecily, or at least, it is not my home any longer. I am a Shadowhunter. It is in my blood.”

“You know I am your sister, do you not?” she said. “It is also in my blood.”

“You said you were pretending.” He searched her face for a moment and said slowly, “But you are not, are you? I have seen you, training, fighting. You feel it as I did. As if the floor of the Institute is the first really solid ground under your feet. As if you have found the place you belong. You *are* a Shadowhunter.”

Cecily said nothing.

Will felt his mouth twist into a sideways smile. “I am glad,” he said. “Glad there will be a Herondale in the Institute, even if I—”

“Even if you do not come back? Will, let me come with you, let me help you—”

“No, Cecily. Is it not enough that I accept that you will choose this life, a life of fighting and danger, though I have always wanted greater safety for you? No, I cannot let you come with me, even if you hate me for it.”

Cecily sighed. “Don’t be so dramatic, Will. Must you always insist that people hate you when they obviously don’t?”

“I *am* dramatic,” said Will. “If I had not been a Shadowhunter, I would have had a future on the stage. I have no doubt I would have been greeted with acclaim.”

Cecily did not appear to find this amusing. Will supposed he could not blame her. “I am not interested in your rendition of *Hamlet*,” she said. “If you will not let me go with you, then

promise me that if you go now—promise that you will come back?”

“I cannot promise that,” Will said. “But if I can come back to you, I will. And if I do come back, I will write to Mother and Father. I can promise that much.”

“No,” said Cecily. “No letters. Promise me that if you do come back, you will return to Mother and Father with me, and tell them why you left, and that you do not blame them, and that you love them still. I do not ask that you go home to stay. Neither you nor I can ever go home to stay, but to comfort them is little enough to ask. Do not tell me that it is against the rules, Will, because I know all too well that you enjoy breaking those.”

“See?” Will asked. “You do know your brother a little after all. I give you my word, that if all those conditions are met, I will do as you ask.”

Her shoulders and face relaxed. She looked small and defenseless with her anger gone, though he knew she was not. “And Cecy,” he said softly, “before I go, I wish to give you one more thing.”

He reached into his shirt and lifted over his head the necklace Magnus had given him. It swung, gleaming rich ruby red, in the dim lights of the stables.

“Your lady’s necklace?” Cecily said. “Well, I confess it does not suit you.”

He stepped toward Cecily and drew the glittering chain over her dark head. The ruby fell against her throat as if it were made for her. She looked at him over it, her eyes serious. “Wear it always. It will warn you when demons are coming,” Will said. “It will help keep you safe, which is how I want you, and help you be a warrior, which is what you want.”

She put her hand against his cheek. “*Da bo ti, Gwilym. Byddaf yn dy golli di.*”

“And I you,” he said. Without looking at her again, he turned to Balios and swung himself up into the saddle. She stepped back as he urged the horse toward the stable doors and, bending his head against the wind, galloped out into the night.

—•—•—•—

Out of dreams of blood and metal monsters, Tessa woke with a start and a gasp.

She lay crouched like a child on the bench seat of a large carriage, whose windows were entirely covered with thick velvet curtains. The seat was hard and uncomfortable, with springs reaching to poke her sides through the material of her dress, which itself was torn and stained. Her hair had come down and hung in lank handfuls around her face. Across from her, huddled in the opposite corner of the carriage, sat a still figure, entirely covered in a thick black fur traveling cloak, its hood pulled down low. There was no one else in the carriage.

Tessa struggled upright, fighting a bout of dizziness and nausea. She put her hands on her stomach and tried to breathe deeply, though the fetid air inside the carriage did little to calm her stomach. She put her hands against her chest, feeling the sweat trickle down the bodice of her dress.

“Not going to be sick, are you?” said a rusty voice. “Chloroform does have that side effect, sometimes.”

The hooded face creaked toward her, and Tessa saw the face of Mrs. Black. She had been too shocked on the steps of the Institute to make a real study of the visage of her erstwhile captor, but now that she could see it up close, she shuddered. The skin had a greenish tint, the eyes were veined in black, and the lips sagged, showing a view of gray tongue.

“Where are you taking me?” Tessa demanded. It was always the first thing heroines in Gothic novels asked when they were kidnapped, and it had always annoyed her, but she realized now that it actually made good sense. In this sort of situation the first thing you wanted to know was where you were going.

“To Mortmain,” said Mrs. Black. “And that’s all the information you’ll get out of me, girl. I have been given strict instructions.”

It was nothing Tessa hadn’t expected, but it tightened her chest and shortened her breath anyway. On impulse she leaned

away from Mrs. Black and pulled back the curtain across her window.

Outside it was dark, with a half-hidden moon. The countryside was hilly and angular, without spots of light to be seen that might have meant habitation. Black heaps of rock dotted the land. Tessa reached as subtly as she could for the handle of the door and tried it; it was locked.

“Do not bother,” said the Dark Sister. “You cannot unlock the door, and if you were to flee, I would catch you. I am much faster now than you recall.”

“Is that how you disappeared on the steps?” Tessa demanded. “Back at the Institute?”

Mrs. Black gave a superior smile. “Disappeared to your eyes. I only moved swiftly away, and then back again. Mortmain has given me that gift.”

“Is that why you’re doing this?” Tessa spat. “Gratitude for Mortmain? He didn’t think much of you. He sent Jem and Will to kill you when he thought you were going to get in his way.”

The moment she said Jem’s and Will’s names, she blanched with memory. She had been carried off while the Shadowhunters had been fighting desperately for their lives on the Institute steps. Had they held out against the automatons? Had any of them been injured, or, God forbid it, killed? But surely she would know, be able to feel it, if anything like that had happened to Jem or to Will? She was so conscious of them both as pieces of her heart.

“No,” said Mrs. Black. “To answer the question in your eyes, you wouldn’t know if either of them were dead, those pretty Shadowhunter boys you like so much. So people always imagine, but unless there exists a magical tie like the *parabatai* bond, it is but a fanciful imagining. When I left, they were fighting for their lives.” She grinned, and her teeth sparked, metallic in the dimness. “If I did not have orders from Mortmain to bring you to him unharmed, I would have left you there to be cut into strips.”

“Why does he want you to bring me to him unharmed?”

“You and your questions. I had nearly forgotten how annoying it was. There is some information he wants that only you can provide him. And he still wants to marry you. The more fool him. Let you devil him all his life for all I mind; I want what I want from him, and then I will be gone.”

“There’s nothing I could possibly know that would interest Mortmain!”

Mrs. Black snorted. “You are so young and stupid. You are not human, Miss Gray, and there is very little you understand about what you can do. We might have taught you more, but you were recalcitrant. You will find Mortmain a less lenient instructor.”

“Lenient?” Tessa snapped. “You beat me bloody.”

“There are worse things than physical pain, Miss Gray. Mortmain has little mercy.”

“Exactly.” Tessa leaned forward, her clockwork angel beating double time under the bodice of her dress. “Why do what he asks you? You know you can’t trust him, you know he would happily destroy you—”

“I need what he can give me,” Mrs. Black said. “And I will do what I must do to obtain it.”

“And what is that?” Tessa demanded.

She heard Mrs. Black laugh, and then the Dark Sister slipped back her hood and unfastened the collar of her cloak.

Tessa had read in history books about heads on spikes over London Bridge, but she had never imagined how horrific it would actually look. Obviously whatever decay Mrs. Black had suffered after her head had been severed had not been reversed, so ragged gray skin hung down around the spike of metal that impaled her skull. She had no body, only a smooth column of metal from which two sticklike jointed arms protruded. The gray kid gloves that covered whatever sort of hands jutted from the ends of the arms added the last macabre touch.

Tessa screamed.

12

GHOSTS ON THE ROAD

*Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in Heav'n, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?*
—Alexander Pope, “Elegy to the Memory of an
Unfortunate Lady”

Will stood upon the crest of a low hill, his hands jammed into his pockets, gazing out impatiently over the placid countryside of Bedfordshire.

He had ridden with all the speed he and Balios could muster out of London toward the Great North Road. Leaving so near to dawn had meant that the streets had been fairly clear as he'd pounded through Islington, Holloway, and Highgate; he had passed a few costermonger carts and a pedestrian or two, but otherwise there had been nothing much to hold him up, and as Balios did not tire as quickly as an ordinary horse, Will had soon been out of Barnet and able to gallop through South Mimms and London Colney.

Will loved to gallop—flat to the horse's back, with the wind in his hair, and Balios's hooves eating up the road underneath him. Now that he was gone from London, he felt both a tearing pain

and a strange freedom. It was odd to feel both at once, but he could not help it. Near Colney there were ponds; he had stopped to water Balios there before journeying on.

Now, almost thirty miles north of London, he could not help recalling coming through this way on his way to the Institute years ago. He had brought one of his father's horses part of the way from Wales, but had sold it in Staffordshire when he'd realized he did not have money for the toll roads. He knew now that he had gotten a very bad price, and it had been a struggle to say good-bye to Hengroen, the horse that he had grown up riding, and even more of a struggle to trudge the remaining miles to London on foot. By the time he'd reached the Institute, his feet had been bleeding, and his hands, too, where he had fallen on the road and scraped them.

He looked down at his hands now, with the memory of those hands laid over them. Thin hands with long fingers—all the Herondales had them. Jem had always said it was a shame he didn't have a bit of musical talent, as his hands were made to span a piano. The thought of Jem was like the stab of a needle; Will pushed the memory away and turned back to Balios. He had stopped here not just to water the horse but to feed him a handful of oats—good for speed and endurance—and let him rest. He had often heard of cavalry riding their horses until they died, but desperate as he was to get to Tessa, he could not imagine doing something so cruel.

There was a deal of traffic; carts on the road, dray horses with brewery wagons, dairy vans, even the odd horse-drawn omnibus. Really, did all these people *have* to be out and about in the middle of a Wednesday, cluttering up the roads? At least there were no highwaymen; railways, toll roads, and proper police had put an end to highway robbers decades ago. Will would have hated to have to waste time killing anybody.

He had skirted Saint Albans, not bothering to stop for lunch in his hurry to catch up to Watling Street—the ancient Roman road that now split at Wroxeter, with one half crossing up to Scotland and the other cutting through England to the port of Holyhead in

Wales. There were ghosts on the road—Will caught whispers of old Anglo-Saxon on the winds, calling the road *Wæcelinga Stræt* and speaking of the last stand of the troops of Boadicea, who had been defeated by the Romans along this road so many years ago.

Now, with his hands in his pockets, staring out over the countryside—it was three o'clock and the sky was beginning to darken, which meant that Will would soon have to consider the nightfall, and finding an inn to stop at, rest his horse, and sleep—he could not help remembering when he had told Tessa that Boadicea proved that women could be warriors too. He had not told her then that he had read her letters, that he already loved the warrior soul in her, hidden behind those quiet gray eyes.

He remembered a dream he had had, blue skies and Tessa sitting down beside him on a green hill. *You will always come first in my heart.* A fierce rage blossomed in his soul. How dare Mortmain touch her. She was one of them. She did not belong to Will—she was too much herself to belong to anyone, even Jem—but she belonged *with* them, and silently he cursed the Consul for not seeing it.

He would find her. He would find her and bring her back home, and even if she never loved him, it would be all right, he would have done this for her, for himself. He spun back toward Balios, who looked at him balefully. Will swung himself up into the saddle.

“Come on, old boy,” he said. “The sun’s going down, and we ought to make Hockliffe by nightfall, for it looks liable to rain.” He dug his heels into the horse’s sides, and Balios, as if he had understood his rider’s words, took off like a shot.



“He has gone off to Wales *alone*?” Charlotte demanded. “How could you have let him do something so—so stupid?”

Magnus shrugged. “It is not my responsibility now, nor will it ever be my responsibility, to manage wayward Shadowhunters. In fact, I am not sure why I am to blame. I spent the night in the library waiting for Will to come and talk to me, which he never

did. Eventually I fell asleep in the Rabies and Lycanthropy section. Woolsey bites on occasion, and I'm concerned."

No one really responded to this information, although Charlotte looked more upset than ever. It had been a quiet breakfast as it was, with quite a few of them missing from the table. Will's absence had not been surprising. They had assumed Will was at his *parabatai's* side. So it had not been until Cyril had burst in, breathless and agitated, to report that Balios was gone from his stall, that the alarm had been raised.

A search of the Institute turned up Magnus Bane asleep in a corner of the library. Charlotte had shaken him awake. On being asked where he thought Will might be, Magnus had replied quite candidly that he expected that Will had already left for Wales, with the object of discovering Tessa's whereabouts and bringing her back to the Institute, whether by stealth or main force. This information, much to his surprise, had thrown Charlotte into a panic, and she had convened a meeting in the library, at which all the Shadowhunters of the Institute, save Jem, were commanded to appear—even Gideon, who had arrived limping and leaning heavily on a stick.

"Does anyone know when Will left?" Charlotte demanded, standing at the head of a long table around which the rest of them were seated.

Cecily, her hands folded demurely before her, suddenly became very interested in the pattern of the carpet.

"That is a very fine gem you're wearing, Cecily," Charlotte noted, narrowing her eyes at the ruby about the girl's throat. "I don't recall you having that necklace yesterday. In fact, I recall *Will* wearing it. When did he give it to you?"

Cecily crossed her arms over her chest. "I will say nothing. Will's decisions are his own, and we already tried to explain to the Consul what needed to be done. Since the Clave will not help, Will took matters into his own hands. I don't know why you expected anything different."

"I did not think he would leave Jem," said Charlotte, and then she looked shocked that she had said it. "I . . . I cannot even

imagine how we will tell him when he wakes.”

“Jem knows—” Cecily began indignantly, but she was interrupted, to her surprise, by Gabriel.

“Of course he knows,” he said. “Will is only doing his duty as a *parabatai*. He is doing what Jem would be doing if he could. He has gone in Jem’s place. It is only what a *parabatai* should do.”

“You are defending Will?” Gideon said. “After the way you’ve always treated him? After telling Jem on dozens of occasions that he had dismal taste in *parabatai*?”

“Will may be a reprehensible person, but at least this demonstrates that he is not a reprehensible Shadowhunter,” said Gabriel, and then, catching Cecily’s look, he added, “He might not be that reprehensible a person, either. In entirety.”

“A very magnanimous statement, Gideon,” said Magnus.

“I’m Gabriel.”

Magnus waved a hand. “All Lightwoods look the same to me —”

“Ahem,” Gideon interrupted, before Gabriel could pick up something and throw it at Magnus. “Regardless of Will’s personal qualities and failings or anyone’s inability to tell one Lightwood from another, the question remains: Do we go after Will?”

“If Will had wanted help, he wouldn’t have ridden off in the middle of the night without telling anyone,” said Cecily.

“Yes,” said Gideon, “because Will is well known for his carefully thought-out and prudent decision making.”

“He did steal our fastest horse,” Henry pointed out. “That bespeaks forethought, of a sort.”

“We cannot allow Will to ride off to battle Mortmain alone. He’ll be slaughtered,” Gideon said. “If he really did leave in the midst of the night, we might yet be able to overtake him on the road—”

“Fastest horse,” reminded Henry, and Magnus snorted under his breath.

“Actually, it is not an inevitable slaughter,” Gabriel said. “We could all ride off after Will, certainly, but the fact is that such a force, sent against the Magister, would be more noticeable than

one boy on horseback. Will's best hope is remaining undetected. After all, he is not riding off to war. He is going to save Tessa. Stealth and secrecy best behoove such a mission—"

Charlotte slammed her hand down on the table with such force that the sound reverberated through the room. "All of you *be silent*," she said, in such a commanding tone that even Magnus looked alarmed. "Gabriel, Gideon, you are both correct. It is better for Will if we do not follow him, and we cannot allow one of our own to perish. It is also true that the Magister is beyond our reach; the Council will meet to decide on that matter. There is nothing we can do about that now. Therefore we must bend all our energies to saving Jem. He is dying, but not dead. Part of Will's strength relies on him, and he is one of our own. He has finally given us permission to seek a cure for him, and therefore we must do that."

"But—," Gabriel began.

"*Silence*," Charlotte said. "I am the head of the Institute; you will remember who saved you from your father and show me respect."

"That's putting Gideon in his place, all right," Magnus said with satisfaction.

Charlotte turned on him with blazing eyes. "And you, too, Warlock; Will may have summoned you here, but you remain on my sufferance. It is my understanding that, as you told me this morning, you promised Will that you would do all you could to help find a cure for Jem while Will was gone. You will be telling Gabriel and Cecily where the shop is from which they might procure the ingredients you need. Gideon, since you are wounded, you will remain in the library and seek out whatever books Magnus requires; if you need help, myself or Sophie will provide it. Henry, perhaps Magnus can use your crypt as a laboratory, unless there is a project you are engaged in that would forbid it?" She looked at Henry with her eyebrows raised.

"There is," Henry said a bit hesitantly, "but it might also be turned to helping Jem, and I would welcome Mr. Bane's

assistance. In return he can certainly make use of any of my scientific implements.”

Magnus looked at him curiously. “What are you working on, exactly?”

“Well, you know that we do not perform magic, Mr. Bane,” said Henry, looking delighted that anyone was taking an interest in his experiments, “but I am at work on a device a bit like the scientific version of a transportation spell. It would open a doorway into anyplace you wanted—”

“Including perhaps a storeroom full of *yin fen* in China?” Magnus said, with his eyes aglint. “That sounds very interesting, very interesting indeed.”

“No, it doesn’t,” muttered Gabriel.

Charlotte fixed him with a dagger gaze. “Mr. Lightwood, enough. I believe you have all been assigned your tasks. Go forth and perform them. I wish to hear no more from any of you until you bring me back a report of some progress made. I will be with Jem.” And with that, she swept from the room.



“What a very satisfying response,” said Mrs. Black.

Tessa glared. She was crouched in her corner of the carriage, as far as she could get from the horrible sight of the creature that had once been Mrs. Black. She had screamed at the first sight of her, and hastily clapped a hand over her mouth; but it was too late. Mrs. Black had been plainly delighted by her terrified reaction.

“You were beheaded,” Tessa said. “How is it that you live? Like *that*?”

“Magic,” said Mrs. Black. “It was your brother who suggested to Mortmain that in my current form I could be of use to him. It was your brother who spilled the blood that made my continued existence possible. Lives for my life.”

She grinned horribly, and Tessa thought of her brother, dying in her arms. *You don't know everything I've done, Tessie.* She swallowed back bile. After her brother was dead, she had tried to

Change into him, to glean any information about Mortmain she could from his memories, but they had been only a gray swirl of anger and bitterness and ambition: she had found nothing solid within them. A fresh surge of hate welled in her for Mortmain, who had found her brother's weaknesses and exploited them. Mortmain, who held Jem's *yin fen* in a cruel attempt to make the Shadowhunters dance to his tune. Even Mrs. Black, in a way, was a prisoner of his manipulations.

"You are doing Mortmain's bidding because you think he will give you a body," Tessa said now. "Not that—that thing you have, but some sort of real, human body."

"Human." Mrs. Black snorted. "I expect better than *human*. But better than this as well, something that will allow me to pass undetected among mundanes and practice my craft again. As for the Magister, I know he will have the power to do it, because of you. He will soon be all-powerful, and you will help him get there."

"You are a fool to trust him to reward you."

Mrs. Black's gray lips wobbled with mirth. "Oh, but he will. He has sworn it, and I have done everything I promised. Here I am delivering his perfect bride—trained by me! By Azazel, I remember when you stepped off the boat from America. You seemed so purely mortal, so entirely useless, I despaired of ever training you to be any sort of use at all. But with enough brutality anything can be shaped. You will serve nicely now."

"Not all that is mortal is useless."

A snort. "You say that because of your association with the Nephilim. You have been with them rather than your own kind for far too long."

"What kind? I have no kind. Jessamine said my mother was a Shadowhunter—"

"She was a Shadowhunter," said Mrs. Black. "But your father was not."

Tessa's heart skipped a beat. "He was a demon?"

"He was no angel." Mrs. Black smirked. "The Magister will explain it all to you, in time—what you are, and why you live, and

what you were created for.” She settled back with a creak of automated joints. “I have to say that I was almost impressed when you ran off with that Shadowhunter boy, you know. It showed you had spirit. In fact, it turned out to the Magister’s benefit that you have spent so much time with the Nephilim. You are acquainted with Downworld now, and you have shown yourself equal to it. You have been forced to use your gift in arduous circumstances. Tests that I might have created for you would not have been as challenging and would not have yielded the same learning and confidence. I can see the difference in you. You will make a fine bride for the Magister.”

Tessa made a sound of disbelief. “Why? I am being forced to marry him. What difference does it make if I have spirit or learning? What could he possibly care?”

“Oh, you are to be more than his bride, Miss Gray. You are to be the ruin of the Nephilim. That is why you were created. And the more knowledge of them you have, the more your sympathies lie with them, the more effective a weapon you will be to raze them to the ground.”

Tessa felt as if the air had been knocked out of her. “I don’t care what Mortmain does. I will not cooperate in harming the Shadowhunters. I would die or be tortured first.”

“It does not matter what you want. You will find that there is no resistance you could mount against his will that would matter. Besides, there is nothing you need do to destroy the Nephilim other than be what you are. And be married to Mortmain, which requires no action on your part.”

“I’m engaged to someone else,” spat Tessa. “James Carstairs.”

“Oh, dear,” said Mrs. Black. “I’m afraid the Magister’s claim supersedes his. Besides, James Carstairs will be dead by Tuesday. Mortmain has bought up all the *yin fen* in England and blocked any new shipments. Perhaps you should have thought of this sort of thing before you fell in love with an addict. Although I did think it would be the blue-eyed one,” she mused. “Don’t girls usually fall in love with their rescuers?”

Tessa felt the cloak of the surreal begin to descend. She could not believe that she was here, trapped in this carriage with Mrs. Black, and that the warlock woman seemed content to discuss Tessa's romantic tribulations. She turned toward the window. The moon was up, and she could see that they were riding along a narrow road—there were shadows about the carriage, and below, a rocky ravine fell away into darkness. "There are all sorts of ways of being rescued."

"Well," said Mrs. Black, with a glint of teeth as she smiled. "You can be assured that no one will be coming to rescue you now."

You are to be the ruin of the Nephilim.

"Then I will have to rescue myself," Tessa said. Mrs. Black's eyebrows drew together in puzzlement as she turned her head toward Tessa with a whir and a click. But Tessa was already gathering herself, gathering all her energy in her legs and body in the way that she had been taught, so that when she launched herself across the carriage at the door, it was with all the force she possessed.

She heard the lock on the door break and Mrs. Black scream, a high whine of rage. A metal arm raked Tessa's back, seizing the collar of her dress, which tore away, and Tessa was falling, slamming down onto the rocks by the side of the road, falling and sliding and tumbling into the ravine as the carriage hurtled away down the road, Mrs. Black screaming at the driver to stop. Wind rushed into Tessa's ears as she fell, her arms and hands windmilling wildly against the empty space all around her, and any hopes that the ravine was shallow or that the fall would be survivable were gone. As she fell, she glimpsed a narrow stream glinting far below her, twisting among jagged rocks, and she knew she would break against the ground like fragile china when she struck.

She closed her eyes and willed that the end be quick.



Will stood at the top of a high green hill and looked out over the sea. The sky and sea were both so intensely blue that they seemed to merge one into the other, so that there was no fixed point upon the horizon. Gulls and terns wheeled and shrieked above him, and the salt wind blew through his hair. It was as warm as summer, and his jacket lay discarded on the grass; he was in shirtsleeves and braces, and his hands were brown and tanned by the sun.

“Will!” He turned at the familiar voice and saw Tessa coming up the hill toward him. There was a small path cut along the side of the hill, lined with unfamiliar white flowers, and Tessa looked like a flower herself, in a white dress like the one she had worn to the ball the night he had kissed her on Benedict Lightwood’s balcony. Her long brown hair blew in the wind. She had taken off her bonnet and held it in one hand, waving it at him and smiling as if she were glad to see him. More than glad. As if seeing him were all the joy of her heart.

His own heart leaped up at the sight of her. “Tess,” he called, and reached out a hand as if he could pull her toward him. But she was still such a distance away—she seemed both very near and very far suddenly and at the same time. He could see every detail of her pretty upturned face but could not touch her, and so he stood, waiting and desiring, and his heart beat like wings in his chest.

At last she was there, close enough that he could see where the grass and flowers bent beneath the tread of her shoes. He reached out for her, and she for him. Their hands closed on each other’s, and for a moment they stood smiling, and her fingers were warm in his.

“I’ve been waiting for you,” Will said, and she looked up at him with a smile that vanished from her face as her feet slipped and she tilted toward the edge of the cliff. Her hands tore out of his, and suddenly he was reaching for air as she fell away from him, silently fell, a white blur against the blue horizon.

*Will sat bolt upright in bed, his heart slamming against his ribs. His room at the White Horse was half-full of moonlight, which clearly outlined the unfamiliar shapes of the furniture: the washstand and side table with its unread copy of Fordyce’s *Sermons to Young Women*, the overstuffed chair by the fireplace, in*

which the flames had burned down to embers. The sheets of his bed were cold, but he was sweating; he swung his legs over the side and walked to the window.

There was a stiff bunch of arranged dried flowers in a vase on the sill. He pushed them out of the way and unlatched the pane with aching fingers. His whole body hurt. He had never ridden so far or so hard in his life before, and he was weary and saddle-sore. He would need *iratzes* before he started out on the road again tomorrow.

The window opened outward, and cold air blew against his face and hair, cooling his skin. There was an ache inside him, under his ribs, that had nothing to do with riding. Whether it was the separation from Jem or his anxiety over Tessa, he could not say. He kept seeing her falling away from him, their hands unclasping. He had never been one to believe in the prophetic meaning of dreams, and yet he could not undo the tight, cold knot inside his stomach, or regulate his harsh breathing.

In the dark pane of the window he could see the reflection of his face. He touched the window lightly, his fingertips leaving marks in the condensation on the glass. He wondered what he would say to Tessa when he found her, how he could tell her why it was that he was the one who had come after her, and not Jem. If there was grace in the world, perhaps at least they could grieve together. If she never truly believed he loved her, if she never returned his affection, at least mercy might grant that they be able to share their sadness. Nearly unable to bear the thought of how much he needed her quiet strength, he closed his eyes and leaned his forehead against the cold glass.



As they made their way through the East End's winding lanes from Limehouse Station toward Gill Street, Gabriel could not help but be aware of Cecily by his side. They were glamoured, which was useful, as their appearance in this poorer part of London would otherwise doubtless have excited comment, and perhaps resulted in their being hauled into a broker's shop willy-

nilly to look at the goods on offer. As it was, Cecily was intensely curious, and paused often to gaze into shop-windows—not just milliners' and bonnet-makers', but shops selling everything from boot polish and books to toys and tin soldiers. Gabriel had to remind himself that she came from the countryside and had probably never seen a thriving market town, much less anything like London. He wished he could take her somewhere befitting a lady of her station—the shops of Burlington Arcade or Piccadilly, not these dark, close streets.

He did not know what he had expected from Will Herondale's sister. That she would be just as unpleasant as Will? That she would not look so disconcertingly like him, and yet at the same time be extraordinarily pretty? He had rarely looked at Will's face without wanting to hit it, but Cecily's face was endlessly fascinating. He found himself wanting to write poetry about how her blue eyes were like starlight and her hair like night, because "night" and "starlight" rhymed, but he had a feeling the poem wouldn't turn out that well, and Tatiana had rather frightened him off poetry as it was. Besides, there were things you couldn't put in poetry anyway, like the way that when a certain girl curved her mouth in a certain way, you wanted very much to lean forward and—

"Mr. Lightwood," Cecily said in an impatient tone that indicated that this was not the first time she had tried to get Gabriel's attention. "I do believe we have passed the shop already."

Gabriel cursed under his breath and turned back. They had indeed passed the number Magnus had given them; they retraced their steps until they found themselves standing before a dark, ill-favored shop with clouded windows. Through the murky glass he was able to see shelves on which sat a variety of peculiar items—jars in which dead serpents floated, their eyes white and open; dolls whose heads had been removed and replaced with small gold birdcages; and stacked bracelets made of human teeth.

"Oh, dear," said Cecily. "How decidedly unpleasant."

“Do you not wish to enter?” Gabriel turned to her. “I could go instead—”

“And leave me standing about on the cold pavement? How ungentlemanly. Certainly not.” She reached for the knob and pushed the door open, setting a small bell somewhere in the shop tinkling. “After me, please, Mr. Lightwood.”

Gabriel went blinking after her into the dim light of the shop. The inside was no more welcoming than the exterior. Long rows of dusty shelves led back toward a shadowy counter. The windows seemed to have been smeared with some dark unguent, blocking out much of the sunlight. The shelves themselves were a cluttered mass—brass bells with handles shaped like bones, fat candles whose wax was stuffed with insects and flowers, a lovely golden crown of such peculiar shape and diameter that it could never have fit a human head. There were shelves of knives, and copper and stone bowls whose basins were marked with peculiar brownish stains. There were stacks of gloves of all sizes, some with more than five fingers on each hand. An entire de-fleshed human skeleton hung from a thin cord toward the front of the shop, twisting in the air, though there was no breeze.

Gabriel looked quickly toward Cecily to see if she had quailed, but she had not. She looked irritated if anything. “Someone really ought to dust in here,” she announced, and swept toward the back of the shop, the small flowers on her hat bouncing. Gabriel shook his head.

He caught up to Cecily just as she brought her gloved hand down on the brass bell on the counter, setting it to an impatient ringing. “Hello?” she called. “Is anyone here?”

“Directly in front of you, miss,” said an irritable voice, downward and to the left. Both Cecily and Gabriel leaned over the counter. Just below the edge of it was the top of the head of a small man. No, not quite a man, thought Gabriel as the glamour peeled away—a satyr. He wore a waistcoat and trousers, though no shirt, and had the cloven feet and neatly curling horns of a goat. He also had a trimmed beard, a pointed jaw, and the

rectangular-pupilled yellow eyes of a goat, half-hidden behind spectacles.

“Gracious,” said Cecily. “You must be Mr. Sallows.”

“Nephilim,” observed the shop owner gloomily. “I detest Nephilim.”

“Hmph,” said Cecily. “Charmed, I’m sure.”

Gabriel felt it was about time to intervene. “How did you know we were Shadowhunters?” he snapped.

Sallows raised his eyebrows. “Your Marks, sir, are clearly visible on your hands and throat,” he said, as if talking to a child, “and as for the girl, she looks just like her brother.”

“How would you know my brother?” Cecily demanded, her voice rising.

“We don’t get many of your kind in here,” said Sallows. “It’s notable when we do. Your brother Will was in and out quite a bit about two months ago, running errands for that warlock Magnus Bane. He was down the Cross Bones too, bothering Old Mol. Will Herondale’s well-known in Downworld, though he mostly keeps himself out of trouble.”

“That is astonishing news,” said Gabriel.

Cecily gave Gabriel a dark look. “We are here on the authority of Charlotte Branwell,” she said. “Head of the London Institute.”

The satyr waved a hand. “I don’t care much for your Shadowhunter hierarchies, you know; none of the Fair Folk do. Just tell me what you want, and I’ll give you a fair price for it.”

Gabriel unrolled the paper Magnus had given him. “Thieves’ vinegar, bat’s head root, belladonna, angelica, damiana leaf, powdered mermaid scales, and six nails from a virgin’s coffin.”

“Well,” said Sallows. “We don’t get much call for that sort of thing around here. I’ll have to look in the back.”

“Well, if you don’t get much call for this sort of thing, what *do* you get call for?” asked Gabriel, losing his patience. “You’re hardly a florist’s shop.”

“Mr. Lightwood,” chided Cecily under her breath—but not quite enough under her breath, for Sallows heard her, and his spectacles bounced on his nose.

“Mr. *Lightwood*?” he said. “Benedict Lightwood’s son?”

Gabriel could feel the blood heating his cheeks. He had spoken to almost no one about his father since Benedict’s death—if one could even count the thing that had died in the Italian garden as his father. Once it had been he and his family against the world, the Lightwoods above all else, but now—now there was shame in the name of Lightwood as much as there had ever been pride, and Gabriel did not know how to speak of it.

“Yes,” he said finally. “I am Benedict Lightwood’s son.”

“Wonderful. I have some of your father’s orders here. I was beginning to wonder if he would ever come and pick them up.” The satyr bustled into the back, and Gideon busied himself studying the wall. There were landscape sketches hung on it, and maps on it, but as he looked more closely, not sketches or maps of any place he knew. There was Idris, of course, with Brocelind Forest and Alicante on its hill, but another map showed continents he had never seen before—and what was the Silver Sea? The Thorn Mountains? What sort of country had a *purple* sky?

“Gabriel,” said Cecily beside him, in a low voice. It was the first time she had used his Christian name in addressing him, and he began to turn toward her, just as Sallows emerged from the back of the shop. In one hand he carried a tied parcel, which he handed over to Gabriel. It was quite lumpy—clearly the bottles of Magnus’s ingredients. In the other hand Sallows clutched a stack of papers, which he set down on the counter.

“Your father’s order,” he said with a smirk.

Gabriel lowered his eyes to the papers—and his jaw dropped in horror.

“Gracious,” Cecily said. “Surely that isn’t possible?”

The satyr craned up to see what she was looking at. “Well, not with one person, but with a Vetis demon and a goat, most likely.” He turned to Gabriel. “Now, have you got the money for these or not? Your father is behind on his payments, and he can’t buy on tick forever. What’s it going to be, Lightwood?”



“Has Charlotte ever asked you if you wanted to be a Shadowhunter?” Gideon asked.

Halfway down the ladder with a book in her hand, Sophie froze. Gideon was seated at one of the long library tables, near a bay window that looked out over the courtyard. Books and papers were spread out before him, and he and Sophie had passed several pleasant hours searching through them for lists and histories of spells, details about *yin fen*, and specifics of herb lore. Though Gideon’s leg was rapidly healing, it was propped up on two chairs in front of him, and Sophie had cheerfully offered to do all the climbing up and down ladders to reach the highest books. She was holding one now called the *Pseudomonarchia Daemonum*, which had a rather slimy-feeling cover and which she was eager to put down, though Gideon’s question had startled her enough to arrest her mid-descent. “What do you mean?” she said, resuming her climb down the ladder. “Why would Charlotte have asked me something like that?”

Gideon looked pale, or it might simply have been the cast of the witchlight on his face. “Miss Collins,” he said. “You are one of the best fighters I have ever trained, Nephilim included. That is why I ask. It seems a shame to waste such talent. Though perhaps it is not something you would want?”

Sophie set the book down on the table, and sat down opposite Gideon. She knew she should hesitate, seem to think the question over, but the answer was on her lips before she could stop it. “To be a Shadowhunter is all I ever wanted.”

He leaned forward, and the witchlight shone up into his eyes, washing out their color. “You are not worried about the danger? The older one is when one Ascends, the riskier the process. I have heard them speak about lowering the age of agreement to Ascension to fourteen or even twelve.”

Sophie shook her head. “I have never feared the risk. I would take it gladly. It is only that I fear—I fear that if I applied for it, Mrs. Branwell would think I am ungrateful for all that she has done for me. She saved my life and raised me up. She gave me

safety and a home. I would not repay her for all that by abandoning her service.”

“No.” Gideon shook his head. “Sophie—Miss Collins—you are a free servant in a Shadowhunter home. You have the Sight. You know all there is to know of Downworlders and the Nephilim already. You are the *perfect* candidate for Ascension.” He placed his hand atop the demonology book. “I am a voice on the Council. I could speak for you.”

“I can’t,” Sophie said in a soft thread of a voice. Didn’t he understand what he was offering her, the temptation? “And certainly not *now*.”

“No, not now, of course, with James so ill,” Gideon said hurriedly. “But in the future? Perhaps?” His eyes searched her face, and she felt a blush begin to creep up from her collar. The most obvious and common way for a mundane to Ascend to Shadowhunter status was through marriage to a Shadowhunter. She wondered what it meant that he seemed very determined not to mention that. “But when I asked you, you spoke so strongly. You said that being a Shadowhunter was all you ever wanted. Why is that? It can be a brutal life.”

“All life can be brutal,” said Sophie. “My life before I came to the Institute was hardly sweet. I suppose in part I wish to be a Shadowhunter so that if another man ever comes at me with a knife in his hand, as my former employer did, I can kill him where he stands.” She touched her cheek as she spoke, an unconscious gesture she could not help, feeling the ridged scar tissue under her fingertips.

She saw Gideon’s expression—shock mixed with discomfort—and dropped her hand. “I did not know that was how you had been scarred,” he said.

She looked away. “Now you will say that it is not so ugly, or that you do not even see it, or something like that.”

“I see it,” Gideon said in a low voice. “I am not blind, and we are a people of many scars. I see it, but it is not ugly. It is just another beautiful part of the most beautiful girl I have ever seen.”

Now Sophie did blush—she could feel her cheeks burn—and as Gideon leaned forward across the table, his eyes an intense, storm-washed green, she took a deep breath of resolution. He was *not* like her former employer. He was Gideon. She would not push him away this time.

The door of the library flew open. Charlotte stood on the threshold, looking exhausted; there were damp splotches on her pale blue dress, and her eyes were shadowed. Sophie sprang to her feet instantly. “Mrs. Branwell?”

“Oh, Sophie,” Charlotte sighed. “I was hoping you could sit with Jem for a bit. He hasn’t woken up yet, but Bridget needs to make supper, and I think her dreadful singing is giving him nightmares in his sleep.”

“Of course.” Sophie hurried to the door, not looking at Gideon as she did so—although as the door closed behind her, she was fairly sure that she heard him swearing softly and with great frustration in Spanish.



“You know,” Cecily said, “you really didn’t have to throw that man through the window.”

“He wasn’t a man,” Gideon said, scowling down at the heap of objects in his arms. He had taken the parcel of Magnus’s ingredients that Sallows had made up for them, and a few more useful-looking objects off the shelves besides. He had pointedly left all the papers his father had ordered on the counter where Sallows had put them—*after* Gabriel had tossed the satyr through one of the grimed-up windows. It had been very satisfying, with shattered glass everywhere. The force of it had even dislodged the hanging skeleton, which had come apart in a clatter of messy bones. “He was an Unseelie Court faerie. One of the nasty ones.”

“Is that why you chased him down the street?”

“He had no business showing images like that to a lady,” Gabriel muttered, though it had to be admitted that the lady in question had hardly turned a hair, and seemed more annoyed with Gabriel for his reaction than impressed by his chivalry.

“And I do think it was excessive to hurl him into the canal.”

“He’ll float.”

The corners of Cecily’s mouth twitched. “It was very wrong.”

“You’re laughing,” Gabriel said in surprise.

“I am not.” Cecily raised her chin, turning her face away, but not before Gabriel saw the grin that spread over her face. Gabriel was baffled. After her displayed disdain for him, her cheek and back talk, he had been quite sure that this latest outburst of his would prompt her to tell tales to Charlotte as soon as they returned to the Institute, but instead she seemed amused. He shook his head as they turned onto Garnet Street. He would never understand the Herondales.



“Hand over that vial there on the shelf, would you, Mr. Bane?” asked Henry.

Magnus did so. He was standing in the center of Henry’s laboratory, looking around at the gleaming shapes on tables around him. “What are all these contraptions, if I might ask?”

Henry, who was wearing two pairs of goggles at the same time—one on his head and one over his eyes—looked both pleased and nervous to be asked. (Magnus presumed the two pairs of goggles was a fit of absentmindedness, but in case it was in pursuit of fashion, he decided not to ask.) Henry picked up a square brass object with multiple buttons. “Well, over here, this is a Sensor. It senses when demons are near.” He moved toward Magnus, and the Sensor made a loud wailing noise.

“Impressive!” Magnus exclaimed, pleased. He lifted a construction of fabric with a large dead bird perched atop it. “And what is this?”

“The Lethal Bonnet,” Henry declared.

“Ah,” said Magnus. “In times of need a lady can produce weapons from it with which to slay her enemies.”

“Well, no,” Henry admitted. “That does sound like a rather better idea. I do wish you had been on the spot when I had the notion. Unfortunately this bonnet wraps about the head of one’s

enemy and suffocates them, provided that they are wearing it at the time.”

“I imagine that it will not be easy to persuade Mortmain into a bonnet,” Magnus observed. “Though the color would be fetching on him.”

Henry burst into laughter. “Very droll, Mr. Bane.”

“Please, call me Magnus.”

“I shall!” Henry tossed the bonnet over his shoulder and picked up a round glass jar of a sparkling substance. “This is a powder that when applied to the air causes ghosts to become visible,” Henry said.

Magnus tilted the jar of shining grains up to the lamp admiringly, and when Henry beamed in an encouraging fashion, Magnus removed the cork. “It seems very fine to me,” he said, and on a whim he poured it upon his hand. It coated his brown skin, gloving one hand in shimmering luminescence. “And in addition to its practical uses, it would seem to work for cosmetic purposes. This powder would make my very skin glimmer for eternity.”

Henry frowned. “Not eternity,” he said, but then he brightened. “But I could make you up another batch whenever you please!”

“I could shine at will!” Magnus grinned at Henry. “These are fascinating items, Mr. Branwell. You think differently about the world than any other Nephilim I have ever encountered. I confess I thought your people somewhat lacking in imagination, though high on personal drama, but you have given me a completely different opinion! Surely the Shadowhunter community must honor you and hold you in high esteem as a gentleman who has truly advanced their race.”

“No,” Henry said sadly. “Mostly they wish that I would stop suggesting new inventions and cease setting fire to things.”

“But all invention comes with risk!” cried Magnus. “I have seen the transformation wrought on the world by the invention of the steam engine, and the proliferation of printed materials, the factories and mills which have changed the face of England.

Mundanes have taken the world into their hands and made of it a marvelous thing. Warlocks throughout the ages have dreamed up and perfected different spells to make themselves a different world. Would the Shadowhunters be the only ones to remain stagnant and changeless, and therefore doomed? How can they turn up their noses at the genius that you have displayed? It is like turning toward shadows and away from light.”

Henry blushed a scarlet color. It was clear that no one had ever complimented his inventing before, except perhaps Charlotte. “You humble me, Mr. Bane.”

“Magnus,” the warlock reminded him. “Now may I see your work upon this portal you were describing? The invention that transports a living being from one spot to another?”

“Of course.” Henry drew a heavy pile of notepaper from one corner of his cluttered table, and pushed it toward Magnus. The warlock took it and flicked through the pages with interest. Each page was covered with crabbed, spidery handwriting, and dozens and dozens of equations, blending mathematics and runes in a startling harmony. Magnus felt his heart beating faster as he flipped through the pages—this was genius, real genius. There was only one problem.

“I see what you are trying to do,” he said. “And it is almost perfected, but—”

“Yes, almost.” Henry ran his hands through his gingery hair, upsetting his goggles. “The portal can be opened, but there is no way to direct it. No way to know if you will step through it to your intended destination in this world or into another world altogether, or even into Hell. It is too risky, and therefore useless.”

“You cannot do this with these runes,” said Magnus. “You need runes other than the ones you are using.”

Henry shook his head. “We can use only the runes from the Gray Book. Anything else is magic. Magic is not the way of the Nephilim. It is something we may not do.”

Magnus looked at Henry for a long thoughtful moment. “It is something that *I* can do,” he declared, and drew the stack of

papers toward him.



Unseelie Court faeries did not like too much light. The first thing Sallows—whose name was not really that—had done upon returning to his shop had been to put up waxed paper over the window that the Nephilim boy had so heedlessly broken. His spectacles were gone too, lost in the waters of the Limehouse Cut. And no one, it seemed, was going to pay him for the very expensive papers he had ordered for Benedict Lightwood. Altogether it had been a very bad day.

He looked up peevishly as the shop bell tinkled, warning of the opening of the door, and he frowned. He thought he had locked it. “Back again, Nephilim?” he snapped. “Decided to throw me into the river not once but twice? I’ll have you know I have powerful friends—”

“I don’t doubt you do, trickster.” The tall, hooded figure in the entryway reached around and pulled the door shut behind him. “And I am very interested in learning more about them.” A cold iron blade flashed in the dimness, and the satyr’s eyes widened in fear. “I have some questions to ask you,” said the man in the doorway. “And I wouldn’t try to run if I were you. Not if you want to keep your fingers attached to your body. . . .”

THE MIND HAS MOUNTAINS

*O the mind, mind has mountains; cliffs of fall
Frightful, sheer, no-man-fathomed. Hold them cheap
May who ne'er hung there. Nor does long our small
Durance deal with that steep or deep. Here! creep,
Wretch, under a comfort serves in a whirlwind: all
Life death does end and each day dies with sleep.*
—Gerard Manley Hopkins, “No Worse, There Is
None”

Tessa could never remember later if she had screamed as she had fallen. She remembered only a long and silent fall, the river and the rocks hurtling toward her, the sky at her feet. The wind tore at her face and hair as she twisted in the air, and she felt a sharp jerk at her throat.

Her hands flew up. Her angel necklace was lifting over her head, as if an enormous hand had reached down out of the sky to remove it. A metallic blur surrounded her, a pair of great wings opening like gates, and something caught at her, arresting her fall. Her eyes widened—it was impossible, unimaginable—but her angel, her clockwork angel, had grown somehow to the size of a living human being and was hovering over her, its great mechanical wings beating against the wind. She stared up into a blank, beautiful face, the face of a statue made of metal, as expressionless as ever—but the angel had hands, as articulate as

her own, and they were holding her, holding her up as the wings beat and beat and beat and she fell slowly now, gently, like a puff of dandelion fluff blown on the wind.

Maybe I am dying, Tessa thought. And, *This cannot be.* But as the angel held her, and they drifted together toward earth, the ground came clearer and clearer into focus. She could see the individual rocks by the side of the stream now, the currents as they ran downstream, the reflection of the sun in the water. The shadow of wings appeared against the earth and grew wider and wider until she was falling into it, falling into the shadow, and she and the angel plunged together to the ground and landed in the soft dirt and scattered rocks at the side of the stream.

Tessa gasped as she landed, more from shock than impact, and reached up, as if she could cushion the angel's fall with her body—but it was shrinking already, growing smaller and smaller, its wings folding in on themselves, until it struck the ground by her side, the size of a toy once more. She reached out a shaking hand and seized it. She was lying on uneven rocks, half-in, half-out of the chilly water; it was already soaking through her skirts. She seized the pendant and crawled up the side of the stream with the remainder of her strength, and collapsed at last on dry ground with the angel pressed against her chest, ticking its familiar beat against her heart.



Sophie sat in the armchair by the side of Jem's bed that had always been Will's place, and watched Jem sleep.

There had been a time, she thought, when she would have been almost grateful for this opportunity, a chance to be so close to him, to place cold cloths against his forehead when he stirred and murmured and burned with fever. And though she no longer loved him as she once had—the way, she realized now, one loved someone one did not know at all, with admiration and distance—it still wrung her heart to see him like this.

One of the girls in the town where Sophie had grown up had died of consumption, and Sophie recalled how they had all talked

of the way the disease had made her more beautiful before it killed her—made her pale and slender, and flushed her face with a hectic rosy glow. Jem had that fever in his cheeks now as he tossed against his pillows; his silvery-white hair was like frost, and his restless fingers twitched against the blanket. Every once in a while he spoke, but the words were in Mandarin, and she did not know them. He called out for Tessa. *Wo ai ni, Tessa. Bu lu run, he qing kuang fa sheng, wo men dou hui zai yi qi.* And he called out for Will as well, *sheng si zhi jiao*, in a way that made Sophie want to take his hand and hold it, though when she did reach to touch him, he was burning up with fever and snatched his hand away with a cry.

Sophie shrank back against the chair, wondering if she should call for Charlotte. Charlotte would want to know if Jem's condition worsened. She was about to rise to her feet, when Jem suddenly gasped and his eyes flew open. She sank back into the chair, staring. His irises were such a pale silver that they were nearly white. "Will?" he said. "Will, is that you?"

"No," she said, almost afraid to move. "It is Sophie."

He exhaled softly and turned his head toward her on the pillow. She saw him focus on her face with an effort—and then, incredibly, he smiled, that smile of great sweetness that had first won her heart. "Of course," he said. "Sophie. Will is not—I sent Will away."

"He has gone after Tessa," Sophie said.

"Good." Jem's long hands plucked at the blanket, contracted once into fists—and then relaxed. "I—am glad."

"You miss him," Sophie said.

Jem nodded slowly. "I can feel it—his distance, like a cord inside me pulled very, very tightly. I did not expect that. We have not been apart since we became *parabatai*."

"Cecily said you sent him away."

"Yes," said Jem. "He was difficult to persuade. I think if he were not in love with Tessa himself, I would not have been able to make him go."

Sophie's mouth fell open. "You *knew*?"

“Not for long,” Jem said. “No, I would not be that cruel. If I had known, I would never have proposed. I would have stood back. I did not know. And yet, now, as everything is going away from me, all things appear in such a clear light that I think I would have come to know it, even if he had not told me. At the end of things, I would have known.” He smiled a little at Sophie’s stricken expression. “I am glad I did not have to wait until the end.”

“You’re not angry?”

“I am glad,” he said. “They will be able to take care of each other when I am gone, or at least I can hope for it. He says she does not love him, but—surely she will come to love him in time. Will is easy to love, and he has given her his whole heart. I can see it. I hope she will not break it.”

Sophie could not think of a word to say. She did not know what anyone could say in the face of love like this—so much forbearance, so much endurance, so much hope. There had been many times in these past months when she’d regretted that she had ever had a bad thought about Will Herondale, when she saw how he had stood back and allowed Tessa and Jem to be happy together, and she knew the agony that had come to Tessa along with the happiness, in the knowledge that she was hurting Will. Sophie alone, she thought, knew that Tessa called out for Will sometimes when she slept; she alone knew that the scar on Tessa’s palm was not from an accidental encounter with a fireplace poker but a deliberate wound, inflicted on herself that she might, somehow, physically match the emotional pain she’d felt in denying Will. Sophie had held Tessa while she’d wept and torn the flowers out of her hair that were the color of Will’s eyes, and Sophie had covered up with powder the evidence of tears and sleepless nights.

Should she tell him? Sophie wondered. Would it really be a kindness to say, *Yes, Tessa loves him too; she has tried not to, but she does?* Could any man honestly want to hear that about the girl he was going to marry? “Miss Gray has great regard for Mr. Herondale, and she would not break any heart lightly, I think,”

Sophie said. "But I wish you would not speak as if your death were inevitable, Mr. Carstairs. Even now Mrs. Branwell and the others are hopeful of finding a cure. I think you will live to old age with Miss Gray, and the both of you very happy."

He smiled as if he knew something she did not. "That is kind of you to say, Sophie. I know I am a Shadowhunter, and we do not pass easily from this life. We fight to the last. We come from the realm of angels, and yet we fear it. I think, though, that one can face the end and not be afraid without having bowed under to death. Death shall never rule me."

Sophie looked at him, a little worried; he sounded part delirious to her. "Mr. Carstairs? Shall I fetch Charlotte?"

"In a moment, but, Sophie—in your expression, just there, when I spoke—" He leaned forward. "Is it true, then?"

"Is what true?" she asked him in a small voice, but she knew what the question would be, and she could not lie to Jem.



Will was in a foul mood. The day had dawned foggy, wet, and dreadful. He had woken feeling sick to his stomach, and had only barely been able to choke down the rubbery eggs and cold bacon the landlord's wife had served him in the stuffy parlor; every part of his body had hummed to get back to the road and continue on his journey.

Bouts of rain had left him shivering in his clothes despite a liberal use of warming runes, and Balios disliked the mud that sucked at his hooves as they tried to make speed along the road, Will grumpily contemplating how it was possible that fog might actually condense upon the *inside* of one's clothes. He had at least made it to Northamptonshire, which was something, but he had covered barely twenty miles and flatly refused to stop, though Balios looked at him entreatingly as they passed through Towcester, as if begging for a warm room in a stable and some oats, and Will was almost inclined to give it to him. A sense of hopelessness had invaded his bones, as chill and inescapable as

the rain. What did he think he was doing? Did he really think he would find Tessa this way? Was he a fool?

They were passing through disagreeable country now too, where the mud made the rocky pathway treacherous. A great cliff wall rose on one side of the road, blocking out the sky. On the other side of the path, the road fell away dramatically into a ravine full of sharp rocks. The distant water of a muddy stream glinted faintly at the ravine's bottom. Will kept Balios's head well pulled in, far from the drop-off, but the horse still seemed skittish and shy of the fall. Will's own head was down, tucked into his collar to avoid the cold rain; it was only by chance that, glancing for a moment to the side, he caught a glimpse of bright green and gold amid the rocks at the edge of the road.

He had pulled up Balios in an instant and was down and off the horse so quickly that he almost slipped in the mud. The rain was coming down more heavily now as he approached and knelt to examine the golden chain that had become caught around the sharp outcrop of a rock. He picked it up carefully. It was a jade pendant, circular, with characters stamped upon the back. He knew well enough what they meant.

When two people are as one in their inmost hearts, they shatter even the strength of iron or bronze.

Jem's bridal gift to Tessa. Will's hand tightened about it as he stood. He remembered facing her in the stairwell—the chain of the jade pendant at her throat winking at him like a cruel reminder of Jem as she'd said, *They say you cannot divide your heart, and yet—*

"Tessa!" he cried out suddenly, his voice echoing off the rocks. "Tessa!"

He stood for a moment, shuddering, at the side of the road. He did not know what he had expected—an answer? It was hardly as if she could be here, hiding among the sparse rocks. There was only silence and the sound of the wind and rain. Still, he knew without a shadow of a doubt that this was Tessa's necklace. Perhaps she had torn it from her throat and dropped it out the carriage window to mark the path for him, like Hansel

and Gretel's trail of bread crumbs. It was what a storybook heroine would do, and therefore what his Tessa would do. Maybe there would be other markers too, if he kept on his way. For the first time hope flowed back into his veins.

With new resolve he strode toward Balios and swung himself up into the saddle. There would be no slowing down; they would make Staffordshire by evening. As he turned the horse's head back toward the road, he slipped the pendant into his pocket, where its engraved words of love and commitment seemed to burn like a brand.



Charlotte had never felt so tired. The coming child had exhausted her more than she had thought it would at first, and she had been awake all night and racing about all day. There were stains on her dress from Henry's crypt, and her ankles ached from going up and down the stairs and the ladders in the library. Nevertheless, when she opened the door of Jem's bedroom and saw him not only awake but sitting up and talking to Sophie, she forgot her tiredness and felt her face break into a helpless smile of relief. "James!" she exclaimed. "I had wondered—that is, I am glad you are awake."

Sophie, who was looking oddly flushed, rose to her feet. "Should I go, Mrs. Branwell?"

"Oh, yes, please, Sophie. Bridget's in one of her moods; she says she can't find the Bang Mary, and I haven't even the slightest what she's talking about."

Sophie almost smiled—she would have, if her heart hadn't been pounding with the knowledge that she might just have done something very dreadful. "The *bain-marie*," she said. "I will locate it for her." She moved toward the door, paused, and threw a peculiar look over her shoulder at Jem, who was resting back against his pillows, looking very pale but composed. Before Charlotte could say anything, Sophie was gone, and Jem was beckoning Charlotte forward with a tired smile.

“Charlotte, if you would not mind very much—could you bring me my violin?”

“Of course.” Charlotte went over to the table by the window where the violin was stored in its square rosewood case, with its bow and small round box of rosin. She lifted the violin and brought it over to the bed, where Jem took it carefully from her arms, and she sank down gratefully in the chair beside him. “Oh —,” she said a moment later. “I’m sorry. I forgot the bow. Did you want to play?”

“That’s all right.” He plucked gently at the strings with his fingertips, which produced a soft, vibrant noise. “This is pizzicato—the first thing my father taught me how to do when he showed me the violin. It reminds me of being a child.”

You are still a child, Charlotte wanted to say, but she did not. He was only a few weeks short of his eighteenth birthday, after all, when Shadowhunters became adults, and if when she looked at him she still saw the dark-haired little boy who had arrived from Shanghai clutching his violin, his eyes huge in his pale face, that did not mean he had not grown up.

She reached for the box of *yin fen* on his bedside table. There was only a pale scatter left at the bottom, barely a teaspoonful. She swallowed against her tight throat, and tapped the powder into the bottom of a glass, then poured water from the carafe into it, letting the *yin fen* dissolve like sugar. When she handed it to Jem, he put the violin aside and took the glass from her. He stared down into it, his pale eyes thoughtful.

“Is this the last of it?” he asked.

“Magnus is working on a cure,” Charlotte said. “We all are. Gabriel and Cecily are out purchasing ingredients for medicine to keep you strong, and Sophie and Gideon and I have been researching. Everything is being done. Everything.”

Jem looked a little surprised. “I did not realize.”

“But of course it is,” Charlotte said. “We are your family; we would do anything for you. Please do not lose hope, Jem. I need you to keep your strength.”

“What strength I have is yours,” he said cryptically. He downed the *yin fen* solution, handing her back the empty glass. “Charlotte?”

“Yes?”

“Have you won the fight about what to call the child yet?”

Charlotte gave a startled laugh. It seemed odd to think about her child now, but then why not? *In death, we are in life*. It was something to think about that was not illness, or Tessa’s disappearance, or Will’s dangerous mission. “Not yet,” she said. “Henry is still insisting on Buford.”

“You’ll win,” Jem said. “You always do. You would make an excellent Consul, Charlotte.”

Charlotte wrinkled her nose. “A woman Consul? After all the trouble I’ve had simply for running the Institute!”

“There must always be a first,” said Jem. “It is not easy to be first, and it is not always rewarding, but it is important.” He ducked his head. “You carry with you one of my few regrets.”

Charlotte looked at him, puzzled.

“I would have liked to see the baby.”

It was a very simple, wistful thing to say, but it lodged itself in Charlotte’s heart like a sliver of glass. She began to cry, the tears slipping silently down her face.

“Charlotte,” Jem said, as if comforting her. “You’ve always taken care of me. You’ll take amazing care of this baby. You’ll be a wonderful mother.”

“You cannot give up, Jem,” she said in a choked voice. “When they brought you to me, at first they said you would live only a year or two. You’ve lived nearly six. Please just live a few more days. A few more days for me.”

Jem gave her a softly measured look. “I lived for you,” he said. “And I lived for Will, and then I lived for Tessa—and for myself, because I wanted to be with her. But I cannot live for other people forever. No one can say that death found in me a willing comrade, or that I went easily. If you say you need me, I will stay as long as I can for you. I will live for you and yours, and go down

fighting death until I am worn away to bone and splinters. But it would not be my choice.”

“Then . . .” Charlotte looked at him hesitantly. “What would be your choice?”

He swallowed, and his hand dropped to touch the violin by his side. “I made a decision,” he said. “I made it when I told Will to go.” He ducked his head, and then looked up at Charlotte, his pale, blue-shadowed eyes fixed on her face as if willing her to understand. “I want it to stop,” he said. “Sophie says everyone is still searching for a cure for me. I know I gave Will my permission, but I want everyone to cease looking now, Charlotte. It is over.”



It was growing dark by the time Cecily and Gabriel returned to the Institute. To be out and about in the city with someone besides Charlotte or her brother had been a unique experience for Cecily, and she was astonished at what good company Gabriel Lightwood had been. He had made her laugh, though she had done her best to hide it, and he had quite obligingly carried all the parcels, though she would have expected him to protest at being treated like a harried footman.

It was true that he probably should not have thrown that faerie through the shopwindow—or into the Limehouse canal afterward. But she could hardly blame him. She knew perfectly well that it was not the fact that the satyr had shown her improper images that had snapped his temper, but the reminder of his father.

It was odd, she thought as they mounted the Institute steps, how unlike his brother he was. She had liked Gideon perfectly well since she had arrived in London, but found him quiet and contained. He did not speak much, and though he sometimes helped Will with her training, he was distant and thoughtful with everyone but Sophie. With her it was possible to see flashes of humor in him. He could be quite dryly funny when he wished to be, and had a darkly observant nature alongside his calm soul.

In bits and pieces gleaned from Tessa, Will, and Charlotte, Cecily had pieced together the story of the Lightwoods and had begun to understand why Gideon was so quiet. In a way like Will and herself, he had turned his back on his family deliberately, and he carried the scars of that loss. Gabriel's choice had been a different one. He had stayed by his father's side and watched the slow deterioration of his body and mind. What had he thought, while it was happening? At what point had he realized the choice he had made had been the wrong one?

Gabriel opened the Institute door, and Cecily went through; they were greeted by Bridget's voice floating down the steps.

*“O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset with thorns and briars?
That is the path of righteousness,
Tho after it but few enquires.*

*“And see not ye that broad, broad road
That lies across the lily leven?
That is the path of wickedness,
Tho some call it the road to Heaven.”*

“She's singing,” said Cecily, starting up the steps. “Again.”

Gabriel, balancing the parcels nimbly, made an equable noise. “I'm famished. I wonder if she'll scare me up some cold chicken and bread in the kitchen if I tell her I don't mind the songs?”

“Everyone minds the songs.” Cecily looked at him sideways; he had an awfully fine profile. Gideon was good-looking as well, but Gabriel was all sharp angles, chin, and cheekbones, which she thought altogether more elegant. “It isn't your fault, you know,” she said abruptly.

“What is not my fault?” They turned from the steps onto the corridor of the second floor. It seemed dark to Cecily, the witchlights turned down low. She could hear Bridget, still singing:

“It was dark, dark night, there was no starlight,

*And they waded through red blood to the knee;
For all the blood that's shed on earth
Runs through the springs of that country."*

"Your father," Cecily said.

Gabriel's face tightened. For a moment Cecily thought he was going to make an angry retort, but instead he said only: "It may or may not be my fault, but I chose to be blind to his crimes. I believed in him when it was wrong to do so, and he has disgraced the name of Lightwood."

Cecily was silent for a moment. "I came here because I believed Shadowhunters were monsters who had taken my brother. I believed it because my parents believed it. But they were wrong. We are not our parents, Gabriel. We do not have to carry the burden of their choices or their sins. You can make the Lightwood name shine again."

"That is the difference between you and me," he said, with not a little bitterness. "You chose to come here. I was driven out of my home—chased here by the monster that was once my father."

"Well," Cecily said kindly, "not chased all the way here. Only as far as Chiswick, I thought."

"What—"

She smiled at him. "I am Will Herondale's sister. You can't expect me to be serious *all* the time."

His expression at that was so comical that she giggled; she was still giggling when they pushed the library door open and entered—and both stopped dead in their tracks.

Charlotte, Henry, and Gideon were sitting around one of the long tables. Magnus stood a distance away, by the window, his hands clasped behind him. His back was rigid and straight. Henry looked wan and tired, Charlotte tearstained. Gideon's face was a mask.

The laughter died on Cecily's lips. "What is it? Has there been word? Is Will—"

"It is not Will," said Charlotte. "It is Jem." Cecily bit her lip, even as her heartbeat slowed with guilty relief. She had thought

first of her brother, but of course it was his *parabatai* who was in more imminent peril.

“Jem?” she breathed.

“He is still alive,” Henry said, in answer to her unspoken question.

“Well, then. We got everything,” Gabriel said, putting the parcels down on the table. “Everything Magnus asked for—the damiana, the bat’s head root—”

“Thank you.” Magnus spoke from the window, without turning.

“Yes, thank you,” Charlotte said. “You did all I asked, and I am grateful. But I am afraid your errand was in vain.” She looked down at the parcel, and then back up again. It was clear that it was taking her a great effort to speak. “Jem has made a decision,” she said. “He wishes us to cease searching for a cure. He has had the last of the *yin fen*; there is no more, and it is a matter of hours now. I have summoned the Silent Brothers. It is time to say good-bye.”



It was dark in the training room. The shadows lay long upon the floor, and moonlight came in through the high arched windows. Cecily sat on one of the worn benches and stared down at the patterns the moonlight made on the splintered wooden floor.

Her right hand idly worried at the red pendant around her throat. She could not help but think of her brother. Part of her mind was there in the Institute, but the rest was with Will: on the back of a horse, leaning into the wind, riding hell-for-leather over the roads that separated London from Dolgellau. She wondered if he was frightened. She wondered if she would see him again.

So deep in thought was she that she started at the creak of the door as it opened. A long shadow was cast across the floor, and she looked up to see Gabriel Lightwood blinking at her in surprise.

“Hiding here, are you?” he said. “That’s—awkward.”

“Why?” She was surprised at how ordinary her voice sounded, even calm.

“Because I had intended to hide here myself.”

Cecily was silent for a moment. Gabriel actually looked a little uncertain—it hung strangely on him; he was usually so confident. Though it was a more fragile confidence than his brother’s. It was too dark for her to see the color of his eyes or hair, and for the first time she could actually see the resemblance between him and Gideon. They had the same determined set to their chins, the same wide-spaced eyes and careful stance. “You may hide here with me,” she said, “if you wish.”

He nodded, and crossed the room to where she sat, but instead of joining her he moved to the window and glanced outside. “The Silent Brothers’ carriage is here,” he said.

“Yes,” said Cecily. She knew from her reading of the *Codex* that the Silent Brothers were both the doctors and the priests of the Shadowhunter world; one might expect to find them at deathbeds and sickbeds and childbed alike. “I thought I should see Jem. For Will. But I could—I could not bring myself. I am a coward,” she added as an afterthought. It was not something she had ever thought about herself before.

“Then I am too,” he replied. The moonlight fell across one side of his face, making him look as if he were wearing a half mask. “I had come up here to be alone and, frankly, to be away from the Brothers, for they give me the chills. I thought I might play solitaire. We could, if you’d like, have a game of Beggar My Neighbor.”

“Like Pip and Estella in *Great Expectations*,” said Cecily, with a flash of amusement. “But, no—I do not know how to play cards. My mother tried to keep cards out of the house, as my father . . . had a weakness for them.” She looked up at Gabriel. “You know, in some ways we are the same. Our brothers left and we were alone without brother or sister, with a father who was deteriorating. Mine went a bit mad for a while after Will left and Ella died. It took him years to recover himself, and in the meantime we lost our home. Just as you lost Chiswick.”

“Chiswick was taken from us,” said Gabriel with an acidic flash of bitterness. “And to be quite honest, I am both sorry and not.

My memories of the place—” He shuddered. “My father locked himself in his study a fortnight before I came here for help. I should have come earlier, but I was too proud. I did not want to admit that I had been wrong about Father. For that two weeks I barely slept. I banged on the door of the study and begged my father to come out, to speak to me, but I heard only inhuman noises. I turned the lock on my door at night and in the morning there would be blood on the stairs. I told myself the servants had fled. I knew better. So no, we are not the same, Cecily, because you *left*. You were brave. I stayed until there was no choice but to leave. I stayed even though I knew it was wrong.”

“You are a Lightwood,” Cecily said. “You stayed because you were loyal to your family name. It is not cowardice.”

“Wasn’t it? Is loyalty still a commendable quality when it is misdirected?”

Cecily opened her mouth, and then closed it again. Gabriel was looking at her, his eyes shining in the moonlight. He seemed genuinely desperate to hear her answer. She wondered if he had anyone else to talk to. She could see how it might be terrifying to take one’s moral qualms to Gideon; he seemed so staunch, as if he had never questioned himself in his life and would not understand those who did.

“I think,” she said, choosing her words with care, “that any good impulse can be twisted into something evil. Look at the Magister. He does what he does because he hates the Shadowhunters, out of loyalty to his parents, who cared for him, and who were killed. It is not beyond the realm of understanding. And yet nothing excuses the result. I think when we make choices—for each choice is individual of the choices we have made before—we must examine not only our reasons for making them but what result they will have, and whether good people will be hurt by our decisions.”

There was a pause. Then, “You are very wise, Cecily Herondale,” he said.

“Do not regret too much the choices you have made in the past, Gabriel,” she said, aware that she was using his Christian

name, but not able to help it. “Only make the right ones in future. We are ever capable of change and ever capable of being our better selves.”

“That,” said Gabriel, “would not be the self my father wanted me to be, and despite everything, I find myself reluctant to dismiss the hope of his approval.”

Cecily sighed. “We can do our best, Gabriel. I tried to be the child my parents wanted, the lady they wished me to be. I left to bring Will back to them because I thought it was the right thing to do. I knew they were grieved he had chosen a different path—and it is the right one for him, for all that he came to it strangely. It is *his* path. Do not choose the path your father would have chosen or the path your brother would choose. Be the Shadowhunter you want to be.”

He sounded very young when he replied. “How do you know that I will make the right choice?”

Outside the window horses’ hooves sounded on the flagstones of the courtyard. The Silent Brothers, leaving. *Jem*, Cecily thought, with a pang in her heart. Her brother had always looked to him as a kind of North Star, a compass that would ever point him toward the right decision. She had never quite thought of her brother as lucky before, and certainly would not have expected to do so today, and yet—and yet in a way he had been. To always have someone to turn to like that, and not to worry constantly that one was looking to the wrong stars.

She tried to make her voice as firm and strong as it could be, for herself as much as for the boy at the window. “Perhaps, Gabriel Lightwood, I have faith in you.”

PARABATAI

*Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep,
He hath awaken'd from the dream of life;
'Tis we, who lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings. We decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living
clay.*

— Percy Bysshe Shelley, “Adonais: An Elegy on the
Death of John Keats”

The courtyard of the Green Man Inn was a churned mess of mud by the time Will drew up his spent horse and slid down from Balios's broad back. He was weary, stiff, and saddle-sore, and with the bad condition of the roads and the exhaustion of himself and his horse, he had made the last few hours in very bad time. It was already quite dark, and he was relieved to see a stable-boy hurrying toward him, boots splashed with mud to the knee and carrying a lantern that gave off a warm yellow glow.

“Oi, but it's a wet evening, sir,” said the boy cheerfully as he grew nearer. He looked like an ordinary enough human boy, but there was something mischievous and a bit spritelike about him—

faerie blood, sometimes, handed down over generations, could express itself in humans and even Shadowhunters with the curve of an eye or the bright shine of a pupil. Of course the boy had the Sight. The Green Man was a well-known Downworld way station. Will had been hoping to reach it by nightfall. He was tired of pretending in front of mundanes, tired of being glamoured, tired of hiding.

“Wet? You think?” Will muttered as water ran off his hair and into his eyelashes. He had his eyes on the front door of the inn, through which welcoming yellow light poured. Overhead almost all light had drained from the sky. Ponderous black clouds loomed overhead, heavy with the promise of more rain.

The boy took Balios by the bridle. “You’ve got one of them magic horses,” he exclaimed.

“Yes.” Will patted the horse’s lathered side. “He needs a rubdown, and special care.”

The boy nodded. “You a Shadowhunter, then? We don’t get many of them around these parts. One a little while ago, but ’e were old an’ disagreeable—”

“Listen,” Will asked, “are there rooms available?”

“Not sure if there are any private ones, sir.”

“Well, I’ll be wanting a private one, so there’d better be. And a stable for the horse for the night, and a bath and a meal. Run along and get the horse put away, and I’ll see what your landlord says.”

The landlord was utterly obliging and, unlike the boy, made no comments on the Marks on Will’s hands or at his throat, only asked the very usual sort of questions: “Do you want your meal in a private parlor or to take it in the common room, sir? And will you be wanting a bath before your supper, or after?”

Will, who felt encased in mud, opted for the bath first, though agreed to take dinner in the common room. He had brought a good amount of mundane money with him, but a private parlor for dining in was an unnecessary expense, especially when one did not care what one was eating. Food was fuel for the journey, and that was all.

Though the landlord had taken little notice of the fact that Will was Nephilim, there were others in the common area of the inn who did. As Will leaned against the counter, a group of young werewolves by the large fireplace, who had been indulging in cheap beer for most of the day, muttered among themselves. Will attempted not to notice them as he ordered hot water bottles for himself and a bran mash for his horse, like any high-handed young gentleman, but their sharp eyes on him were avid, taking in every detail from his dripping wet hair and muddy boots to the heavy coat that showed no sign of whether he wore the Nephilim's customary weapons belt beneath.

"Easy, boys," said the tallest of the group. He sat well back toward the fire, casting his face in heavy shadow, though the fire outlined his long fingers as he took out a fine majolica cigar box and tapped thoughtfully at the lock. "I know him."

"You know him?" one of the younger wolves asked in disbelief. "That Nephilim? A friend of yours, Scott?"

"Oh, not a friend. Not exactly." Woolsey Scott lit the tip of his cigar with a match and regarded the boy across the room over the small flame, a smile playing about his mouth. "But it's very interesting that he's here. Very interesting indeed."



"*Tessa!*" The voice echoed in her ear, a ragged shout. She sat bolt upright on the riverbank, her body trembling.

"*Will?*" She scrambled to her feet and looked around. The moon had passed behind a cloud. The sky above was like dark gray marble, shot through with veins of black. The river ran before her, dark gray in the poor light, and glancing around, she saw only gnarled trees, the steep cliff down which she had fallen, a broad swatch of countryside stretching away in the other direction—fields and stone fences, the occasionally distant dotting of a farmhouse or habitation. She could see nothing like a city or a town, not even a cluster of lights that might have indicated a tiny hamlet.

“Will,” she whispered again, drawing her arms about herself. She was *sure* it had been his voice she had heard calling her name. No one else’s voice sounded like his. But it was ridiculous. He was not here. He could not be. Perhaps, like Jane Eyre, who had heard Rochester’s voice calling for her on the moors, she was half-dreaming.

At least it was a dream that had driven her out of her unconsciousness. The wind was like a knife of cold, cutting through her clothes—she wore only a thin dress, meant for indoors, and no coat or hat—and into her skin. Her skirts were still wet with river water, her dress and stocking ripped and stained with blood. The angel had saved her life, it seemed, but it had not protected her from injury.

She touched it now, hoping for guidance, but it was as still and mute as ever. As she took her hand away from her throat, though, she heard Will’s voice in her head: *Sometimes, when I have to do something I don’t want to do, I pretend I’m a character from a book. It’s easier to know what they would do.*

A character from a book, Tessa thought, a good, sensible one, would follow the stream. A character from a book would know that human habitations and towns are often built by water, and would seek out help, rather than blundering into the woods. Resolutely she wrapped her arms about herself and began to trudge downstream.



By the time Will—well-bathed, shaved, and wearing a clean shirt and collar—returned to the common room for supper, the room was half-full of people.

Well, not exactly people. As he was shown to a table, he passed tables where trolls sat hunched together over pints of beer, looking like gnarled old men save for the tusks that protruded from their lower jaws. A thin warlock with a mop of brown hair and a third eye in the center of his forehead was sawing into a veal cutlet. A group sat huddled at a table by the fire—werewolves, Will sensed, from their packlike demeanor. The room

smelled of damp and embers and cooking, and Will's stomach rumbled; he hadn't realized how hungry he was.

Will studied a map of Wales as he drank his wine (sour, vinegary) and ate the food he was brought (a tough cut of venison with potatoes) and did his best to try to ignore the stares of the other customers. He supposed the stable-boy had been right; they *didn't* get many Nephilim here. He felt as if his Marks were glowing like brands. When the plates were cleared away, he took out paper and composed a letter:

Charlotte:

I am sorry for leaving the Institute without your permission. I ask for your forgiveness; I felt I had no other choice.

That, however, is not why I am sending this letter. By the side of the road I have found evidence of Tessa's passage. Somehow she had managed to cast her jade necklace from the carriage window, I believe so that we might trace her by it. I have it with me now. It is proof undeniable that we were correct in our supposition about Mortmain's whereabouts. He must be in Cadair Idris. You must write to the Consul and demand that he send a full force to the mountain.

Will Herondale

Having sealed the letter, Will called over the landlord and confirmed that for half a crown, the boy would bring it to the night coach for delivery. Having made his payment, Will sat back, considering whether he should force down another glass of wine to ensure that he could sleep—when a sharp, stabbing pain shot through his chest. It felt like being shot with an arrow, and Will jerked back. His wineglass crashed to the floor and shattered. He lurched to his feet, leaning both hands on the table. He was vaguely aware of stares, and the landlord's anxious voice in his ear, but the pain was too great to think through, almost too great to breathe through.

The tightness in his chest, the one that he had thought of as one end of a cord tying him to Jem, had pulled so taut that it was

strangling his heart. He stumbled away from his table, pushing through a knot of customers near the bar, and passed to the front door of the inn. All he could think of was air, getting air into his lungs to breathe.

He pushed the doors open and half-tumbled out into the night. For a moment the pain in his chest eased, and he fell back against the wall of the inn. Rain was sheeting down, soaking his hair and clothes. He gasped, his heart stuttering with a mixture of terror and desperation. Was this just the distance from Jem affecting him? He had never felt anything like this, even when Jem had been at his worst, even when he'd been injured and Will had ached with sympathetic pain.

The cord snapped.

For a moment everything went white, the courtyard bleaching through as if with acid. Will jackknifed to his knees, vomiting up his supper into the mud. When the spasms had passed, he staggered to his feet and blindly away from the inn, as if trying to outrace his own pain. He fetched up against the wall of the stables, beside the horse trough. He dropped to his knees to plunge his hands into the icy water—and saw his own reflection. There was his face, as white as death, and his shirt, and a spreading stain of red across the front.

With wet hands he seized at his lapels and jerked the shirt open. In the dim light that spilled from the inn, he could see that his *parabatai* rune, just over his heart, was bleeding.

His hands were covered in blood, blood mixed with rain, the same rain that was washing the blood away from his chest, showing the rune as it began to fade from black to silver, changing all that had been sense in Will's life into nonsense.

Jem was dead.



Tessa had been walking for hours, and her thin shoes were cut through from the jagged rocks by the riverbed. She had started out almost running, but exhaustion and cold had overtaken her, and now she was limping slowly, if determinedly, downstream.

The soaked material of her skirts dragged her down, feeling like an anchor that would pull her to the bottom of some terrible sea.

She had seen no sign of human habitation for miles, and was beginning to despair of her plan, when a clearing came into view. It had begun to rain lightly, but even through the drizzle she could see the outline of a low stone building. As she drew closer, she saw that it seemed to be a small house, with a thatched roof and overgrown path leading to the front door.

She picked up her pace, hurrying now, thinking of a kindly farmer and his wife, the kind in books who would take in a young girl and help contact her family, as the Rivers had done for Jane in *Jane Eyre*. As she drew closer, though, she noticed the dirty and broken windows and the grass growing on the thatched roof. Her heart sank. The house was deserted.

The door was already part open, the wood swelled with rain. There was something frightening about the house's emptiness, but Tessa was desperate for shelter from both the rain and any pursuers that Mortmain might have sent after her. She clung to the hope that Mrs. Black would think she had died in the fall, but she doubted that Mortmain would be so easily put off her trail. After all, if anyone knew what her clockwork angel could do, it would be him.

There was grass growing between the flagstones of the floor inside the house, and the hearth was dirty, with a blackened pot still hanging over the remains of the fire and the whitewashed walls dingy with soot and the passage of time. There was a tangle of what looked like farming implements near the door. One resembled a long metal stick with a curved forked end, the tines still sharp. Knowing she might need some means of defense, she caught it up, then moved from the entrance room into the only other room the house had: a small bedroom in which she was delighted to find a musty blanket on the bed.

She looked down hopelessly at her wet dress. It would take ages to remove without Sophie's help, and she was desperate for warmth. She wrapped the blanket around herself, wet clothes and all, and curled up on the prickly hay-stuffed mattress. It smelled

of mold and probably had mice living in it, but at this moment it felt like the most luxurious bed Tessa had ever stretched herself upon.

Tessa knew it was wiser to stay awake. But despite everything, she could no longer withstand the demands of her battered and exhausted body. Clutching the metal weapon to her chest, she slid away into sleep.



“So this is him, then? The Nephilim?”

Will did not know how long he had been sitting slumped against the wall of the stable, growing ever wetter with the rain, when the growling voice came out of the darkness. He lifted his head, too late to ward off the hand reaching for him. A moment later it had grabbed his collar and hauled him to his feet.

He stared through eyes dimmed by rain and agony at a group of werewolves standing in a half circle around him. There were perhaps five of them, including the one who had him slammed up against the stable wall, a hand fisted in his bloody shirt. They were all dressed similarly, in black garb so wet with rain, it shone like oilskin. All were hatless, their hair—worn long as werewolves did—plastered to their heads.

“Get your hands off me,” Will said. “The Accords forbid touching a Nephilim unprovoked—”

“Unprovoked?” The werewolf in front of him yanked him forward and slammed him back against the wall again. In ordinary circumstances it most likely would have hurt, but these were not ordinary circumstances. The physical pain of Will’s *parabatai* rune had faded, but his whole body felt dry and hollow, all the meaning sucked out of the center of him. “I’d say it’s provoked. If it wasn’t for you Nephilim, the Magister never would have come after our lot with his dirty drugs and his filthy lies—”

Will looked at the werewolves with an emotion bordering on hilarity. Did they really think they could hurt him, after what he had lost? For five years it had been his absolute truth. Jem and

Will. Will and Jem. Will Herondale lives, therefore Jem Carstairs lives also. *Quod erat demonstrandum*. To lose an arm or a leg would be painful, he imagined, but to lose the central truth of your life felt—fatal.

“Dirty drugs *and* filthy lies,” Will drawled. “That *does* sound unsanitary. Though, tell me, is it true that instead of bathing, werewolves just lick themselves once a year? Or do you all lick one another? Because that’s what I’ve heard.”

The hand in his shirt tightened. “You want to be a little more respectful, Shadowhunter.”

“No,” Will said. “No, I really don’t.”

“We’ve heard all about you, Will Herondale,” said one of the other werewolves. “Always crawling to Downworlders for help. We’d like to see you crawl now.”

“You’ll have to cut me off at the knees, then.”

“That,” said the werewolf holding Will, “can be arranged.”

Will exploded into action. He slammed his head into the face of the werewolf in front of him. He both heard and felt the sick crunch of the werewolf’s nose breaking, hot blood spurting over the man’s face as he staggered back across the courtyard and crumpled onto his knees on the cobblestones. His hands were pressed to his face, trying to stem the flow of blood.

A hand grasped Will’s shoulder, claws piercing the fabric of Will’s wet shirt. He whirled around to face the wolves and saw in this second werewolf’s hand, silvery in the moonlight, the sharp gleam of a knife. His assailant’s eyes shone through the rain, gold-green and menacing.

They did not come out here to taunt or hurt me, Will realized. They came out here to kill me.

For one black moment Will was tempted to let them. The thought of it seemed like an enormous relief—all pain gone, all responsibility gone, a simple submersion in death and forgetting. He stood without moving as the knife swung toward him. Everything seemed to be happening very slowly—the iron edge of the knife swinging toward him, the sneering face of the werewolf blurred by the rain.

The image he had dreamed the night before flashed before his eyes: Tessa, running up a green path toward him. Tessa. His hand came up automatically and grasped the werewolf's wrist in one hand as he ducked the blow, swinging under the wolf's arm. He brought the arm down hard, breaking the bone with a savage splintering. The lycanthrope screamed, and a dark bolt of glee shot through Will. The dagger fell to the cobblestones as Will kicked his opponent's legs out from under him, then slammed his elbow into the man's temple. The wolf went down in a heap and didn't move again.

Will snatched up the dagger and turned to face the others. There were only three of them standing now, and they looked decidedly less sure of themselves than they had before. He grinned, cold and terrible, and tasted the metal of rain and blood in his mouth. "Come and kill me," he said. "Come and kill me if you think you can." He kicked the unconscious werewolf at his feet. "You'll have to do better than your friends."

They lunged at him, claws out, and Will went down hard onto the cobblestones, his head cracking against the stone. A set of claws raked his shoulder; he rolled sideways under a flurry of blows and lashed upward with his dagger. There was a high yelp of pain that ended on a whine, and the weight on top of Will, which had been moving and struggling, went limp. Will rolled to the side and sprang to his feet, spinning around.

The wolf he had stabbed lay open-eyed, dead in a widening pool of blood and rainwater. The two remaining werewolves were struggling to their feet, caked in mud and drenched in water. Will was bleeding from his shoulder where one of them had dug deep furrows with his claws; the pain was glorious. He laughed through the blood and the mud as the rain sluiced the blood from the blade of his dagger. "Again," he said, and barely recognized his own voice, strained and cracked and deadly. "*Again.*"

One of the werewolves spun and bolted. Will laughed again and moved toward the last of them, who stood, frozen, clawed hands extended—with bravery or terror, Will wasn't sure, and didn't care. His dagger felt like an extension of his wrist, part of

his arm. One good blow and a jerk upward, and he would rip through bone and cartilage, stabbing toward the heart—

“*Stop!*” The voice was hard, commanding, familiar. Will cut his eyes to the side. Striding across the courtyard, his shoulders hunched against the rain, his expression furious, was Woolsey Scott. “I command you, both of you, stop this instant!”

The werewolf dropped his hands to his sides instantly, his claws vanishing. He bent his head, the classic gesture of submission. “Master—”

A boiling tide of rage poured over Will, obliterating rationality, sense, everything but rage. He reached out and jerked the werewolf toward him, his arm wrapping the man’s neck, blade against his throat. Woolsey, only a few feet away, came up short, his green eyes shooting daggers.

“Come any closer,” Will said, “and I’ll cut your little wolfling’s throat.”

“I told you to stop,” Woolsey said in a measured tone. He was wearing, as he always was, a beautifully cut suit, a brocade riding coat atop it, everything now liberally soaked with rain. His fair hair, plastered to his face and neck, was colorless with water. “Both of you.”

“*But I don’t have to listen to you!*” Will shouted. “I was winning! *Winning!*” He glanced about the courtyard at the three scattered bodies of the wolves he had fought—two unconscious, one dead. “Your pack attacked me unprovoked. They broke the Accords. I was defending myself. They broke the *Law!*” His voice rose, harsh and unrecognizable. “I am owed their blood, and *I will have it!*”

“Yes, yes, buckets of blood,” said Woolsey. “And what would you do with it if you had it? You don’t care about this werewolf. Let him go.”

“No.”

“At least let him free so he can fight you,” Woolsey said.

Will hesitated, then released his grip on the werewolf he held, who faced his pack leader, looking terrified. Woolsey snapped his fingers in the wolf’s direction. “Run, Conrad,” he said. “Fast. And now.”

The werewolf didn't need to be told twice; he turned on his heels and darted away, vanishing behind the stables. Will turned back to Woolsey with a sneer.

"So your pack are all cowards," he said. "Five against one Shadowhunter? Is that how it is?"

"I didn't tell them to come out here after you. They're young. And stupid. And impetuous. And half their pack was killed by Mortmain. They blame your kind." Woolsey stepped a little closer, his eyes raking up and down Will, as cold as green ice. "I assume your *parabatai* is dead, then," he added with shocking casualness.

Will was not ready to hear the words at all, would never be ready. The battle had cleared his head of the pain for a moment. Now it threatened to return, all-encompassing and terrifying. He gasped as if Woolsey had punched him, and took an involuntary step back.

"And you're trying to get yourself killed because of it, Nephilim boy? Is that what's going on?"

Will swiped his wet hair out of his face and looked at Woolsey with hatred. "Maybe I am."

"Is that how you respect his memory?"

"What does it matter?" Will said. "He's dead. He'll never know what I do or what I don't do."

"My brother is dead," Woolsey said. "I still struggle to fulfill his wishes, to continue the Praetor Lupus in his memory, and to live as he would have had me live. Do you think I'm the sort of person who would ever be found in a place like this, consuming pig swill and drinking vinegar, knee deep in mud, watching some tedious Shadowhunter brat destroy even more of my already diminished pack, if it weren't for the fact that I serve a greater purpose than my own desires and sorrows? And so do you, Shadowhunter. So do you."

"Oh, God." The dagger fell out of Will's hand and landed in the mud at his feet. "What do I do now?" he whispered.

He had no idea why he was asking Woolsey, except that there was no one else in the world to ask. Not even when he thought he

was cursed had he felt so alone.

Woolsey looked at him coolly. "Do what your brother would have wanted," he said, then turned and stalked off back toward the inn.

STARS, HIDE YOUR FIRES

*Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires.*
—Shakespeare, *Macbeth*

Consul Wayland,

I write to you on a matter of the gravest import. One of the Shadowhunters of my Institute, William Herondale, is upon the road to Cadair Idris even as I write. He has discovered along the way an unmistakable sign of Miss Gray's passage. I enclose his letter for your perusal, but I am sure you will agree that the whereabouts of Mortmain are now established and that we must with all haste assemble what forces we can and march immediately upon Cadair Idris. Mortmain has shown in the past a remarkable ability to slip from the nets we cast. We must take advantage of this moment and strike with all possible haste and force. I await your speedy reply.

Charlotte Branwell



The room was cold. The fire had long burned down in the grate, and the wind outside was howling around the corners of the Institute, rattling the panes of the windows. The lamp on the nightstand was turned down low, and Tessa shivered in the armchair by the bed, despite the shawl wrapped tightly around her shoulders.

In the bed Jem was asleep, his head pillowed on his hand. He breathed just enough to move the blankets slightly, though his face was as pale as the pillows.

Tessa stood, letting the shawl slip from her shoulders. She was in her nightgown, the way she had been the first time she had ever met Jem, bursting into his room to find him playing the violin by the window. Will? he had said. Will, is that you?

He stirred and murmured now as she crawled into the bed with him, drawing the blankets over them both. She cupped her hands around his and held their joined hands between them. She tangled their feet together and kissed his cool cheek, warming his skin with her breath. Slowly she felt him stir against her, as if her presence were bringing him to life.

His eyes opened and looked into hers. They were blue, achingly blue, the blue of the sky where it meets the sea.

“Tessa?” Will said, and she realized it was Will in her arms, Will who was dying, Will breathing out his last breath—and there was blood on his shirt, just over his heart, a spreading red stain—

Tessa sat bolt upright, gasping. For a moment she stared about her, disoriented. The tiny, dark room, the musty blanket wrapped around her, her own damp clothes and bruised body, seemed foreign to her. Then memory came back in a flood, and with it a wave of nausea.

She missed the Institute piercingly, in a way she had never even missed her home in New York. She missed Charlotte’s bossy but caring voice, Sophie’s understanding touch, Henry’s pattering, and of course—she could not help it—she missed Jem and Will. She was terrified for Jem, for his health, but she was frightened for Will as well. The battle in the courtyard had been bloody, vicious. Any of them could have been hurt or killed. Was that the meaning of her dream, Jem turning into Will? Was Jem ill, was Will’s life in danger? Not either of them, she prayed silently. Please, let me die before harm comes to either of them.

A noise startled her out of her reverie—a sudden dry scraping that sent a brutal shiver down her spine. She froze. Surely it was

just the scratching of a branch against the window. But, no—there it came again. A scraping, dragging noise.

Tessa was on her feet in a moment, the blanket still wrapped around her. Terror was like a live thing inside her. All the tales she had ever heard of monsters in the dark woods seemed to be fighting for space in her mind. She closed her eyes, drawing a deep breath, and saw the spindly automatons on the front steps of the Institute, their shadows long and grotesque, like human beings pulled out of shape.

She drew the blanket closer around herself, her fingers closing spasmodically on the material. The automatons had come for *her* on the Institute steps. But they were not very intelligent—able to follow simple commands, to recognize particular human beings. Still, they could not think for themselves. They were machines, and machines could be fooled.

The blanket was patchwork, the kind that would have been sewed by a woman, a woman who had lived in this house. Tessa drew in her breath and *reached*—reached into the blanket, searching for a flicker of ownership, the signature of whatever spirit had created and owned it. It was like plunging her hand into dark water and feeling around for an object. After what felt like an age of searching, she lit upon it—a flicker in the darkness, the solidity of a soul.

She concentrated on it, wrapping it around her like the blanket she clung to. The Change was easier now, less painful. She saw her fingers warp and change, becoming the clubbed, arthritic hands of an old woman. Liver spots rose on her skin, her back hunched, and her dress began to hang off her withered form. When her hair fell in front of her eyes, it was white.

The scraping sound came again. A voice echoed in the back of Tessa's mind, a querulous old woman's voice demanding to know who was in her house. Tessa stumbled for the door, her breath coming short, her heart fluttering in her chest, and made for the main room of the house.

For a moment she saw nothing. Her eyes were rheumy, filmed over; shapes looked blurred and distant. Then something rose

from beside the fire, and Tessa bit back a scream.

It was an automaton. This one was built to look nearly human. It had a thick body, clothed in a dark gray suit, but the arms that protruded from beyond the cuffs were stick-thin, ending in spatulate hands, and the head that rose above the collar was smooth and egglike. Two bulbous eyes were set into the head, but the machine had no other features.

“Who are you?” Tessa demanded in the old woman’s voice, brandishing the sharp pick she had taken earlier. “What are you doing in my house, creature?”

The thing made a whirring, clicking noise, obviously confused. A moment later the front door opened and Mrs. Black swept in. She was wrapped in her dark cloak, her white face blazing under the hood. “What’s going on here?” she demanded. “Did you find —” She broke off, staring at Tessa.

“What’s going on?” Tessa demanded, her voice coming out in the old woman’s high whine. “I ought to ask you that—breaking into perfectly decent folks’ homes—” She blinked, as if to make it clear she couldn’t see very well. “Get out of here, and take your friend”—she jabbed the object she held (*A frog pick, said the voice of the old woman in her mind; you use it for cleaning horse’s hooves, silly girl*)—“with you. You’ll find nothing here worth stealing.”

For a moment she thought it had worked. Mrs. Black’s face was expressionless. She took a step forward. “You haven’t seen a young girl in these parts, have you?” she asked. “Very finely dressed, brown hair, gray eyes. She would have looked lost. Her people are looking for her and offering a handsome reward.”

“A likely story, looking for some lost girl.” Tessa sounded as surly as she could; it wasn’t difficult. She had a feeling the old woman whose face she was wearing had been a naturally surly sort. “Get out I said!”

The automaton whirred. Mrs. Black’s lips pressed suddenly together, as if she were holding back laughter. “I see,” she said. “Might I say that’s quite a fine necklace you’re wearing, old woman?”

Tessa's hand flew to her chest, but it was already too late. The clockwork angel was there, clearly visible, ticking gently.

"Take her," said Mrs. Black in a bored voice, and the automaton lurched forward, reaching for Tessa. She dropped the blanket and backed away, brandishing her frog pick. She managed to rake quite a long gash down the automaton's front as it reached for her and knocked her arm aside. The frog pick clattered to the floor, and Tessa cried out in pain just as the front door burst open and a flood of automatons filled the room, their arms reaching for her, their mechanical hands closing on her flesh. Knowing she was overpowered, knowing it would not do a bit of good, she finally allowed herself to scream.



Sun on his face woke Will. He blinked, opening his eyes slowly.

Blue sky.

He rolled over and stretched stiffly into a sitting position. He was on the rise of a green hill, just out of sight of the Shrewsbury-Welshpool road. He could see nothing all around him but scattered farmhouses in the distance; he had passed only a few tiny hamlets on his frantic midnight ride away from the Green Man, riding until he literally slid from Balios's back in exhaustion and hit the dirt with bone-jarring force. Half-walking and half-crawling, he had let his exhausted horse nose him off the road and into a slight dip in the ground, where he had curled up and fallen asleep, heedless of the drizzle of cold rain that had still been falling.

Sometime between then and now the sun had come up, drying his clothes and hair, though he was still dirty, his shirt a mess of caked mud and blood. He rose to his feet, his whole body aching. He hadn't bothered with any kind of healing runes the previous night. He'd gone into the inn—tracking rain and mud behind him—only to retrieve his things, before returning to the stables to free Balios and hurtle off into the night. The injuries he'd sustained in his battle against Woolsey's pack still hurt, as did the bruises from falling off the horse. He limped stiffly to where

Balios was cropping grass near the shade of a spreading oak tree. A rummage through the saddlebags yielded a stele and a handful of dried fruit. He used the one to trace himself with painkilling and healing runes in between taking bites of the other.

The events of the night before seemed a thousand miles away. He remembered fighting the wolves, the splinter of bones and the taste of his own blood, the mud and the rain. He remembered the pain of the severance from Jem, though he could no longer feel it. Instead of pain he felt hollowness. As if some great hand had reached down and cut everything that made him human out of his insides, leaving him a shell.

When he was done with his breakfast, he returned his stele to his saddlebag, stripped off his ruined shirt, and changed into a clean one. As he did so, he could not help but glance down at the *parabatai* rune on his chest.

It was not black, but silver-white, like a long-faded scar. Will could hear Jem's voice in his head, steady and serious and familiar: "*And it came to pass . . . that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul. . . . Then Jonathan and David made a covenant, because he loved him as his own soul.*" They were two warriors, and their souls were knit together by Heaven, and out of that Jonathan Shadowhunter took the idea of *parabatai*, and encoded the ceremony into the Law.

For years now this Mark and Jem's presence had been all Will had had in his life to assure him that he was loved by anybody. All that he'd had to know that he was real and existed. He traced his fingers over the edges of the faded *parabatai* rune. He had thought he would hate it, hate the sight of it in sunlight, but he found to his surprise that he didn't. He was glad the *parabatai* rune had not simply vanished off his skin. A Mark that spoke of loss was still a Mark, a remembrance. You could not lose something you had never had.

Out of the saddlebag he took the knife Jem had given him: a narrow blade with the intricate silver handle. In the shadow of the oak tree, he cut the palm of his hand and watched as the blood ran onto the ground, soaking the earth. Then he knelt and

plunged the blade into the bloody ground. Kneeling, he hesitated, one hand on the hilt.

“James Carstairs,” he said, and swallowed. It was always this way; when he needed words the most, he could not find them. The words of the biblical *parabatai* oath came into his head: *Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee—for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried. The Angel do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.*

But no. That was what was said when you were joined, not when you were cut apart. David and Jonathan had been separated, too, by death. Separated but not divided.

“I told you before, Jem, that you would not leave me,” Will said, his bloody hand on the hilt of the dagger. “And you are still with me. When I breathe, I will think of you, for without you I would have been dead years ago. When I wake up and when I sleep, when I lift up my hands to defend myself or when I lie down to die, you will be with me. You say we are born and born again. I say there is a river that divides the dead and the living. What I do know is that if we are born again, I will meet you in another life, and if there is a river, you will wait on the shores for me to come to you, so that we can cross together.” Will took a deep breath and let go of the knife. He drew his hand back. The cut on his palm was already healing—the result of the half dozen *iratzes* on his skin. “You hear that, James Carstairs? We are bound, you and I, over the divide of death, down through whatever generations may come. *Forever.*”

He rose to his feet and looked down at the knife. The knife was Jem’s, the blood was his. This spot of ground, whether he could ever find it again, whether he lived to try, would be theirs.

He turned to walk toward Balios, toward Wales and Tessa. He did not look back.

To: Charlotte Branwell

From: Consul Josiah Wayland

By footman

My Dear Mrs. Branwell,

I am not certain that I perfectly understood your missive. It seems incredible to me that a sensible woman such as yourself should place such reliance on the bare word of a boy as notoriously reckless and unreliable as William Herondale has time and again proven himself to be. I certainly will not do so. Mr. Herondale has, as shown by his own letter, raced away on a wild chase without your knowledge. He is absolutely capable of fabrication in order to aid his cause. I will not send a large force of my Shadowhunters on the whim and careless word of a boy.

Pray cease your peremptory rallying cries to Cadair Idris. Attempt to keep in mind that I am the Consul. I command the armies of the Shadowhunters, madam, not yourself. Fix your mind instead on an attempt to better keep your Shadowhunters in check.

Yours truly,

Josiah Wayland, Consul

“There’s a man here to see you, Mrs. Branwell.”

Charlotte glanced up wearily to see Sophie standing in the doorway. She looked tired, as they all did; the unmistakable traces of weeping were beneath her eyes. Charlotte knew the signs—she had seen them in her own mirror that morning.

She sat behind the desk in the drawing room, staring down at the letter in her hand. She had not expected Consul Wayland to be pleased by her news, but neither had she expected this blank contempt and refusal. *I command the armies of the Shadowhunters, madam, not yourself. Fix your mind instead on an attempt to better keep your Shadowhunters in check.*

Keep them in check. She fumed. As if they were all children and she no better than their governess or nursemaid, parading them in front of the Consul when they were washed and dressed, and hiding them in the playroom the rest of the time that he not be

disturbed. They were *Shadowhunters*, and so was she. And if he did not think that Will was reliable, he was a fool. He knew of the curse; she had told him herself. Will's madness had always been like Hamlet's, half play and half wildness, and all driving toward a certain end.

The fire crackled in the grate; outside, the rain sheeted down, painting the windowpanes in silver lines. That morning she had passed Jem's bedroom, the door open, the bed divested of its linens, the possessions cleared away. It could have been anyone's room. All the evidence of his years with them, gone with the wave of a hand. She had leaned against the wall of the corridor, sweat beading on her brow, her eyes burning. *Raziel, did I do the right thing?*

She passed her hand over her eyes now. "Now, of all times? It isn't Consul Wayland, is it?"

"No, ma'am." Sophie shook her dark head. "It's Aloysius Starkweather. He says it is a matter of the greatest urgency."

"*Aloysius Starkweather?*" Charlotte sighed. Some days simply piled horror on horror. "Well, let him in, then."

She folded the letter she had written as a response to the Consul, and had just sealed it when Sophie returned and ushered Aloysius Starkweather into the room, before excusing herself. Charlotte did not rise from her desk. Starkweather looked much as he had the last time she had seen him. He seemed to have calcified, as if while he was getting no younger, he could get no older either. His face was a map of wrinkled lines, framed with a white beard and white hair. His clothes were dry; Sophie must have hung his overcoat downstairs. The suit he wore was at least ten years out of fashion, and he smelled faintly of old mothballs.

"Please be seated, Mr. Starkweather," said Charlotte as courteously as she could to someone who she knew disliked her, and had hated her father.

But he did not sit down. His hands were locked behind his back, and as he turned, surveying the room around him, Charlotte saw with a flash of alarm that one of the cuffs of his jacket was splattered with blood.

“Mr. Starkweather,” she said, and now she did rise. “Are you hurt? Should I summon the Brothers?”

“Hurt?” he barked out. “Why would I be hurt?”

“Your sleeve.” She pointed.

He drew his arm away and gazed at it before huffing out a laugh. “Not my blood,” he said. “I was in a fight, earlier. He took objection . . .”

“Took objection to what?”

“To my cutting off all his fingers and then slitting his throat,” said Starkweather, meeting her eyes. His own were gray-black, the color of stone.

“Aloysius.” Charlotte forgot to be polite. “The Accords forbid unprovoked attacks on Downworlders.”

“Unprovoked? I’d say this was provoked. His folk murdered my granddaughter. My daughter nearly died of grief. The house of Starkweather destroyed—”

“Aloysius!” Charlotte was seriously alarmed now. “Your house is not destroyed. There are still Starkweathers in Idris. I do not say that to minimize your sorrow, for some losses are with us always.” *Jem*, she thought, unbidden, and the pain of the thought pushed her back into the chair. She rested her elbows on the table, her face in her hands. “I do not know why you came to tell me this now,” she murmured. “Did you not see the runes upon the door of the Institute? This is a time of great sorrow for us—”

“I came to tell you because it’s important!” Aloysius flared up. “It regards Mortmain, and Tessa Gray.”

Charlotte lowered her hands. “What do you know of Tessa Gray?”

Aloysius had turned away. He stood facing the fire, his long shadow cast across the Persian rug on the floor. “I am not a man who thinks much of the Accords,” he said. “You know it; you have been in Councils with me. I was brought up to believe that everything touched by demons was foul and corrupt. That it was the blood right of a Shadowhunter to kill these creatures and to take what they had as spoils and treasure. The spoils room of the

Institute in York was left in my charge, and I kept it filled until the day the new Laws were passed.” He scowled.

“Let me guess,” said Charlotte. “You did not stop there.”

“Of course not,” said the old man. “What are man’s Laws to the Angel’s? I know the right way of doing things. I kept a lower profile, but I did not cease taking spoils, or destroying those Downworlders who crossed my path. One of those was John Shade.”

“Mortmain’s father.”

“Warlocks cannot have children,” snarled Starkweather. “Some human boy they found and trained up. Shade taught him his unholy tinkering ways. Won his trust.”

“It’s unlikely the Shades stole Mortmain from his parents,” said Charlotte. “He was probably a boy who would have died in a workhouse otherwise.”

“It was unnatural. Warlocks should not have human children to raise.” Aloysius stared deep within the red embers of the fire. “That is why we raided Shade’s house. We killed him and his wife. The boy escaped. Shade’s *clockwork prince*.” He snorted. “We took several of his items back with us to the Institute, but none of us could make head or tail of them. That was all there was to it—a routine raid. Everything according to plan. That is, until my granddaughter was born. Adele.”

“I know that she died at her first rune ceremony,” said Charlotte, her hand unconsciously going to her own belly. “I am sorry. It is a great sorrow to have a sickly child—”

“She was not born sickly!” he barked. “She was a healthy infant. Beautiful, with my son’s eyes. Everyone doted on her, until one morning my daughter-in-law woke us with a scream. She insisted that the child in her cradle was not her daughter, though they looked exactly alike. She swore she knew her own child and this was not it. We thought she had gone mad. Even when the baby’s eyes changed from blue to gray—well, that happens often with infants. It wasn’t until we tried to apply her first Marks that I began to realize my daughter-in-law had been right. Adele—the pain was excruciating for her. She screamed

and screamed and writhed. Her skin burned where the steel touched her. The Silent Brothers did all they could, but by the next morning she was dead.”

Aloysius paused and was silent for a long time, gazing, as if fascinated, into the fire.

“My daughter-in-law nearly went mad. She could not bear to remain in the Institute. I stayed. I knew she had been correct—Adele was *not* my granddaughter. I heard rumors of faeries and other Downworlders who boasted that they had had their revenge on the Starkweathers, had taken one of their children from them and replaced her with a sickly human. None of my investigations yielded anything concrete, but I was determined to find out where my granddaughter had gone.” He leaned on the mantel. “I had nearly given up when Tessa Gray came to my Institute in the company of your two Shadowhunters. She could have been the ghost of my daughter-in-law, so similar did they look. But she did not appear to have any Shadowhunter blood. It was a mystery, but one I pursued.

“The faerie I interrogated today gave me the last bits of the puzzle. In her infancy my granddaughter was replaced with a kidnapped human child, a sickly creature who died when the Marks were applied, because she was not Nephilim.” There was a hard crack in his voice now, a fissure in the flint. “My granddaughter was left with a mundane family to raise her, their sickly Elizabeth—chosen because of her superficial resemblance to Adele—replaced with our healthy girl. That was the Court’s revenge on me. They believed I had killed their own, so they would kill mine.” His eyes were cold as they rested on Charlotte. “Adele—Elizabeth—grew to womanhood in that mundane family, never knowing what she was. And then she married. A mundane man. His name was Richard. Richard Gray.”

“Your granddaughter,” Charlotte said slowly, “was Tessa’s mother? Elizabeth Gray? Tessa’s mother was a Shadowhunter?”

“Yes.”

“These are crimes, Aloysius. You should go to the Council with this—”

“They do not care about Tessa Gray,” said Starkweather roughly. “But you do. You will listen to my story because of it, and you may help me because of it.”

“I may,” said Charlotte, “if it is the right thing to do. I do not yet understand how Mortmain comes into this story.”

Aloysius moved restlessly. “Mortmain learned of what had happened and determined that he would make use of Elizabeth Gray, a Shadowhunter who did not know she was a Shadowhunter. I believe that Mortmain courted Richard Gray as an employee in order to grant himself access to Elizabeth. I believe that he loosed an Eidolon demon upon her—my granddaughter—in the shape of her husband, and that he did it in order to get Tessa on her. Tessa was always the goal. The child of a Shadowhunter and a demon.”

“But the offspring of demons and Shadowhunters are stillborn,” Charlotte said automatically.

“Even if the Shadowhunter does not know they are a Shadowhunter?” said Starkweather. “Even if they carry no runes?”

“I . . .” Charlotte closed her mouth. She had no idea what the answer was; as far as she knew, the situation had never occurred. Shadowhunters were marked when children, male and female, all of them.

But Elizabeth Gray had not been.

“I know the girl is a shape-shifter,” said Starkweather. “But I do not believe that is why he wants her. There is something else he wants her to do. Something only she can do. She is the key.”

“The key to what?”

“It was the last words the faerie spoke to me this afternoon.” Starkweather glanced at the blood on his sleeve. “He said, ‘She is to be our vengeance for all your wasteful death. She will bring ruin to the Nephilim, and London will burn, and when the Magister rules over all, you will be no more to him than cattle in a pen.’ Even if the Consul does not wish to go after Tessa for her own sake, they ought to go after her to prevent that.”

“If they believe it,” said Charlotte.

“Coming from your lips, they must,” said Starkweather. “If it came from me, they would laugh me off as a mad old man, as they have done for years.”

“Oh, Aloysius. You far overestimate the trust the Consul has in me. He will say I am a foolish, credulous woman. He will say the faerie lied to you—well, they cannot lie, but twisted the truth, or repeated the truth as he believed it.”

The old man looked away, his mouth working. “Tessa Gray is the key to Mortmain’s plan,” he said. “I do not know how, but she is. I have come to you because I do not trust the Council with Tessa. She is part demon. I remember what in the past I have done to things that were part demon or supernatural.”

“Tessa is not a thing,” Charlotte said. “She is a girl, and she has been kidnapped and is probably terrified. Don’t you think if I could have thought of a way to save her already, I would have done it?”

“I have done wrong,” said Aloysius. “I want to make this right. My blood runs in that girl’s veins, even if demon blood does as well. She is my great-granddaughter.” He raised his chin, his watery, pale eyes rimmed with red. “I ask only one thing of you, Charlotte. When you find Tessa Gray, and you will find her, tell her she is welcome to the name of Starkweather.”



Do not make me regret that I have trusted you, Gabriel Lightwood.

Gabriel sat at the desk in his room, writing paper spread out before him, pen in hand. The lamps in the room were not lit, and the shadows were dark in the corners, and long across the floors.

To: Consul Josiah Wayland

From: Gabriel Lightwood

Most Honored Consul,

I write to you today at last with the news that you requested of me. I had expected it to come from Idris, but as chance would have it, its source is much closer to home. Today Aloysius

Starkweather, head of the York Institute, came to call upon Mrs. Branwell.

He set the pen down and took a deep breath. He had heard the bell of the Institute ring earlier, had watched from the stairs as Sophie had ushered Starkweather into the house and up to the drawing room. It was easy enough after that to station himself at the door and listen to everything that passed within the room.

Charlotte did not, after all, expect to be spied on.

He is an old man gone mad with grief, and as such he has created an elaborate set of fabrications with which he explains to himself his great loss. He is certainly to be pitied, but not to be taken seriously, nor should the policy of the Council rest upon the words of the untrustworthy and the mad.

The floorboards creaked; Gabriel's head jerked up. His heart was pounding. If it was Gideon—Gideon would be horrified to discover what he was doing. They all would. He thought of the look of betrayal that would bloom across Charlotte's small face if she knew. Henry's bewildered anger. Most of all he thought of a pair of blue eyes in a heart-shaped face, looking at him with disappointment. *Maybe I have faith in you, Gabriel Lightwood.*

When he set the pen back to the letter, he did so with such ferocity that the pen nearly tore through the paper.

I regret to report this, but they spoke together of both Council and Consul with great disrespect. It is clear that Mrs. Branwell resents what she sees as unnecessary interference in her plans. She met Mr. Starkweather's wild claims, such as that Mortmain has bred demons and Shadowhunters together, a clear impossibility, with sheer credulousness. It appears that you were correct, and that she is far too headstrong and easily influenced to head an Institute properly.

Gabriel bit his lip and forced himself not to think of Cecily; instead he thought of Lightwood House, his birthright; the good name of the Lightwoods restored; the safety of his brother and sister. He was not really harming Charlotte. It was only a question of her position, not her safety. The Consul had no dark plans for her. Surely she would be happier in Idris, or in some country house, watching her children run over green lawns and not worrying constantly about the fate of all Shadowhunters.

Though Mrs. Branwell exhorts you to send a force of Shadowhunters to Cadair Idris, anyone who makes the opinions of madmen and hysterics the cornerstone of their policies lacks the objectivity to be trusted.

If necessary, I shall swear by the Mortal Sword that all this is true.

*Yours in Raziel's name,
Gabriel Lightwood*

THE CLOCKWORK PRINCESS

*O Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?
—Percy Bysshe Shelley, “Lines: When the Lamp Is
Shattered”*

*To: Consul Josiah Wayland
From: Charlotte Branwell*

Dear Consul Wayland,

I have but this moment received tidings of the gravest import, which I hasten to impart to you. An informant, whose name I cannot at this time disclose but whom I vouch for as reliable, has relayed to me details that suggest to me that Miss Gray is no mere passing fancy of Mortmain’s but a key to his main objective: to wit, the utter destruction of us all.

He plots to construct devices of greater power than any we have yet before seen, and I deeply fear that Miss Gray’s unique abilities will aid him in this endeavor. She would never intend harm to us, but we do not know what threats or indignities Mortmain will offer her. It is imperative that she be rescued at once, as much to save us all as to aid her.

*In light of this new information, I once more implore you to
gather what forces you may and march upon Cadair Idris.*

*Yours sincerely, and in sincere distress,
Charlotte Branwell*



Tessa woke slowly, as if consciousness were at the end of a long, dark corridor and she were walking toward it at a snail's pace, her hand outstretched. Finally she reached it, and swung the door open to reveal—

Blinding light. It was golden light, not pale like witchlight. She sat up and looked around her.

She was in a simple brass bed, with a deep feather tick spread over a second mattress, and a heavy eiderdown quilt on top. The room she was in looked as if it had been hollowed out of a cave. There was a tall dresser, and a washstand with a blue jug on it; there was also a wardrobe, its door hanging open just enough that Tessa could see that garments hung inside. There were no windows in the room, though there was a fireplace in which a cheerful blaze burned. On either side of the fireplace were hung portraits.

She slid from the bed and winced as her bare feet encountered cold stone. It was not as painful as she would have expected, though, given her battered state. Glancing down, she had two quick shocks: the first was that she was wearing nothing but an oversize black silk dressing gown. The second was that her cuts and bruises seemed to have largely disappeared. She still felt slightly sore, but her skin, pale against the black silk, was unmarked. Touching her hair, she felt that it was clean and loose around her shoulders, no longer matted with mud and blood.

That did leave the question of who had cleaned her, healed her, and put her in this bed. Tessa remembered nothing beyond struggling with the automatons in the small farmhouse while Mrs. Black laughed. Eventually one of them had choked her into unconsciousness and a merciful darkness had come. Still, the

idea of Mrs. Black undressing and bathing her was horrible, though not perhaps as horrible as the idea of Mortmain doing it.

Most of the furniture in the room was grouped on one side of the cave. The other side was largely bare, though she could see the black rectangle of a doorway cut into the far wall. After a brief glance around she made her way toward it—

Only to find herself, halfway across the room, brought up bruisingly short. She staggered back, gathering her dressing gown more tightly about her, her forehead stinging where she had smacked it on *something*. Gingerly she reached out, tracing the air in front of her.

And she felt solid hardness in front of her, as if a perfectly clear glass wall stood between her and the other side of the room. She flattened her hands against it. Invisible it might be, but it was as hard as adamant. She moved her hands up, wondering how high it could possibly go—

“I wouldn’t bother,” said a cold, familiar voice from the door. “The configuration stretches all the way across the cave, from wall to wall, from roof to ceiling. You are completely immured behind it.”

Tessa had been stretching upward; at that, she dropped to her feet and backed up a step.

Mortmain.

He was exactly as she recalled him. A wiry man, not tall, with a weathered face and a neatly clipped beard. Extraordinarily ordinary, save for his eyes, as cold and gray as a winter snowstorm. He wore a dove-colored suit, not overly formal, the sort of thing a gentleman might wear to an afternoon at the club. His shoes were polished to a high shine.

Tessa said nothing, only drew the black dressing gown closer about her. It was voluminous, and concealed her whole body, but without the underpinnings of chemise and corset, stockings and bustle, she felt naked and exposed.

“Do not panic yourself,” Mortmain went on. “You cannot reach me through the wall, but neither can I reach you. Not without

dissolving the spell itself, and that would take time.” He paused. “I wished for you to feel safer.”

“If you wished me to be safe, you would have left me at the Institute.” Tessa’s tone was bone-chillingly cold.

Mortmain said nothing to that, only cocked his head and squinted at her, like a sailor squinting at the horizon. “My condolences on the death of your brother. I never meant for that to happen.”

Tessa felt her mouth twist into a terrible shape. It had been two months since Nate had died in her arms, but she had not forgotten, or forgiven. “I don’t want your pity. Or your good wishes. You made him a tool of yours, and then he died. It was your fault, as surely as if you had shot him in the street.”

“I suppose it would avail little to point out that he was the one who sought me out.”

“He was just a *boy*,” Tessa said. She wanted to sink to her knees, wanted to pound against the invisible barrier with her fists, but she held herself upright and cold. “He was not even twenty.”

Mortmain slid his hands into his pockets. “Do you know what it was like for me, when I was a boy?” he said, in as calm a tone as if he had been seated beside her at a dinner party and forced to make conversation.

Tessa thought of the images she had seen in Aloysius Starkweather’s mind.

The man was tall, broad-shouldered—and as green-skinned as a lizard. His hair was black. The child he held by the hand, by contrast, seemed as normal as a child could be—small, chubby-fisted, pink-skinned.

Tessa knew the man’s name, because Starkweather knew it.

John Shade.

Shade hoisted the child up onto his shoulders as through the door of the house spilled a number of odd-looking metal creatures, like a child’s jointed dolls, but human-size, and with skin made of shining metal. The creatures were featureless. Though, oddly, they wore clothes—the rough workman’s coveralls of a Yorkshire farmer on some,

and on others plain muslin dresses. The automatons joined hands and began to sway as if they were at a country dance. The child laughed and clapped his hands.

“Look well on this, my son,” said the green-skinned man, “for one day I shall rule a clockwork kingdom of such beings, and you shall be its prince.”

“I know your adoptive parents were warlocks,” she said. “I know that they cared for you. I know that your father invented the clockwork creatures with which you are so enamored.”

“And you know what happened to them.”

—a room torn apart, cogs and cams and gears and ripped metal everywhere, fluid leaking as black as blood, and the green-skinned man and blue-haired woman lying dead among the ruins—

Tessa looked away.

“Let me tell you about my childhood,” Mortmain said. “Adoptive parents, you call them, but they were as much my parents as any amount of blood could make them. They raised me up with care and love, just as yours did you.” He gestured toward the fireplace, and Tessa realized with a dull shock that the portraits that hung on either side were portraits of her own parents: her fair-haired mother, and her thoughtful-looking father with his brown eyes and tie askew. “And then they were killed by Shadowhunters. My father wanted to create these beautiful automatons, these *clockwork creatures*, as you call them. They would be the greatest machines ever invented, he dreamed, and they would protect Downworlders against the Shadowhunters who routinely murdered and stole from them. You saw the spoils in Starkweather’s Institute.” He spat the last words. “You saw pieces of my parents. He kept my mother’s blood in a jar.”

And the remains of warlocks. Mummified taloned hands, like Mrs. Black’s. A stripped skull, utterly de-fleshed, human-looking save that it had tusks instead of teeth. Vials of sludgy-looking blood.

Tessa swallowed. *My mother’s blood in a jar.* She could not say she did not understand his rage. And yet—she thought of Jem, his parents dying in front of him, his own life destroyed, and yet

he had never sought revenge. “Yes, that was horrible,” Tessa said. “But it does not excuse the things you’ve done.”

A flicker of something deep in his eyes: rage, quickly tamped down. “Let me tell you what I’ve done,” he said. “I have created an army. An army that, once the final piece of the puzzle is in place, will be invincible.”

“And the final piece of the puzzle—”

“Is you,” said Mortmain.

“You say that over and over, and yet you refuse to explain it,” Tessa said. “You demand my cooperation and yet you tell me nothing. You have me imprisoned here, sir, but you cannot force my speech with you, or my willingness if I choose not to give it—”

“You are half-Shadowhunter, half-demon,” Mortmain said. “That is the first thing you should know.”

Tessa, already half-turned away from him, froze. “That is not possible. The offspring of Shadowhunters and demons are stillborn.”

“Yes, they are,” he said. “They are. The blood of a Shadowhunter, the runes on the body of a Shadowhunter, are death to a warlock child in the womb. But *your mother was not Marked.*”

“My mother was not a Shadowhunter!” Tessa looked wildly to the portrait of Elizabeth Gray over the fireplace. “Or are you saying she lied to my father, lied to everyone all her life—”

“She did not know,” said Mortmain. “The Shadowhunters did not know it. There was no one to tell her. My father built your clockwork angel, you know. It was meant to be a gift for my mother. It contains within it a bit of the spirit of an angel, a rare thing, something he had carried with him since the Crusades. The mechanism itself was meant to be tuned to her life, so that every time her life was threatened the angel would intervene to protect her. However, my father never had a chance to finish it. He was murdered first.” Mortmain began to pace. “My parents were not singled out for murder, of course. Starkweather and his kind delighted in slaughtering Downworlders—they grew rich off the spoils—and would take the slightest excuse to bring violence

against them. For that he was hated by the Downworlder community. It was the faeries of the countryside who helped me escape when my parents were killed, and who hid me until the Shadowhunters stopped looking for me.” He took a shuddering breath. “Years later, when they decided to have their revenge, I helped them. Institutes are protected against the ingress of Downworlders, but not against mundanes, and not, of course, against automatons.”

He smiled a terrible smile.

“It was I, with the help of one of my father’s inventions, who crept into the York Institute and switched the baby in the crib there for one of mundane descent. Starkweather’s granddaughter, Adele.”

“Adele,” Tessa whispered. “I saw a portrait of her.” *A very young girl with long, fair hair, dressed in an old-fashioned child’s dress, a great ribbon surmounting her small head. Her face was thin and pale and sickly, but her eyes were bright.*

“She died when the first runes were put on her,” said Mortmain with relish. “Died screaming, as so many Downworlders had before at the hands of Shadowhunters. Now they had killed one they had come to love. A fitting retribution.”

Tessa stared at him in horror. How could anyone think that to die in agony was fitting retribution for an innocent child? She thought of Jem again, his hands gentle on his violin.

“Elizabeth, your mother, grew up not knowing she was a Shadowhunter. No runes were given to her. I followed her progress, of course, and when she married Richard Gray, I made sure I employed him. I believed that the lack of runes on your mother meant that she could conceive a child who was half-demon, half-Shadowhunter, and to test that theory I sent a demon to her in the shape of your father. She never knew the difference.”

Only the emptiness in Tessa’s stomach kept her from being sick. “You—did *what*—to my mother? A demon? I am half-demon?”

“He was a Greater Demon, if that comforts you. Most of them were angels once. He was fair enough in his own aspect.” Mortmain smirked. “Before your mother became pregnant, I had worked for years to finish my father’s clockwork angel. I finished it, and after you were conceived, tuned it to *your* life. My greatest invention.”

“But why would my mother be willing to wear it?”

“To save you,” said Mortmain. “Your mother realized that something was wrong when she became pregnant. To carry a warlock child is not like carrying a human child. I came to her then and gave her the clockwork angel. I told her that wearing it would save her child’s life. She believed me. I was not lying. You are immortal, girl, but you are not invulnerable. You can be killed. The angel is tuned to your life; it is *designed* to save you if you are dying. It may have saved you a hundred times before you were ever born, and it’s saved you since. Think of the times you have been close to death. Think of the way it intervened.”

Tessa thought back—the way her angel had flown at the automaton choking her, had fended off the blades of the creature that had attacked her near Ravenscar Manor, had kept her from being dashed to pieces on the rocks of the ravine. “But it did not save me from torture, nor injury.”

“No. For those are part of the human condition.”

“So is death,” said Tessa. “I am not human, and you let the Dark Sisters torture me. I could never forgive you for that. Even if you convinced me my brother’s death was his fault, that Thomas’s death was justified, that your hatred was reasonable, I could never forgive you for that.”

Mortmain lifted the box at his feet and upended it. There was a rattling crash as cogs fell from it—cogs and cams and gears, sheared-off bits of metal smeared with black fluid, and lastly, bouncing atop the rest of the rubbish like a child’s red rubber ball, a severed head.

Mrs. Black’s.

“I destroyed her,” he said. “For you. I wished to show you I am sincere, Miss Gray.”

“Sincere in what?” Tessa demanded. “Why did you do all this? *Why did you create me?*”

His lips twitched slightly; it was not a smile, not really. “For two purposes. The first is so that you could bear children.”

“But warlocks cannot . . .”

“No,” said Mortmain. “But you are no ordinary warlock. In you the blood of demons and the blood of angels has fought its own war in Heaven, and the angels have been victorious. You are not a Shadowhunter, but you are not a warlock, either. You are something new, something entirely other. *Shadowhunters*,” he spat. “All Shadowhunter and demon hybrids die, and the Nephilim are proud of it, glad that their blood will never be filthied, their lineage tainted by magic. But *you*. You can do magic. You can have children like any other woman. Not for some years yet, but when you reach your full maturity. The greatest warlocks alive have assured me of it. Together we will start a new race, with the Shadowhunters’ beauty and with no warlock mark. It will be a race that will break the Shadowhunters’ arrogance by replacing them on this earth.”

Tessa’s legs gave out. She slumped to the floor, her dressing gown pooling around her like black water. “You—you want to use me to *breed your children?*”

Now he did grin. “I am not a man without honor,” he said. “I offer you marriage. I always planned that.” He gestured at the pitiful pile of ragged metal and flesh that had been Mrs. Black. “If I can have your willing participation, I would prefer it. And I can promise I shall deal thus with all your enemies.”

My enemies. She thought of Nate, his hand closing on hers as he died, bloody, in her lap. She thought of Jem again, the way he never railed against his fate but faced it down bravely; she thought of Charlotte, who wept over Jessamine’s death, though Jessie had betrayed her; and she thought of Will, who had laid down his heart for her and Jem to walk upon because he loved them more than he loved himself.

There was human goodness in the world, she thought—all caught up with desires and dreams, regrets and bitterness,

resentments and powers, but it was there, and Mortmain would never see it.

“You will never understand,” she said. “You say that you build, that you invent, but I know an inventor—Henry Branwell—and you are nothing like him. He brings things to life; you just destroy. And now you bring me another dead demon, as if it were flowers rather than more death. You have no feelings, Mr. Mortmain, no empathy for anyone. If I had not known it before, it would have been made abundantly clear when you tried to use James Carstairs’s illness to force me to come here. Though he is dying because of you, he wouldn’t allow me to come—wouldn’t take your *yin fen*. That’s how *good* people behave.”

She saw the look on his face. Disappointment. It was only there for a moment, though, before it was wiped away with a shrewd look. “Wouldn’t allow you to come?” he said. “So I did not misjudge you; you would have done it. Would have come to me, here, out of love.”

“Not love for you.”

“No,” he said thoughtfully, “not for me,” and he drew from his pocket an object that Tessa recognized immediately.

She stared at the watch he held out to her, dangling on its gold chain. It was clearly unwound. The hands had long ago stopped spinning, the time seemingly frozen at midnight. The initials J.T.S. were carved on the back in elegant script.

“I said there were two reasons I created you,” he said. “This is the second. There are shape-shifters in the world: demons and magicians who can take on the appearance of others. But only you can truly *become* someone else. This watch was my father’s. John Thaddeus Shade. I beg of you to take this watch and Change into my father so I may speak with him one more time. If you do that, I will send all the *yin fen* I have in my possession—and it is a considerable amount—to James Carstairs.”

“He will not take it,” Tessa said immediately.

“Why not?” His tone was reasonable. “You are no longer a condition of the drug. It is a gift, freely given. It would be foolish to throw it away, and avail nothing. Whereas by doing this small

thing for me, you may well save his life. What do you say to that, Tessa Gray?"



Will. Will, wake up.

It was Tessa's voice, unmistakably, and it brought Will bolt upright in the saddle. He caught at Balios's mane to steady himself and looked around blearily.

Green, gray, blue. The vista of Welsh countryside spread out before him. He had passed Welshpool and the England-Wales border sometime around dawn. He remembered little of his journey, only a continuous, tortuous progression of places: Norton, Atcham, Emstrey, Weeping Cross, diverting himself and his horse around Shrewsbury, and finally, finally the border and Welsh hills in the distance. They had been ghostly in the morning light, everything shrouded in mist that had burned off slowly as the sun had risen overhead.

He guessed he was somewhere near Llangadfan. It was a pretty road, laid over an old Roman byway, but almost empty of habitation apart from the occasional farm, and it seemed endlessly long, longer than the gray sky stretching overhead. At the Cann Office Hotel he had forced himself to stop and take some food, but only for moments. The journey was what mattered.

Now that he was in Wales, he could feel it—the draw in his blood toward the place where he had been born. Despite all Cecily's words, he had not felt the connection in him until now—breathing Welsh air, seeing the Welsh colors: the green of hills, gray of slate and sky, the pallor of whitewashed stone houses, the ivory dots of sheep against the grass. Pine and oak trees were dark emerald in the distance, higher up, but closer to the road the vegetation grew green-gray and ochre.

As he moved farther into the heart of the country, the soft green rolling hills grew starker, the road steeper, and the sun began to sink toward the rim of the distant mountains. He knew where he was now, knew when he passed into the Dyfi Valley, and

the mountains in front of him thrust up, stark and ragged. The peak of Car Afron was on his left, a tumble of gray slate and shingle like broken gray spiderweb across its side. The road was steep and long, and as Will urged Balios up it, he slumped in the saddle and, against his will, drifted out of consciousness. He dreamed of Cecily and Ella running up and down hills not unlike these, calling after him, *Will! Come and run with us, Will!* And he dreamed of Tessa and her hands held out for him, and he knew he could not stop, could not stop until he reached her. Even if she never looked at him like that in waking life, even if that softness in her eyes was for someone else. And sometimes, as now, his hand would slip into his pocket and close around the jade pendant there.

Something struck him hard from the side; he released the pendant as he fell, jarringly, onto the rocky grass by the side of the road. Pain shot up his arm, and he rolled to the side just in time to avoid Balios crumpling to the earth beside him. It took him a moment, gasping, to realize that they had not been attacked. His horse, too exhausted to take another step, had collapsed beneath him.

Will heaved himself up to his knees and crawled to Balios's side. The black horse lay lathered in foam, his eyes rolling upward pitifully toward Will as Will neared him and flung an arm around his neck. To his relief the horse's pulse was steady and strong. "Balios, Balios," he whispered, stroking the animal's mane. "I am sorry. I should not have ridden you like that."

He remembered when Henry had bought the horses and was trying to decide what to name them. Will had been the one to suggest their names: Balios and Xanthos, after the immortal horses of Achilles. *We two can fly as swiftly as Zephyrus, who they say is the fleetest of all winds.*

But those horses had been immortal, and Balios was not. Stronger than an ordinary horse, and faster, but every creature had its limits. Will lay down, his head spinning, and stared up at the sky—like a gray sheet pulled tight, touched here and there with streaks of black cloud.

He had thought, once, in the brief moments between the lifting of the “curse” and the knowledge that Jem and Tessa were engaged, of bringing Tessa here to Wales, to show her the places he had been as a child. He had thought to take her down to Pembrokeshire, to walk around Saint David’s Head and see the cliff-top flowers there, to see the blue sea from Tenby and find seashells at the tide lines. These all seemed the distant fancies of a child now. There was only the road ahead, more riding and more exhaustion, and probable death at the end of it.

With another reassuring pat on his horse’s neck, Will heaved himself to his knees and then his feet. Fighting dizziness, he limped to the crest of the hill, and looked down.

A small valley lay below him, and within it was cradled a diminutive stone village, little bigger than a hamlet. He took his stele from his belt and wearily carved a Vision rune into his left wrist. It lent him enough power to see that the village had a square, and a small church. It would almost certainly have some sort of public house where he could rest for the night.

Everything in his heart screamed to go on, to *finish this*—he could not be more than twenty miles from his goal—but to go on would be to kill his horse and, he knew, to arrive at Cadair Idris himself in no fit state to do battle with anyone. He turned back toward Balios and with a measured application of coaxing and handfuls of oats managed to get the horse to its feet. Gathering the reins in his hand and squinting into the sunset, he began to lead Balios down the hill toward the village.



The chair Tessa sat in had a high, carved wooden back, hammered through with massive nails, the dull ends of which poked into her back. In front of her was a wide desk, weighed down by books on one end. Before her on the desk was a clean tablet of paper, a jar of ink, and a quill. Beside the paper sat John Shade’s pocket watch.

On either side of her stood two massive automatons. Little effort had been expended to make them resemble humans. Each

was nearly triangular, with thick arms protruding from either side of their bodies, each arm ending in a razor-sharp blade. They were frightening enough, but Tessa could not help but feel that if Will were there, he would have commented that they looked like turnips, and perhaps made up a song about it.

“Take up the watch,” said Mortmain. “And Change.”

He sat across from her, in a chair much like hers, with the same high curving back. They were in another cave room, which she had been led to by automatons; the only light in the room came from an enormous fireplace, large enough to roast an entire cow in. Mortmain’s face was cast into shadows, his fingers steeped below his chin.

Tessa lifted the watch. It felt heavy and cool in her hands. She closed her eyes.

She had only Mortmain’s word that he had sent the *yin fen*, and yet she believed him. He had no reason not to do it, after all. What difference did it make to him whether Jem Carstairs lived a little longer? It had only ever been a bargaining tool to get her into his hands, and here she was, *yin fen* or not.

She heard Mortmain’s breath hiss out between his teeth, and she tightened her fingers’ grip on the watch. It seemed to throb suddenly in her grasp, the way the clockwork angel sometimes did, as if it had its own life within it. She felt her hand jerk, and then suddenly the Change was on her—without her having to will it or reach for it as she usually did. She gave a little gasp as she felt the Change take her like a harsh wind, pushing her down and under. John Shade was suddenly all around her, his presence enveloping hers. Pain drove up her arm, and she let go of the watch. It thumped to the desk, but the Change was unstoppable. Her shoulders broadened under the dressing gown, her fingers turning green, the color spreading up her body like verdigris over copper.

Her head jerked upright. She felt heavy, as if an enormous weight were pressing on her. Looking down, she saw that she had a man’s heavy arms, the skin a dark, textured green, the hands large and curved. A feeling of panic rose in her, but it was tiny, a

small spark within an immense gulf of darkness. She had never been so lost inside a Change before.

Mortmain had sat upright. He was staring at her fixedly, his firm lips compressed, his eyes shining with a hard dark light. “Father,” he said.

Tessa did not answer. Could not answer. The voice that rose within her was not hers; it was Shade’s. “My clockwork prince,” Shade said.

The light in Mortmain’s eyes grew. He leaned forward, pushing the papers eagerly across the table toward Tessa. “Father,” he said. “I need your help, and quickly. I have a Pyxis. I have the means to open it. I have the automaton bodies. I need only the spell you created, the binding spell. Write it down for me, and I will have the last piece of the puzzle.”

The tiny flare of panic inside Tessa was growing and spreading. This was no touching reunion between father and son. This was something Mortmain wanted, needed from the warlock John Shade. She began to struggle, to try to extricate herself from the Change, but it held her with a grip like iron. Not since the Dark Sisters had trained her had she been unable to extricate herself from a Change, but though John Shade was dead, she could feel the steely hold of his will on her, keeping her prisoned in his body and forcing that body into action. In horror she saw her own hand reach for the pen, dip the nib in the ink, and begin to write.

The pen scratched across the paper. Mortmain leaned forward. He was breathing hard, as if running. Behind him the fire crackled, high and orange in the grate. “That is it,” he said, his tongue licking over his bottom lip. “I can see how that would work, yes. Finally. That’s it exactly.”

Tessa stared. What was coming from her pen seemed a stream of gibberish to her: numbers, signs, and symbols she could not comprehend. Again she tried to struggle, succeeding only in blotting the page. There went the pen again—ink, paper, more scratching. The hand that held the pen was shaking violently, but the symbols continued to flow. Tessa began to bite her lip: hard, then harder. She tasted blood in her mouth. Some of the blood

dripped onto the page. The pen continued to write through it, smearing scarlet fluid across the page.

“That is it,” Mortmain said. “Father—”

The nib of the pen snapped, as loud as a gunshot, echoing off the walls of the cave. The pen fell broken from Tessa’s hand, and she slumped back against the chair, exhausted. The green was draining from her skin, her body was shrinking, her own brown hair was tumbling loose over her shoulders. She could still taste blood in her mouth. “No,” she gasped, and reached for the papers. “No—”

But her movements were made slow by pain and the Change, and Mortmain was faster. Laughing, he snatched the papers out from under her hand and rose to his feet. “Very good,” he said. “Thank you, my little warlock girl. You have given me everything I need. Automatons, escort Miss Gray back to her room.”

A metal hand closed on the back of Tessa’s gown and lifted her to her feet. The world seemed to swing dizzily in front of her. She saw Mortmain reach down and lift up the gold watch that had fallen on the table.

He smiled at it, a feral, vicious smile. “I will make you proud, Father,” he said. “Never doubt it.”

Tessa, no longer able to bear watching, closed her eyes. *What have I done?* she thought as the automaton began to push her from the room. *My God, what have I done?*

ONLY NOBLE TO BE GOOD

*Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.*
—Alfred, Lord Tennyson, “Lady Clara Vere de Vere”

Charlotte’s dark head was bent over a letter when Gabriel came into the drawing room. It was chilly in the room, the fire dead in the grate. Gabriel wondered why Sophie had not built it up—too much time spent training. His father wouldn’t have had patience with that. He liked servants who were trained to fight, but he preferred them to acquire that knowledge before they entered his service.

Charlotte looked up. “Gabriel,” she said.

“You wanted to see me?” Gabriel did his best to keep his voice even. He couldn’t help the feeling that Charlotte’s dark eyes could see through him, as if he were made of glass. His eyes flicked toward the paper on her desk. “What is that?”

She hesitated. “A letter from the Consul.” Her mouth was twisted into a tight, unhappy line. She glanced down again and sighed. “All I ever wanted was to run this Institute as my father had. I never thought it would be quite so hard. I shall write to him again, but—” She broke off then, with a tight, false smile. “But I did not ask you here to talk about myself,” she said.

“Gabriel, you have looked tired these past few days, and tense. I know we are all distressed, and I fear that in that distress your—situation—may have been forgotten.”

“My situation?”

“Your father,” she clarified, rising from her chair and approaching him. “You must be grieving him.”

“What of Gideon?” he said. “He was his father too.”

“Gideon grieved your father some time ago,” she said, and to his surprise she was standing at his elbow. “For you it must be new and raw. I did not want you to think I had forgotten.”

“After everything that’s happened,” he said, his throat starting to close with bewilderment—and something else, something he did not want to identify too closely—“after Jem, and Will, and Jessamine, and Tessa, after your household has been very nearly cut in *half*, you do not wish me to believe that you have forgotten *me*?”

She laid a hand on his arm. “Those losses do not make your loss nothing—”

“That cannot be it,” he said. “You cannot want to comfort me. You asked me to find out if my loyalty is still to my father, or to the Institute—”

“Gabriel, no. Nothing like that.”

“I can’t give you the answer you want,” Gabriel said. “I cannot forget that he stayed with me. My mother died—and Gideon left—and Tatiana is a useless fool—and there was never anyone else, never anyone else to bring me up, and I had *nothing*, just my father, just the two of us, and now you, you and Gideon, you expect me to despise him, but I can’t. He was my father, and I—” His voice broke.

“Loved him,” she said gently. “You know, I remember you when you were just a little boy, and I remember your mother. And I remember your brother, always standing next to you. And your father’s hand on your shoulder. If it matters, I do believe he loved you, too.”

“It doesn’t matter. Because I killed my father,” Gabriel said in a shaking voice. “I put an arrow through his eye—I spilled his

blood. Patricide—”

“It was not patricide. He wasn’t your father anymore.”

“If that was not my father, if I did not end my father’s life, then *where is he?*” Gabriel whispered “Where is my father?” and felt Charlotte reach up to draw him down, to embrace him as a mother would, holding him as he choked dryly against her shoulder, tasting tears in his throat but unable to shed them. “Where is my father?” he said again, and when she tightened her hold on him, he felt the iron in her grip, the strength of her holding him up, and wondered how he had ever thought this small woman was weak.

To: Charlotte Branwell

From: Consul Josiah Wayland

My Dear Mrs. Branwell,

An informant whose name you cannot at this time disclose? I would venture a guess that there is no informant, and that this is all your own invention, a ploy to convince me of your rightness.

Pray cease your impression of a parrot witlessly repeating “March upon Cadair Idris at once” at all the hours of the day, and show me instead that you are performing your duties as leader of the London Institute. Otherwise I fear I must suppose that you are unfit to do so, and will be forced to relieve you of them at once.

As a token of your compliance, I must ask that you cease speaking of this matter entirely, and implore no members of the Enclave to join you in your fruitless quest. If I hear that you have brought this matter before any other Nephilim, I shall consider it the gravest disobedience and act accordingly.

Josiah Wayland, Consul of the Clave

Sophie had brought Charlotte the letter at the breakfast table. Charlotte pried it open with her butter knife, breaking through

the Wayland seal (a horseshoe with the C of the Consul below it), and fairly tore it open in her eagerness to read.

The rest of them watched her, Henry with concern on his bright, open face as two dark red spots bloomed slowly over Charlotte's cheekbones while her eyes scanned the lines. The others sat still, arrested over their meals, and Cecily could not help but think how it was strange in a way to see a group of men hanging upon the reaction of a woman.

Though a smaller group of men than it should have been. The absence of Will and Jem felt like a new wound, a clean white slice not yet filled in with blood, the shock almost too fresh for pain.

"What is it?" Henry said anxiously. "Charlotte, dear . . ."

Charlotte read the words of the message out with the emotionless beats of a metronome. When she was done, she pushed the letter away, still staring at it. "I simply cannot . . ." She began. "I do not understand."

Henry had flushed red beneath his freckles. "How dare he write to you like that," he said, with unexpected ferocity. "How dare he address you in that manner, dismiss your concerns—"

"Perhaps he is correct. Perhaps he is mad. Perhaps we all are," Charlotte said.

"We are not!" Cecily exclaimed, and she saw Gabriel look sideways at her. His expression was difficult to read. He had been pale since he had come into the dining room, and had barely spoken or eaten, staring instead at the tablecloth as if it held the answers to all the questions in the universe. "The Magister is in Cadair Idris. I am sure of it."

Gideon was frowning. "I believe you," he said. "We all do, but without the ear of the Consul, the matter cannot be placed before the Council, and without a Council there can be no assistance for us."

"The portal is nearly ready for use," said Henry. "When it works, we should be able to transport as many Shadowhunters as needed to Cadair Idris in a matter of moments."

"But there will be no Shadowhunters to transport," said Charlotte. "Look, here, the Consul forbids me to speak of this

matter to the Enclave. Its authority supersedes mine. To overstep his command like that—we could lose the Institute.”

“And?” Cecily demanded heatedly. “Do you care more for your position than you care for Will and Tessa?”

“Miss *Herondale*,” Henry began, but Charlotte silenced him with a gesture. She looked very tired.

“No, Cecily, it is not that, but the Institute provides us protection. Without it our ability to help Will and Tessa is severely compromised. As the head of the Institute, I can provide them assistance that a single Shadowhunter could not—”

“No,” Gabriel said. He had pushed away his plate, and his slim fingers were tense and white as he gestured. “You cannot.”

“Gabriel?” said Gideon in a questioning tone.

“I will not stay silent,” Gabriel said, and rose to his feet, as if he intended to either make a speech or sprint away from the table, Cecily was not sure. He turned a haunted green gaze on Charlotte. “The day that the Consul came here, when he brought me and my brother away for questioning, he threatened us until we promised to spy on you for him.”

Charlotte paled. Henry began to stand up from the table. Gideon threw a hand out pleadingly.

“Charlotte,” he said. “We never did it. We never told him a word. Nothing that was true, anyway,” he amended, looking around as the rest of the occupants of the room stared at him. “Some lies. Misdirection. He stopped asking after only two letters. He knew there was no use in it.”

“It’s true, ma’am,” came a small voice from the corner of the room. Sophie. Cecily almost hadn’t noticed her there, pale under her white mobcap.

“Sophie!” Henry sounded utterly shocked. “You knew about this?”

“Yes, but—” Sophie’s voice shook. “He threatened Gideon and Gabriel awfully, Mr. Branwell. He told them he would have the Lightwoods stricken off the Shadowhunter records, that he would have Tatiana turned out in the street. And still they didn’t tell him

anything. When he stopped asking, I thought he'd realized there was nothing to find out and given up. I'm so sorry. I just—"

"She didn't want to hurt you," Gideon said desperately. "Please, Mrs. Branwell. Do not blame Sophie for this."

"I don't," said Charlotte, her eyes dark and quick, moving from Gabriel to Gideon to Sophie, and back again. "But I rather imagine there is more to this story. Isn't there?"

"That is all there is, truly—," Gideon began.

"No," Gabriel said. "It isn't. When I came to you, Gideon, and told you that the Consul no longer wanted us to report to him about Charlotte, that was a lie."

"What?" Gideon looked horrified.

"He brought me aside on my own, the day of the attack on the Institute," Gabriel said. "He told me that if I helped him discover some wrongdoing on Charlotte's part, he would give back the Lightwood estate to us, restore the honor to our name, cover up what our father did . . ." He took a deep breath. "And I told him I would do it."

"*Gabriel*," Gideon groaned, and buried his face in his hands. Gabriel looked as if he were about to be sick, half-wavering on his feet. Cecily was torn between pity and horror, remembering that night in the training room, how she had told him she had faith in him that he would make the right choices.

"That is why you looked so frightened when I called you to speak with me earlier today," Charlotte said, her gaze steady on Gabriel. "You thought I had found you out."

Henry began to rise to his feet, his pleasant, open face darkening with the first real anger Cecily thought she had ever seen on it. "Gabriel Lightwood," he said. "My wife has shown you nothing but kindness, and this is how you repay it?"

Charlotte put a restraining hand on her husband's arm. "Henry, wait," she said. "Gabriel. What did you do?"

"I listened to your conversation with Aloysius Starkweather," Gabriel said in an empty voice. "I wrote a letter to the Consul afterward, telling him that you were basing your requests that he

march on Wales on the words of a madman, that you were credulous, too headstrong . . .”

Charlotte’s eyes seemed to pierce through Gabriel like nails; Cecily thought she would never want that gaze on her, not in her life. “You wrote it,” she said. “Did you send it?”

Gabriel took a long, gasping breath. “No,” he said, and reached into his sleeve. He drew out a folded paper and threw it down onto the table. Cecily stared at it. It was smudged with fingerprints and soft at the edges, as if it had been folded and unfolded many times. “I could not do it. I did not tell him anything at all.”

Cecily let out a breath she hadn’t realized she’d been holding.

Sophie made a soft noise; she started toward Gideon, who was looking as if he were recovering from being punched in the stomach. Charlotte remained as calm as she had been throughout. She reached out, picked up the letter, glanced over it, and then placed it back on the table.

“Why didn’t you send it?” she said.

He looked at her, an odd shared look that passed between them, and said, “I had my reasons to reconsider.”

“Why didn’t you come to me?” Gideon said. “Gabriel, you are my brother. . . .”

“You cannot make all choices for me, Gideon. Sometimes I have to make my own. As Shadowhunters we are meant to be selfless. To die for mundanes, for the Angel, and most of all for each other. Those are our principles. Charlotte lives by them; Father never did. I realized that I had been mistaken before in putting my loyalty to my bloodline above principle, above everything. And I realized the Consul was wrong about Charlotte.” Gabriel stopped abruptly; his mouth was set in a thin, white line. “He was wrong.” He turned to Charlotte. “I cannot take back what I have done in the past, or what I considered doing. I know of no way to make up to you my doubt in your authority, or my ungratefulness for your kindness. All I can do is tell you what I know: that you cannot wait for an approval from Consul Wayland that will never come. He will never march upon

Cadair Idris for you, Charlotte. He does not want to agree to any plan that has your stamp of authority on it. He wishes you out of the Institute. Replaced.”

“But he is the one who put me here,” Charlotte said. “He supported me—”

“Because he thought you would be weak,” said Gabriel. “Because he believes women are weak and easily manipulated, but you have proved not to be, and it has ruined all his planning. He does not just desire you discredited; he *needs* it. He was clear enough with me that even if I could not discover you engaged in any true wrongdoing, he was granting me the freedom to invent a lie that would convict you. As long as it was a convincing one.”

Charlotte pressed her lips together. “Then he never had faith in me,” she whispered. “Never.”

Henry tightened his grip on her arm. “But he should have,” he said. “He underestimated you, and that is not a tragedy. That you have proven to be better, cleverer, and stronger than anyone could have expected, Charlotte—it is a triumph.”

Charlotte swallowed, and Cecily wondered, just for a moment, what it would be like to have someone look at her as Henry looked at Charlotte—as if she were a wonder on the earth. “What do I do?”

“What you think best, Charlotte darling,” said Henry.

“You are the leader of the Enclave, and of the Institute,” said Gabriel. “We have faith in you, even if the Consul does not.” He ducked his head. “You have my loyalty from this day forward. For whatever it is worth to you.”

“It is worth a great deal,” Charlotte said, and there was something in her voice, a quiet authority that made Cecily want to rise and proclaim her own loyalty, simply to win the balm of Charlotte’s approval. Cecily couldn’t imagine feeling that way, she realized, about the Consul. *And that is why the Consul hates her*, she thought. *Because she is a woman, and yet he knows she can command loyalty in a way he never could.* “We proceed as if the Consul does not exist,” Charlotte went on. “If he is determined to remove me from my place here, then I have nothing to

safeguard. It is simply a matter of doing what we must before he has a chance to stop us. Henry, how long before your invention is ready?"

"Tomorrow," Henry said promptly. "I shall work through the night—"

"It will be the first time it is ever used," said Gideon. "Does that not seem a bit risky?"

"We have no other way of getting to Wales in time," said Charlotte. "Once I send my message, we will have only a short time before the Consul comes to relieve me of my place."

"What message?" Cecily asked, bewildered.

"I am going to send a message to all the members of the Clave," Charlotte said. "At once. Not the Enclave. The *Clave*."

"But only the Consul is allowed—," Henry began, then shut his mouth like a box. "Ah."

"I will tell them the situation as it stands and ask for their assistance," said Charlotte. "I am not sure what response we can count on, but surely some will stand with us."

"I will stand with you," said Cecily.

"And I, of course," Gabriel said. His expression was resigned, nervous, considering, determined. Never had Cecily liked him more.

"And I," said Gideon, "though"—and his gaze, as it passed over his brother, was worried—"a mere six of us, one only barely trained, against whatever force Mortmain has mustered . . ." Cecily was caught between pleasure that he had counted her as one of them and annoyance that he had said she was barely trained. "It could be a suicide mission."

Sophie's soft voice spoke again. "You may have only six *Shadowhunters* on your side, but you have at least nine fighters. I am trained as well, and I would like to fight alongside you. So will Bridget and Cyril."

Charlotte looked half-pleased, half-startled. "But, Sophie, you have only just begun to be trained—"

"I have been trained longer than Miss Herondale," said Sophie.

"Cecily is a Shadowhunter—"

“Miss Collins has a natural talent,” said Gideon. He spoke slowly, the conflict clear on his face. He did not want Sophie in the fighting, in danger, and yet would not lie about her abilities. “She should be allowed to Ascend and become a Shadowhunter.”

“Gideon—,” Sophie began, startled, but Charlotte was already looking at her with a keen dark gaze.

“Is that what you want, Sophie, dear? To Ascend?”

Sophie stammered. “I—it is what I have always wanted, Mrs. Branwell, but not if it meant I had to leave your service. You have been so kind to me, I would not wish to repay that by abandoning you—”

“Nonsense,” Charlotte said. “I can find another maid; I cannot find another Sophie. If being a Shadowhunter was what you wanted, my girl, I wish you had spoken. I could have gone to the Consul before I was at odds with him. Still, when we return—”

She broke off, and Cecily heard the words beneath the words: *If we return.*

“When we return, I will put you forward for Ascension,” Charlotte finished.

“I will speak out for her case as well,” Gideon said. “After all, I have my father’s place on the Council—his friends will listen to me; they still owe loyalty to our family—and besides, how else can we be married?”

“*What?*” said Gabriel with a wild hand gesture that accidentally flipped the nearest plate onto the floor, where it shattered.

“Married?” said Henry. “You’re marrying your father’s friends on the Council? Which of them?”

Gideon had gone an odd sort of greenish color; clearly he had not meant those words to escape him, and he did not know what to do now that they had. He was staring at Sophie in horror, but it didn’t seem she was likely to be much help either. She looked as shocked as a fish that had been stranded unexpectedly on land.

Cecily stood up and dropped her serviette onto her plate. “All right,” she said, doing her best to approximate the commanding

tones her mother used when she needed something done about the house. “Everyone out of the room.”

Charlotte, Henry, and Gideon began to rise to their feet. Cecily threw her hands up. “Not *you*, Gideon Lightwood,” she said. “Honestly! But *you*”—she pointed at Gabriel—“do stop staring. And come along.” And taking him by the back of the jacket, she half-dragged him from the room, Henry and Charlotte hard on their heels.



The moment they had left the dining room, Charlotte strode off toward the drawing room with the announced purpose of composing a message for the Clave, Henry by her side. (She paused at the turn of the corridor to look back at Gabriel with an amused quirk of her mouth, but Cecily suspected he did not see it.) Cecily put it out of her mind quickly, regardless. She was too busy pressing her ear up against the dining room door, trying to hear what was going on inside.

Gabriel, after a moment's pause, leaned back against the wall beside the door. He was in equal parts pale and flushed, his pupils dilated with shock. “You shouldn't do that,” he said finally. “Eavesdropping is most incorrect behavior, Miss Herondale.”

“It's *your* brother,” Cecily whispered, ear against the wood. She could hear murmurs inside but nothing definite. “I should think you'd want to know.”

He ran both his hands through his hair and exhaled like someone who'd been running a long distance. Then he turned to her and took a stele from his waistcoat pocket. He carved a rune quickly into his wrist, then placed his hand flat against the door. “I do, at that.”

Cecily's gaze darted from his hand to the thoughtful expression on his face. “Can you *hear* them?” she demanded. “Oh, that is not at all fair!”

“It's all very romantic,” Gabriel said, and then frowned. “Or it would be, if my brother could get a word out without sounding

like a choking frog. I fear he will not go down in history as one of the world's great wooers of women."

Cecily crossed her arms in vexation. "I do not see why you are being so difficult," she said. "Or are you bothered that your brother wishes to marry a servant girl?"

The expression Gabriel turned on her was fierce, and Cecily suddenly regretted tweaking him after what he had just been through. "Nothing I can think of him doing would be worse than what my father did. At least his taste runs to human women."

And yet it was so difficult *not* to tweak him. He was so *aggravating*. "That is hardly a great endorsement for a woman as fine as Sophie."

Gabriel looked as if he were about to deliver a sharp retort, but then he thought better of it. "I did not mean it like that. She is a fine girl and will be a fine Shadowhunter when she Ascends. She will bring honor to our family, and the Angel knows we need it."

"I believe you will bring honor to your family too," Cecily said quietly. "What you just did, what you confessed to Charlotte—that took courage."

Gabriel was still for a moment. Then he reached out his hand toward her. "Take my hand," he said. "You will be able to hear what is going on in the dining room, through me, if you desire."

After a moment's hesitation Cecily took Gabriel's hand. It was warm and rough in hers. She could feel the thrum of his blood through his skin, oddly comforting—and indeed, through him, as if she had her own ear pressed to the door, she could hear the low rumble of spoken words: Gideon's soft hesitant voice, and Sophie's delicate one. She closed her eyes and listened.



"Oh," said Sophie faintly, and sat down in one of the chairs. "Oh, my."

She could not help but sit; her legs felt wobbly and uneasy. Gideon, meanwhile, was standing by the sideboard, looking panicked. His blond-brown hair was tousled wildly as if he had

been running his hands through it. "My dear Miss Collins—," he began.

"This is," Sophie began, and paused. "I don't— This is quite unexpected."

"Is it?" Gideon moved away from the sideboard and leaned on the table; his shirtsleeves were rolled up slightly, and Sophie found herself staring at his wrists, downed with faint blond hair and marked with the white memories of Marks. "Surely you must have been able to see the respect and esteem I had for you. The admiration."

"Well," Sophie said. "Admiration." She managed to make it sound like a very pale word indeed.

Gideon flushed. "My dear Miss Collins," he began again. "It is true that my feelings for you go far beyond admiration. I would describe them as the most ardent affection. Your kindness, your beauty, your generous heart—they have quite upset me, and it is to that alone that I can ascribe my behavior of this morning. I do not know what came over me, to speak the dearest wishes of my heart aloud. Please do not feel obligated to accept my proposal simply because it was public. Any embarrassment over the matter would and should be mine."

Sophie looked up at him. Color was coming and going in his cheeks, making his agitation clear. "But you haven't proposed,"

Gideon looked startled. "I— What?"

"You haven't proposed," Sophie said with equanimity. "You did announce to the whole breakfast table that you intended to marry me, but that is not a proposal. That is only a declaration. A proposal is when you ask *me*."



"Now *that's* putting my brother in his place," said Gabriel, looking delighted in that manner that younger siblings did when their brothers or sisters were entirely set down.

"Oh, shush!" whispered Cecily, squeezing his hand hard. "I want to hear what Mr. Lightwood says!"



“Very well, then,” said Gideon, in the decided (yet slightly terrified) manner of Saint George setting off to fight the dragon. “A proposal it shall be.”

Sophie’s eyes tracked him as he crossed the room toward her and knelt down at her feet. Life was an uncertain thing, and there were some moments one wished to remember, to imprint upon one’s mind that the memory might be taken out later, like a flower pressed between the pages of a book, and admired and recollected anew.

She knew she would not want to forget the way Gideon reached for her hand with his own hand trembling, or the way he bit his lip before he spoke. “My dear Miss Collins,” he said. “Please forgive me for my untoward outburst. It is simply that I have such—such strong esteem—no, not esteem, *adoration*—for you that I feel as if it must blaze from me every moment of the day. Ever since I came to this house, I have been struck more forcibly each day by your beauty, your courage, and your nobility. It is an honor I could never deserve but most earnestly aspire to if you could only be mine—that is, if you would consent to be my wife.”

“Gracious,” Sophie said, startled out of all countenance. “Have you been *practicing* that?”

Gideon blinked. “I assure you it was entirely extemporaneous.”

“Well, it was lovely.” Sophie squeezed his hands. “And yes. Yes, I love you, and yes, I will marry you, Gideon.”

A brilliant smile broke out over his face, and he startled both of them by reaching for her and kissing her soundly on the mouth. She held his face between her hands as they kissed—he tasted slightly of tea leaves, and his lips were soft and the kiss entirely sweet. Sophie floated in it, in the prism of the moment, feeling safe from all the rest of the world.

Until Bridget’s voice broken in on her happiness, drifting lugubriously from the kitchen.

*“On a Tuesday they were wed
And by Friday they were dead*

*And they buried them in the churchyard side by side,
Oh, my love,
And they buried them in the churchyard side by side."*

Breaking away from Gideon with some reluctance, Sophie rose to her feet and dusted off her dress. "Please forgive me, my dear Mr. Lightwood—I mean Gideon—but I must go and murder the cook. I shall be directly back."



"Ohhh," Cecily breathed. "That was so romantic!"

Gabriel took his hand away from the door and smiled down at her. His face quite changed when he smiled: all the sharp lines were softened, and his eyes went from the color of ice to the green of leaves in spring sunshine. "Are you crying, Miss Herondale?"

She blinked damp eyelashes, suddenly aware that her hand was still in his—she could still feel the soft pulse beat in his wrist against hers. He leaned toward her, and she caught the early-morning scent of him: tea and shaving soap—

She pulled away hastily, freeing her hand. "Thank you for allowing me to listen," she said. "I must—I need to go to the library. There is something I must do before tomorrow."

His face crinkled in confusion. "Cecily—"

But she was already hurrying away down the corridor, without looking back.

*To: Edmund and Linette Herondale
Ravenscar Manor
West Riding, Yorkshire*

Dear Mam and Dad,

I have started this letter to you so many times and never sent it. At first it was guilt. I knew I had been a willful, disobedient girl in leaving you, and I could not face the evidence of my wrongdoing in stark black letters on a page.

After that it was homesickness. I missed you both so much. I missed the rich green hills sweeping up from the manor, and the heather all purple in the summer, and Mam singing in the garden. It was cold here, all black and brown and gray, pea-soup fogs and choking air. I thought I might die of loneliness, but how could I tell you that? After all, it was what I had chosen.

And then it was sorrow. I had planned to come here and bring Will back with me, to make him see where his duty lay, and bring him home. But Will has his own ideas about duty, and honor, and the promises he has made. And I came to see that I could not bring someone home when they were already there. And I did not know how to tell you that.

And then it was happiness. That may seem so very strange to you, as it did to me, that I would not be able to return home because I had found contentment. As I trained to become a Shadowhunter, I felt the stirring in my blood, the same stirring Mam always spoke of feeling every time we came from Welshpool into sight of the Dyfi Valley. With a seraph blade in my hand, I am more than just Cecily Herondale, youngest of three, daughter of good parents, someday to make an advantageous marriage and give the world children. I am Cecily Herondale, Shadowhunter, and mine is a high and glorious position.

Glory. Such an odd word, something women are not supposed to want, but is not our queen triumphant? Was not Queen Bess called Gloriana?

But how could I tell you I had chosen glory over peace? The hard-bought peace you left the Clave to provide for me? How could I say I was happy as a Shadowhunter without it causing you the gravest unhappiness? This is the life you turned away from, the life from whose dangers you sought to shelter Will and me and Ella. What could I tell you that would not break your hearts?

Now—now it is understanding. I have come to realize what it means to love someone more than you love yourself. I realize

now that all you ever wanted was, not for me to be like you but to be happy. And you gave me—you gave us—a choice. I see those who have grown up in the Clave, and who never had a choice about what they wished to be, and I am grateful for what you did. To have chosen this life is a very different thing from having been born into it. The life of Jessamine Lovelace has taught me that.

And as for Will, and bringing him home: I know, Mam, you feared that the Shadowhunters would take all the love out of your gentle boy. But he is loved and loving. He has not changed. And he loves you, as do I. Remember me, for I will always remember you.

*Your loving daughter,
Cecily*

*To: Members of the Clave of the Nephilim
From: Charlotte Branwell*

My Dear Brothers and Sisters in Arms,

It is my sad duty to relate to you all that despite the fact that I have presented Consul Wayland with incontrovertible proof provided by one of my Shadowhunters that Mortmain, the gravest threat the Nephilim has faced in our times, is resident at Cadair Idris in Wales—our esteemed Consul has mysteriously decided to ignore this information. I myself regard knowledge of the location of our enemy and the opportunity to defeat his plans for our destruction as of the deepest importance.

By means provided to me by my husband, the renowned inventor Henry Branwell, the Shadowhunters at my disposal in the London Institute will be proceeding with utmost dispatch to Cadair Idris, there to lay down our lives in an attempt to stop Mortmain. I am most grieved to leave the Institute undefended, but if Consul Wayland can be roused to any action at all, he is most welcome to send guards to defend a deserted building. There are but nine of our number, three of them not even Shadowhunters but brave mundanes trained by us at the

Institute who have volunteered to fight beside us. I cannot say that our hopes at this time are high, but I believe the attempt must be made.

Obviously I cannot compel any of you. As Consul Wayland has reminded me, I am not in a position to command the forces of the Shadowhunters, but I would be most obliged if any of you who agree with me that Mortmain must be fought and fought now will come to the London Institute tomorrow at midday and render us your assistance.

Yours truly,

Charlotte Branwell, head of the London Institute

FOR THIS ALONE

*For this alone on Death I wreak
The wrath that garners in my heart:
He put our lives so far apart
We cannot hear each other speak.*

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson, “In Memoriam A.H.H.”

Tessa stood at the edge of a precipice in a country she did not know. The hills about her were green, dropping off sharply into cliffs that sheered down toward a blue sea. Seabirds wheeled and cawed above her. A gray path wound like a snake along the edge of the cliff top. Just ahead of her, on the path, stood Will.

He wore black gear, and over it a long black riding coat, spattered with mud at the hem as if he had been walking a long way. He was without hat or gloves, and his dark hair was tousled by the wind off the sea. The wind lifted Tessa’s hair as well, bringing the scent of salt and brine, of the wet things that grow at the edge of the sea, a smell that reminded her of her sea voyage on the Main.

“Will!” she called out. There was something so lonely about the figure he cut, like Tristan watching across the Irish Sea for the ship that would bear Isolde back to him. Will did not turn at the sound of her voice, only raised his arms, his coat lifting in the wind, sweeping out behind him like wings.

Fear rose up in her heart. Isolde had come for Tristan, but it had been too late. He had died of grief. “Will!” she called again.

He stepped forward, off the cliff. She raced to the edge and looked down, but there was nothing there, only plunging gray-blue water and white surf. The tide seemed to carry his voice to her with each surge of water. "Awake, Tessa. Awake."



"Awake, Miss Gray. Miss Gray!"

Tessa jerked upright. She had fallen asleep in the chair by the fireplace in her small prison; a coarse blue blanket was drawn over her, though she did not remember procuring it. The room burned with torchlight and the coals of the fire were low. It was impossible to tell if it was day or night.

Mortmain stood before her, and beside him was an automaton. It was one of the more humanoid that Tessa had seen. It was even clothed, as not many of them were, this one in a military tunic and trousers. The clothes made the head that rose above the stiff collar look even more uncanny, with its too-smooth features and bald metallic scalp. And its eyes—she knew they were glass and crystal, the irises red in the firelight, but the way they seemed to fix on her—

"You're cold," Mortmain said.

Tessa exhaled, and her breath came out in a white puff. "The warmth of your hospitality leaves something to be desired."

He smiled, thin-lipped. "Very amusing." He himself was wearing a heavy astrakhan coat over a gray suit, ever the businessman. "Miss Gray, I do not wake you lightly. I came because I wish you to see what your kind assistance with my father's memories has allowed me to accomplish." He gestured proudly at the automaton by his side.

"Another automaton?" Tessa said without interest.

"How rude of me." Mortmain's eyes flicked to the creature. "Introduce yourself."

The creature's mouth opened; Tessa caught a flash of brass. It spoke. "I am Armaros," it said. "For a billion years I rode the winds of the great abysses between the worlds. I fought Jonathan Shadowhunter on the plains of Brocelind. For a thousand more

years I lay trapped within the Pyxis. Now my master has freed me and I serve him.”

Tessa rose, the blanket sliding to her feet, unheeded. The automaton was watching her. Its eyes—its eyes were full of a dark intelligence, a consciousness that no automaton she had seen before had ever possessed.

“What is this?” she said in a whisper.

“An automaton body animated by a demon spirit. Downworlders already have their ways of capturing demon energies and using them. I used them myself to power the automatons you’ve seen before. But Armaros and his brothers are different. They are demons with the carapaces of automatons. They can think and reason. They are not easily outwitted. And they are very difficult to kill.”

Armaros reached across its body—Tessa could not help but note that it moved fluidly, smoothly, without the jerkiness of the automatons she had seen before. It moved like a person. It drew the sword that hung at its side and handed it to Mortmain. The blade was covered in the runes that Tessa had become so familiar with over the last months, the runes that decorated the blades of all Shadowhunter weapons. The runes that made them Shadowhunter weapons. The runes that were deadly to demons. Armaros should barely have been able to look upon the blade, much less hold it.

Her stomach clenched. The demon gave the sword to Mortmain, who handled it with the precision of a longtime naval officer. He spun the blade, swept it forward, and drove it into the demon’s chest.

There was a sound of tearing metal. Tessa was used to seeing automatons crumple when attacked, or spurt black fluid, or stagger. But the demon stood its ground, unblinking and unmoving, like a lizard in the sun. Mortmain twisted the hilt savagely, then jerked the weapon free.

Its blade crumbled to ash, like a log burned away in a fire.

“You see,” said Mortmain. “They are an army designed to destroy Shadowhunters.”

Armaros was the only automaton Tessa had ever seen smile; she did not even know their faces had been built to accomplish such a purpose. The demon said, "They have destroyed many of my kind. It will be a pleasure to kill them all."

Tessa swallowed hard but tried not to let the Magister see it. His gaze was flicking back and forth from her to the demon automaton, and it was hard for her to say which he looked more delighted to lay eyes on. She wanted to scream, to throw herself at him and claw his face. But the invisible wall lay between them, shimmering slightly, and she knew she could not breach it.

Oh, you are to be more than his bride, Miss Gray, Mrs. Black had said. You are to be the ruin of the Nephilim. That is why you were created.

"The Shadowhunters will not be so easily destroyed," she said. "I have seen them cut apart your automatons. Perhaps these cannot be felled by their runed weapons, but any blade can shear metal and cut wires."

Mortmain shrugged. "Shadowhunters are not used to battling creatures against whom their runed weapons are useless. It will slow them. And there are countless of these automatons. It will be like trying to beat back the tide." He cocked his head to the side. "You see, now, the genius of what I have invented? But I must thank you, Miss Gray, for that last piece of the puzzle. I thought perhaps even you might be . . . admiring . . . of what we have created together."

Admiring? She looked in his eyes for mockery, but there was something of a sincere question there, curiosity mixed with the coldness. She thought of how long it must have been since he had had the praise of another human being, and took a deep breath.

"You are obviously a great inventor," she said.

Mortmain smiled, pleased.

Tessa was aware of the gaze of the mechanical demon on her, its tension and readiness, but she was more aware of Mortmain. Her heart was beating hard inside her chest. She seemed, as she had in her dream, poised on the edge of a precipice. To speak to Mortmain like this was chancy, and she would either fall or fly.

But she must take the chance. “I see why you have brought me here,” she said. “And it is not just because of your father’s secrets.”

There was anger in his eyes, but also a certain confusion. She was not behaving as he had expected her to behave. “What do you mean?”

“You are lonely,” she said. “You have surrounded yourself with creatures that are not real, that do not live. We see our own souls in the eyes of others. How long has it been since you have seen that you have a soul?”

Mortmain’s eyes narrowed. “I had a soul. It has been burned away by what I have dedicated my life to: the pursuit of justice and recompense.”

“Do not seek revenge and call it justice.”

The demon gave a low chuckle, though there was contempt in it, as if he were watching the antics of a kitten. “You would let her speak to you like that, Master?” he said. “I can cut out her tongue for you, silence her forever.”

“It would serve nothing to mutilate her. She has powers you know not of,” said Mortmain, his eyes still on Tessa. “There is an old saying in China—perhaps your beloved fiancé familiarized you with it—that states. ‘A man may not live under the same Heaven with the slayer of his father.’ I shall erase the Shadowhunters from under Heaven; they will not longer live upon the earth. Do not seek to appeal to my better nature, Tessa, for I have none.”

Tessa could not help herself—she thought of *A Tale of Two Cities*, of Lucie Manette’s appeals to Sydney Carton’s better nature. She had always thought of Will as Sydney, consumed by sin and despair against his own better knowledge, even against his own desire. But Will was a good man, a much better one than Carton had ever been. And Mortmain was barely a man at all. It was not his better nature she appealed to but his vanity: All men thought of themselves as good in the end, surely. No one believed themselves a villain. She took a breath. “Surely that is not so—surely you might again be worthy and good. You have done what

you set out to do. You have brought life and intelligence to these—these Infernal Devices of yours. You have created that which might destroy the Shadowhunters. All your life you have pursued justice because you believed the Shadowhunters were corrupt and vicious. Now, if you stay your hand, you win the greatest victory. You show that you are better than they.”

She searched Mortmain’s face with her eyes. Surely there was some hesitation there—surely the thin lips were shaking slightly, surely there was the tension of doubt in his shoulders?

His mouth quirked into a smile. “You think, then, that I can be a better man? And if I were to do as you say, to stay my hand, you would have me believe that you would stay with me out of admiration, that you would not return to the Shadowhunters?”

“Why, yes, Mr. Mortmain. I swear it.” She swallowed against the bitterness in her throat. If she had to remain with Mortmain in order to save Will and Jem, to save Charlotte and Henry and Sophie, she would do it. “I believe you can find your better self; I believe we all can.”

His thin lips turned up at the corners. “It is afternoon already, Miss Gray,” he said. “I did not wish to wake you earlier. Come with me now, outside the mountain. Come and see this day’s work, for there is something that I wish to show you.”

A finger of ice touched her spine. She straightened. “And what is that?”

His smile spread across his face. “What I have been waiting for.”

To: Consul Josiah Wayland

From: Inquisitor Victor Whitelaw

Josiah: Forgive my informality, for I write in haste. I am certain that this will not be the only letter you will receive on this subject; in fact, it is likely not even the first. I myself have already received many. Each touches upon the same question that burns in my mind: Is Charlotte Branwell’s information correct? For if so, it seems to me that there is a more than likely

chance that the Magister is indeed in Wales. I know of your doubts in the veracity of William Herondale, but we both knew his father. A hasty soul, and too greatly ruled by his passions, but a more honest man you could not find. I do not think the younger Herondale a liar.

Regardless, as a result of Charlotte's message, the Clave is in chaos. I insist that we hold a dedicated Council meeting immediately. If we do not, the trust of the Shadowhunters in their Consul and their Inquisitor will be irrevocably eroded. I leave the announcement of the meeting in your hands, but this is not a request. Send out the call for the Council, or I shall resign my position and let it be known why.

Victor Whitelaw



Will was awoken by screams.

Years of training made themselves known instantly: He was on the floor in a crouch before he was even properly awake. Glancing around, he saw that the small room of the inn was empty save for himself, and the furniture—narrow bed and plain deal table, barely visible in the shadows—was undisturbed.

The screams came again, louder. They were emanating from outside the window. Will rose to his feet, crossed the room soundlessly, and twitched one of the curtains back to look out.

He barely remembered walking into town, leading Balios behind him, the horse clopping slowly in exhaustion. A small Welsh town, like other small Welsh towns, unremarkable in any particular way. He had found the local public house easily and turned Balios over to the ministrations of the stable-boy, ordering the house rubbed down and fed a hot bran mash to revive him. The fact that he spoke Welsh had seemed to relax the innkeeper, and he had been shown quickly to a private room, where he had collapsed almost immediately, fully clothed, onto the bed and fallen into dreamless sleep.

The moon was bright above, its position indicating that it was not yet late in the evening. A gray haze seemed to hang over the

town. For a moment Will thought it was mist. Then, inhaling, he realized it was smoke. Patches of bright red leaped up among the houses in the town. He narrowed his eyes. Figures were darting back and forth within the shadows. More screams—a flash that could only be blades—

He was out the door with his boots half-laced in barely a moment, seraph blade in hand. He pounded down the steps and into the main room of the inn. It was dark and cold—there was no fire, and several of the windows had been smashed in, letting in the chill night air. Glass littered the floor like chunks of ice. The door hung open, and as Will slipped through it, he saw that the upper hinges were nearly torn out of their mooring, as if someone had tried to rip the door free. . . .

He slipped out the door and round the side of the inn, where the stables were. The smell of smoke hung thicker here, and he darted ahead—and nearly tripped over a humped figure on the ground. He dropped to his knees. It was the stable-boy, his throat cut, the ground under him a sodden mess of blood and dirt. His eyes were open, staring, his skin already cold. Will swallowed back bile and straightened up.

He moved toward the stables mechanically, his mind racing over the possibilities. A demon attack? Or had he stumbled into the middle of something non-supernatural, some feud between townsfolk, or God only knew what? No one seemed to be looking for him in particular, that much was clear.

He could hear Balios's anxious whickering as he let himself into the stable. It appeared undisturbed, from the plaster ceiling to the cobbled floor crisscrossed with drainage ditches. No other horses were stabled there that night, which was lucky, for the moment he opened the stall door, Balios plunged forward, nearly knocking Will over. Will was only just able to dart out of the way as the horse hurtled past him and out the door.

"Balios!" Will swore and took off after his horse, pounding around the side of the inn and into the main road of the town.

He stopped dead. The street was in chaos. Bodies lay crumpled, discarded at the side of the road like so much rubbish.

Homes stood with their doors ripped open, windows smashed in. People were running in and out of the shadows haphazardly, screaming and calling for one another. Several of the houses were burning. As Will stared in horror, he saw a family spill from the door of a burning house, the father in a nightshirt, coughing and choking, a woman behind him holding the hand of a small girl.

They had barely staggered into the street when shapes rose up out of the shadows. Moonlight sparked off metal.

Automatons.

They moved fluidly, without faltering or jerkiness. They wore clothes—a motley assortment of military uniforms, some recognizable to Will and some not. But their faces were bare metal, as were their hands, which gripped long-bladed swords. There were three of them; one, in a torn red army tunic, moved ahead, laughing—*laughing?*—as the father of the family tried to push his wife and daughter behind him, stumbling over the bloody cobblestones of the road.

It was all over in moments, too fast even for Will to move. Blades flashed, and three more bodies joined the heaps in the streets.

“That’s it,” said the automaton in the ragged tunic. “Burn their houses and smoke them out like rats. Kill them when they run—” It raised its head, and seemed to see Will. Even across the space that separated them, Will felt the force of that gaze.

Will raised his seraph blade. “*Nakir.*”

The shimmer of the blade blazed up, illuminating the street, a beam of white light amid the red of flames. Through blood and fire Will saw the automaton in the red tunic stride toward him. A longsword was gripped in its left hand. The hand was metal, jointed, articulate; it curved around the hilt of the blade like a human hand.

“Nephilim,” the creature said, stopping a mere foot from Will. “We did not expect your kind here.”

“Clearly,” Will said. He took a step forward and rammed the seraph blade into the automaton’s chest.

There was a faint sizzling sound, as of bacon frying in a pan. As the automaton gazed down in bemusement, Nakir crumbled away to ash, leaving Will's hand clutched around a vanished hilt.

The automaton chuckled, raising its gaze to Will. Its eyes crackled with life and intelligence, and Will knew with a sinking in his heart that he was looking at something he had never seen before—not just a creature that could turn a seraph blade to ash but a kind of machine that had will and cleverness and strategy enough to burn a village to the ground in order to murder the inhabitants as they fled.

“And now you see,” said the demon, for that was what it was, standing before him. “Nephilim, all these years you have driven us from this world with your runed blades. Now we have bodies that your weapons will not work on, and this world *will be ours.*”

Will sucked in his breath as the demon raised the longsword. He took a step back— The blade swung over and down— He ducked away, just as something hurtled alongside him in the road, something huge and black that reared and kicked and knocked the automaton aside.

Balios.

Will reached up, blindly scrabbling for his horse's mane. The demon sprang up from the mud and leaped for him, blade flashing, just as Balios bolted forward, Will swinging himself up and over onto the horse's back. They plunged down the cobblestone street together, Will crouched down low on Balios, the wind tearing through his hair and drying the wetness on his face—whether it was blood or tears, he didn't know.



Tessa sat on the floor of her room in Mortmain's stronghold, staring numbly into the fire.

The flames played over her hands, the blue dress she wore. Both were stained with blood. She did not know how it had happened; the skin at her wrist was ragged, and she had some memory of an automaton seizing her there, tearing her skin with its sharp metal fingers as she tried to break away.

She could not rid her mind of the images that dominated it—the memories of the destruction of the village in the valley. She had been taken there blindfolded, carried by automatons, before being unceremoniously dumped onto an outcropping of gray rock with a view directly down into the town.

“Watch,” Mortmain had said, not looking at her, only gloating. “Watch, Miss Gray, and then speak to me of redemption.”

Tessa had stood prisoned, an automaton holding her from behind, a hand over her mouth, Mortmain murmuring softly under his breath the things he would do to her if she dared to look away from the village. She had watched helplessly as the automatons had marched into the town, cutting down innocent men and women in the streets. The moon had risen tinged red as the clockwork army had methodically set fire to house after house, slaughtering the families as they poured forth in confusion and terror.

And Mortmain had laughed.

“You see now,” he had said. “These creatures, these creations, they are capable of thought and reason and strategy. Like humans. And yet they are indestructible. Look, there, at that fool with the rifle.”

Tessa had not wanted to look, but she had had no choice. She had watched, dry-eyed and grim, as a distant figure had raised a rifle to defend himself. The blasts had knocked some of the automatons back but had not disabled them. They had kept coming at him, knocking his rifle from his hand, pushing him down into the street.

And then they had torn him apart.

“Demons,” Mortmain had murmured. “They are savage and they love to destroy.”

“Please,” Tessa had choked. “Please, no more, no more. I shall do whatever you desire, but please, spare the village.”

Mortmain had chuckled dryly. “Clockwork creatures have no hearts, Miss Gray,” he’d said. “They do not have mercy, any more than fire or water do. You might as well beg a flood or a forest fire to cease its destruction.”

“I am not begging them,” she’d said. From the corner of her eye, she’d thought she’d seen a black horse pounding through the streets of the village, a rider on its back. Someone escaping the carnage, she’d prayed. “I am begging *you*.”

He’d turned his cold eyes on her, and they’d been as empty as the sky. “There is no mercy in my heart either. You appealed, tiresomely, to my better self earlier. I brought you here to show you the futility of such action. I have no better self to appeal to; it was burned away years ago.”

“But I have done what you asked,” she’d said desperately. “There is no need for this, not for me—”

“It is not for you,” he’d said, flicking his gaze away from her. “The automatons had to be tested before they were sent into battle. That is simple science. They have intelligence now. Strategy. Nothing can stand before them.”

“They will turn on you, then.”

“They will not. Their lives are linked to mine. If I die, so are they destroyed. They must protect me to endure.” His look had been cold and faraway. “Enough. I brought you here to show you that I am what I am, and you will accept it. Your clockwork angel protects your life, but the lives of other innocents are in my hands—in *your* hands. Do not test me, and there will not be a second such village. I wish to hear no more tiresome protests.”

Your clockwork angel protects your life. She put her hand on it now, feeling the familiar ticking beneath her fingers. She closed her eyes, but terrible images lived behind her eyelids. She saw in her mind the Nephilim driven before the automatons as the villagers had been, Jem torn apart by clockwork monsters, Will stabbed through with metal blades, Henry and Charlotte burning . . .

Her hand tightened savagely around the angel, and she tore it from her throat, casting it to the uneven rock floor just as a log fell in the fire, sending up a spitting column of red sparks. In their illumination she saw the palm of her left hand, saw the faint scar of the burn she had given herself the day she had told Will she was engaged to Jem.

As it had then, her hand went to the fireplace poker. She lifted it, feeling its weight in her hand. The fire had climbed higher. She saw the world through a golden haze as she raised the poker and brought it down on the clockwork angel.

Iron though the poker was, it burst into metallic powder, a cloud of shining filaments that sifted to the floor, dusting the surface of the clockwork angel, which lay, untouched and undamaged, on the ground before her knees.

And then the angel began to shift and change. Its wings trembled, and its closed eyelids opened on bits of whitish quartz. From them poured thin beams of whitish light. Like in paintings of the star over Bethlehem, the light rose and rose, radiating spikes of light. Slowly it began to coalesce into a shape—the form of an angel.

It was a shimmering blur of light so bright, it was difficult to look at directly. Tessa could see, through the light, the faint outline of something like a man. She could see eyes that were without iris or pupil—inset bits of crystal that gleamed in the firelight. The angel's wings were broad, spreading out from its shoulders, each feather tipped with gleaming metal. Its hands were folded over the hilt of a graceful sword.

Its blank shining eyes rested on her. *Why do you try to destroy me?* Its voice was sweet, echoing in her mind like music. *I protect you.*

She thought of Jem suddenly, propped on his bed of pillows, his face pale and gleaming. *There is more to life than living.* “It is not you I seek to destroy, but myself.”

But why would you do that? Life is a gift.

“I seek to do right,” she said. “In keeping me alive you are allowing great evil to exist.”

Evil. The musical voice was thoughtful. *I have been so long in my clockwork prison that I have forgotten good and evil.*

“Clockwork prison?” Tessa whispered. “But how can an angel be prisoned?”

It was John Thaddeus Shade who imprisoned me. He caught my soul inside a spell and trapped it within this mechanical body.

“Like the Pyxis,” Tessa said. “Only entrapping an angel instead of a demon.”

I am an angel of the divine, said the angel, hovering before her. I am brother to the Sijil, Kurabi, and the Zurah, the Fravashis and Dakinis.

“And—is this your true form? Is this what you look like?”

You see here only a fraction of what I am. In my true form I am deadly glory. Mine was the freedom of Heaven, before I was trapped and bound to you.

“I am sorry,” she whispered.

You are not the one to blame. You did not imprison me. Our spirits are bound, it is true, but even as I protected you in the womb, I knew you were blameless.

“My guardian angel.”

Few can claim a single angel who guards them. But you can.

“I don’t want to claim you,” Tessa said. “I want to die on my own terms, not be forced to live on Mortmain’s.”

I cannot let you die. The angel’s voice was full of grief. Tessa was reminded of Jem’s violin, playing out the music of his heart. *It is my mandate.*

Tessa raised her head. The firelight struck through the angel like sunlight through crystal, casting a radiance of color against the walls of the cave. This was no foul contraption; this was goodness, twisted and bent to Mortmain’s will, but in its nature divine. “When you were an angel,” she said, “what was your name?”

My name, said the angel, was Ithuriel.

“Ithuriel,” Tessa whispered, and held out her hand to the angel, as if she could reach him, comfort him somehow. But her fingers met only empty air. The angel shimmered and faded, leaving behind only a glow, a starburst of light against the inside of her eyelids.

A wave of cold struck Tessa, and she jerked upright, her eyes flying open. She was half-lying on the cold stone floor in front of the nearly dead fire. The room was dark, barely lit by the reddish embers in the grate. The poker was where it had been before.

Her hand flew to her throat—and found the clockwork angel there.

A dream. Tessa's heart fell. It had all been a dream. There was no angel to bathe her in its light. There was only this cold room, the encroaching darkness, and the clockwork angel steadily ticking down the minutes to the end of everything in the world.



Will stood atop Cadair Idris, the reins of his horse in his hand.

As he had ridden toward Dolgellau, he had seen the massive wall of Cadair Idris towering above the Mawddach estuary, and the breath had gone out of him in a gasp—he was here. He had climbed this mountain before, as a child, with his father, and those memories stayed with him as he left the Dinas Mawddwy road and pounded toward the mountain on the back of Balios, who seemed still to be fleeing the flames of the village they had left behind them. They had continued through a weedy tarn—the silvery sea could be seen in one direction, and the peak of Snowdon in the other—up to the Nant Cadair valley. The village of Dolgellau below, sparkling with occasional light, made a pretty picture, but Will was not admiring the view. The Night Vision rune he had given himself allowed him to track the footsteps of the clockwork creatures. There were enough of them that the ground was torn where they had walked down the mountain, and he followed with a pounding heart the path of ruination toward the peak of the mountain.

Their tracks led up past a tumble of massive boulders Will remembered were called the moraine. They formed a partial wall that protected Cwm Cau, a small valley atop the mountain in whose heart rested Llyn Cau, a clear glacial lake. The tracks of the clockwork army led from the edge of the lake—

And vanished.

Will stood, looking down at the cold, clear waters. In the daylight, he recalled, this view was magnificent: Llyn Cau pure blue, surrounded by green grass, and the sun touching the razor-

sharp edges of Mynydd Pencoed, the cliffs surrounding the lake. He felt a million miles from London.

The reflection of the moon gleamed up at him from the water. He sighed. The water lapped gently at the edge of the lake, but it could not erase the marks of the automatons' tracks. It was clear where they had come from. He reached back and patted Balios's neck.

"Wait for me here," he said. "And if I do not return, take yourself back to the Institute. They will be glad to see you again, old boy."

The horse whickered gently and bit at his sleeve, but Will only drew in his breath and waded into Llyn Cau. The cold liquid lapped up over his boots and hit his trousers, soaking through to freeze his skin. He gasped with the shock of it.

"Wet again," he said glumly, and plunged forward into the icy waters of the lake. They seemed to pull him in, like quicksand—he barely had time to gasp in a breath before the freezing water dragged him down into darkness.



*To: Charlotte Branwell
From: Consul Wayland*

Mrs. Branwell,

You are relieved of your position as head of the Institute. I could speak of my disappointment with you, or the broken faith that exists between us now. But words, in the face of a betrayal of the magnitude of that which you have offered me, are futile. On my arrival in London tomorrow, I will expect you and your husband to have already departed the Institute and removed your belongings. Failure to comply with this request will be met with the harshest penalties available under the Law.

Josiah Wayland, Consul of the Clave

19

TO LIE AND BURN

*Now I will burn you back, I will burn you through,
Though I am damned for it we two will lie
And burn.*

—Charlotte Mew, “In Nunhead Cemetery”

It was dark for only moments. The icy water sucked Will down, and then he was falling—he curled in on himself just as the ground rose up to slam into him, knocking the breath from his body.

He choked and rolled over onto his stomach, pulling himself to a kneeling position, his hair and clothes streaming water. He reached for his witchlight, then dropped his hand; he didn't want to illuminate anything if that might call attention to him. The Night Vision rune would have to do.

It was enough to show him that he was in a rocky cavern. If he looked above him, he could see the swirling waters of the lake, held in abeyance as if by glass, and a blurred bit of moonlight. Tunnels led off the cavern, with no markings to show where they might lead. He rose to his feet and blindly chose the leftmost tunnel, moving carefully ahead into the shadowy darkness.

The tunnels were wide, with smooth floors that showed no mark where the clockwork creatures might have passed. The sides were rough volcanic rock. He remembered climbing Cadair Idris with his father, years ago. There were many legends about

the mountain: that it had been a chair for a giant, who had sat upon it and regarded the stars; that King Arthur and his knights slept beneath the hill, waiting for the time when Britain would awake and need them again; that anyone who spent the night on the mountainside would awake a poet or a madman.

If only it was known, Will thought as he turned through the curve of a tunnel and emerged into a larger cave, how strange the truth of the matter was.

The cave was wide, opening out to a greater space at the far end of the room, where a dim light gleamed. Here and there Will caught a silvery glint that he thought was water running in streams down the black walls, but on closer examination it turned out to be veins of crystalline quartz.

Will moved toward the dim light. He found that his heart was beating rapidly inside his chest, and he tried to breathe steadily to quell it. He knew what was speeding his pulse. Tessa. If Mortmain had her, then she was here—close. Somewhere in this honeycomb of tunnels he might find her.

He heard Jem's voice in his head, as if his *parabatai* stood at his side, advising him. He had always said that Will rushed toward the end of a mission rather than proceeding in a measured manner, and that one must look at the next step on the path ahead, rather than the mountain in the distance, or one would never reach one's goal. Will closed his eyes for a moment. He knew that Jem was right, but it was hard to remember, when the goal that he sought was the girl that he loved.

He opened his eyes and moved toward the dim light at the far end of the cavern. The ground beneath him was smooth, without rocks or pebbles, and veined like marble. The light ahead flared up—and Will came to a dead stop, only his years of Shadowhunter training keeping him from tumbling forward to his death.

For the rock floor ended in a sheer drop. He was standing on an outcropping, looking down at a round amphitheater. It was full of automatons. They were silent, unmoving and still, like mechanical toys that had wound down. They were dressed, as

those in the village had been, in scraps of military uniforms, lined up one by one, for all the world like life-size lead soldiers.

In the center of the room was a raised stone platform, and on the table lay another automaton, like a corpse on an autopsy table. Its head was bare metal, but there was pale human skin stretched taut over the rest of its body—and on that skin was inked runes.

As he stared, Will recognized them, one after another: Memory, Agility, Speed, Night Vision. They would never work, of course, not on a contraption made of metal and human skin. It might fool Shadowhunters from a distance, but . . .

But what if he used Shadowhunter skin? a voice in Will's mind whispered. What could he create then? How mad is he, and when will he stop? The thought, and the sight of the runes of Heaven inscribed on such a monstrous creature, twisted Will's stomach; he jerked away from the edge of the outcropping and stumbled back, fetching up against a cold rock wall, his hands clammy with sweat.

He saw the village again in his mind, the dead bodies in the streets, heard the mechanical hiss of the clockwork demon as it spoke to him:

All these years you have driven us from this world with your runed blades. Now we have bodies that your weapons will not work on, and this world will be ours.

Rage poured through Will like fire in his veins. He tore himself away from the wall and plunged headlong down a narrow tunnel, away from the cavern room. As he went, he thought he heard a sound behind him—a whirring, as if the mechanism of a great watch were starting up—but when he turned, he saw nothing, only the smooth walls of the cave, and the unmoving shadows.

The tunnel he was following narrowed as he walked, until eventually he was squeezing sideways past an outcropping of quartz-laden rock. If it narrowed further, he knew, he would have to turn around and go back to the cavern; the thought made him push himself forward with renewed vigor, and he slid forward,

almost falling, as the passage suddenly opened into a wider corridor.

It was almost like a hallway at the Institute, only made all of smoothed stone, with torches at intervals set into metal brackets. Beside each torch was an arched door, also of stone. The first two stood open on empty dark rooms.

Beyond the third door was Tessa.

Will did not see her immediately when he walked into the room. The stone door swung partly shut behind him, but he found that he was not in darkness. There was a flickering light—the dimming flames of a blaze in a stone fireplace at the far end of the room. To his astonishment it was furnished like a room in an inn, with a bed and washstand, rugs on the ground, even curtains on the walls, though they hung over bare stone, not windows.

In front of the fire was a slim shadow, crouched on the ground. Will's hand went automatically to the hilt of the dagger at his waist—and then the shadow turned, hair slipping over her shoulder, and he saw her face.

Tessa.

His hand fell away from the dagger as his heart lurched inside his chest with an impossible, painful force. He saw her expression change: curiosity, astonishment, disbelief. She rose to her feet, her skirts tumbling around her as she straightened, and he saw her hold her hand out.

“Will?” she said.

It was like a key turning the lock of a door, releasing him; he started forward. There had never been a greater distance than the distance that separated him from Tessa at that moment. It was a large room; at the moment, the distance between London and Cadair Idris seemed nothing to the distance across it. He felt a shudder, as of some sort of resistance, as he crossed the room. He saw Tessa hold out her hand, her mouth shaping words—and then she was in his arms, the breath half-knocked out of both of them as they collided with each other.

She was up on her toes, her arms around his shoulders, whispering his name: “Will, Will, *Will*—” He buried his face against her neck, where her thick hair curled; she smelled of smoke and violet water. He clutched her even more tightly as her fingers curled against the back of his collar, and they clung together. For just that moment the grief that had clenched him like an iron fist since Jem’s death seemed to relax and he could breathe.

He thought of the hell he had been in since he’d left London—the days of riding without stopping, the sleepless nights. Blood and loss and pain and fighting. All to bring him here. To Tessa.

“Will,” she said again, and he looked down into her tearstained face. There was a bruise across her cheekbone. Someone had hit her there, and his heart swelled with rage. He would find out who it was, and he would kill them. If it was Mortmain, he would kill him only after he had burned his monstrous laboratory to the ground, that the madman might see the ruin of all his creation—“Will,” Tessa said again, interrupting his thoughts. She sounded almost breathless. “Will, you *idiot*.”

His romantic notions came to a screeching halt like a hackney cab in traffic on Fleet Street. “I— What?”

“Oh, Will,” she said. Her lips were trembling; she looked as if she couldn’t decide whether to laugh or cry. “Do you remember when you told me that the handsome young gentleman who came to rescue you was never wrong, not even if he said the sky was purple and made of hedgehogs?”

“The first time I ever saw you. Yes.”

“Oh, my Will.” She drew gently away from his embrace, smoothing a tangled lock of hair behind her ear. Her eyes remained fixed on his. “I cannot imagine how you came to find me, how difficult it must have been. It is incredible. But—do you really think Mortmain would leave me unguarded in a room with an open door?” She turned away and moved a few feet forward, then stopped abruptly. “Here,” she said, and raised her hand, spreading her fingers wide. “The air is as solid as a wall here. This is a prison, Will, and now you are in it alongside me.”

He moved to stand beside her, already knowing what he would find. He recalled the resistance he had felt as he crossed the room. The air rippled slightly when he touched it with his finger but was harder than a frozen lake. "I know this configuration," he said. "The Clave uses a version of it sometimes." His hand curled itself into a fist, and he slammed it against the solid air, hard enough to bruise the bones in his hand. "*Uffern gwaedlyd*," he swore in Welsh. "All the bloody way across the country to get to you, and I can't even do *this* right. The moment I saw you, all I could think of was running to you. By the Angel, Tessa—"

"Will!" She caught at his arm. "Don't you *dare* apologize. Do you understand what it means to me that you are here? It is like a miracle or the direct intervention of Heaven, for I had been praying to see the faces of those I cared for again before I died." She spoke simply, straightforwardly—it was one of the things he had always loved about Tessa, that she did not hide or dissemble, but spoke her mind without embellishment. "When I was in the Dark House, there was no one who cared enough to search for me. When you found me, it was an accident. But now—"

"Now I have condemned us both to the same fate," he said in a low voice. He drew a dagger from his belt and drove it against the invisible wall before him. The runed silver blade of the dagger shattered, and Will cast the broken hilt aside and cursed again, under his breath.

Tessa put a light hand on his shoulder. "We are not condemned," she said. "Surely you have not come by yourself, Will. Henry, or Jem, will find us. From the other side of the wall, we can be freed. I have seen how Mortmain does it, and . . ."

Will did not know what happened then. His expression must have changed at the mention of Jem's name, for he saw some of the color leave her face. Her hand tightened on his arm.

"Tessa," he said. "I *am* alone."

The word "alone" came out broken, as if he could taste the bitterness of loss on his tongue and struggled to speak around it.

"Jem?" she said. It was more than a question. Will said nothing; his voice seemed to have fled. He had thought to spirit her from

this place before he told her about Jem, had imagined telling her somewhere safe, somewhere where there would be space and time to comfort her. He knew now he had been a fool to think it, to imagine that what he had lost would not be written all over his face. The remaining color drained from her skin; it was like watching a fire flicker and go out. “No,” she whispered.

“Tessa . . .”

She took a step back from him, shaking her head. “No, it’s not possible. I would have known—it can’t be possible.”

He reached out a hand to her. “Tess—”

She had begun to shake violently. “No,” she said again. “No, *don’t* say it. If you don’t say it, it won’t be true. It can’t be true. It isn’t fair.”

“I’m sorry,” he whispered.

Her face crumpled, shattered like a dam under too much pressure. She sank to her knees, folding in on herself. Her arms went around her body. She was holding herself tightly, as if she could keep from breaking apart. Will felt a fresh wave of the helpless agony he had experienced in the courtyard of the Green Man. What had he done? He had come here to save her, but instead of saving her he had only succeeded in inflicting agony. It was as if he were truly cursed—capable only of bringing suffering to those he loved.

“I am sorry,” he said again, with all his heart in the words. “So sorry. I would have died for him if I could.”

At that, she looked up. He braced himself for the accusation in her eyes, but it was not there. Instead she reached up her hand to him silently. In wonder and surprise he took it, and let her draw him down until he was kneeling opposite her.

Her face was streaked with tears, surrounded by the tumble of her hair, outlined in gold by the firelight. “I would have too,” she said. “Oh, Will. This is all my fault. He threw away his life for me. If he had taken the drug more sparingly—if he had allowed himself to rest and be ill instead of pretending good health for my sake—”

“No!” He took her by the shoulders, turning her toward him. “It’s not your fault. No one could imagine that it was—”

She shook her head. “How can you bear to have me near you?” she said in despair. “I took your *parabatai* from you. And now we will both die here. Because of me.”

“Tessa,” he whispered, shocked. He could not remember the last time he had been in this position, the last time he had had to comfort someone whose heart was broken, and had genuinely been *allowed* to, rather than forcing himself to turn away. He felt as clumsy as he had as a child, dropping knives from his hands before Jem had taught him how to use them. He cleared his throat. “Tessa, come here.” He drew her toward him, until he was sitting on the ground and she was leaning against him, her head on his shoulder, his fingers threading through her hair. He could feel her body shaking against him, but she did not pull away. Instead she clung to him, as if truly his presence gave her comfort.

And if he thought of how warm she was in his arms or the feel of her breath on his skin, it was only for a moment, and he could pretend that it wasn’t at all.



Tessa’s grief, like a storm, spent itself slowly over the course of hours. She wept, and Will held her and did not let go, except for once when he rose and built up the fire. He returned swiftly and sat down beside her again, their backs against the invisible wall. She touched the place on his shoulder where her tears had soaked through the fabric.

“I’m sorry,” she said. She couldn’t count the number of times she’d told him she was sorry over the past hours, as they’d shared the tales of what had happened to them since their separation at the Institute. He’d spoken to her of his farewell to Jem and Cecily, his ride across the countryside, the moment he had realized Jem was gone. She’d told him of what Mortmain had demanded of her, that she Change into his father, and give him

the last bit of the puzzle that would turn his automaton army into an unstoppable force.

“You have nothing to be sorry for, Tess,” Will said now. He was looking toward the fire, the only light in the room. It painted him in shades of gold and black. The shadows under his eyes were violet, the angle of his cheekbones and collarbones sharply outlined. “You have suffered, just as I have. Seeing that village destroyed—”

“We were both there at the same time,” she said, wonderingly. “If I had known you were near—”

“If I had known *you* were near, I would have charged Balios directly up the hill to you.”

“And been murdered by Mortmain’s creatures in the process. It is better that you did not know.” She followed his gaze to the fire. “You found me in the end; that is what matters.”

“Of course I found you. I promised Jem I would find you,” he said. “Some promises cannot be broken.”

He took a shallow breath. She felt it against her side: she was curled half against him, and his hands were shaking, almost imperceptibly, as he held her. Distantly she knew that she should not let herself be held like this by any boy who was not her brother or fiancé—but her brother and her fiancé were both dead, and tomorrow Mortmain would find them and punish them both. She could not bring herself, in the face of all that, to care much about propriety.

“What was the point of all that pain?” she asked. “I loved him so much, and I wasn’t even there when he died.”

Will’s hand smoothed down her back—light and quick, as if he were afraid she would draw away. “Neither was I,” he said. “I was in the courtyard of an inn, halfway to Wales, when I knew. I felt it. The bond between us being severed. It was as if a great pair of scissors had cut my heart in half.”

“Will . . .,” Tessa said. His grief was so palpable, it mixed with her own to create a sharp sadness, lighter for being shared, though it was hard to say who was comforting who now. “You were always half his heart as well.”

“I am the one who asked him to be my *parabatai*,” Will said. “He was reluctant. He wanted me to understand that I was tying myself in what was meant to be a life bond to someone who would not live much of a life. But I wanted it, blindly wanted it, some proof that I wasn’t alone, some way to show him what I owed him. And he gave way gracefully to what I wanted in the end. He always did.”

“Don’t,” said Tessa. “Jem wasn’t a martyr. It was no punishment for him, being your *parabatai*. You were like a brother to him—better than a brother, for you had chosen him. When he spoke of you, it was with loyalty and love, unclouded by any doubt.”

“I confronted him,” Will went on. “When I found he had been taking more of the *yin fen* than he should. I was so angry. I accused him of throwing his life away. He said, ‘I can choose to be as much for her as I can be, to burn as brightly for her as I wish.’ ”

Tessa made a small sound in her throat.

“It was his choice, Tessa. Not something you forced upon him. He was never as happy as when he was with you.” Will was not looking at her, but at the fire. “Whatever else I have ever said to you, no matter what, I am glad he had that time with you. You should be as well.”

“You do not sound glad.”

Will was still looking into the fire. His black hair had been damp when he had come into the room, and it had dried in loose curls against his temples and forehead. “I disappointed him,” he said. “He entrusted this to me, this one task, to follow you and to find you, to bring you home safely. And now I fail at the final hurdle.” He finally turned to look at her, his blue eyes unseeing. “I would not have left him. I would have stayed with him if he had asked, until he died. I would have stood by my oath. But he asked me to go after you . . .”

“Then you only did what he asked. You did not disappoint him.”

“But it was also what was in my heart,” Will said. “I cannot separate selfishness from selflessness now. When I dreamed of saving you, the way you would look at me—” His voice dropped off abruptly. “I am well punished for that hubris, at any rate.”

“But I am rewarded.” Tessa slipped her hand into his. His calluses were rough against her palm. She saw his chest hitch with surprised breath. “For I am not alone; I have you with me. And we should not give up all hope. There might still be a chance for us. To overpower Mortmain, or slip past him. If anyone can conjure a way to do it, you can.”

He turned his gaze on her. His lashes shadowed his eyes as he said, “You are a wonder, Tessa Gray. To have such faith in me, though I have done nothing to earn it.”

“Nothing?” Her voice rose. “Nothing to earn it? Will, you saved me from the Dark Sisters, you pushed me away to save me, you’ve saved me over and over again. You are a good man, one of the best I’ve ever known.”

Will looked as stunned as if she had pushed him. He licked his dry lips. “I wish you wouldn’t say that,” he whispered.

She leaned toward him. His face was shadows, angles and planes; she wanted to touch him, touch the curve of his mouth, the arc of his lashes against his cheek. Fire reflected in his eyes, pinpricks of light. “Will,” she said. “The first time I saw you, I thought you looked like a hero from a storybook. You joked that you were Sir Galahad. Remember that? And for so long I tried to understand you that way—as if you were Mr. Darcy, or Lancelot, or poor miserable Sydney Carton—and that was just a disaster. It took me so long to understand, but I did, and I do now—you are not a hero out of a book.”

Will gave a short, disbelieving laugh. “It’s true,” he said. “I am no hero.”

“No,” Tessa said. “You are a person, just like me.” His eyes searched her face, mystified; she held his hand tighter, lacing her fingers with his. “Don’t you see, Will? You’re a person *like* me. You are *like me*. You say the things I think but never say out loud. You read the books I read. You love the poetry I love. You make

me laugh with your ridiculous songs and the way you see the truth of everything. I feel like you can look inside me and see all the places I am odd or unusual and fit your heart around them, for you are odd and unusual in just the same way.” With the hand that was not holding his, she touched his cheek, lightly. “We are the same.”

Will’s eyes fluttered closed; she felt his lashes against her fingertips. When he spoke again, his voice was ragged but controlled. “Don’t say those things, Tessa. Don’t say them.”

“Why not?”

“You said I am a good man,” he said. “But I am not *that* good a man. And I am—I am *catastrophically* in love with you.”

“Will—”

“I love you so much, so incredibly much,” he went on, “and when you’re this close to me, I forget who you are. I forget you’re Jem’s. I’d have to be the worst sort of person to think what I’m thinking right now. But I am thinking it.”

“I loved Jem,” she said. “I love him still, and he loved me, but I am not anybody’s, Will. My heart is my own. It is beyond you to control it. It has been beyond *me* to control it.”

Will’s eyes were still closed. His chest was rising and falling swiftly, and she could hear the hard thump of his heart, rapid beneath the solidity of his rib cage. His body was warm against hers, and alive, and she thought of the automatons’ cold hands on her, and Mortmain’s colder eyes. She thought of what would happen if she lived and Mortmain succeeded in what he wanted and she was shackled to him all her life—a man she did not love and in fact despised.

She thought of the feel of his cold hands on her, and if those would be the only hands that would ever touch her again.

“What do you think will happen tomorrow, Will?” she whispered. “When Mortmain finds us. Tell me honestly.”

His hand moved carefully, almost unwillingly, to slide down her hair and come to rest at the juncture of her neck. She wondered if he could feel the pounding of her pulse, answering his. “I think Mortmain will kill me. Or to be precise, he will have those

creatures kill me. I am a decent Shadowhunter, Tess, but those automatons—they cannot be stopped. Runed blades serve as no better than ordinary weapons upon them, and seraph blades not at all.”

“But you are not afraid.”

“There are so many worse things than death,” he said. “Not to be loved or not to be able to love: that is worse. And to go down fighting as a Shadowhunter should, there is no dishonor in that. An honorable death—I have always wanted that.”

A shiver passed through Tessa. “There are two things I want,” she said, and was surprised by the steadiness of her own voice. “If you think Mortmain will try to kill you tomorrow, then I wish to be given a weapon. I shall divest myself of my clockwork angel, and I shall fight by your side, and if we go down, we go down together. For, I too, wish an honorable death, like Boadicea.”

“Tess—”

“I would rather die than be the Magister’s tool. Give me a weapon, Will.”

She felt his body shudder against hers. “I can do that for you,” he said at last, subdued. “What was the second thing? That you wanted?”

She swallowed. “I want to kiss you one more time before I die.”

His eyes flew wide. They were blue, blue like the sea and sky in her dream where he had fallen away from her, blue as the flowers Sophie had put in her hair. “Don’t—”

“Say anything I don’t mean,” she finished for him. “I know. I am not. I mean it, Will. And I know it is entirely beyond the bounds of propriety to ask it. I know I must seem a bit mad.” She glanced down, and then up again, gathering her courage. “And if you can tell me that you can die tomorrow without our lips ever touching again, and you will not regret it at all, then tell me, and I will desist in asking, for I know I have no right—”

Her words were cut off, for he had caught hold of her and pulled her against him, and crushed his lips down against hers. For a split second it was almost painful, sharp with desperation

and thinly controlled hunger, and she tasted salt and heat in her mouth and the gasp of his breath. And then he gentled, with a force of restraint she could *feel* all through her body, and the slide of lips against lips, the interplay of tongue and teeth, altered from pain to pleasure in the sliver of a moment.

On the balcony at the Lightwoods', he had been so careful, but he was not being careful now. His hands slid roughly down her back, tangling in her hair, fisting in the loose fabric at the back of her dress. Half-lifting her so their bodies collided; he was against her, the long slim length of his body, hard and fragile at the same time. Her head slanted to the side as he parted her lips with his and they were not so much kissing as devouring each other. Her fingers gripped his hair tightly, hard enough that it must have hurt, and her teeth grazed his bottom lip. He groaned and pulled her tighter, making her gasp for air.

"Will—," she whispered, and he stood up, lifting her in his arms, still kissing her. She held tight to his back and shoulders as he carried her over to the bed and laid her down on it. She was already barefoot; he kicked off his boots and climbed up beside her. Part of her training had been in how to remove gear, and her hands were light and quick on his gear, undoing the clasps and pulling it aside like a shell. He batted it aside impatiently, and knelt upright to undo his weapons belt.

She watched him, swallowing hard. If she was going to tell him to stop, now was the moment. His scarred hands were nimble, undoing the fastenings, and as he turned to drop the belt over the side of the bed, his shirt—damp with sweat, and sticking to him—slid up and showed her the hollow curve of his stomach, the arched bone of his hip. She had always thought Will was beautiful, his eyes and lips and face, but she had never particularly thought of his body that way. But the shape of him was lovely, like the planes and angles of Michelangelo's *David*. She reached out to touch him, to run her fingers, as soft as spider silk, across the flat hard skin of his stomach.

His response was immediate and startling. He sucked in his breath and closed his eyes, his body going very still. She ran her

fingers along the waistband of his trousers, her heart pounding, hardly knowing what she was doing—there was an instinct here, driving her, that she couldn't identify or explain. Her hand curved about his waist, thumb flicking against his hipbone, drawing him down.

He slid down over her, slowly, elbows resting on either side of her shoulders. Their eyes met, held; they were touching all along their bodies, but neither of them spoke. Her throat ached: adoration, heartbreak, in equal measure. "Kiss me," she said.

He lowered himself slowly, slowly, until their lips just brushed. She arched upward, wanting to meet his mouth with hers, but he drew back, nuzzling at her cheek, now his lips pressing the corner of her mouth—and then along her jaw and down her throat, sending little shocks of astonished pleasure through her body. She had always thought of her arms, her hands, her neck, her face, as separate—not that her skin was all the same delicate envelope, and that a kiss placed on her throat might be felt all the way down to the bottom of her feet.

"Will." Her hands pulled at his shirt, and it came away, the buttons tearing, his head shaking free of the fabric, all wild dark hair, Heathcliff on the moors. His hands were less sure on her dress, but it came away as well, off over her head, and was cast aside, leaving Tessa in her chemise and corset. She went motionless, shocked at being so undressed in front of anyone but Sophie, and Will took a wild look at her corset that was only part desire.

"How—," he said. "Does it come off?"

Tessa couldn't help herself; despite everything, she giggled. "It laces," she whispered. "In the back." And she guided his hands around her until his fingers were on the strings of the corset. She shivered then, and not from cold but from the intimacy of the gesture. Will pulled her against him, gentle now, and kissed the line of her throat again, and her shoulder where the chemise bared it, his breath soft and hot against her skin until she was breathing just as hard, her hands smoothing up and over his shoulders, his arms, his sides. She kissed the white scars the

Marks had left on his skin, winding herself around him until they were a heated tangle of limbs and she was swallowing down the gasps he made against her mouth.

“Tess,” he whispered. “Tess—if you want to stop—”

She shook her head silently. The fire in the grate had nearly burned down again; Will was all angles and shadows and soft and hard skin against her. *No.*

“You want this?” His voice was hoarse.

“Yes,” she said. “Do you?”

His finger traced the outline of her mouth. “For this I would have been damned forever. For this I would have given up everything.”

She felt the burn behind her eyes, the pressure of tears, and blinked wet eyelashes. “Will . . .”

“*Dw i'n dy garu di am byth,*” he said. “I love you. Always.” And he moved to cover her body with his own.



Late in the night or early in the morning, Tessa woke. The fire had burned down entirely, but the room was lit by the peculiar torchlight that seemed to go on and off without rhyme or reason.

She drew back, propping herself on her elbow. Will was asleep beside her, immured in the unmoving slumber of the utterly exhausted. He looked at peace, though—more so than she had ever seen him before. His breath was regular, his eyelashes fluttering slightly in dreams.

She had fallen asleep with her head on his arm, the clockwork angel, still around her throat, resting against his shoulder, just to the left of his collarbone. As she moved away, the clockwork angel slipped free and she saw to her surprise that where it had lain against his skin it had left a mark behind, no bigger than a shilling, in the shape of a pale white star.

THE INFERNAL DEVICES

*Like wire-pulled automatons,
Slim silhouetted skeletons
Went sidling through the slow quadrille,
Then took each other by the hand,
And danced a stately saraband;
Their laughter echoed thin and shrill.*
—Oscar Wilde, “The Harlot’s House”

“It’s *beautiful*,” Henry breathed.

The Shadowhunters of the London Institute—along with Magnus Bane—stood in a loose half circle in the crypt, staring at one of the bare stone walls—or, more precisely, at something that had *appeared* on one of the bare stone walls.

It was a glowing archway, about ten feet in height, and perhaps five across in width. It was not carved into the stone but rather was made of glowing runes that twined into one another like the vines of a trellis. The runes were not from the Gray Book—Gabriel would have recognized them if they had been—but were runes he had never seen before. They had the foreign look of another language, yet each was distinct and beautiful and spoke a murmuring song of travel and distance, of whirling dark space and the distance between worlds.

They glowed green in the darkness, pale and acidic. Within the space created by the runes the wall was not visible—only

darkness, impenetrable, as if of a great dark pit.

“It truly is amazing,” Magnus said.

All but the warlock were dressed in their gear and were bristling with weapons—Gabriel’s favorite double-edged longsword was slung over his back, and he was itching to get his gloved hands on the hilt. Though he liked the bow and arrow, he had been trained in the longsword by a master who could trace his own masters back to Lichtenauer, and Gabriel fancied the longsword his specialty. Besides, a bow and arrow would be much less use against automatons than a weapon that could chop them into component parts.

“All down to you, Magnus,” Henry said. He was glowing—or, Gabriel thought, it could have been the reflection of the lighted runes against his face.

“Not at all,” Magnus replied. “If not for your genius, this could never have been created.”

“While I am enjoying this exchange of pleasantries,” Gabriel said, seeing that Henry was about to respond, “there do remain a few—central—questions about this invention.”

Henry looked at him blankly. “Such as what?”

“I believe, Henry, that he is inquiring whether this . . . doorway —,” Charlotte began.

“We’ve called it a Portal,” said Henry. The capitalization of the word was very clear in his tone.

“Whether it works,” Charlotte finished. “Have you tried it?”

Henry looked stricken. “Well, no. There hasn’t been time. But I assure you, our calculations are faultless.”

Everyone but Henry and Magnus looked at the Portal with refreshed alarm. “Henry . . .,” Charlotte began.

“Well, I think Henry and Magnus should go first,” Gabriel said. “They invented the blasted thing.”

Everyone turned on him. “It’s like he’s replaced Will,” said Gideon, eyebrows up. “They say all the same sort of things.”

“I am *not* like Will!” Gabriel snapped.

“I should hope not,” said Cecily, though so quietly that he wondered if anyone else had heard her. She was looking

especially pretty today, though he had no idea why. She was dressed in the same plain black woman's gear as Charlotte; her hair was secured demurely behind her head, and the ruby necklace at her throat glowed against her skin. However, Gabriel reminded himself sternly, since they were most likely about to direct themselves all into mortal danger, thinking about whether Cecily was pretty ought not to be foremost on his mind. He told himself to stop immediately.

"I am *nothing* like Will Herondale," he repeated.

"I am perfectly willing to go through first," Magnus said, with the long-suffering air of a schoolmaster in a room full of ill-behaved schoolboys. "There are a few things I need. We are hoping Tessa will be there; Will may be also; I should like some extra gear and weapons to bring through. I plan, of course, to wait for you on the other side, but should there be any—unexpected developments, it is always good to prepare."

Charlotte nodded. "Yes—of course." She glanced down for a moment. "I cannot believe no one has come to assist us. I thought, after my letter, at least a few—" She broke off, swallowing, and raised her chin. "Let me get Sophie. She can put together the things you need, Magnus. And she and Cyril and Bridget are meant to join us shortly." She vanished up the steps, Henry looking after her with worried fondness.

Gabriel could not blame him. It was obviously a severe blow to Charlotte that no one had answered her call and come to aid them, though he could have told her they would not. People were intrinsically selfish, and many hated the idea of a woman in charge of the Institute. They would not put themselves at risk for her. Only a few weeks ago he would have said the same thing about himself. Now, knowing Charlotte, he realized to his surprise, the idea of risking himself for her seemed an honor, as it would be to most Englishmen to risk themselves for the queen.

"How *does* one make the Portal work?" Cecily asked, glancing at the glowing archway as if it were a painting in a gallery, her dark head cocked to the side.

“It will transport you instantly from one place to another,” said Henry. “But the trick is—well, that part is magic.” He said the word a little nervously.

“You need to be picturing the place you’re going to,” said Magnus. “It won’t work to take you to a place you have never been and cannot imagine. In this case, to get to Cadair Idris, we are going to need Cecily. Cecily, how close to Cadair Idris do you believe you can bring us?”

“To the very top,” Cecily said confidently. “There are several paths that will bring you up the mountain, and I have walked two of them with my father. I can remember the crest of the mountain.”

“Excellent,” Henry said. “Cecily, you will stand before the Portal and visualize our destination—”

“But she’s not going first, is she?” Gabriel demanded. The moment the words were out of his mouth, he was startled. He hadn’t meant to say them. Ah, well, in for a penny, in for a pound, though, he thought. “I meant: She is the least trained of us all; it wouldn’t be safe.”

“I can go through first,” Cecily said, looking as if she were not in the least grateful for Gabriel’s support. “I see no reason why—”

“Henry!” It was Charlotte, reappearing at the foot of the steps. Behind her were the servants of the Institute, all in training gear—Bridget, looking as if she were out for a morning stroll; Cyril, set and determined; and Sophie, carrying a large leather bag.

Behind them were three more men. Tall men, in parchment robes, moving with peculiar gliding motions.

Silent Brothers.

Unlike any other Silent Brothers that Gabriel had seen before, though, these were armed. Weapons belts were cinched around their waists, over their robes, and from their belts hung long, curved blades, their hilts made of shimmering *adamas*, the same material used to make steles and seraph blades.

Henry looked up, puzzled—then guiltily, from the Portal, to the Brothers. His lightly freckled face paled. “Brother Enoch,” he said. “I—”

Calm yourself. The Silent Brother's voice rang out in all their minds. *We have not come to warn you of any possible breach of the Law, Henry Branwell. We have come to fight with you.*

"To fight with us?" Gideon looked amazed. "But Silent Brothers don't— I mean, they aren't warriors—"

That is incorrect. Shadowhunters we were and Shadowhunters we remain, even when changed to become Brothers. We were founded by Jonathan Shadowhunter himself, and though we live by the book, we may yet die by the sword if we so choose.

Charlotte was beaming. "They learned of my message," she said. "They came. Brother Enoch, Brother Micah, and Brother Zachariah."

The two Brothers behind Enoch inclined their heads silently. Gabriel fought off a shiver. He had always found the Silent Brothers eerie, though he knew they were an integral part of Shadowhunter life.

"Brother Enoch also told me why no one else came," Charlotte said, the smile vanishing from her face. "Consul Wayland convened a Council meeting this morning, though he told us nothing of it. Attendance for all Shadowhunters was mandatory by Law."

Henry's breath hissed out through his teeth. "That ba—bad man," he finished, with a quick glance at Cecily, who rolled her eyes. "What's the Council meeting about?"

"Replacing us as heads of the Institute," Charlotte said. "He still believes Mortmain's attack will come against London, and that a strong leader here is needed to stand against the clockwork army."

"Mrs. Branwell!" Sophie, in the act of handing to Magnus the bag she had been carrying, nearly dropped it. "They can't do that!"

"Oh, they very well can," said Charlotte. She looked around at all their faces, and raised her chin. In that moment, despite her small size, Gabriel thought, she seemed taller than the Consul. "We all knew this would come," she said. "It does not matter. We are Shadowhunters, and our duty is to each other and to what we

think is right. We believe Will, and we believe in Will. Faith has brought us this far; it will bring us a little farther. The Angel watches over us, and we shall win out.”

Everyone was silent. Gabriel looked around at their faces—determined, every one—and even Magnus seemed, if not moved or convinced, considering and respectful. “Mrs. Branwell,” he said at last. “If Consul Wayland does not consider you a leader, he is a fool.”

Charlotte inclined her head toward him. “Thank you,” she said. “But we should waste no more time—we must go, and quickly, for this matter can wait on us no longer.”

Henry looked for a long moment at his wife, and then toward Cecily. “Are you ready?”

Will’s sister nodded, and moved forward to stand before the Portal. Its gleaming light cast the shadow of unfamiliar runes across her small, determined face.

“Visualize,” said Magnus. “Imagine as hard as you can that you are looking at the top of Cadair Idris.”

Cecily’s hands clenched at her sides. As she stared, the Portal began to move, the runes to ripple and change. The darkness within the archway lightened. Suddenly Gabriel was no longer looking at shadow. He was gazing at a portrait of a landscape that could have been painted within the Portal—the green curve of the top of a mountain, a lake as blue and deep as the sky.

Cecily gave a little gasp—and then, unprompted, stepped forward, and vanished through the archway. It was like watching a sketch being erased. First her hands vanished into the Portal, and then her arms, outstretched, and then her body.

And she was gone.

Charlotte gave a little shriek. “Henry!”

There was a buzzing in Gabriel’s ears. He could hear Henry reassuring Charlotte that this was the way the Portal was meant to function, that nothing untoward had happened, but it was like a song half-heard from another room, the words a rhythm without meaning. All he knew was that Cecily, braver than all of

them, had stepped through the unknown doorway and was gone. And he could not let her go alone.

He moved forward. He heard his brother call his name, but he ignored him; pushing past Gideon, he reached the Portal, and stepped through it.

For a moment there was nothing but blackness. Then a great hand seemed to reach out of the darkness and snatch hold of him, and he was pulled into the whirling inky maelstrom.



The great Council room was full of people shouting.

On the raised platform at the center stood Consul Wayland, staring out at the shouting throng with a look of furious impatience on his face. His dark eyes raked the Shadowhunters congregated in front of him: George Penhallow was locked in a screaming match with Sora Kaidou of the Tokyo Institute; Vijay Malhotra was jabbing a thin finger into the chest of Japheth Pangborn, who rarely left his manor house in the Idris countryside these days, and who had turned as red as a tomato at the indignity of it all. Two of the Blackwells had cornered Amalia Morgenstern, who was snapping at them in German. Aloysius Starkweather, all in black, stood beside one of the wooden benches, his wiry limbs nearly bent up around his ears as he glared up at the podium with sharp old eyes.

The Inquisitor, standing beside Consul Wayland, slammed his wooden staff down against the floor hard enough to nearly shatter the floorboards. “That is *ENOUGH!*” he roared. “All of you will be silent, and you will be silent *now*. SIT DOWN.”

A ripple of shock went through the room—and, to the Consul’s evident surprise, they sat. Not quietly, but they sat—all who had room to sit. The chamber was filled to bursting; this many Shadowhunters rarely appeared at any one meeting. There were representatives here from all the Institutes—New York, Bangkok, Geneva, Bombay, Kyoto, Buenos Aires. Only the London Shadowhunters, Charlotte Branwell and her cohorts, were absent.

Only Aloysius Starkweather remained standing, his ragged dark cloak flapping about him like crow's wings. "Where is Charlotte Branwell?" he demanded. "It was understood from the message you sent out that she would be here to explain the contents of her message to the Council."

"I will explain the contents of her message," said the Consul through gritted teeth.

"It would be preferable to hear it from her," said Malhotra, his dark eyes keen as he looked from the Consul to the Inquisitor and back. Inquisitor Whitelaw looked drawn, as if he had been suffering recent sleepless nights; his mouth was tight at the corners.

"Charlotte Branwell is overreacting," said the Consul. "I take full responsibility for having put her in charge of the London Institute. It was something I should never have done. She has been relieved of her position."

"I have had occasion to meet and speak with Mrs. Branwell," said Starkweather in his hoarse Yorkshire tones. "She does not strike me as someone who would easily overreact."

Looking as if he remembered exactly why he had been so glad Starkweather had ceased attending Council meetings, the Consul said tightly: "She is in a delicate way, and I believe she has become . . . overset."

Chatter and confusion. The Inquisitor looked over at Wayland and gave him a narrow glance of disgust. The Consul returned his look with a glare. It was clear that the two men had been arguing: The Consul was flushed with anger, the look he bent toward the Inquisitor in return filled with betrayal. It was clear that Whitelaw did not agree with the Consul's words.

A woman rose to her feet from the crowded benches. She had white hair piled high on her head and an imperious manner. The Consul looked as if he were groaning inwardly. Callida Fairchild, Charlotte Branwell's aunt. "If you are suggesting," she said in a frozen voice, "that my niece is making hysterical and unreasonable decisions because she is carrying one of the next generation of Shadowhunters, Consul, I suggest you think again."

The Consul ground his teeth. “There is no evidence that Charlotte Branwell’s statements that Mortmain is in Wales have any truth to them,” he said. “It all stems from the reports of Will Herondale, who is only a boy, and a reprehensibly irresponsible one at that. All evidence, including the journals of Benedict Lightwood, point to an attack on London, and it is there we must marshal our forces.”

A buzz went through the room, the words “an attack on London” repeated over and over. Amalia Morgenstern fanned herself with a lace handkerchief, while Lilian Highsmith, her fingers stroking the haft of a dagger protruding from the wrist of one glove, looked delighted.

“Evidence,” snapped Callida. “My niece’s word *is* evidence—”

There was another rustle, and a young woman rose to her feet. She wore a bright green dress and a defiant expression. The last time the Consul had seen her, she had been sobbing in this same Council room, demanding justice. Tatiana Blackthorn, née Lightwood.

“The Consul is right about Charlotte Branwell!” she exclaimed. “Charlotte Branwell and William Herondale are the reason my husband is dead!”

“Oh?” It was Inquisitor Whitelaw, his tone dripping with sarcasm. “Who exactly killed your husband? Was it Will?”

There was a murmur of astonishment. Tatiana looked outraged. “It was not my father’s fault—”

“On the contrary,” interrupted the Inquisitor. “This was kept from public knowledge, Mrs. Blackthorn, but you force my hand. We opened an investigation into the matter of your husband’s death, and it was determined that your father was indeed at fault, most grievous fault. If it were not for the actions of your brothers—and of William Herondale and Charlotte Branwell, among the others of the London Institute—the name of Lightwood would be stricken from the Shadowhunter records and you would be living the rest of your life as a friendless mundane.”

Tatiana turned beet red and clenched her fists. “William Herondale has—he has offered me insults unspeakable to a lady

—”

“I fail to see how that is germane to the matter at hand,” said the Inquisitor. “One may be rude in one’s personal life but also correct about larger matters.”

“You took our house!” Tatiana screeched. “I am forced to rely on the generosity of my husband’s family like some starving beggar—”

The Inquisitor’s eyes were glittering to match the stones in his rings. “Your house was confiscated, Mrs. Blackthorn, not stolen. We searched the Lightwood family house,” he went on, raising his voice. “It was full of evidence of the elder Mr. Lightwood’s connections to Mortmain, journals detailing acts vile and filthy and unspeakable. The Consul cites the man’s journals as evidence that there will be an attack on London, but by the time Benedict Lightwood died, he was mad with demon pox. Nor is it likely Mortmain would have confided his true plans to him, even had he been sane.”

Looking nearly desperate, Consul Wayland interrupted. “The matter of Benedict Lightwood is closed—closed, and irrelevant. We are here to discuss the matters of Mortmain and the Institute! First, as Charlotte Branwell has been removed from the position, and the situation facing us is centered most heavily upon London, we require a new leader of the London Enclave. I am going to throw the floor open. Does anyone wish to step forward as her replacement?”

There was a rustle and murmur. George Penhallow had begun to rise to his feet—when the Inquisitor burst in furiously: “This is ridiculous, Josiah. There is no proof yet that Mortmain is not where Charlotte says he will be. We have not even begun to discuss sending reinforcements after her—”

“After her? What do you mean after her?”

The Inquisitor swept an arm out at the throng. “She is not here. Where do you think the inhabitants of the London Institute are? They have gone to Cadair Idris, after the Magister. And yet, instead of discussing whether we shall give them aid, we convene a Council to discuss Charlotte’s *replacement*?”

The Consul's temper snapped. "There will be no aid!" he roared. "There will *never* be aid for those who—"

But the Council never found out who was destined to go unaided, for at that moment a steel blade, deadly sharp, whipped through the air behind the Consul and neatly severed his head from his body.

The Inquisitor jerked back, reaching for his staff, as blood sheeted across him; the Consul's body fell, tumbling to the ground in two severed parts: his body slumping to the blood-wet floor of the podium while his severed head rolled away like a tennis ball. As he collapsed, revealed behind him was an automaton—as spindly as a human skeleton, dressed in the ragged remains of a red military tunic. It grinned like a skull as it retracted its scarlet-drenched blade and looked out upon the silent, stunned crowd of Shadowhunters.

The only other sound in the room came from Aloysius Starkweather, who was laughing, steadily and softly, apparently to himself. "She told you," he wheezed. "She *told* you what would happen—"

A moment later the automaton had moved forward, its clawed hand shooting out to close about Aloysius's throat. Blood burst from the old man's throat as the creature lifted him off his feet, still grinning. The Shadowhunters began to shout—and then the doors burst open and a flood of clockwork creatures poured into the room.



"Well," said a very amused voice. "This *is* unexpected."

Tessa sat bolt upright, pulling the heavy coverlet around her. Beside her, Will stirred, propping himself up on his elbows, eyelids fluttering open slowly. "What—"

The room was filled with bright light. The torches had come on at full strength, and it was like the place was lit with daylight. Tessa could see the wreck of the room that they had made: their clothes scattered across the floor and the bed, the rug before the fireplace rucked up, the bedclothes wound about them. On the

other side of the invisible wall was lounging a familiar figure in an elegant dark suit, one thumb hooked into the waistband of his trousers. His cat-pupilled eyes glimmered with mirth.

Magnus Bane.

“You might want to get up,” he said. “Everyone will be here quite soon to rescue you, and you may prefer to have clothes on when they arrive.” He shrugged. “I would, at any rate, but then, I am well known to be remarkably shy.”

Will swore in Welsh. He was sitting up now, the covers tucked about his waist, and had done his best to move his body to shield Tessa from Magnus’s gaze. He was without a shirt, of course, and in the brighter light Tessa could see where the tan on his hands and face faded into the paler white of his chest and shoulders. The white star mark on his shoulder gleamed out like a light, and she saw Magnus’s eyes go to it, and narrow.

“Interesting,” he said.

Will made an incoherent noise of protest. “*Interesting?* By the Angel, Magnus—”

Magnus gave him a wry look. There was something in it—something that made Tessa feel as if Magnus knew something they didn’t. “If I were a different person, I would have a lot to say to you right now,” he said.

“I appreciate your restraint.”

“You won’t soon,” said Magnus shortly. Then he reached up as if he were knocking on a door, and tapped the invisible wall between them. It was like watching someone plunge their hand into water—ripples spread out from the place where his fingers touched, and suddenly the wall slid away and was gone, in a shower of blue sparks. “Here,” the warlock said, and tossed a tied leather sack onto the foot of the bed. “I brought gear. I thought you might be in need of clothing, but I didn’t realize quite *how* in need.”

Tessa glared at him around Will’s shoulder. “How did you find us here? How did you know—which of the others are with you? Are they all right?”

“Yes. Quite a few of them are, hurrying through this place, looking for you. Now get dressed,” he said, and turned his back, giving them privacy. Tessa, mortified, reached for the sack on the bed, scrabbled through it until she found her gear, and then stood up with the sheet wrapped around her body and dashed behind the tall Chinese screen in the corner of the room.

She did not look at Will as she went; she couldn't bring herself to. How could she look at him without thinking of what they'd done? Wondering if he was horrified, if he couldn't believe either of them would do such a thing after Jem—

Viciously she yanked on the gear. Thank goodness that gear, unlike dresses, could be assembled on the body without recourse to help from anyone else. Through the screen she heard Magnus explaining to Will that he and Henry had managed, through a combination of magic and invention, to create a Portal that would transport them from London to Cadair Idris. She could see them only in silhouette, but she saw Will nodding in relief as Magnus listed those who had come with him—Henry, Charlotte, the Lightwood brothers, Cyril, Sophie, Cecily, Bridget, and a group of the Silent Brothers.

At the mention of his sister's name, Will began to pull on his clothes with even greater haste, and by the time Tessa stepped out from behind the screen, he was entirely dressed in gear, his boots laced up, his hands buckling on his weapons belt. As he saw her, his face broke into a tentative smile.

“The others have all spread out through the tunnels to find you,” Magnus said. “We were meant to take a half hour to search and then meet up in a central chamber. I will give you two a moment to—collect yourselves.” He smirked, and pointed to the door. “I shall be outside in the corridor.”

The moment the door closed behind him, Tessa was in Will's arms, her hands locked about his neck. “Oh, by the Angel,” she said. “That was mortifying.”

Will slid his hands into her hair and was kissing her, kissing her eyelids and her cheeks and then her mouth, quickly but with fervor and concentration, as if nothing could be more important.

“Listen to you,” he said. “You said ‘by the Angel.’ Like a Shadowhunter.” He kissed the side of her mouth. “I love you. God, I love you. I waited so long to say it.”

She curved her hands about the sides of his waist, holding him there, the material of his gear rough beneath her fingertips. “Will,” she said hesitantly. “You’re not—sorry?”

“Sorry?” He looked at her in disbelief. “*Nage ddim*—you’re mad if you think I’m sorry, Tess.” His knuckle brushed her cheek. “There is more, so much more I want to say to you—”

“No,” she teased. “Will Herondale, with more to say?”

He ignored this. “*But* now is not the time—not with Mortmain breathing down our necks, most likely, and Magnus outside the door. Now is the time to finish this. But when it is over, Tess, I will say everything to you I have always wanted to say. As for now—” He kissed her temple, and released her, his eyes searching her face. “I need to know you believe me when I say I love you. That is all.”

“I believe everything you say,” Tessa said with a smile, her hands creeping down from his waist to his weapons belt. Her fingers closed on the hilt of a dagger, and she yanked it from the belt, smiling as he looked down at her in surprise. She kissed his cheek and stepped back. “After all,” she said, “you weren’t lying about that tattoo of the dragon of Wales, were you?”



The room reminded Cecily of the inside of Saint Paul’s dome, which Will had taken her to see on one of his less disagreeable days, after she had first come to London. It was the grandest building she had ever been inside. They had tested the echo of their voices in the interior Whispering Gallery and read the inscription left by Christopher Wren: *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice*. “If you seek his monument, look about you.”

Will had explained to her what it meant, that Wren preferred to be remembered by the works he had built rather than any tombstone. The whole of the cathedral was a monument to his craft—as, in a way, the whole of this labyrinth beneath the

mountain, and this room especially, was a monument to Mortmain's.

There was a domed ceiling here, too, though there were no windows, only an upward-reaching hollow in the stone. A circular gallery ran around the upper part of the dome, and there was a platform on it, from which, presumably, one could stand and look down at the floor, which was smooth stone.

There was an inscription on the wall here, too. Four sentences, cut into the wall in glittering quartz.

THE INFERNAL DEVICES ARE WITHOUT PITY.
THE INFERNAL DEVICES ARE WITHOUT REGRET.
THE INFERNAL DEVICES ARE WITHOUT NUMBER.
THE INFERNAL DEVICES WILL NEVER STOP COMING.

On the stone floor, lined up in rows, were hundreds of automatons. They wore a motley assortment of military uniforms and were deadly still, their metal eyes closed. Tin soldiers, Cecy thought, grown to human size. The Infernal Devices. Mortmain's great creation—an army bred to be unstoppable, to slaughter Shadowhunters and to move onward without remorse.

Sophie had been the first to discover the room; she had screamed, and the others had all rushed to find out why. They had found Sophie standing, shaking, amid the unmoving mass of clockwork creatures. One of them lay at her feet; she had cut its legs out from under it with a sweep of her blade, and it had crumpled like a puppet whose strings had been cut. The others had not moved or awakened despite the fate of their associate, which had given the Shadowhunters the boldness to go forward among them.

Henry was on his knees now, beside the carapace of one of the still unmoving automatons; he had slit open its uniform and opened its metal chest and was studying what was within. The Silent Brothers stood about him, as did Charlotte, Sophie, and Bridget. Gideon and Gabriel had returned as well, their explorations having proved fruitless. Only Magnus and Cyril had

not yet returned. Cecily could not fight down her mounting unease—not at the presence of the automatons but at the absence of her brother. No one had found him yet. Could it be that he was not here to *be* found? She said nothing, however. She had promised herself that as a Shadowhunter she would not fuss, or scream, whatever happened.

“Look at this,” Henry murmured in a low voice. Inside the chest of the clockwork creature was a mess of wires and what looked to Cecily like a metal box, the kind that might hold tobacco. Carved onto the outside of the box was the symbol of a serpent swallowing its own tail. “The *ourobouros*. The symbol of the containment of demon energies.”

“As on the Pyxis.” Charlotte nodded.

“Which Mortmain stole from us,” Henry confirmed. “It had concerned me that this was what Mortmain was attempting.”

“That *what* was what he was attempting?” Gabriel demanded. He was flushed, his green eyes bright. Bless Gabriel, Cecily thought, for always asking exactly the question that was on his mind.

“Animating the automatons,” Henry said absently, reaching for the box. “Giving them consciousness, even will—”

He broke off as his fingers touched the box and it flared suddenly into light. Light, like the illumination of a witchlight rune-stone, poured from the box and through the *ourobouros*. Henry jerked back with a cry, but it was already too late. The creature sat up, lightning fast, and seized hold of him. Charlotte shrieked and threw herself forward, but she was not fast enough. The automaton, its chest still hanging grotesquely open, caught Henry under the arms and cracked his body like a whip.

There was a terrible snapping sound, and Henry went limp. The automaton tossed Henry aside and turned to cuff Charlotte brutally across the face. She crumpled beside her husband’s body as the clockwork creature took a step forward, and seized hold of Brother Micah. The Silent Brother slammed his staff down on the automaton’s hand, but the creature did not even seem to notice.

With a rumble of machinery that sounded like a laugh, it reached out and tore the Silent Brother's throat open.

Blood sprayed across the room, and Cecily did exactly what she had promised herself she would not do, and screamed.

BURNING GOLD

*Bring me my bow of burning gold:
Bring me my arrows of desire:
Bring me my spear: O clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!*
—William Blake, “Jerusalem”

Tessa’s training at the Institute had never addressed how difficult it was to run with a weapon strapped to your side. With every stride she took, the dagger slapped against her leg, its point scratching her skin. She knew it ought to have been sheathed—and on Will’s belt, probably had been—but there was no use in hindsight now. Will and Magnus were running pell-mell down the rocky corridors inside Cadair Idris, and she was doing her level best to keep up.

It was Magnus who was leading the way, as he seemed to have the best idea where they were going. Tessa had gone nowhere inside the morass of twisty corridors without being blindfolded, and Will admitted he remembered little of his solitary journey of the night before.

The tunnels narrowed and widened again haphazardly as the three of them made their way through the labyrinth, with no seeming rhyme or reason to the pattern. At last, as they moved into a wider tunnel, they heard something—the sound of a distant cry of horror.

Magnus went tense all over. Will's head jerked up. "*Cecily*," he said, and then he was running twice as fast as he had been, both Magnus and Tessa racing to keep up. They hurtled by strange chambers: one whose door seemed splashed with blood, another Tessa recognized as the room with the desk where Mortmain had forced her to Change, and another where a great lattice of metal and copper twisted in an invisible wind. As they raced forward, the sounds of cries and battle grew louder, until finally they burst into a massive circular chamber.

It was full of automatons. Row upon row of them, as many as had poured down on the village the night before while Tessa had watched helplessly. Most of them were still, but a group of them, in the center of the room, were moving—moving and engaged in a fierce battle. It was like seeing all over again what had happened on the steps of the Institute as she had been dragged away—the Lightwood brothers fighting side by side, Cecily swinging a shimmering seraph blade, the body of a Silent Brother crumpled on the floor. Tessa registered distantly that two other Silent Brothers were fighting alongside the Shadowhunters, anonymous in their hooded parchment robes, but her attention was not on them. It was on Henry, who lay, still and unmoving, on the floor. Charlotte, crumpled on her knees, had her arms about him as if she could shield him from the churning battle going on all around them, but Tessa guessed from the whiteness of his face and the stillness of his body that it was too late to shield Henry from anything.

Will darted forward. "No seraph blades!" he cried. "Fight them with other weapons! The angel blades are useless!"

Cecily, hearing him, jerked back even as her seraph blade connected with the automaton she was fighting—and crumbled away like dry frost, its fire gone. She had the presence of mind to duck beneath the creature's swinging arm, just as Cyril and Bridget plunged toward her, Cyril laying about him with a stout staff. The automaton went down under Cyril's assault, as Bridget, a flying menace of red hair and steely blades, sliced her way past Cecily to Charlotte's side, shearing the arms off two automatons

with her sword before whirling about, her back to Charlotte, as if she meant to protect the head of the Institute with her life.

Will's hands were suddenly tight on Tessa's upper arms. She caught a glimpse of his white, set face as he pushed her toward Magnus, hissing: "*Stay with her!*" Tessa began to protest, but Magnus caught hold of her, drawing her back even as Will dashed into the melee, fighting his way toward his sister.

Cecily was fending off a massive, barrel-chested automaton with two arms on its right side. Seraph blade abandoned, she had only a short sword to defend herself. Her hair began to slip free of its fastenings as she lunged forward, stabbing at the creature's shoulder. It roared like a bull, and Tessa shuddered. God, these creatures made such *sounds*; before Mortmain had changed them, they had been silent—they had been *things*; now they were *beings*. Malevolent, murderous beings. Tessa started forward as the automaton fighting Cecily seized the blade of her weapon and jerked it out of her grasp, pulling her forward—she heard Will call out his sister's name—

And Cecily was caught and thrown to the side by one of the Silent Brothers. In a whirl of parchment robes, he spun to face the creature, staff held before him. As the automaton lurched toward him, the Brother swung out with the staff, with such speed and force that the automaton was knocked back, its chest dented inward. It tried to move forward again, but its body was too badly bent. It gave an angry whir, and Cecily, scrambling back up to her feet, cried out a warning.

Another automaton had loomed up beside the first. As the Silent Brother turned, the second automaton knocked the staff from his hand and seized him, lifting him off his feet, wrapping its metal arms around his body from behind, in the parody of an embrace. The Brother's hood fell back, and his silvery hair shone out in the dim chamber like starlight.

All the air rushed out of Tessa's lungs in a single instant. The Silent Brother was Jem.



Jem.

It was as if the world had stopped. Every figure was still, even the automatons, frozen in time. Tessa stared across the room at Jem, and he looked back at her. Jem, in the parchment robes of a Silent Brother. Jem, whose silvery hair, tumbling over his face, was threaded through with black. Jem, whose cheeks were scarred with two matching red cuts, one over each cheekbone.

Jem, who was not dead.

Tessa, jerked from her frozen shock, heard Magnus say something to her, felt him reach for her arm, but she tore away from him and plunged into the melee. He shouted after her, but all she saw was Jem—Jem seizing at the automaton's arm where it wrapped his throat, his scrabbling fingers unable to find a purchase on the smooth metal. Its grip tightened, and Jem's face began to suffuse with blood as he strangled. She drew her dagger, slashing out in front of her to clear a path, but she knew it was impossible, knew she couldn't get to him in time—

The automaton gave a roar and toppled forward. Its legs had been sliced clean through from behind, and as it fell, Tessa saw Will rising from a crouch, a long-bladed sword in his hand. He reached out for the automaton as if he could catch it, prevent its fall, but it had already crashed to the floor, half on top of Jem, whose staff had rolled from his hand. Jem lay still, pinned by the massive machine above him.

Tessa darted forward, ducking under the outstretched arm of a clockwork creature. She heard Magnus shout something from behind her but ignored it. If she could get to Jem before he was badly hurt, even crushed—but as she ran, a shadow fell across her vision. She skidded to a stop, and looked up into the face of a leering automaton, reaching for her with clawed fingers.



The force of the fall and the weight of the automaton on his back knocked the air from Jem's lungs as he hit the ground, bruisingly hard. For a moment stars danced across his vision and he fought for breath, his chest spasming.

Before he had become a Silent Brother, before they had put the first ritual knife to his skin and cut the lines into his face that would begin the process of his transformation, the fall, the injury, might have killed him. Now, as he sucked the air back into his lungs, he found himself twisting, reaching for his staff, even as the creature's hand closed on his shoulder—

And a shudder went through its body, along with the ring of metal on metal. Jem seized up his staff and jabbed it upward, knocking the automaton's head sideways even as the top half of its body was lifted off him and thrown to the side. He kicked out at the weight still pinning his legs, and then that was gone too and Will was on his knees beside him where he lay on the ground. Will's face was as white as ashes.

"Jem," he said.

There was a stillness around them both, a gap in the battle, an eerie timeless silence. The weight of a thousand things was in Will's voice: disbelief and amazement, relief and betrayal. Jem began to struggle up onto his elbows just as Will's sword, smeared with black oil, riven with dents, clattered to the ground.

"You're dead," Will said. "I *felt* you die." And he put his hand over his heart, on his bloodstained shirt, where his *parabatai* rune was. "Here."

Jem scabbled for Will's hand, caught it in his, and pressed the fingers of his blood brother's hand to the inside of his own wrist. He willed his *parabatai* to understand. *Feel my pulse, the beat of blood under the skin; Silent Brothers have hearts, and they beat.* Will's blue eyes widened. "I did not die. I changed. If I could have told you—if there was a way—"

Will stared at him, his chest rising and falling quickly. The automaton had clawed one side of Will's face. He was bleeding from several deep scratches, but he didn't appear to notice. He drew his hand back from Jem's grasp and exhaled softly. "*Roeddwn i'n meddwl dy fod wedi mynd am byth,*" he said. He spoke, without thinking, in Welsh, but Jem understood the words regardless. The runes of the Silent Brothers meant that no language was unknown to him.

I thought you were gone forever.

“I am still here,” Jem said, and then there was a flicker at the corner of his eye, and he moved swiftly, spinning aside. A metal axe whistled down through the space where he had just been, and clanged against the stone floor. Automatons had surrounded them, a ring of whirring metal.

And Will was on his feet, sword in hand, and they were back-to-back, and Will was saying: “There is no rune effective against them; they must be hacked apart by main force—”

“I gathered that.” Jem gripped his staff and swung it hard, knocking one automaton back into a nearby wall. Sparks flew from its metal carapace.

Will struck with his blade, slicing through the jointed knees of two creatures. “I like that stick of yours,” he said.

“It’s a staff.” Jem swung out to knock another automaton sideways. “Made by the Iron Sisters, only for Silent Brothers.”

Will lunged forward, slicing his blade cleanly through the neck of another automaton. Its head rolled to the ground, and a mixture of oil and vapor poured from its ragged throat. “Anyone can sharpen a stick.”

“It’s a *staff*,” Jem repeated, and saw Will’s quicksilver smile out of the corner of his eye. Jem wanted to grin back—there was a time he would have grinned back naturally, but something in the change that had been wrought in him put what felt like the distance of years between him and such simple mortal gestures.

The room was a mass of moving bodies and swinging weapons; Jem could see none of the other Shadowhunters clearly. He was aware of Will next to him, matching his stride to Jem’s, matching him blow for blow. As metal rang on metal, some inner part of Jem, some part that had been lost without his even knowing it was lost, felt the pleasure of fighting together with Will one last time.

“Whatever you say, James,” said Will. “Whatever you say.”



Tessa swung around, bringing her dagger up, and plunged it into the creature's metal carapace. The blade punched through with an ugly ripping sound, followed by—her heart sank—a gravelly laugh. "Miss Gray," said a deep voice, and she looked up to see the smooth face of Armaros. "Surely you know better than that. No weapon that small can cut me apart, nor do you have the strength."

Tessa opened her mouth to scream, but his clawed hands seized her, and he swung her up in his arms, clamping his hand over her mouth to stifle her cry. Through the haze of movement in the room, the flash of swords and metal, she saw Will cutting apart the automaton that had fallen on Jem. He reached to move it, just as Armaros snarled into her ear: "I may be made of metal, but I have the heart of a demon, and my demon's heart yearns to feast on your flesh."

Armaros began to carry Tessa backward, through the fighting, even as she kicked at him with her boots. He tore her head to the side, his sharp fingers ripping the skin of her cheek. "You can't kill me," she gasped. "The angel I wear protects my life—"

"Oh, no. It's true I cannot kill you, but I can hurt you. And I can hurt you most exquisitely. I have no flesh with which to feel pleasure, so the only pleasures left to me are causing pain. While the angel at your throat protects you—as do the orders of the Magister—I must stay my hand, but were the angel's power to fail—should it ever fail—I would rip you apart in my metal jaws."

They were outside the circle of the fighting now, and the demon was carrying her into an alcove, part hidden by a pillar of stone.

"Do it. I'd rather die by your hands than be married to Mortmain."

"Don't worry," he said, and while he spoke without breath, his words still felt like a whisper against her skin, making her shudder in horror. Cold metal fingers circled her arms like manacles as he drew her into the shadows. "I will make sure of both."



Cecily saw her brother slice out at the automaton attacking Brother Zachariah. The roar of metal as it collapsed forward tore her eardrums. She started toward Will, seizing a dagger from her belt—and then toppled forward as something closed about her ankle, jerking her off her feet.

She hit the ground on knees and elbows and twisted about to see that what had caught at her was the disembodied hand of an automaton. Sliced off at the wrist, black fluid pumping from the wires that still protruded from the jagged metal, its fingers were digging into her gear. She twisted and pivoted, hacking at the thing until its fingers loosened and separated and it clattered to the ground like a dead crab, twitching faintly.

She groaned in disgust and staggered to her feet, only to find that she could no longer see Will or Brother Zachariah. The room was a chaotic blur of motion. She saw Gabriel, back-to-back with his brother, a pile of dead automatons at their feet. Gabriel's gear was torn at the shoulder and he was bleeding. Cyril lay crumpled on the ground. Sophie had moved to be near him, slashing out in a circle with her sword, her scar livid in her pale face. Cecily could not see Magnus, but she could see the trail of blue sparks in the air that indicated his presence. And then there was Bridget, visible in flashes between the moving bodies of clockwork creatures, her weapon a blur, her red hair like a burning banner. And at her feet . . .

Cecily began to fight her way through the crowd toward them. Halfway there she dropped her dagger, picking up a long-handled axe that one of the automatons had dropped. It was surprisingly light in her grasp, and made a very satisfying *crunch* when she drove the blade into the chest of a mechanical demon that had reached to seize her, sending the automaton spinning backward.

And then she was leaping over a crumpled pile of fallen automatons, most of which had been hacked apart, their limbs scattered—no doubt the source of the hand that had seized her ankle. At the far end of the pile was Bridget, whirling this way and that as she beat back the tide of clockwork monsters threatening to advance on Charlotte and Henry. Bridget spared

Cecily only a glance as the younger girl darted by her and dropped to her knees beside the head of the Institute.

“Charlotte,” Cecily whispered.

Charlotte looked up. Her face was white with shock, her pupils so wide, they seemed to have swallowed the light brown of her eyes. Her arms were wrapped around Henry, his head lolling back against her fragile shoulder, her hands locked about his chest. He seemed entirely limp.

“Charlotte,” Cecily said again. “We cannot win this fight. We must retreat.”

“I cannot move Henry!”

“Charlotte—he is past our help now.”

“No, he’s not,” Charlotte said wildly. “I can still feel his pulse.”

Cecily reached out a hand. “Charlotte—”

“I am not mad! He is alive! He is alive, and I will not leave him!”

“Charlotte, the baby,” Cecily said. “Henry would want you to save yourselves.”

Something flickered in Charlotte’s eyes—she tightened her grip on Henry. “Without Henry we cannot leave,” she said. “We cannot make a Portal. We are trapped in this mountain.”

Cecily’s breath went out of her in a little gasp. She had not thought of that. Her heart pounded a sharp message through her veins: *We’re going to die. We are all going to die.* Why had she chosen this? My God, what had she done? She raised her head, saw a familiar flash of blue and black at the corner of her vision—Will? The blue reminded her of something—of sparks rising above the smoke—

“Bridget,” she said. “Get Magnus.”

Bridget shook her head. “If I leave you, you will be dead in five minutes,” she said. As if to illustrate her point, she brought her blade down on a charging automaton as if she were splitting kindling. The creature fell to both sides, sliced down the middle in two equal parts.

“You don’t understand,” Cecily said. “We need Magnus—”

“I’m here.” And he was, appearing above Cecily so suddenly and soundlessly that she stifled a scream. There was a long cut along his collar, shallow but bloody. Warlocks bled as red as humans did, it seemed. His gaze fell on Henry, and a terrible, fathomless sadness crossed his face. It was the look of a man who had seen hundreds die, who had lost and lost and lost and was facing loss once more. “God,” he said. “He was a good man.”

“No,” Charlotte said. “I am telling you, I felt his pulse—do not speak of him as if he is gone already—”

Magnus dropped to his knees and reached a hand out to touch Henry’s eyelids. Cecily wondered if he planned to say “*ave atque vale*,” the requisite farewell for Shadowhunters, but instead he jerked his hand back, his eyes narrowing. A moment later his fingers were against Henry’s throat. He muttered something in a language Cecily didn’t understand, then slid closer, his hand rising to cup Henry’s jaw. “Slow,” he said, half to himself, “slow, but his heart *is* beating.”

Charlotte took a ragged breath. “I told you.”

Magnus’s eyes flicked up to her. “You did. I’m sorry for not listening.” His gaze dropped back down to Henry. “Now be quiet, everyone.” He raised the hand that was not pressed to Henry’s throat, and snapped his fingers. Instantly the air around them seemed to thicken and warp like old glass. A solid dome had appeared over them, trapping Henry, Charlotte, Cecily, and Magnus in a shimmering bubble of silence. Through it Cecily could still see the room around them, the battling automatons, Bridget laying waste right and left with her black-smearred blade. Inside, all was quiet.

She looked quickly at Magnus. “You’ve made a protective wall.”

“Yes.” His attention was on Henry. “Very good.”

“Couldn’t you just make one around all of us and keep it that way? Keep us all protected?”

Magnus shook his head. “Magic takes energy, little one. I could hold such a protection together for only a short time, and when it fell apart, *they* would fall upon *us*.” He leaned forward,

murmuring something, and a spark of blue leaped from his fingertips to Henry's skin. The pale blue fire seemed to burrow in, striking a sort of fire through Henry's veins, for as if Magnus had touched a match to one end of a line of gunpowder, trails of fire burned up his arms, tracing his neck and face. Charlotte, holding him, gasped as his body spasmed, his head jerking forward.

Henry's eyes flew open. They were tinted with the same blue fire that burned through his veins. "I—" His voice was rough. "What happened?"

Charlotte burst into tears. "Henry! Oh, my darling Henry." She clutched at him and kissed him frantically, and he threaded his fingers into her hair and held her there, and both Magnus and Cecily looked away.

When at last Charlotte let Henry go, still stroking his hair and murmuring, he struggled to sit up, and slumped back down. His eyes met Magnus's. Magnus looked down and away, his eyelids drooping with exhaustion and something else. Something that made Cecily's heart tighten.

"Henry," Charlotte said, sounding a little frightened, "is the pain bad? Can you stand?"

"There's little pain," Henry said. "But I cannot stand. I cannot feel my legs at all."

Magnus was still staring at the floor. "I am sorry," he said. "There are some things magic cannot do, some injuries it cannot touch."

The look on Charlotte's face was awful to see. "*Henry—*"

"I can still make a Portal," Henry interrupted. Blood trickled from the corner of his mouth; he wiped it away with his sleeve. "We can escape this place. We must retreat." He tried to turn, to look about him, and winced, whitening. "What is happening?"

"We are far outnumbered," said Cecily. "Everyone is fighting for their lives—"

"For their lives, but not to win?" Henry asked.

Magnus shook his head. "We cannot win. There is no hope. There are too many of them."

"And Tessa and Will?"

“Will found her,” Cecily said. “They are here, in the room.”

Henry closed his eyes, breathed in hard, then opened them again. The blue tinge had already begun to fade. “Then we must make a Portal. But first we must get everyone’s attention—separate them from the automatons so that we are not all sucked through the Portal to the Institute together. The last thing we need is any of those Infernal Devices winding up in London.” He looked at Magnus. “Reach into the pocket of my coat.”

As Magnus reached out, Cecily saw that his hand was trembling slightly. Clearly the effort of keeping the protective wall solid around them was beginning to take its toll on him.

He withdrew his hand from Henry’s pocket. In it was a small golden box, with no visible hinges or opening.

Henry’s words came with difficulty. “Cecily—take it, please. Take it, and throw it. As hard and far as you can.”

Magnus handed over the box to Cecily with shaking fingers. It felt warm against her hand, though she could not tell if that was from some heat inside it or simply the result of its having been in Henry’s pocket.

She glanced down at Magnus. His face was drawn. “I’m letting the wall down now,” he said. “Throw, Cecily.”

He raised his hands. Sparks flew; the wall shimmered and vanished. Cecily drew her arm back and threw the box.

For a moment nothing happened. Then there was a dull implosion—a vanishing inward of sound, as if everything in the room were being sucked down an enormous drain. Cecily’s ears popped, and she sank to the ground, clapping her hands to the sides of her head. Magnus was also on his knees, and their small group huddled together as what seemed like a massive wind blew through the room.

The wind roared, and joining the sound of the wind was the sound of creaking, tearing metal as the clockwork creatures in the room began to stagger and stumble. Cecily saw Gabriel dart out of the way as an automaton fell at his feet and began spasming, its iron arms and legs flailing as if it were in the throes of a fit. Her eyes darted to Will and the Silent Brother he fought

beside, whose hood had fallen back. Even among everything else that was happening, Cecily felt a shock go through her. Brother Zachariah was—*Jem*. She had known, they had all known, that Jem had gone to the Silent City to become a Silent Brother or die trying, but that he would be well enough to be here now, with them, fighting beside Will as he used to, that he would have the strength . . .

There was a crash as a clockwork monster crumpled to the ground between Will and Jem, forcing them to spring apart. The air smelled like the air just before a storm.

“*Henry*—” Charlotte’s hair blew about her face.

Henry’s face was tight with pain. “It’s—a sort of Pyxis. Meant to detach demon souls from their bodies. Before death. I haven’t had time—to perfect it. But it seemed worth trying.”

Magnus staggered to his feet. His voice rose over the sound of crumpling metal and the high shrieks of demons. “Come here! All of you! *Gather, Shadowhunters!*”

Bridget stood her ground, still fighting two automatons whose movements had become jerky and uneven, but the others began to run toward them: Will, Jem, Gabriel . . . but Tessa, where was Tessa? Cecily saw Will realize Tessa’s absence at the same time that she did; he turned, his hand on Jem’s arm, his blue eyes scanning the room. She saw his lips form the word “Tessa,” though she could hear nothing over the ever-louder shrieking of the wind, the shuddering of metal—

“*Stop.*”

A bolt of silvery light shot down, like a fork of lightning, from the top of the dome, and exploded through the room like the sparks of a Catherine wheel. The wind stilled and stopped, leaving the room filled with a ringing silence.

Cecily looked up. On the gallery halfway up the dome stood a man in a well-cut dark suit, a man she recognized instantly.

It was Mortmain.



“*Stop.*”

The voice echoed through the room, sending chills through Tessa's veins. Mortmain. She knew his speech, his voice, even though she could see nothing past the stone pillar that hid the alcove Armaros had dragged her into. The demon automaton had kept a tight hold on her, even as a dull explosion had rocked the room, followed by a biting, vicious wind that had blown past their alcove, leaving them untouched.

Silence had fallen now, and Tessa wanted desperately to tear away from the metal arms that held her, to run into the room and see if any of her friends, those she loved, had been harmed, even killed. But struggling against him was like struggling against a wall. She kicked out anyway, just as Mortmain's voice rang through the room again:

"Where is Miss Gray? Bring her to me."

Armaros made a rumbling noise, and lurched into motion. Lifting Tessa by the arms, he carried her from the alcove into the main room.

It was a scene of chaos. The automatons stood frozen, looking up at their master. Many were crumpled on the ground, or hacked into pieces. The floor was slippery with a mixture of blood and oil.

In the center of the room, in a circle, stood the Shadowhunters and their companions. Cyril was kneeling upon the ground, a torn piece of bloody bandage wrapped around his leg. Near him was Henry, half-sitting and half-lying down in Charlotte's arms. He was pale, so pale. . . . Tessa's eyes met Will's as he raised his head and saw her. A look of dismay passed over his face, and he started forward. Jem seized his sleeve. His eyes were on Tessa too; they were wide and dark and full of horror.

She looked away from both of them, away and up at Mortmain. He stood at the railing of the gallery above them, like a preacher at a pulpit, and smirked down. "Miss Gray," he said. "So good of you to join us."

She spat, tasting blood in her mouth where the automaton's fingers had raked her cheek.

Mortmain raised an eyebrow. "Set her down," he said to Armaros. "Keep your hands on her shoulders."

The demon obeyed with a low chuckle. As soon as Tessa's boots touched the ground, she straightened her spine, raising her chin and glaring viciously at Mortmain. "It's bad luck to see the bride before the wedding day," she said.

"Indeed," Mortmain said. "But bad luck for whom?"

Tessa did not look around. The sight of so many automatons, and the ragtag band of Shadowhunters who were all that stood before them, was too painful. "The Nephilim have already entered your fortress," she said. "There will be others behind them. They will swarm your automatons and destroy them. Surrender now, and perhaps you will keep your life."

Mortmain threw his head back and laughed. "Brava, madam," he said. "You stand there surrounded by defeat, and demand my surrender."

"We are not defeated—," Will began, and Mortmain hissed out a breath through his teeth, audible in the echoing room. As one, all the automatons in the room snapped their heads toward Will—a terrifying synchronicity.

"Not a word from you, Nephilim," Mortmain said. "The next time one of you speaks will be the last time you ever draw breath."

"Let them go," Tessa said. "This is nothing to do with them. Let them go, and keep me."

"You bargain with nothing in your hands," Mortmain said. "You are wrong if you think other Shadowhunters are coming to help you. At this very moment a significant part of my army is cutting your Council to pieces." Tessa heard Charlotte gasp, a short, stifled noise. "Clever of the Nephilim to handily assemble themselves all in one place, that I might wipe them out in one fell swoop."

"Please," Tessa said. "Turn your hand from them. Your grievances against the Nephilim are just. But if they are all dead, who will be lessoned by your vengeance? Who will atone? If there is no one to learn from the past, there is no one to carry on its

lessons. Let them live. Let them carry your teachings into the future. They can be your legacy.”

He nodded thoughtfully, as though he were weighing her words. “I *will* spare them—I will keep them here, as our prisoners. Their captivity will keep you pleasant, and it will keep you obedient”—his voice hardened—“because you love them, and if you ever even try to escape, I will kill them *all*.” He paused. “What do you say, Miss Gray? I have been generous, and now I am owed thanks.”

The only sound in the room was the creak of the automatons and Tessa’s own blood pounding in her ears. She realized now what Mrs. Black had meant by her words in the carriage. *And the more knowledge of them you have, the more your sympathies lie with them, the more effective a weapon you will be to raze them to the ground.* Tessa had become one of the Shadowhunters, if not entirely like them. She cared for them and loved them, and Mortmain would use that caring and that love to force her hand. In saving the few she loved, she would doom them all. And yet to condemn Will and Jem, Charlotte and Henry, Cecily and the others to death was unthinkable.

“Yes.” She heard Jem—or was it Will—make a muffled sound. “Yes, I will take that bargain.” She looked up. “Tell the demon to let me go, and I will come up to you.”

She saw Mortmain’s eyes narrow. “No,” he said. “Armaros, bring her to me.”

The demon’s hands tightened on her arms; Tessa bit her lip with the pain. As if in sympathy, the clockwork angel at her throat twitched.

Few can claim a single angel who guards them. But you can.

Her hand went to her throat. The angel seemed to thrum under her fingers, as if it were breathing, as if it were trying to communicate something to her. Her hand tightened on it, the points of the wings cutting into her palm. She thought of her dream.

Is this what you look like?

You see here only a fraction of what I am. In my true form I am deadly glory.

Armaros's hands closed on Tessa's arms.

Your clockwork angel contains within it a bit of the spirit of an angel, Mortmain had said. She thought of the white star mark the clockwork angel had left on Will's shoulder. She thought of the smooth, beautiful, unmoving face of the angel, the cool hands that had held her as she had fallen from Mrs. Black's carriage toward the churning water below.

The demon began to lift her.

Tessa thought of her dream.

She took a deep breath. She did not know if what she was about to do was even possible, or simply madness. As Armaros raised her with his hands, she closed her eyes, reaching out with her mind, reaching *into* the clockwork angel. She tumbled for a moment through dark space, and then a gray limbo, seeking that light, that spark of spirit, that *life*—

And there it was, a sudden blaze, a bonfire, brighter than any spark she had ever seen before. She reached for it, wrapping it about herself, coils of white fire that burned and scorched her skin. She screamed aloud—

And Changed.

White fire blasted through her veins. She shot upward, her gear ripping and tearing and falling away, light blazing all around her. She was fire. She was a falling star. Armaros's arms were torn from her body—soundlessly he melted and dissolved, scorched by the heavenly fire that blazed through Tessa.

She was flying—flying upward. No, she was rising, *growing*. Her bones stretched and elongated, a lattice being pulled outward and upward as she grew impossibly. Her skin had turned gold, and it stretched and tore as she hurtled upward like the bean stalk from the old fairy tale, and where her skin tore, golden ichor leaked from the wounds. Curls like shavings of hot white metal sprang from her head, surrounding her face. And from her back burst wings—massive wings, greater than any bird's.

She supposed that she should be terrified. Glancing down, she saw the Shadowhunters staring up at her, their mouths open. The whole room was filled with blinding light, light that poured from *her*. She had *become* Ithuriel. The divine fire of angels was blazing through her, scorching her bones, searing her eyes. But she felt only a steely calm.

She stood twenty feet high now. She was eye to eye with Mortmain, who was frozen with terror, his hands gripping the railing of the balcony. The clockwork angel, after all, had been his gift to her mother. He must never have imagined that it would ever be put to this use.

“It’s not possible,” he said hoarsely. “Not possible—”

You have entrapped an angel of Heaven, Tessa said, though it was not her voice speaking but Ithuriel’s speaking through her. His voice echoed through her body like the ringing of a gong. Distantly she wondered if her heart was beating—did angels have hearts? Would this kill her? If it did, it was worth it. *You have tried to create life. Life is the province of Heaven. And Heaven does not take kindly to usurpers.*

Mortmain turned to run. But he was slow, as all humans were slow. Tessa reached out her hand, Ithuriel’s hand, and closed it about him as he ran, lifting him off his feet. He screamed as the angel’s grip scorched him. He was writhing, already burning, as Tessa tightened her grip, crushing his body to a jelly of scarlet blood and white bones.

She opened her fingers. Mortmain’s crushed body fell, crashing to the ground among his own automatons. There was a shuddering, a great creaking scream of metal as of a building collapsing, and the automatons began to fall, one by one, crumpling to the ground, lifeless without their Magister to animate them. A garden of metal flowers, withering and dying one by one, and the Shadowhunters stood in the center of them, looking about themselves in wonder.

And then Tessa realized that she did still have a heart, for it leaped in joy to see them alive and safe. Yet even as she reached for them with her golden hands—one stained with scarlet now,

Mortmain's blood mixing with Ithuriel's golden ichor—they shrank back from the blaze of light around her. *No, no*, she wanted to say, *I would never hurt you*, but the words would not come. She could not speak; the burning was too great. She struggled to find her way back to herself, to Change into Tessa again, but she was lost in the blaze of the fire, as if she had fallen into the heart of the sun. An agony of flames exploded through her, and she felt herself begin to fall, the clockwork angel a red-hot lariat about her throat. *Please*, she thought, but everything was fire and burning, and she fell, senseless, into the light.

THUNDER IN THE TRUMPET

*For till the thunder in the trumpet be,
Soul may divide from body, but not we
One from another*

—Algernon Charles Swinburne, “Laus Veneris”

Clockwork creatures clawed at Tessa out of black mists. Fire ran through her veins, and when she looked down, her skin was cracked and blistering, golden ichor running in sheets down her arms. She saw the endless fields of Heaven, saw a sky constantly on fire with a blaze that would have blinded any human. She saw silver clouds with edges like razors, and felt the icy emptiness that hollowed the hearts of angels.

“*Tessa.*” It was Will; she would have known his speech anywhere. “*Tessa, wake up, wake up. Tessa, please.*”

She could hear the pain in his voice and wanted to reach out for him, but as she lifted her arms, the flames rose and charred her fingers. Her hands turned to ash and blew away on the hot wind.



Tessa tossed on her bed in a delirium of fever and nightmares. The sheets, twisted around her, were soaked with sweat, her hair plastered to her temples. Her skin, always pale, was near-translucent, showing the mapping of veins beneath her skin, the

shape of her bones. Her clockwork angel was at her throat; every once in a while she would catch at it, and then cry out in a lost voice, as if the touch pained her.

“She’s in so much agony.” Charlotte dipped a cloth in cool water and pressed it to Tessa’s burning forehead. The girl made a soft protesting sound at the touch but didn’t move to bat Charlotte’s hand away. Charlotte would have liked to think it was because the cool cloths were helping, but she knew that it was more likely that Tessa was simply becoming too exhausted. “Isn’t there anything more we can do?”

The angel’s fire is leaving her body. Brother Enoch, standing at Charlotte’s side, spoke in his eerie omnidirectional whisper. *It will take the time it takes. She will be free of pain when it is gone.*

“But she will live?”

She has survived thus far. The Silent Brother sounded grim. *The fire should have killed her. It would have killed any normal human. But she is part Shadowhunter and part demon, and she was protected by the angel whose fire she drew on. It shielded her even in those last moments as it blazed up and burned away its own corporeal form.*

Charlotte could not help but remember the circular room under Cadair Idris, Tessa stepping forward and transforming from girl into flame, blazing up like a column of fire, her hair turning to tendrils of sparks, the light of it blinding and terrifying. Crouched on the floor by Henry’s body, Charlotte had wondered how even angels could burn like that and live.

When the angel had left Tessa, she had collapsed, her clothes hanging in tatters and her skin covered in marks as if she had been scorched. Several Shadowhunters had rushed to her side between the crumpling automatons, though it had been something of a blur to Charlotte—scenes viewed through the wavering lens of her terror over Henry: Will lifting Tessa in his arms; the Magister’s stronghold beginning to close itself up behind them, doors slamming closed as they raced through the corridors, Magnus’s blue fire lighting them a path to escape. The creation of a second Portal. More Silent Brothers waiting for them at the Institute, scarred hands and scarred faces, shutting

out even Charlotte as they closed themselves in with Henry and Tessa. Will turning to Jem, his expression stricken. He had reached out for his *parabatai*.

“James,” he had said. “You can find out—what they’re doing to her—if she’ll live—”

But Brother Enoch had stepped between them. *His name is not James Carstairs*, he had said. *It is Zachariah now.*

Will’s look, the way he had lowered his hand. “Let him speak for himself.”

But Jem had only turned, turned and walked away from all of them, out of the Institute, Will watching him go in disbelief, and Charlotte had remembered the first time they had ever met: *Are you really dying? I am sorry.*

It was Will, still looking stunned and disbelieving, who had explained to them all, haltingly, Tessa’s story: the function of the clockwork angel, the tale of the ill-fated Starkweathers, and the unorthodox manner of Tessa’s conception. Aloysius had been right, Charlotte reflected. Tessa was his great-granddaughter. A descendant he would never know, for he had been slain in the Council massacre.

Charlotte couldn’t stop herself from imagining what it must have been like when the doors of the Council room had opened and the automatons had poured in. Councils were not required to be unarmed, but they were not prepared to fight. Nor had most Shadowhunters ever faced an automaton. Even to imagine the slaughter chilled her. She was overwhelmed by the enormity of the loss to the Shadowhunter world, though it would have been much greater had Tessa not made the sacrifice she did. All the automatons had fallen with Mortmain’s death, even the ones in the Council rooms, and the majority of the Shadowhunters had survived, though there had been heavy losses—including the Consul.

“Part demon and part Shadowhunter,” Charlotte murmured now, gazing down at Tessa. “What does that make her?”

Nephilim blood is dominant. A new kind of Shadowhunter. New is not always a bad thing, Charlotte.

It was because of that Nephilim blood that they had gone so far as to try healing runes upon Tessa, but the runes had simply sunk into her skin and vanished, like words written in water. Charlotte reached out now to touch Tessa's collarbone, where the rune had been inked. Her skin was hot to the touch.

"Her clockwork angel," Charlotte observed. "It has stopped its ticking."

The angel's presence has left it. Ithuriel is free, and Tessa unprotected, though with the Magister dead, and as a Nephilim herself, she will likely be safe. As long as she does not attempt to transform herself into an angel a second time. It would certainly kill her.

"There are other dangers."

We all must face dangers, said Brother Enoch. It was the same cool, unruffled mental voice he had used when he had told her that though Henry would live, he would never walk again.

On the bed Tessa stirred, crying out in a dry voice. In her sleep, since the battle, she had called out names. She had called for Nate, and for her aunt, and for Charlotte. "Jem," she whispered now, clutching fitfully at her coverlet.

Charlotte turned away from Enoch as she reached for the cool cloth again and laid it across Tessa's forehead. She knew she should not ask, and yet—

"How is he? Our Jem? Is he—adjusting to the Brotherhood?"

She felt Enoch's reproach. *You know I cannot tell you that. He is no longer your Jem. He is Brother Zachariah now. You must forget him.*

"Forget him? I cannot forget him," Charlotte said. "He is not as your other Brothers, Enoch; you know that."

The rituals that make a Silent Brother are our deepest secrets.

"I am not asking to know of your rituals," Charlotte said. "Yet I know that most Silent Brothers sever their ties to their mortal lives before they enter the Brotherhood. But James could not do that. He still has that which tethers him to this world." She looked down at Tessa, her eyelids fluttering as she breathed

harshly. "It is a cord that ties each of them to the other, and unless it is dissolved properly, I fear it may harm them both."

"She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.' "

"Oh, for goodness' sake," Henry said irritably, pushing up the ink-stained sleeves of his dressing gown. "Can't you read something less depressing? Something with a good battle in it."

"It's Tennyson," said Will, sliding his feet off the ottoman near the fire. They were in the drawing room, Henry's chair pulled up near the fire, a sketchbook open on his lap. He was still pale, as he had been since the battle at Cadair Idris, though he was beginning to get his color back. "It will improve your mind."

Before Henry could reply, the door opened, and Charlotte came in, looking tired, the lace-edged sleeves of her sack dress stained with water. Will immediately set his book down, and Henry, too, looked up inquiringly from his sketchbook.

Charlotte glanced from one of them to the other, noting the book on the side table beside the silver tea service. "Have you been reading to Henry, Will?"

"Yes, some dreadful thing, all full of poetry." Henry had a pen in one hand and papers scattered all over the lap rug drawn up around his knees.

Henry had met with his usual fortitude the news that even the Silent Brothers' healing would not let him walk again. And a conviction that he must build himself a chair, like a sort of Bath chair but better, with self-propelling wheels and all manner of other accoutrements. He was determined that it be able to go up and down stairs, so that he could still get to his inventions in the

crypt. He had been scribbling designs for the chair the whole hour that Will had been reading to him from “Maud,” but then poetry had never been Henry’s area of interest.

“Well, you are released from your duties, Will, and, Henry, you are released from further poetry,” said Charlotte. “If you like, darling, I can help you gather your notes—” She slipped around behind her husband’s chair and reached over his shoulders, helping scoop his scattered papers into a neat pile. He took her wrist as she moved, and looked up at her—a gaze of such trust and adoration that it made Will feel as if tiny knives were cutting at his skin.

It was not as if he begrudged Charlotte and Henry their happiness—far from it. But he could not help but think of Tessa. Of the hopes he had cherished once and repressed later. He wondered if she had ever looked at him like that. He did not think so. He had worked so hard to destroy her trust, and though all he wanted was a true chance to rebuild it for her, he could not help but fear—

He pushed the dark thoughts back and rose to his feet, about to explain that he intended to go see Tessa. Before he could speak, there was a knock at the door, and Sophie came in, looking unaccountably anxious. The anxiety was explained a moment later when the Inquisitor followed her into the room.

Will, used to seeing him in his ceremonial robes at Council meetings, almost didn’t recognize the stern-looking man in the gray morning coat and dark trousers. There was a livid scar on his cheek that had not been there before.

“Inquisitor Whitelaw.” Charlotte straightened up, her expression suddenly serious. “To what do we owe the honor of your visit?”

“Charlotte,” said the Inquisitor, and he held out his hand. There was a letter, sealed with the seal of the Council. “I have brought a message for you.”

Charlotte looked at him in bewilderment. “You could not simply have sent it through the post?”

“This letter is of grave importance. It is imperative that you read it now.”

Slowly Charlotte reached out and took it. She pulled at the flap, then frowned and crossed the room to take a letter opener from her bureau. Will took the opportunity to stare at the Inquisitor covertly. The man was frowning at Charlotte and ignoring Will entirely. He could not help but wonder if the scar on the Inquisitor’s cheek was a relic of the Council’s battle with Mortmain’s automatons.

Will had been sure that they were all going to die, together, there under the mountain, until Tessa had blazed up in all the glory of the angel and struck down Mortmain like lightning striking down a tree. It had been one of the most wondrous things he had ever seen, but his wonder had been consumed quickly by terror when Tessa had collapsed after the Change, bleeding and insensible, however hard they’d tried to wake her. Magnus, near exhaustion, had barely been able to open a Portal back to the Institute with Henry’s help, and Will remembered only a blur after that, a blur of exhaustion and blood and fear, more Silent Brothers summoned to tend the wounded, and the news coming from the Council of all who had been killed in battle before the automatons had disintegrated upon Mortmain’s death. And Tessa—Tessa not speaking, not waking, being carried off to her room by the Silent Brothers, and he had not been able to go with her. Being neither brother nor husband he could only stand and stare after her, closing and unclosing his bloodstained hands. Never had he felt more helpless.

And when he had turned to find Jem, to share his fear with the only other person in the world who loved Tessa as much as he did—Jem had been gone, back to the Silent City on the orders of the Brothers. Gone without even a word of good-bye.

Though Cecily had tried to soothe him, Will had been angry—angry with Jem, and with the Council and the Brotherhood themselves, for allowing Jem to become a Silent Brother, though Will knew that was unfair, that it had been Jem’s choice and the only way to keep him alive. And yet since their return to the

Institute, Will had felt constantly seasick—it was like having been a ship at anchor for years and being cut free to float on the tides, with no idea which direction to steer in. And Tessa—

The sound of tearing paper interrupted his thoughts, as Charlotte opened the letter and read it, the color draining from her face. She lifted her eyes and stared at the Inquisitor. “Is this some sort of jest?”

The Inquisitor’s frown deepened. “There is no jest, I assure you. Do you have an answer?”

“Lottie,” said Henry, looking up at his wife, even his tufts of gingery hair radiating anxiety and love. “Lottie, what is it, what’s wrong?”

She looked at him, and then back at the Inquisitor. “No,” she said. “I don’t have an answer. Not yet.”

“The Council does not wish—,” he began, and then seemed to see Will for the first time. “If I could speak to you in private, Charlotte.”

Charlotte straightened her spine. “I will not send either Will or Henry away.”

The two of them glared at each other, eyes locked. Will knew that Henry was looking at him anxiously. In the aftermath of Charlotte’s disagreement with the Consul, and the Consul’s death, they had all waited breathlessly for the Council to hand down some sort of retributive judgment. Their hold on the Institute felt precarious. Will could see it in the minute trembling of Charlotte’s hands, and the set of her mouth.

He wished suddenly that Jem or Tessa were here, someone he could speak to, someone he could ask what he should do for Charlotte, to whom he owed so much.

“It’s all right,” he said, rising to his feet. He wanted to see Tessa, even if she would not open her eyes, not recognize him. “I had meant to go anyway.”

“Will—,” Charlotte protested.

“It’s all right, Charlotte,” Will said again, and he pushed past the Inquisitor to the door. Once out in the corridor, he leaned against the wall for a moment, recovering himself. He couldn’t

help remembering his own words—God, it seemed a million years ago now, and no longer in the least bit funny: *The Consul? Breaking up our breakfast time? Whatever next? The Inquisitor over for tea?*

If the Institute was taken from Charlotte . . .

If they all lost their home . . .

If Tessa . . .

He could not finish the thought. Tessa would live; she must live. As he set off down the corridor, he thought of the blues and greens and grays of Wales. Perhaps he could return there, with Cecily, if the Institute was lost, make some kind of life for themselves in their home country. It would not be a Shadowhunting life, but without Charlotte, without Henry, without Jem or Tessa or Sophie or even the bloody Lightwoods, he did not want to be a Shadowhunter. They were his family, and precious to him—just another realization, he thought, that had come to him all at once and yet too late.



“Tessa. Wake up. Please, wake up.”

Sophie’s voice now, cutting through the darkness. Tessa struggled, forcing her eyes open for a split second. She saw her bedroom at the Institute, the familiar furniture, the drapes pulled back, weak sunlight casting squares of light on the floor. She fought to hold on to it. It was like this, brief periods of lucidity in between fever and nightmares—never enough, never enough time to reach out, to speak. *Sophie*, she fought to whisper, but her dry lips would not pass the words. Lightning shivered down through her vision, splitting the world apart. She cried out soundlessly as the Institute broke into pieces and rushed away from her into the dark.



It was Cyril who finally told Gabriel that Cecily was in the stables, after the younger Lightwood brother had spent much of

the day searching fruitlessly—though, he hoped not obviously—through the Institute for her.

Twilight had come, and the stable was full of warm yellow lantern light and the smell of horses. Cecily was standing by Balios's stall, her head against the neck of the great black horse. Her hair, nearly the same inky color, was loose over her shoulders. When she turned to look at him, Gabriel saw the wink of the red ruby around her throat.

A look of concern passed across her face. "Has something happened to Will?"

"Will?" Gabriel was startled.

"I just thought—the way you looked—" She sighed. "He has been so distraught these past few days. If it were not enough that Tessa is ill and injured, to know what he does about Jem—" She shook her head. "I have tried to speak to him about it, but he will say nothing."

"I think he is speaking to Jem now," Gabriel said. "I confess I do not know his state of mind. If you wish, I could—"

"No." Cecily's voice was quiet. Her blue eyes were fixed on something far away. "Let him be."

Gabriel took a few steps forward. The soft yellow glow of the lantern at Cecily's feet laid a faint golden sheen over her skin. Her hands were bare of gloves, very white against the horse's black hide. "I . . .," he began. "You seem to like that horse very much."

Silently he cursed himself. He remembered his father once saying that women, the gentler sex, liked to be wooed with charming words and pithy phrases. He wasn't sure exactly what a pithy phrase was, but he was sure that "You seem to like that horse very much" was not one.

Cecily seemed not to mind, though. She gave the horse's hide an absent pat before turning to face him. "Balios saved my brother's life."

"Are you going to leave?" Gabriel said abruptly.

Her eyes widened. "What was that, Mr. Lightwood?"

“No.” He held his hand up. “Don’t call me Mr. Lightwood, please. We are Shadowhunters. I am Gabriel to you.”

Her cheeks pinked. “Gabriel, then. Why did you ask me if I am leaving?”

“You came here to bring your brother home,” said Gabriel. “But it is clear he is not going to go, isn’t it? He is in love with Tessa. He is going to stay wherever she is.”

“She might not stay here,” Cecily said, her eyes unreadable.

“I think she will. But even if she does not, he will go where she is. And Jem—Jem has become a Silent Brother. He is still Nephilim. If Will hopes to see him again, and I think we know he does, he will remain. The years have changed him, Cecily. His family is here now.”

“Do you think you are telling me anything I have not observed for myself? Will’s heart is here, not in Yorkshire, in a house he has never lived in, with parents he has not seen for years.”

“Then, if he cannot go home—I thought perhaps that you would.”

“So that my parents are not alone. Yes. I can see why you would think that.” She hesitated. “You know, of course, that in a few years I would be expected to be married, and to leave my parents regardless.”

“But not to never speak to them again. They are exiled, Cecily. If you remain here, you will be cut off from them.”

“You say it as if you wish to convince me to return home.”

“I say it because I am afraid you will.” The words were out of his mouth before he could recapture them; he could only look at her as a flush of embarrassment heated his face.

She took a step toward him. Her blue eyes, upturned to his, were wide. He wondered when they had stopped reminding him of Will’s eyes; they were just Cecily’s eyes, a shade of blue he associated with her alone. “When I came here,” she said, “I thought the Shadowhunters were monsters. I thought I had to rescue my brother. I thought that we would return home together, and my parents would be proud of us both. That we

would be a family again. Then I realized—you helped me realize —”

“I helped you? How?”

“Your father did not give you choices,” she said. “He demanded that you be what he wanted. And that demand broke your family apart. But my father, he chose to leave the Nephilim and marry my mother. That was *his* choice, just as staying with the Shadowhunters is Will’s. Choosing love or war: both are brave choices, in their own ways. And I do not think my parents would grudge Will his choice. Above all, what matters to them is that he be happy.”

“But what of you?” Gabriel said, and they were very close now, almost touching. “It is your choice to make now, to stay or return.”

“I will stay,” Cecily said. “I choose the war.”

Gabriel let out the breath he hadn’t realized he was holding. “You will give up your home?”

“A drafty old house in Yorkshire?” Cecily said. “This is London.”

“And give up what is familiar?”

“Familiar is dull.”

“And give up seeing your parents? It is against the Law . . .”

She smiled, the glimmer of a smile. “Everyone breaks the Law.”

“Cecy,” he said, and closed the distance between them, though it was not much, and then he was kissing her—his hands awkward around her shoulders at first, slipping on the stiff taffeta of her gown before his fingers slid behind her head, tangling in her soft, warm hair. She stiffened in surprise before softening against him, the seam of her lips parting as he tasted the sweetness of her mouth. When she drew away at last, he felt light-headed. “Cecy?” he said again, his voice hoarse.

“Five,” she said. Her lips and cheeks were flushed, but her gaze was steady.

“Five?” he echoed blankly.

“My rating,” she said, and smiled at him. “Your skill and technique may, perhaps, require work, but the native talent is certainly there. What you require is *practice*.”

“And you are willing to be my tutor?”

“I should be very insulted if you chose another,” she said, and leaned up to kiss him again.



When Will came into Tessa’s room, Sophie was sitting by her bed, murmuring in a soft voice. She swung around as the door closed behind Will. The corners of her mouth looked pinched and worried.

“How is she?” Will asked, pushing his hands deep into his trouser pockets. It hurt to see Tessa like this, hurt as if a sliver of ice had lodged itself under his ribs and was digging into his heart. Sophie had plaited Tessa’s long brown hair neatly so that it would not tangle when she tossed her head fitfully against the pillows. She breathed quickly, her chest rising and falling fast, her eyes visibly moving beneath her pale eyelids. He wondered what she was dreaming.

“The same,” Sophie said, rising gracefully to her feet and ceding him the chair beside the bed. “She has been calling out again.”

“For anyone particular?” Will asked, and then was immediately sorry he had asked. Surely his motives would be ridiculously transparent.

Sophie’s dark hazel eyes darted away from his. “For her brother,” she said. “If you wish a few moments alone with Miss Tessa . . .”

“Yes, please, Sophie.”

She paused at the door. “Master William,” she said.

Having just settled himself in the armchair beside the bed, Will glanced over at her.

“I am sorry I have thought and spoken so ill of you for all these years,” Sophie said. “I understand now that you were only doing what we all try to do. Our best.”

Will reached out and placed his hand over Tessa's left one, where it plucked feverishly at the coverlet. "Thank you," he said, unable to look at Sophie directly; a moment later he heard the door softly close behind her.

He looked at Tessa. She was momentarily quiet, her lashes fluttering as she breathed. The circles beneath her eyes were dark blue, her veins a delicate filigree at her temples and the insides of her wrists. When he remembered her blazing up in glory, it was impossible to believe her fragile, yet here she was. Her hand felt hot in his, and when he brushed his knuckles against her cheek, her skin was burning.

"Tess," he whispered. "Hell is cold. Do you remember when you told me that? We were in the cellars of the Dark House. Anyone else would have been panicking, but you were as calm as a governess, telling me Hell was covered in ice. If it is the fire of Heaven that takes you from me, what a cruel irony that would be."

She breathed in sharply, and for a moment his heart leaped—had she heard him? But her eyes remained firmly shut.

His hand tightened on hers.

"Come back," he said. "Come back to me, Tessa. Henry said that perhaps, since you had touched the soul of an angel, that you dream of Heaven now, of fields of angels and flowers of fire. Perhaps you are happy in those dreams. But I ask this out of pure selfishness. Come back to me. For I cannot bear to lose all my heart."

Her head turned slowly toward him, her lips parting as if she were about to speak. He leaned forward, heart leaping.

"Jem?" she said.

He froze, unmoving, his hand still wrapped about hers. Her eyes fluttered open—as gray as the sky before rain, as gray as the slate hills of Wales. The color of tears. She looked at him, through him, not seeing him at all.

"Jem," she said again. "Jem, I am so sorry. It is all my fault."

Will leaned forward again. He could not help himself. She was speaking, and comprehensibly, for the first time in days. Even if

not to him.

“It’s not your fault,” he said.

She returned the pressure of his hand hotly; each of her individual fingers seemed to burn through his skin. “But it is,” she said. “It is because of me that Mortmain deprived you of your *yin fen*. It is because of me that all of you were in danger. I was meant to love you, and all I did was shorten your life.”

Will took a ragged breath. The splinter of ice was back in his heart, and he felt as if he were breathing around it. And yet it was not jealousy, but a sorrow more profound and deeper than any he thought he had known before. He thought of Sydney Carton. *Think now and then that there is a man who would give his life, to keep a life you love beside you.* Yes, he would have done that for Tessa—died to keep the ones she needed beside her—and so would Jem have done that for him or for Tessa, and so would Tessa, he thought, do that for both of them. It was a near incomprehensible tangle, the three of them, but there was one certainty, and that was that there was no lack of love between them.

I am strong enough for this, he told himself, lifting her hand gently. “Life is not just surviving,” he said. “There is also happiness. You know your James, Tessa. You know he would choose love over the span of his years.”

But Tessa’s head only tossed fretfully on the pillow. “Where are you, James? I search for you in the darkness, but I cannot find you. You are my intended; we should be bound by ties that cannot sever. And yet when you were dying, I was not there. I have never said good-bye.”

“What darkness? Tessa, where are you?” Will gripped her hand. “Give me a way to find you.”

Tessa arched back on the bed suddenly, her hand clamping down on his. “I’m sorry!” she gasped. “Jem—I am so sorry—I have wronged you, wronged you horribly—”

“Tessa!” Will bolted to his feet, but Tessa had already collapsed bonelessly onto the mattress, breathing hard.

He could not help it. He cried out for Charlotte like a child who had woken from a nightmare, as he had never permitted himself to cry out when he truly was a child, waking in the then unfamiliar Institute and longing for comfort but knowing he must not take it.

Charlotte came running through the Institute, as he had always known she would come running for him if he called. She arrived, breathless and frightened; she took one look at Tessa on the bed, and Will clasping her hand, and he saw the terror leave her face, replaced by a look of wordless sorrow. “Will . . .”

Will gently detached his hand from Tessa’s, turning toward the door. “Charlotte,” he said. “I have never asked you to use your position as head of the Institute to help me before—”

“My position cannot heal Tessa.”

“It can. You must bring Jem here.”

“I cannot demand that,” Charlotte said. “Jem has only just begun his term of service in the Silent City. New Initiates are not meant to leave at all for the first year—”

“He came to the battle.”

Charlotte pushed a stray curl from her face. Sometimes she looked very young, as she did now, though earlier, facing the Inquisitor in the drawing room, she had not. “That was Brother Enoch’s choice.”

Certainty straightened Will’s spine. For so many years he had doubted the contents of his own heart. He did not doubt them now. “Tessa needs Jem,” he said. “I know the Law, I know he cannot come home, but—the Silent Brothers are meant to sever every bond that ties them to the mortal world before they join the Brotherhood. That is also the Law. The bond between Tessa and Jem was not severed. How is she to rejoin the mortal world, then, if she cannot even see Jem one last time?”

Charlotte was silent for a space of time. There was a shadow over her face, one he could not define. Surely she would want this, for Jem, for Tessa, for both of them? “Very well,” she said at last. “I shall see what I can do.”

*“They lighted down to take a drink
Of the spring that ran so clear,
And there she spied his bonny heart’s blood,
A-running down the stream.
‘Hold up, hold up, Lord William,’ she said,
‘For I fear that you are slain;’
‘Tis nought but the dye of my scarlet clothes,
That is sparkling down the stream.’ ”*

“Oh, for goodness’ sake,” Sophie muttered as she passed the kitchen. Did Bridget really have to be so morbid in all her songs, and did she have to use Will’s *name*? As if the poor boy hadn’t suffered enough—

A shadow materialized out of the darkness. “Sophie?”

Sophie screamed and nearly dropped her carpet brush. Witchlight flared up in the dim corridor, and she saw familiar gray-green eyes.

“Gideon!” she exclaimed. “Heavens above, you nearly frightened me to death.”

He looked penitent. “I apologize. I only wished to wish you good night—and you were smiling as you walked along. I thought . . .”

“I was thinking about Master Will,” she said, and then smiled again at his dismayed expression. “Only that a year ago, if you had told me that someone was tormenting him, I would have been delighted, but now I find myself in sympathy with him. That is all.”

He looked sober. “I am in sympathy with him as well. Every day that Tessa does not wake, you can see a bit of the life drain out of him.”

“If only Master Jem were here . . .” Sophie sighed. “But he is not.”

“There is much that we must learn to live without, these days.” Gideon touched her cheek lightly with his fingers. They were rough, the fingers callused. Not the smooth fingers of a gentleman. Sophie smiled at him.

“You didn’t look at me at dinner,” he said, dropping his voice. It was true—dinner had been a quick affair of cold roast chicken and potatoes. No one had seemed to have much appetite, save Gabriel and Cecily, who’d eaten as if they had spent the day training. Perhaps they had.

“I have been concerned about Mrs. Branwell,” Sophie confessed. “She has been so worried, about Mr. Branwell, and about Miss Tessa, she is wasting away, and the baby—” She bit her lip. “I am concerned,” she said again. She could not bring herself to say more. It was hard to lose the reticence of a lifetime of service, even if she *was* engaged to a Shadowhunter now.

“Yours is a gentle heart,” Gideon said, sliding his fingers down her cheek to touch her lips, like the lightest of kisses. Then he drew back. “I saw Charlotte go alone into the drawing room, only a few moments ago. Perhaps you could have a word with her about your concern?”

“I couldn’t—”

“Sophie,” Gideon said. “You are not just Charlotte’s maid; you are her friend. If she will talk to anyone, it will be to you.”



The drawing room was cold and dark. There was no fire in the grate, and none of the lamps were lit against the cloak of night, which cast the chamber into gloom and shadow. It took Sophie a moment to even realize that one of the shadows was Charlotte, a small silent figure in the chair behind the desk.

“Mrs. Branwell,” she said, feeling a great awkwardness come upon her, despite Gideon’s encouraging words. Two days ago she and Charlotte had fought side by side at Cadair Idris. Now she was a servant again, here to clean the grate and dust the room for the next day’s use. A bucket of coals in one hand, tinderbox in her apron pocket. “I am sorry—I did not mean to interrupt.”

“You are not interrupting, Sophie. Not anything important.” Charlotte’s voice—Sophie had never heard her sound like that before. So small, or so defeated.

Sophie set the coals down by the fire and approached her mistress hesitantly. Charlotte was seated with her elbows on the desk, her face resting in her hands. A letter was on the desk, with the seal of the Council broken open. Sophie's heart sped suddenly, remembering how the Consul had ordered them all out of the Institute before the battle at Cadair Idris. But surely it had been proved that they were correct? Surely their defeat of Mortmain would have canceled out the Consul's edict, especially now that he was dead? "Is—is everything all right, ma'am?"

Charlotte gestured toward the paper, a hopeless flutter of her hand. Her insides turning cold, Sophie hurried to Charlotte's side and took the letter from the desk.

Mrs. Branwell,

Considering the nature of the correspondence you had entered into with my late colleague, Consul Wayland, you may well be surprised to receive this missive. The Clave, however, finds itself in the position of requiring a new Consul, and when put to a vote, the foremost choice among us was yourself.

I can well understand that you may be satisfied with the running of the Institute, and that you may not wish the responsibility of this position, especially considering the injuries sustained by your husband in your brave battle against the Magister. However, I felt it incumbent upon me to offer you this opportunity, not only because you are clearly the desired choice of the Council, but because, given what I have seen of you, I think you would make one of the finer Consuls it has been my privilege to serve beside.

*Yours with the highest regard,
Inquisitor Whitelaw*

"Consul!" Sophie gasped, and the paper fluttered from her fingers. "They want to make you Consul?"

"So it seems." Charlotte's voice was lifeless.

"I—" Sophie reached for what to say. The idea of a London Institute not run by Charlotte was dreadful. And yet the position

of Consul was an honor, the highest the Clave had to give, and to see Charlotte covered in the honor she had so dearly earned . . . “There is no one more deserving of this than you,” she said at last.

“Oh, Sophie, no. I was the one who chose to send us all to Cadair Idris. It is my fault Henry will never walk again. *I* did that.”

“He cannot blame you. He does not blame you.”

“No, he does not, but I blame myself. How can I be the Consul and send Shadowhunters into battle to die? I do not want that responsibility.”

Sophie took Charlotte’s hand in hers and pressed it. “Charlotte,” she said. “It is not just sending Shadowhunters into battle; sometimes it is a matter of holding them back. You have a compassionate heart and a thoughtful mind. You have led the Enclave for years. Of course your heart is broken for Mr. Branwell, but to be the Consul it is not a matter only of taking lives but also of saving them. If it had not been for you, if there had been only Consul Wayland, how many Shadowhunters would have died at the hands of Mortmain’s creatures?”

Charlotte looked down at Sophie’s red, work-roughened hand clasping hers. “Sophie,” she said. “When did you become so wise?”

Sophie blushed. “I learned wisdom from you, ma’am.”

“Oh, no,” Charlotte said. “A moment ago you called me Charlotte. As a future Shadowhunter, Sophie, you shall be calling me Charlotte from now on. And we shall be bringing on another maid, to take your place, so that your time will be free to prepare for your Ascension.”

“Thank you,” Sophie whispered. “So will you accept the offer? Become the Consul?”

Charlotte gently freed her hand from Sophie’s and took up her pen. “I will,” she said. “On three conditions.”

“What will those be?”

“The first is that I am allowed to lead the Clave from the Institute, here, and not move myself and my family to Idris, at

least for the first few years. For I do not want to leave you all, and besides, I wish to be here to train Will to take over the Institute for me when I do depart.”

“*Will?*” said Sophie in astonishment. “Take over the Institute?”

Charlotte smiled. “Of course,” she said. “That is the second condition.”

“And the third?”

Charlotte’s smile faded, replaced by a look of determination. “That, you shall see the result of as soon as tomorrow, if it is accepted,” she said, and bent her head to begin writing.

THAN ANY EVIL

*Come; let us go: your cheeks are pale;
But half my life I leave behind:
Methinks my friend is richly shrined;
But I shall pass; my work will fail. . . .
I hear it now, and o'er and o'er,
Eternal greetings to the dead;
And "Ave, Ave, Ave," said,
"Adieu, adieu," for evermore.*

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson, "In Memoriam A.H.H."

Tessa shivered; the cold water rushed around her in the darkness. She thought she might be lying at the bottom of the universe, where the river of forgetfulness split the world in two, or perhaps she was still in the stream where she had collapsed after falling from the Dark Sister's carriage, and everything that had happened since had been a dream. Cadair Idris, Mortmain, the clockwork army, Will's arms about her—

Guilt and sorrow drove through her like a spear, and she arched backward, her hands scrabbling for purchase in the darkness. Fire ran through her veins, a thousand branching streams of agony. She gasped for breath, and suddenly there was something cold against her teeth, parting her lips, and her mouth was full of a freezing sourness. She swallowed hard, choking—

And felt the fire in her veins subside. Ice shuddered through her. Her eyes flew open as the world spun and righted itself. The first thing she saw was pale, slim hands withdrawing a vial—*the coldness in her mouth, the bitter taste on her tongue*—and then the contours of her bedroom at the Institute.

“Tessa,” said a familiar voice. “This will keep you lucid for a time, but you must not let yourself fall back into darkness and dreams.”

She froze, not daring to look.

“Jem?” she whispered.

The sound of the vial being set down on the bedside table. A sigh. “Yes,” he said. “Tessa. Will you look at me?”

She turned, and looked. And drew in her breath.

It was Jem, and not Jem.

He wore the parchment robes of a Silent Brother, open at the throat to show the collar of an ordinary shirt. His hood was thrown back, revealing his face. She could see the changes in him, where she had only barely seen them in the noise and confusion of the battle at Cadair Idris. His delicate cheekbones were scarred with the runes she had noticed before, one on each, long slashes of scars that did not look like ordinary Shadowhunter runes. His hair was no longer pure silver—streaks of it had darkened to black-brown, no doubt the color he had been born with. His eyelashes, too, had darkened to black. They looked like fine strands of silk against his pale skin—though he was no longer as pale as he had been.

“How is it possible?” she whispered. “That you are here?”

“I was called from the Silent City by the Council.” His voice was not the same either. There was an undertone of something cool to it, something that had not been there before. “Charlotte’s influence, I was given to understand. I am allowed an hour with you, no more.”

“An hour,” Tessa echoed, stunned. She put a hand up to push her hair from her face. What a fright she must look, in her crumpled nightgown, her hair hanging in tangled plaits, her lips dry and cracked. She reached for the clockwork angel at her neck

—a familiar, habitual gesture, meant to comfort, but the angel was no longer there. “Jem. I thought you were *dead*.”

“Yes,” he said, and there was that remoteness in his voice still, a distance that reminded her of the icebergs she had seen off the side of the *Main*, floes drifting far out in icy water. “I’m sorry. I’m sorry I couldn’t somehow—that I couldn’t tell you.”

“I thought you were dead,” Tessa said again. “I can’t believe you’re real, now. I dreamed of you, over and over. There was a dark corridor and you were walking away from me, and however I called out, you could not, would not, turn to see me. Perhaps this is only another dream.”

“This is no dream.” He rose to his feet and stood in front of her, his pale hands interlaced in front of him, and she could not forget that this was how he had proposed to her—standing, as she sat upon the bed, looking up at him, incredulous, as she was now.

He opened his hands slowly, and on the palms, as on his cheeks, she saw great black runes scored. She was not familiar enough with the *Codex* to recognize them, but she knew instinctively that they were not the runes of an ordinary Shadowhunter. They spoke of a power beyond that.

“You told me it was impossible,” she whispered. “That you could not become a Silent Brother.”

He turned away from her. There was something to his motions now that was different, something of the gliding softness of the Silent Brothers. It was both lovely and chilling. What was he doing? Could he not bear to look at her?

“I told you what I believed,” he said, his face turned toward the window. In profile, she could see that some of the painful thinness of his face had faded. His cheekbones were no longer so pronounced, the hollows at his temples no longer so dark. “And what was true. That the *yin fen* in my blood prevented the runes of the Brotherhood from being placed upon me.” She saw his chest rise and fall beneath the parchment robes, and it almost startled her: It seemed so human, the need to draw breath. “Every effort that had ever been made to wean me slowly from

the *yin fen* had nearly killed me. When I ceased to take it because there was no more, I felt my body begin to break, from the inside out. And I thought that I had nothing more to lose.” The intensity in Jem’s voice warmed it—was that a tone of humanity there, a crack in the armor of the Brotherhood? “I begged Charlotte to call the Silent Brothers and asked them to place the runes of the Brotherhood on me at the very last possible moment, the moment when the life was leaving my body. I knew that the runes might mean I died in agony. But it was the only chance.”

“You said that you did not wish to become a Silent Brother. Did not wish to live forever . . .”

He had taken a few steps across the room and was beside her vanity table. He reached down and lifted something metallic and glittering from a shallow jewelry dish. She realized with a shock of surprise that it was her clockwork angel.

“It no longer ticks,” he said. She could not read his voice; it was distant, as smooth and cool as stone.

“Its heart is gone. When I changed into the angel, I freed it from its clockwork prison. It no longer lives within. It no longer protects me.”

His hand closed around the angel, the wings digging hard into the flesh of his palm. “I must tell you,” he said. “When I received Charlotte’s demand that I come here, it was against my wishes.”

“You did not wish to see me?”

“No. I did not want you to look at me as you are looking at me now.”

“Jem—” She swallowed, tasting on her tongue the bitterness of the tisane he had given her. A whirl of memories, the darkness under Cadair Idris, the town on fire, Will’s arms around her—*Will*. But she had thought Jem was dead. “Jem,” she said again. “When I saw you alive, there below Cadair Idris, I thought it was a dream or a lie. I had thought you dead. It was the darkest moment of my life. Believe me, please believe me, that my soul rejoices to see you again when I thought that I never would. It’s just that . . .”

He released his grip on the metal angel, and she saw the lines of blood on his hand, where the tips of the wings had cut him, scored across the runes on his palm. "I am strange to you. Not human."

"You will always be human to me," she whispered. "But I cannot quite see my Jem in you now."

He closed his eyes. She was used to dark shadows on his lids, but they were gone now. "I had no choice. You were gone, and in my stead Will had gone after you. I did not fear death, but I feared deserting you both. This, then, was my only recourse. To live, to stand and fight."

A little color had come into his voice: There was passion there, under the cold detachment of the Silent Brothers.

"But I knew what I would lose," he said. "Once you understood my music. Now you look at me as though you do not know me at all. As though you never loved me."

Tessa slid out from beneath the coverlet and stood. It was a mistake. Her head swam suddenly, her knees buckling. She threw out a hand to catch at one of the posts of the bed, and found herself with a handful of Jem's parchment robes instead. He had darted toward her with the graceful quiet tread of the Brothers that was like smoke unfurling, and his arms were around her now, holding her up.

She went still in his arms. He was close, close enough that she should have been able to feel warmth coming off his body, but she did not. His usual scent of smoke and burned sugar was gone. There was only the faint scent of something dry and as cold as old stone, or paper. She could feel the muffled beat of his heart, see the pulse in his throat. She stared up at him in wonder, memorizing the lines and angles of his face, the scars on his cheekbones, the rough silk of his eyelashes, the bow of his mouth.

"Tessa." The word came out on a groan, as if she had hit him. There was the faintest trace of color in his cheeks, blood under snow. "Oh, God," he said, and buried his face in the crook of her neck, where the curve of her shoulder began, his cheek against

her hair. His palms were flat against her back, pressing her harder against him. She could feel him trembling.

For a moment she was unmoored by the heady relief of it, the feeling of Jem under her hands. Perhaps you did not really believe in a thing until you could touch it. And here was Jem, who she had thought was dead, holding her, and breathing, and *alive*.

“You feel the same,” she said. “And yet you look so different. You *are* different.”

He broke away from her at that, with an effort that made him bite his lip and corded the muscles in his throat. Holding her gently by the shoulders, he guided her to sit down again upon the edge of the bed. When he released her, his hands curled into fists. He took a step back. She could see him breathing, see the pulse going in his throat.

“I am different,” he said in a low voice. “I am changed. And not in a way that can be undone.”

“But you are not entirely one of *them* yet,” she said. “You can speak—and see—”

He exhaled slowly. He was still staring at the post of the bed as if it held the universe’s secrets. “There is a process. A series of rituals and procedures. No, I am not quite a Silent Brother yet. But I will be soon.”

“So the *yin fen* did not prevent it.”

“Almost. There was—pain when I made the transition. Great pain, that nearly killed me. They did what they could. But I shall never be like other Silent Brothers.” He looked down, his lashes veiling his eyes. “I shall not be—quite as they are. I will be less powerful, for there are some runes, still, that I cannot withstand.”

“Surely they can just wait now for the *yin fen* to leave your body completely?”

“It will not. My body has been arrested in the state it was in when they put these first runes on me here.” He indicated the scars on his face. “Because of it, there will be skills I cannot achieve. It will take me much longer to master their vision and speech of the mind.”

“Does that mean they will not take your eyes—sew your lips shut?”

“I don’t know.” His voice was soft now, almost entirely the voice of the Jem she knew. There was a flush across his cheekbones, and she thought of a pale column of hollow marble slowly filling with human blood. “They will have me for a long time. Perhaps forever. I cannot say what will happen. I have given myself over to them. My fate is in their hands now.”

“If we could free you from them—”

“Then the *yin fen* that remains in me would burn again, and I would be as I was. An addict, dying. This is my choice, Tessa, because it is death otherwise. You know that it is. I do not want to leave you. Even knowing that becoming a Silent Brother could ensure my survival, I fought it as if it were a prison sentence. Silent Brothers cannot marry. They cannot have *parabatai*. They can live only in the Silent City. They do not laugh. They cannot play music.”

“Oh, Jem,” Tessa said. “Perhaps the Silent Brothers cannot play music, but neither can the dead. If this is the only way you can live, then I rejoice in my soul for you, even as my heart sorrows.”

“I know you too well to think that you would feel another way.”

“And I know you well enough to know that you feel bowed by guilt. But why? You have done nothing wrong.”

He bent his head so that his forehead rested on the bedpost. He closed his eyes. “This is why I did not want to come.”

“But I am not angry—”

“I did not think you would be *angry*,” Jem burst out, and it was like ice cracking across a frozen waterfall, freeing a torrent. “We were *engaged*, Tessa. A proposal—an offer of marriage—is a promise. A promise to love and care for someone always. I did not mean to break mine to you. But it was that or die. I wanted to wait, to be married to you and live with you for years, but that wasn’t possible. I was dying too fast. I would have given it up—all of it up—to be married to you for a day. A day that would never

have come. You are a reminder—a reminder of everything I am losing. The life I will not have.”

“To give up your life for one day of marriage—it would not have been worth it,” Tessa said. Her heart was pounding out a message that spoke to her of Will’s arms around her, his lips on hers in the cave under Cadair Idris. She didn’t deserve Jem’s gentle confessions, his penitence, or his longing. “Jem, I must tell you something.”

He looked at her. She could see the black in his eyes, threads of black alongside the silver, beautiful and strange.

“It’s about Will. About Will, and me.”

“He loves you,” Jem said. “I know he loves you. We spoke of it before he left here.” Though the coldness had not returned to his voice, he sounded suddenly almost unnaturally calm.

Tessa was shocked. “I didn’t know you had ever talked of it with each other. Will did not say.”

“Nor did you ever tell me of his feelings, though you knew for months. We all have our secrets that we keep because we do not want to hurt the people who love us.” There was a sort of warning in his voice, or was she imagining it?

“I do not want to keep secrets from you any longer,” Tessa said. “I thought you were dead. Will and I both did. In Cadair Idris—”

“Did you love me?” he interrupted. It seemed an odd question, and yet he asked it without implication or hostility, and waited quietly for her answer.

She looked at him, and Woolsey’s words came back to her, like the whisper of a prayer. *Most people never find one great love in their life. You are lucky enough to have found two.* For a moment she put aside her confession. “Yes. I loved you. I love you still. I love Will, too. I cannot explain it. I didn’t know it when I agreed to marry you. I loved you, I still love you, I never loved you less for all that I love him. It sounds mad, but if anyone might ever understand—”

“I do,” Jem said. “There is no need to tell me more about yourself and Will. There’s nothing you could have done that

would cause me to cease loving either of you. Will is myself, my own soul, and if I am not to have the keeping of your heart, then there is no other I would rather have that honor. And when I am gone, you must help Will. This will be—it will be hard for him.”

Tessa searched his face with her gaze. The blood had left his cheeks; he was pale, but composed. His jaw was set. It said all she needed to understand: *Do not tell me more. I do not want to know.*

Some secrets, she thought, were better told; some were better left the burden of the carrier, that they might not cause pain to others. It was why she had not told Will she loved him, when there was nothing either of them could do about it.

She closed her mouth on what she had been intending to say, and said instead: “I do not know how I will manage without you.”

“I ask myself the same thing. I do not want to leave you. I cannot leave you. But if I stay, I die here.”

“No. You must not stay. You will not stay. Jem. Promise you will go. Go and be a Silent Brother, and live. I would tell you I hated you if I thought you would believe me, if it would make you go. I want you to live. Even if it means I shall never see you again.”

“You will see me,” he said quietly, raising his head. “In fact, there is a chance—only a chance, but—”

“But what?”

He paused—hesitated, and seemed to make his mind up about something. “Nothing. Foolishness.”

“Jem.”

“You will see me again, but not often. I have only just begun my journey, and there are many Laws that govern the Brotherhood. I will be moving away from my previous life. I cannot say what abilities or what scars I will have. I cannot say how I will be different. I fear I will lose my self and my music. I fear I will become something other than wholly human. I *know* I will not be your Jem.”

Tessa could only shake her head. “But the Silent Brothers—they visit—they mingle with other Shadowhunters. . . . Can you

not . . .”

“Not during their time of training. And even when they are done, rarely. You see us when someone is ill or dying, when a child is born, for the rituals of the first runes or of *parabatai* . . . but we do not grace the homes of Shadowhunters without a summoning.”

“Then Charlotte will summon you.”

“She called me here this once, but she cannot do it over and over again, Tessa. A Shadowhunter cannot summon a Silent Brother for no reason.”

“But I am not a Shadowhunter,” Tessa said. “Not truly.”

There was a long silence as they looked at each other. Both stubborn. Both unmoving. At last Jem spoke:

“Do you remember when we stood together on Blackfriars Bridge?” he asked softly, and his eyes were like that night had been, all black and silver.

“Of course I remember.”

“It was the moment I first knew I loved you,” Jem said. “I will make you a promise. Every year, Tessa, on one day, I will meet you on that bridge. I will come from the Silent City and I will meet you, and we will be together, if only for an hour. But you must tell no one.”

“An hour every year,” Tessa whispered. “It is not much.” She recollected herself then, and took a deep breath. “But you will live. You will live. That is what is important. I will not be visiting your grave.”

“No. Not for a long, long time,” he said, and the distance was back in his voice.

“Then that is a miracle,” Tessa said. “And one does not question miracles, or complain that they are not constructed perfectly to one’s liking.” She reached up and touched the jade pendant about her throat. “Shall I return this to you?”

“No,” he said “I will marry no one else, now. And I shall not take my mother’s bridal gift to the Silent City.” He reached out and touched her face lightly, a brush of skin on skin. “When I am in the darkness, I want to think of it in the light, with you,” he

said, and straightened, and turned to walk toward the door. The parchment robes of the Silent Brothers moved around him as he moved, and Tessa watched him, paralyzed, every pulse of her heart beating out the words she could not say: *Good-bye. Good-bye. Good-bye.*

He paused at the door. "I shall see you on Blackfriars Bridge, Tessa."

And he was gone.



If Will closed his eyes, he could hear the sounds of the Institute coming to life early in the morning around him, or at least he could imagine them: Sophie setting the breakfast table, Charlotte and Cyril helping Henry to his chair, the Lightwood brothers sparring sleepily in the corridors, Cecily no doubt looking for him in his room, as she had several mornings in a row now, trying—and failing—to conceal her obvious worry.

And in Tessa's room, Jem and Tessa, talking.

He knew Jem was here, because the carriage of the Silent Brothers was drawn up in the courtyard. He could see it from the training room windows. But that was not something he could think about. It was what he had wanted, what he had asked Charlotte for, but now that it was transpiring, he found he could not bear to think on it too closely. So he had taken himself to the room where he always went when his mind was troubled; he had been throwing knives at the wall since the sun had come up, and his shirt was soaked with sweat and sticking to his back.

Thunk. Thunk. Thunk. The knives hit the wall, each one in the center of the target. He remembered when he had been twelve, and getting the knife anywhere near its goal had seemed an impossible dream. Jem had helped him, showed him how to hold a blade, how to line up the point and throw. Of all the places in the Institute, the training room was the one he most associated with Jem—save Jem's own room, and that had been stripped of Jem's belongings. It was just another empty Institute room now, waiting for another Shadowhunter to fill it. Even Church did not

seem to want to go into it; he would stand by the door sometimes, and wait as cats did, but he no longer slept on the bed as he had when Jem had lived there.

Will shivered—the training room was cold in the early morning grayness; the fire in the grate was burning down, a fanged shadow of red and gold spitting colorful embers. Will could see two boys in his mind, sitting on the floor in front of the fire in this same room, one with black, black hair, and one whose hair was as fair as snow. He had been teaching Jem how to play *ecarte* with a deck of cards he had stolen from the drawing room.

At one point, disgruntled upon losing, Will had thrown the cards into the fire and watched in fascination as they'd burned one by one, the fire punching holes in the glossy white paper. Jem had laughed. "You can't win like that."

"Sometimes it's the only way to win," Will had said. "Burn it all down."

He went to retrieve the knives from the wall, scowling. *Burn it all down.* His whole body still hurt. As he plucked the blades free, he saw that there were greenish-blue bruises on his arms despite the *iratzes*, and scars from the Cadair Idris battle that he would have forever. He thought of fighting beside Jem in the battle. Maybe he had not appreciated it at the time. *The last, last time.*

Like an echo of his thoughts, a shadow fell across the doorway. Will looked up—and nearly dropped the knife he was holding.

"Jem?" he said. "Is it you, James?"

"Who else?" Jem's voice. As he stepped forward into the light of the room, Will could see that the hood of his parchment robes was down, his gaze level with Will's. His face, eyes, all familiar. But Will had always been able to sense Jem before, sense his approach and his presence. The fact that Jem had startled him this time was a sharp reminder of the change in his *parabatai*.

Not your parabatai any longer, said a small voice in the back of his mind.

Jem came into the room with the soundless tread of the Silent Brothers, closing the door behind him. Will did not move from where he stood. He did not feel that he could. The sight of Jem in

Cadair Idris had been a shock that had gone through his system like a terrible and wonderful incandescence—Jem was *alive*, but he was changed; he lived, but was lost.

“But,” he said. “You are here to see Tessa.”

Jem looked at him levelly. His eyes were gray-black, like slate shot through with streaks of obsidian. “And you did not think I would take the chance, whatever chance I could, to see you, too?”

“I did not know. You left, after the battle, without a farewell.”

Jem took a few steps forward, into the room. Will felt his spine tighten. There was something strange, something bone-deep and different about the way Jem moved now; this was not the Shadowhunter’s grace Will had trained himself over so many years to mimic, but something strange and alien and new.

Jem must have seen something in Will’s expression, for he paused. “How could I say farewell,” he said, “to you?”

Will let the knife fall from his hand. It stuck, point-down, in the wood of the floor. “As Shadowhunters do? *Ave atque vale*. And forever, brother, hail and farewell.”

“But those are the words of death. Catullus spoke them over his brother’s grave, did he not? *Multas per gentes et multa per aequora vectus advenio has miseras, frater, ad inferias—*”

Will knew the words. *Through many waters borne, brother, I am come to thy sad grave, that I may give these last gifts to the dead. Forever and ever, brother, hail. Forever and ever, farewell.* He stared. “You—memorized the poem in Latin? But you were always the one who would memorize music, not words—” He broke off with a short laugh. “Never mind. The rituals of the Brotherhood would have changed that.” He turned and paced a few steps away, then spun abruptly to face Jem. “Your violin is in the music room. I thought you might have taken it with you—you cared for it so.”

“We can take nothing with us to the Silent City but our own bodies and minds,” said Jem. “I left the violin here for some future Shadowhunter who might wish to play it.”

“Not for me, then.”

“I would be honored if you would take it and care for it. But I left something else for you. In your room is my *yin fen* box. I

thought that you might want it.”

“That seems a cruel sort of gift,” Will said. “That I might be reminded . . .” *What took you away from me. What made you suffer. What I searched for and could not find. How I failed you.*

“Will, no,” said Jem, who, as always, understood without Will having to explain. “It was not always a box that held my drugs. It was my mother’s. Kwan Yin is the goddess depicted on the front. It is said that when she died and reached the gates of paradise, she paused and heard the cries of anguish from the human world below and could not leave it. She remained to give aid to mortals, when they cannot aid themselves. She is the comfort of all suffering hearts.”

“A box will not comfort me.”

“Change is not loss, Will. Not always.”

Will pushed his hands through his damp hair. “Oh, yes,” he said bitterly. “Perhaps in some other life, beyond this one, when we have passed beyond the river, or turned upon the Wheel, or whatever kind words you want to use to describe leaving this world, I shall find my friend again, my *parabatai*. But I have lost you *now*—now, when I need you more than I ever did!”

Jem had moved across the room—like a flicker of shadow, the Silent Brother’s grace light upon him—and now stood beside the fire. The firelight illuminated his face, and Will could see that something seemed to shine through him: a sort of light that had not been there before. Jem had always shone, with fierce life and fiercer goodness, but this was something different. The light in Jem seemed to burn now; it was a distant light and a lonely one, like the light of a star. “You don’t need me, Will.”

Will looked down at himself, at the knife at his feet, and remembered the knife he had buried at the base of the tree on the Shrewsbury-Welshpool road, stained with his blood and Jem’s. “All my life, since I came to the Institute, you were the mirror of my soul. I saw the good in me in you. In your eyes alone I found grace. When you are gone from me, who will see me like that?”

There was a silence then. Jem stood as still as a statue. With his gaze Will searched for, and found, the *parabatai* rune on Jem's shoulder; like his own, it had faded to a pale white.

At last Jem spoke. The cool remoteness had left his voice. Will breathed in hard, remembering how much that voice had shaped the years of his growing up, its steady kindness a lighthouse beacon in the dark. "Have faith in yourself. You can be your own mirror."

"What if I can't?" Will whispered. "I don't even know how to be a Shadowhunter without you. I have only ever fought with you by my side."

Jem stepped forward, and this time Will did not move to discourage him. He came close enough to touch—Will thought distractedly that he had never stood so close to a Silent Brother before, that the fabric of the parchment robes was woven of a strange, tough, pale fabric like the bark of a tree, and that cold seemed to emanate from Jem's skin the way stone held a chill even on a hot day.

Jem put his fingers under Will's chin, forcing Will to look directly at him. His touch was cold.

Will bit at his lip. This was the last time Jem, as Jem, might ever touch him. The sharp memory went through him like a knife—of years of Jem's light tap on his shoulder, his hand reaching to help Will up when he fell, Jem holding him back when he was furious, Will's own hands on Jem's thin shoulders as Jem coughed blood into his shirt. "Listen to me. I am leaving, but I am *living*. I will not be gone from you entirely, Will. When you fight now, I will be still by you. When you walk in the world, I will be the light at your side, the ground steady under your feet, the force that drives the sword in your hand. We are bound, beyond the oath. The Marks did not change that. The oath did not change that. It merely gave words to something that existed already."

"But what of you?" said Will. "Tell me what I can do, for you are my *parabatai*, and I do not wish you to go into the shadows of the Silent City alone."

“I have no choice. But if there is one thing I could ask of you, it is that you be happy. I want you to have a family and grow old with those who love you. And if you wish to marry Tessa, then do not let the memory of me keep you apart.”

“She may not want me, you know,” Will said.

Jem smiled, fleetingly. “Well, that part is up to you, I think.”

Will smiled back, and for just that moment they were Jem-and-Will again. Will could see Jem, but also *through* him, to the past. Will remembered the two of them, running through the dark streets of London, jumping from rooftop to rooftop, seraph blades gleaming in their hands; hours in the training room, shoving each other into mud puddles, throwing snowballs at Jessamine from behind an ice fort in the courtyard, asleep like puppies on the rug in front of the fire.

Ave atque vale, Will thought. *Hail and farewell*. He had not given much thought to the words before, had never thought about why they were not just a farewell but also a greeting. Every meeting led to a parting, and so it would, as long as life was mortal. In every meeting there was some of the sorrow of parting, but in every parting there was some of the joy of meeting as well.

He would not forget the joy.

“We spoke of how to say good-bye,” Jem said. “When Jonathan bid farewell to David, he said, ‘Go in peace, for as much as we have sworn, both of us, saying the Lord be between me and thee, forever.’ They did not see each other again, but they did not forget. So it will be with us. When I am Brother Zachariah, when I no longer see the world with my human eyes, I will still be in some part the Jem you knew, and I will see you with the eyes of my heart.”

“*Wo men shi sheng si ji jiao*,” said Will, and he saw Jem’s eyes widen, fractionally, and the spark of amusement inside them. “Go in peace, James Carstairs.”

They stayed looking at each other for a long moment, and then Jem drew up his hood, hiding his face in shadow, and turned away.

Will closed his eyes. He could not hear Jem go, not anymore; he did not want to know the moment when he left and Will was alone, did not want to know when his first day as a Shadowhunter without a *parabatai* truly began. And if the place over his heart, where his *parabatai* rune had been, flared up with a sudden burning pain as the door closed behind Jem, Will told himself it was only a stray ember from the fire.

He leaned back against the wall, then slowly slid down it until he was sitting on the floor, beside his throwing knife. He did not know how long he sat there, but he could hear the noise of horses in the courtyard, the rattle of the Silent Brothers' carriage pulling out of the drive. The clang of the gate as it shut. *We are dust and shadows.*

"Will?" He looked up; he had not noticed the slight figure in the doorway of the training room until she spoke. Charlotte took a step forward and smiled at him. There was kindness in her smile, as there always was, and he fought to not close his eyes against the memories—Charlotte in the doorway of this very room. *Didn't you recall what I told you yesterday, that we were welcoming a new arrival to the Institute today? . . . James Carstairs . . .*

"Will," she said, again, now. "You were correct."

He lifted his head, his hands dangling between his knees. "Correct about what?"

"About Jem and Tessa," she said. "Their engagement is ended. And Tessa is awake. She is awake, and well, and asking for you."



When I am in the darkness, I will think of it in the light, with you.

Tessa sat upright against the pillows Sophie had carefully arranged for her (the two girls had embraced, and Sophie had brushed the tangles from Tessa's hair and said "bless, bless" so many times that Tessa had had to ask her to stop before she made them both cry) and looked down at the jade pendant in her hands.

She felt as if she were split into two different people. One was counting her blessings over and over that Jem was alive, that he would survive to see the sun rise again, that the poisonous drug he had suffered from so long would not burn the life out of his veins. The other—

“Tess?” A soft voice at the door; she looked up and saw Will there, silhouetted in the light from the corridor.

Will. She thought of the boy who had come into her room at the Dark House and distracted her from her terror by chattering about Tennyson and hedgehogs and dashing fellows who come to rescue one, and how they were never wrong. She had thought him handsome then, but now she thought him something else entirely. He was *Will*, in all his perfect imperfection; Will, whose heart was as easy to break as it was carefully guarded; Will, who loved not wisely but entirely and with everything he had.

“Tess,” he said again, hesitating at her silence, and came in, half-closing the door behind him. “I—Charlotte said you wished to speak with me—”

“Will,” she said, and she knew she was too pale, and her skin was blotchy with tears, her eyes still red, but it didn’t matter, because it was Will, and she put her hands out, and he came immediately and took them, closing them in his own warm, scarred fingers.

“How are you feeling?” he asked, his eyes searching her face. “I must speak with you, but I do not wish to burden you until you are in full health again.”

“I am well,” she said, returning the pressure of his fingers with her own. “Seeing Jem has eased my mind. Did it ease yours?”

His eyes darted away from hers, though his grip on her hands did not slacken. “It did,” he said, “and it did not.”

“Your mind was eased,” she said, “but not your heart.”

“Yes,” he said. “Yes. That is exactly it. You know me so well, Tess.” He gave a rueful smile. “He is alive, and for that I am grateful. But he has chosen a path of great loneliness. The Brotherhood—they eat alone, and walk alone, rise alone and face the night alone. I would spare him that if I could.”

“You have spared him everything you could spare him,” Tessa said quietly. “As he spared you, and we all tried so hard to spare one another. In the end we must all make our own choices.”

“Are you saying I should not grieve?”

“No. Grieve. We both shall. Grieve, but do not blame yourself, for in this you bear no responsibility.”

He glanced down at their joined hands. Very gently he stroked the tops of her knuckles with his thumbs. “Perhaps not,” he said. “But there are other things I do bear responsibility for.”

Tessa took a quick, shallow breath. His voice had lowered, and there was a roughness to it she had not heard since—

his breath soft and hot against her skin until she was breathing just as hard, her hands smoothing up and over his shoulders, his arms, his sides . . .

She blinked hastily and withdrew her hands from his. She was not looking at him now but seeing the firelight against the walls of the cave, and hearing his voice in her ear, and it had all seemed like a dream at the time, moments drawn out of real life, as if they were taking place in some other world. Even now she could barely believe that it had happened at all.

“Tessa?” His voice was hesitant, his hands still outstretched. A part of her wanted to take them, to draw him down beside her and kiss him, to forget herself in Will as she had before. For he was as effective as any drug.

And then she remembered Will’s own clouded eyes in the opium den, the dreams of happiness that crashed into ruins the moment the effects of the smoke wore away. No. Some things could be managed only by facing them. She took a breath, and looked up at Will.

“I know what you would say,” she said. “You are thinking of what happened between us in Cadair Idris, because we thought Jem was dead, and that we, too, would die. You are an honorable man, Will, and you know what you must do now. You must offer me marriage.”

Will, who had been very still, proved that he could still surprise her, and laughed. It was a soft laugh, and rueful. “I did not expect

you to be so forthright, but I suppose I should have. I know my Tessa.”

“I am your Tessa,” she said. “But, Will. I do not want you to speak now. Not of marriage, of lifelong promises—”

He sat down on the edge of the bed. He was in training gear, the loose shirt pushed up around his elbows, the throat open, and she could see the healing scars of the battle on his skin, the white remembrance of healing runes. She could see the beginning of hurt, too, in his eyes. “You regret what happened between us?”

“Can one regret a thing that, however unwise, was beautiful?” she said, and the hurt in his eyes softened into confusion.

“Tessa. If you are afraid that I feel reluctant, obligated—”

“No.” She put up her hands. “It is only that I feel your heart must be a tangle of grief and despair and relief and happiness and confusion, and I do not wish you to make pronouncements when you are so overwhelmed. And do not tell me you are not overwhelmed, for I can see it upon you, and I feel it myself. We are both overwhelmed, Will, and neither of us is in any fit state to make decisions.”

For a moment he hesitated. His fingers hovered over his heart, where the *parabatai* rune had been, touching it lightly—she wondered if he was even aware he was doing it—and then he said, “Sometimes I fear you may be too wise, Tessa.”

“Well,” she said. “One of us has to be.”

“Is there nothing I can do?” he said. “I would rather not leave your side. Unless you wish me to.”

Tessa let her gaze fall to the bedside table, where the books she had been reading before the automaton attack on the Institute—it felt like a thousand years ago—lay stacked. “You could read to me,” she said. “If you would not mind.”

Will looked up at that and smiled. It was a raw, strange smile, but it was real, and it was Will. Tessa smiled back. “I do not mind,” he said. “Not at all.”

Which was how, some quarter of an hour later, Will came to be sitting in an armchair, reading from *David Copperfield*, when Charlotte pushed the door of Tessa’s room gently open with her

fingers and peered inside. She could not help but be anxious—Will had looked so desperate slumped on the floor of the training room, so very much alone, and she remembered the fear she had always harbored, that if Jem ever left them, he would take all the best of Will with him when he went. And Tessa, too, was still so fragile. . . .

Will's soft voice filled the room, along with the muted glow of the light from the fire in the grate. Tessa was lying on her side, her brown hair spread over the pillow, watching Will, whose face was bent over the pages, with a look of tenderness in her eyes, a tenderness mirrored in the softness of Will's voice as he read. It was a tenderness so intimate and so profound that Charlotte stepped away immediately, letting the door fall noiselessly shut behind her.

Still, Will's voice followed her down the corridor as she walked away, her heart a great deal lighter than it had been moments ago.

“ . . . and cannot watch over him, if that is not too bold a thing to say, as closely as I would. But if any fraud or treachery is practicing against him, I hope that simple love and truth will be strong in the end. I hope that real love and truth are stronger in the end than any evil or misfortune in the world. . . .”

THE MEASURE OF LOVE

The measure of love is to love without measure.
—attributed to Saint Augustine

The Council room was full of light. A great double circle had been painted upon the raised dais at the front of the room, and in the space between the circles were runes: runes of binding, runes of knowledge, runes of skill and craft, and the runes that symbolized Sophie's name. Sophie knelt in the center of the circles. Her dark hair was unbound and fell to her waist, a ripple of dark curls against her darker gear. She looked very beautiful in the light that streamed from the skylighted dome above, the scar on her cheek red as a rose.

The Consul stood above her, her white hands upraised, the Mortal Cup held within them. Charlotte wore simple scarlet robes that billowed around her. Her small face was serious and severe. "Take the Cup, Sophia Collins," she said, and the room was breathlessly silent. The Council chamber was not full, but the row Tessa sat at the end of was: Gideon and Gabriel, Cecily and Henry, and her and Will, all leaning forward eagerly, waiting for Sophie to Ascend. At each end of the dais stood a Silent Brother, their heads bent, their parchment robes looking as if they had been carved out of marble.

Charlotte lowered the Cup, and held it out to Sophie, who took it carefully.

“Do you swear, Sophia Collins, to forsake the mundane world and follow the path of the Shadowhunter? Will you take into yourself the blood of the Angel Raziel and honor that blood? Do you swear to serve the Clave, to follow the Law as set forth by the Covenant, and to obey the word of the Council? Will you defend that which is human and mortal, knowing that for your service there will be no recompense and no thanks but honor?”

“I swear,” said Sophie, her voice very steady.

“Can you be a shield for the weak, a light in the dark, a truth among falsehoods, a tower in the flood, an eye to see when all others are blind?”

“I can.”

“And when you are dead, will you give up your body to the Nephilim to be burned, that your ashes may be used to build the City of Bones?”

“I will.”

“Then drink,” said Charlotte. Tessa heard Gideon draw in his breath. This was the dangerous part of the ritual. This was the part that could kill the untrained or unworthy.

Sophie bent her dark head and set the Cup to her lips. Tessa sat forward, her chest tight with apprehension. She felt Will’s hand slide over hers, a warm, comforting weight. Sophie’s throat moved as she swallowed.

The circle that surrounded her and Charlotte flared up once with a cold, blue-white light, obscuring them both. When it faded, Tessa was left blinking stars from her eyes as the light dwindled. She blinked hastily, and saw Sophie hold up the Cup. There was a glow about the Cup she held as she handed it back to Charlotte, who smiled broadly.

“You are Nephilim now,” she said. “I name you Sophia Shadowhunter, of the blood of Jonathan Shadowhunter, child of the Nephilim. Arise, Sophia.”

And Sophie rose, amid the cheering of the crowd, Gideon’s cheers the loudest among many. Sophie was smiling, her whole face shining in the winter sunlight that gleamed down through the clear skylight. Shadows moved across the floor, darting and

quick. Tessa looked up in wonder—whiteness streaked the windows, swirling gently beyond the glass.

“Snow,” Will said softly in her ear. “Merry Christmas, Tessa.”



That night was the night of the Enclave’s annual Christmas party. It was the first time Tessa had seen the great ballroom at the Institute thrown open and filled with people. The enormous windows glowed with reflected light, casting a golden sheen across the polished floor. Beyond the dark glass, one could see the snow falling, in great soft white flakes, but inside the Institute all was warm and golden and secure.

Christmas among Shadowhunters was not Christmas as Tessa had come to know it. There were no advent wreaths, no carols sung, no Christmas crackers. There *was* a tree, though it was not decorated in the traditional fashion. A massive fir, it rose to nearly touch the ceiling at the far end of the ballroom. (When Will asked Charlotte how on earth it had gotten in there, she had only waved her hands and said something about Magnus.) Candles balanced on each branch, though Tessa could not see how they were fastened or supported. They cast even more golden light over the room.

Tied to the branches of the tree—and dangling from sconces, from the candelabras on tables, the knobs of doors—were crystalline glittering runes, each one as clear as glass yet refracting light, throwing glimmering rainbows through the room. The walls were decorated with intertwined wreaths of holly and ivy, the red berries glowing against the green leaves. Here and there were white-berried sprigs of mistletoe. There was even one tied to the collar of Church, who was hovering under one of the Christmas tables and looking furious.

Tessa didn’t think she had ever seen so much food. The tables were laden with carved chicken and turkey, game birds and hare, Christmas hams and pies, wafer-thin sandwiches, ices and trifles and blancmanges and cream puddings, jewel-colored jellies, tipsy-cake and Christmas puddings flamed with brandy, iced sherbet,

mulled wine and great silver bowls containing Bishop Christmas punch. There were horns of plenty spilling treats and candies, and Saint Nicholas's bags, each containing a lump of coal, a bit of sugar, or a lemon drop, to tell the receiver whether their behavior that year had been mischievous, sweet, or sour. There had been tea and presents earlier just for the inhabitants of the Institute, the group of them exchanging their gifts before the guests arrived—Charlotte, balanced on Henry's lap as he sat in his rolling chair, opening gift after gift for the baby due to arrive in April. (Whose name, it had been decided, was going to be Charles. "Charles Fairchild," Charlotte had said proudly, holding up the small blanket that Sophie had knitted for her, with a neat *C.F.* in the corner.)

"Charles *Buford* Fairchild," Henry had corrected.

Charlotte had made a face. Tessa, laughing, had asked, "Fairchild? Not Branwell?"

Charlotte had given a shy smile. "I am the Consul. It has been decided that in this case the child will take my name. Henry doesn't mind, do you, Henry?"

"Not at all," Henry had said. "Especially as Charles Buford Branwell would have sounded rather silly, but Charles Buford Fairchild has an excellent ring to it."

"*Henry . . .*"

Tessa smiled now at the memory. She was standing near the Christmas tree, watching the members of the Enclave in all their finery—women in the deep jewel tones of winter, dresses of red satin and sapphire silk and gold taffeta, men in elegant evening dress—as they milled and laughed. Sophie stood with Gideon, glowing and relaxed in an elegant green velvet gown; there was Cecily in blue, dashing here and there, delighted to be looking at everything, and Gabriel following her, all long limbs and tousled hair and adoring amusement. A massive Yule log, wound round with wreaths of ivy and holly, burned in the enormous stone fireplace, and hanging above the fireplace were nets containing golden apples, walnuts, colored popcorn, and candies. There was music, too, soft and haunting, and Charlotte seemed finally to

have found a use for Bridget's singing, for it rose above the sound of the instruments, lilting and sweet.

*“Alas, my love, ye do me wrong
To cast me off discourteously.
And I have loved you so long,
Delighting in your company.”*

*Greensleeves was all my joy;
Greensleeves was my delight;
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but Lady Greensleeves?”*

“ ‘Let the sky rain potatoes,’ ” said a musing voice. “ ‘Let it thunder to the tune of Greensleeves.’ ”

Tessa started and turned. Will had appeared somehow at her elbow, which was vexing, as she had been looking for him since she had come into the room and had seen no sign of him. As always, the sight of him in evening dress—all blue and black and white—took her breath away, but she hid the hitch in her chest with a smile. “Shakespeare,” she said. “*The Merry Wives of Windsor.*”

“Not one of the better plays,” Will said, narrowing his blue eyes as he took her in. Tessa had chosen to wear rose-colored silk that night, and no jewelry save a velvet ribbon, wrapped twice about her throat and hanging down her back. Sophie had done her hair—as a favor, now, not as a lady's maid—and woven small white berries in among the upswept curls. Tessa felt very fancy, and conspicuous. “Though it has its moments.”

“Always a literary critic,” Tessa sighed, gazing away from him, across the room, to where Charlotte was in conversation with a tall, fair-haired man Tessa did not recognize.

Will leaned in toward her. He smelled faintly of something green and wintry, fir or lime or cypress. “Those are mistletoe berries in your hair,” he said, his breath ghosting across her

cheek. “Technically, I believe that means anyone can kiss you at any time.”

She widened her eyes at him. “Do you think they’re likely to try?”

He touched her cheek lightly; he was wearing white chamois gloves, but she felt it as if it were his skin on hers. “I’d kill anyone who did.”

“Well,” Tessa said. “It wouldn’t be the first time you did something scandalous at Christmas.”

Will paused for a moment and then grinned, that rare grin of his that lit up his face and changed the whole nature of it. It was a smile Tessa had worried once was gone forever, gone with Jem down into the darkness of the Silent City. Jem was not dead, but some bit of Will had gone with him when he’d left, some bit chiseled out of Will’s heart and buried down there among the whispering bones. And Tessa had worried, for that first week just after, that Will would not recover, that he would always be a sort of ghost, wandering about the Institute, not eating, always turning to speak to someone who was not there, the light in his face dying as he remembered and fell silent.

But she had been determined. Her own heart had been broken, but to mend Will’s, she was sure, would mean to mend her own somehow. As soon as she’d been strong enough, she had set herself to bring him tea he did not want, and books that he did, and harried him, in and out of the library, and demanded his help with training. She told Charlotte to stop treating him like glass that would break and to send him out into the city to fight, as he had been sent before, with Gabriel or Gideon instead of Jem. And Charlotte had done it, uneasily, but Will had come back from them bloody and bruised, but with his eyes alive and alight.

“That was clever,” Cecily had said to her later, as they’d stood by the window, watching Will and Gabriel talking in the courtyard. “Being Nephilim gives my brother a purpose. Shadowhunting will mend the cracks in him. Shadowhunting, and you.”

Tessa had let the curtain fall closed, thoughtfully. She and Will had not spoken of what had happened in Cadair Idris, the night they had spent together. Indeed, it seemed as distant as a dream. It was like something that had happened to another person, not her, not Tessa. She did not know if Will felt the same way. She knew Jem had known, or guessed, and forgave them both, but Will had not approached her again, not said he loved her, not asked if she loved him since the day Jem had left.

It seemed that endless ages went by, though it was only about a fortnight, before Will came and found her alone in the library, and asked her—rather abruptly—if she would go for a carriage ride with him the next day. Puzzled, Tessa had agreed, privately wondering if there was some other reason he wanted her company. A mystery to investigate? A confession to make?

But no, it had been a simple carriage ride through the park. The weather had been growing colder, and ice was riming the edges of the ponds. The bare branches of the trees were bleak and lovely, and Will made polite conversation with her about the weather and city landmarks. He seemed determined to take up where Jem had left off her London education. They went to the British Museum and the National Gallery, to Kew Gardens and to Saint Paul's Cathedral, where Tessa finally lost her temper.

They had been standing in the famous Whispering Gallery, Tessa leaning on the railing and gazing down into the cathedral below. Will was translating the Latin inscription on the wall of the crypt where Christopher Wren was buried—“*if you seek his monument, look about you*”—when Tessa absently reached to slip her hand into his. He immediately drew back, flushing.

She looked at him in surprise. “Is something wrong?”

“No,” he said, too quickly. “I simply—I did not bring you here that I might maul you in the Whispering Gallery.”

Tessa exploded. “I am not *asking* you to maul me in the Whispering Gallery! But by the Angel, Will, would you stop being so *polite*?”

He looked at her in amazement. “But wouldn't you rather—”

“I would not rather. I don’t want you to be polite! I want you to be Will! I don’t want you to indicate points of architectural interest to me as if you were a Baedeker guide! I want you to say dreadfully mad, funny things and make up songs and be—” *The Will I fell in love with*, she almost said. “And be Will,” she finished instead. “Or I shall hit you with my umbrella.”

“I am trying to court you,” Will said in exasperation. “Court you *properly*. That’s what all this has been about. You know that, don’t you?”

“Mr. Rochester never courted Jane Eyre,” Tessa pointed out.

“No, he dressed up as a woman and terrified the poor girl out of her wits. Is that what you want?”

“You would make a very ugly woman.”

“I would not. I would be stunning.”

Tessa laughed. “There,” she said. “There is Will. Isn’t that better? Don’t you think so?”

“I don’t know,” Will said, eyeing her. “I’m afraid to answer that. I’ve heard that when I speak, it makes American women wish to strike me with umbrellas.”

Tessa laughed again, and then they were both laughing, their smothered giggles bouncing off the walls of the Whispering Gallery. After that, things were decidedly easier between them, and Will’s smile when he helped her down from the carriage on their return was bright and real.

That night there had been a soft tap on Tessa’s door, and when she had gone to open it, she had found nobody there, only a book resting on the corridor floor. *A Tale of Two Cities*. An odd present, she had thought. There was a copy of the book in the library, which she could read as often as she wanted, but this one was brand-new, with a receipt from Hatchards marking the title page. It was only when she took it to bed with her that she realized that there was an inscription on the title page as well.

Tess, Tess, Tessa.

Was there ever a more beautiful sound than your name? To speak it aloud makes my heart ring like a bell. Strange to

imagine that, isn't it—a heart ringing? But when you touch me, that is what it is like, as if my heart is ringing in my chest and the sound shivers down my veins and splinters my bones with joy.

Why have I written these words in this book? Because of you. You taught me to love this book, where I had scorned it. When I read it for the second time, with an open mind and heart, I felt the most complete despair and envy of Sydney Carton—yes, Sydney, for even if he had no hope that the woman he loved would love him, at least he could tell her of his love. At least he could do something to prove his passion, even if that thing was to die.

I would have chosen death for a chance to tell you the truth, Tessa, if I could have been assured that death would be my own. And that is why I envied Sydney, for he was free.

And now at last I am free, and I can finally tell you, without fear of danger to you, all that I feel in my heart.

You are not the last dream of my soul.

You are the first dream, the only dream I ever was unable to stop myself from dreaming. You are the first dream of my soul, and from that dream I hope will come all other dreams, a lifetime's worth.

*With hope at last,
Will Herondale*

She had sat up for a long time after that, holding the book without reading it, watching the dawn come up over London. In the morning she had fairly flown to get dressed, before she'd seized up the book and dashed downstairs with it. She caught Will coming out of his bedroom, hair still damp from the pitcher, and hurled herself at him, catching his lapels and pulling him to her, burying her face in his chest. The book thumped to the floor between him as he reached to hold her, smoothing her hair down her back, whispering softly, "Tessa, what is it, what's wrong? Did you not like—"

“No one has ever written me anything so beautiful,” she said, her face pressed against his chest, the soft beat of his heart steady beneath his shirt and jacket. “Not ever.”

“I wrote it just after I discovered the curse was false,” Will said. “I had meant to give it to you then, but—” His hand tightened in her hair. “When I found out you were engaged to Jem, I put it away. I did not know when I could, when I should, give it to you. And then yesterday, when you wanted me to be myself, I had hope enough to take out those old dreams again, to dust them off and give them to you.”

They went to the park that day, though it was as cold as it was bright, and there were not many people about. The Serpentine was bright under the wintry sun, and Will pointed out the place where he and Jem had fed poultry pies to the mallards. It was the first time she saw him smile while talking about Jem.

She knew she could not be Jem for Will. No one could. But slowly the hollow places in his heart were filling in. Having Cecily about was a joy for Will; Tessa could see that when they sat together before the fire, speaking Welsh softly, and his eyes glowed; he had even grown to like Gabriel and Gideon, and they were friends for him, though no one could be a friend as Jem had been. And of course, Charlotte’s and Henry’s love was as steadfast as ever. The wound would never go away, Tessa knew, not for herself and not for Will, either, but as the weather grew colder and Will smiled more and ate more regularly and the haunted look faded from his eyes, she began to breathe more easily, knowing that look was not a mortal one.

“Hmm,” he said now, rocking back on his heels slightly as he surveyed the ballroom floor. “You may be right. I think it was round about Christmas when I got my Welsh dragon tattoo.”

At that, Tessa had to try very hard not to blush. “How *did* that happen?”

Will made an airy gesture with his hand. “I was drunk . . .”

“Nonsense. You were never really drunk.”

“On the contrary—in order to learn how to pretend to be inebriated, one must become inebriated at least once, as a

reference point. Six-Fingered Nigel had been at the mulled cider —”

“You can’t mean there’s truly a Six-Fingered Nigel?”

“Of course there is—,” Will began with a grin, which suddenly faded; he was looking past Tessa, out at the ballroom. She turned to follow his gaze and saw the same tall, fair-haired man who had been talking to Charlotte earlier shouldering his way through the crowd toward them.

He was stocky, perhaps in his late thirties, with a scar that ran along his jaw. Tousled, fairish hair, and blue eyes, and skin tanned by the sun. It looked even darker against his starched white shirtfront. There was something familiar about him, something that teased at the edges of Tessa’s memories.

He came to a stop in front of them. His eyes flicked to Will. They were a paler blue than Will’s, almost the color of cornflowers. The skin around them was tanned and lined with faint crow’s-feet. He said, “You are William Herondale?”

Will nodded without speaking.

“I am Elias Carstairs,” the man said. “Jem Carstairs was my nephew.”

Will turned white, and Tessa realized what it was about the man that seemed familiar—there was something about him, something about the way he carried himself and the shape of his hands, that reminded her of Jem. Since Will seemed unable to speak, Tessa said:

“Yes, this is Will Herondale. And I am Theresa Gray.”

“The shape-changer girl,” said the man—Elias, Tessa reminded herself; Shadowhunters used each other’s given names. “You were engaged to James before he became a Silent Brother.”

“I was,” Tessa said quietly. “I love him very much.”

He gave her a look—not hostile or challenging, only curious. Then he turned his gaze to Will. “You were his *parabatai*?”

Will found his voice. “I am still,” he said, and set his jaw stubbornly.

“James spoke of you,” said Elias. “After I left China, when I returned to Idris, I asked if he would come and live with me. We

had sent him away from Shanghai, considering it unsafe for him there while Yanluo's minions ran free, still seeking vengeance. But when I asked him if he would come to me in Idris, he said no, he could not. I asked him to reconsider. Told him I was his family, his blood. But he said he could not leave his *parabatai*, that there were some things more important than blood." Elias's light blue eyes were steady. "I have brought you a gift, Will Herondale. Something I intended to give to him, when he was of age, because his father no longer lived to give it to him. But I cannot give it to him now."

Will was tense all over, a bowstring strung too tight. He said: "I have not done anything to deserve a gift."

"I think you have." Elias drew from the belt at his waist a short sword in an intricate scabbard. He held it out to Will, who, after a moment, took it. The scabbard was covered in intricate designs of leaves and runes, carefully worked, gleaming under the golden light. With a decisive gesture Will pulled the sword free and held it up in front of his face.

The hilt was covered with the same pattern of runes and leaves, but the blade itself was simple and bare, save for a line of words that ran down its center. Tessa leaned in to read the words upon the metal.

I am Cortana, of the same steel and temper as Joyeuse and Durendal.

"Joyeuse was Charlemagne's sword," said Will, his voice still stiff in that way that Tessa knew now meant that he was forcing down emotion. "Durendal was Roland's. This sword is—it is of legend born."

"Forged by the first Shadowhunter weapons maker, Wayland the Smith. It has a feather from the wing of the Angel in its hilt," said Elias. "It has been in the Carstairs family for hundreds of years. I was instructed by Jem's father to give it to him when he reached eighteen. But the Silent Brothers cannot accept gifts." He looked at Will. "You were his *parabatai*. You should have it."

Will slammed the sword back into its scabbard. "I cannot take it. I will not."

Elias looked stunned. “But you must,” he said. “You were his *parabatai*, and he loved you—”

Will held the sword back out toward Elias Carstairs, hilt-first. After a moment Elias took it, and Will turned and walked away, vanishing into the crowd.

Elias looked after him in bewilderment. “I did not intend to cause offense.”

“You spoke of Jem in the past tense,” said Tessa. “Jem is not with us, but he is not dead. Will—he cannot bear that Jem be thought of as lost, or forgotten.”

“I did not mean to forget him,” said Elias. “I meant simply that the Silent Brothers do not have emotions like we do. They do not feel as we do. If they love—”

“Jem still loves Will,” Tessa said. “Whether he is a Silent Brother or not. There are things no magic can destroy, for they are magic in themselves. You never saw them together, but I did.”

“I meant to give him Cortana,” Elias said. “I cannot give it to James, so I thought his *parabatai* ought to have it.”

“You mean well,” Tessa said. “But, forgive my impertinence, Mr. Carstairs—do you never mean to have any children of your own?”

His eyes widened. “I had not thought—”

Tessa looked at the shimmering blade, and then at the man holding it. She could see Jem in him a little, as if she were looking at the reflection of what she loved in rippling water. That love, remembered and present, made her voice gentle when she spoke. “If you are not sure,” she said, “then keep it. Keep it for your own heirs. Will would prefer that. For he does not need a sword to remember Jem by. However illustrious its lineage.”



It was cold on the Institute steps, cold where Will stood without a coat or hat, looking out into the frost-dusted night. The wind blew tiny drifts of snow against his cheeks, his bare hands, and he heard, as he always did, Jem’s voice in the back of his head,

telling him not to be ridiculous, to get back inside before he gave himself the flu.

Winter had always seemed the purest season to Will—even the smoke and dirt of London caught by the chill, frozen hard and clean. That morning he had broken a layer of ice that had formed on his water jug, before splashing the icy fluid onto his face and shivering as he looked in the mirror, his wet hair painting his face in black stripes. *First Christmas morning without Jem in six years.* The purest cold, bringing the purest pain.

“Will.” The voice was a whisper, of a very familiar kind. He turned his head, an image of Old Molly rising in his mind—but ghosts so rarely strayed from where they had died or were buried, and besides, what would she want with him now?

A gaze met his, level and dark. The rest of her was not so much transparent as edged by silver: the blond hair, the doll-pretty face, the white gown she had died in. Blood, red like a flower, on her chest.

“Jessamine,” he said.

“*Merry Christmas, Will.*”

His heart, which had stopped for a moment, began to beat again, the blood running fast in his veins. “Jessamine, why—what are you doing here?”

She pouted a little. “I am here because I died here,” she said, her voice growing in strength. It was not unusual for a ghost to achieve a greater solidity and auditory power when they were close to a human, especially one who could hear them. She indicated the courtyard at their feet, where Will had held her in her dying moments, her blood running onto the flagstones. “Are you not pleased to see me, Will?”

“Should I be?” he said. “Jessie, usually when I see ghosts, it is because there is some unfinished business or some sorrow that holds them to this world.”

She raised her head, looking up at the snow. Though it fell all around her, she was as untouched by it as if she stood under glass. “And if I had a sorrow, would you help me cure it? You never cared for me much in life.”

“I did,” Will said. “And I am truly sorry if I gave the impression that I cared nothing for you, or hated you, Jessamine. I think you reminded me more of myself than I wished to admit, and therefore I judged you with the same harshness I would have judged myself.”

At that, she did look at him. “Why, was that straightforward honesty, Will? How you *have* changed.” She took a step back, and he saw that her feet made no impression in the dusting of snow on the steps. “I am here because in life I did not wish to be a Shadowhunter, to guard the Nephilim. I am charged now with the guard of the Institute, for as long as it needs guarding.”

“And you do not mind?” he asked. “Being here, with us, when you could have passed over . . .”

She wrinkled her nose. “I did not care to pass over. So much was demanded of me in life, the Angel knows what it might be like afterward. No, I am happy here, watching you all, quiet and drifting and unseen.” Her silvery hair shone in the moonlight as she inclined her head toward him. “Though *you* are near to driving me mad.”

“I?”

“Indeed. I always said you would be a dreadful suitor, Will, and you are nigh on proving it.”

“Truly?” Will said. “You have come back from death like the ghost of Old Marley, but to nag me about my romantic prospects?”

“What prospects? You’ve taken Tessa on so many carriage rides, I’d wager she could draw a map of London from memory, but have you proposed to her? You have not. A lady cannot propose to herself, William, and she cannot tell you she loves you if you do not state your intentions!”

Will shook his head. “Jessamine, you are incorrigible.”

“I am also right,” she pointed out. “What is it you are afraid of?”

“That if I do state my intentions, she will say she does not love me back, not the way she loved Jem.”

“She will not love you as she loved Jem. She will love you as she loves *you*, Will, an entirely different person. Do you wish she had not loved Jem?”

“No, but neither do I wish to marry someone who does not love me.”

“You must ask her to find that out,” said Jessamine. “Life is full of risks. Death is much simpler.”

“Why have I not seen you before tonight, when you have been here all this time?” he asked.

“I cannot enter the Institute yet, and when you are out in the courtyard, you are always with someone else. I have tried to go through the doors, but a sort of force prevents me. It is better than it was. At first I could go only a few steps. Now I am as you see me.” She indicated her position on the stairs. “One day I shall be able to go inside.”

“And when you do, you shall find that your room is as it ever was, and your dolls as well,” said Will.

Jessamine smiled a smile that made Will wonder if she had always been so sad, or if death had changed her more than he had thought ghosts could be changed. Before he could speak again, though, a look of alarm crossed her face, and she vanished within a swirl of snow.

Will turned to see what had frightened her off. The doors of the Institute had opened, and Magnus had emerged. He wore an astrakhan wool greatcoat, and his tall silk hat was already being spotted by the falling snowflakes.

“I should have known I’d find you out here, doing your best to turn yourself into an icicle,” Magnus said, descending the steps until he stood beside Will, looking out at the courtyard.

Will did not feel like mentioning Jessamine. Somehow he thought she would not have wanted him to. “Were you leaving the party? Or just looking for me?”

“Both,” Magnus said, pulling on a pair of white gloves. “In fact, I am leaving London.”

“Leaving London?” Will said in dismay. “You can’t mean that.”

“Why wouldn’t I?” Magnus flicked a finger at an errant snowflake. It sparked blue and vanished. “I am not a Londoner, Will. I have been stopping with Woolsey for some time, but his home is not my home, and Woolsey and I wear out each other’s company after not much duration.”

“Where will you go?”

“New York. The New World! A new life, a new continent.” Magnus threw his hands up. “I may even take your cat with me. Charlotte says he has been mourning since Jem left.”

“Well, he bites everyone. You’re welcome to him. Do you think he’ll like New York?”

“Who knows? We will find out together. The unexpected is what keeps me from stagnating.”

“Those of us who do not live forever do not like change perhaps as much as those of you who do. I am tired of losing people,” Will said.

“So am I,” Magnus said. “But it is as I said, isn’t it? You learn to bear it.”

“I have heard sometimes that men who lose an arm or a leg still feel the pain in those limbs, though they are gone,” said Will. “It is like that sometimes. I can feel Jem with me, though he is gone, and it is like I am missing a part of myself.”

“But you are not,” Magnus said. “He is not dead, Will. He lives because you let him go. He would have stayed with you and died, if you had asked it, but you loved him enough to prefer that he live, even if that life is separate from yours. And that above all things proves that you are not Sydney Carton, Will, that yours is not the kind of love that can be redeemed only through destruction. It is what I saw in you, what I have always seen in you, what made me want to help you. That you are not despairing. That you have in you an infinite capacity for joy.” He put one gloved hand under Will’s chin and lifted Will’s face. There were not many people Will had to raise his head to look in the eye, but Magnus was one. “Bright star,” Magnus said, and his eyes were thoughtful, as if he were remembering something, or

someone. “Those of you who are mortal, you burn so fiercely. And you fiercer than most, Will. I will not ever forget you.”

“Nor I you,” said Will. “I owe you a great deal. You broke my curse.”

“You were not cursed.”

“Yes, I was,” Will said. “I was. Thank you, Magnus, for all you did for me. If I did not say it before, I am saying it now. Thank you.”

Magnus dropped his hand. “I don’t think a Shadowhunter has ever thanked me before.”

Will smiled crookedly. “I would try not to become too accustomed to it. We are not a thankful sort.”

“No.” Magnus laughed. “No, I won’t.” His bright cat’s eyes narrowed. “I leave you in good hands, I think, Will Herondale.”

“You mean Tessa.”

“I do mean Tessa. Or do you deny that she holds your heart?” Magnus had begun to descend the stairs; he paused, and looked back at Will.

“I do not,” Will said. “But she will be sorry that you have left without saying good-bye to her.”

“Oh,” Magnus said, turning at the bottom of the steps, with a curious smile. “I don’t think that will be necessary. Tell her I will see her again.”

Will nodded. Magnus turned away, hands in the pockets of his coat, and began to walk toward the gates of the Institute. Will watched until his retreating figure faded into the whiteness of the falling snow.



Tessa had slipped out of the ballroom without anyone noticing. Even the usually keen-eyed Charlotte was distracted, sitting beside Henry in his wheeled chair, her hand in his, smiling at the antics of the musicians.

It did not take Tessa long to find Will. She had guessed where he would be, and she was correct—standing on the front steps of the Institute, without a coat or hat, letting the snow fall on his

head and shoulders. There was a white dusting of it all over the courtyard, like icing sugar, frosting the line of carriages waiting there, the black iron gates, the flagstones upon which Jessamine had died. Will was staring intently ahead of him, as if trying to discern something through the descending flakes.

“Will,” Tessa said, and he turned to look up at her. She had caught up a silk wrap, but nothing heavier, and she felt the cool sting of snowflakes against the bare skin of her neck and shoulders.

“I should have been more polite to Elias Carstairs,” Will said by way of reply. He was looking up at the sky, where a pale crescent of moon darted in between thick sweeps of cloud and fog. Flakes of white snow had fallen and mixed with his black hair. His cheeks and lips were flushed with the cold. He looked more handsome than she had ever remembered him. “Instead I behaved as I would have—before.”

Tessa knew what he meant. For Will there was only one before and after.

“You are allowed to have a temper,” she said. “I have told you before, I do not want you to be perfect. Only to be Will.”

“Who will never be perfect.”

“Perfect is dull,” Tessa said, descending the last step to stand beside him. “They are playing ‘complete the poetic quotation’ inside now. You could have made quite a showing. I do not think there is anyone there who could challenge your knowledge of literature.”

“Other than you.”

“I would be difficult competition indeed. Perhaps we could make ourselves a team of sorts, and divide the winnings.”

“That seems bad form.” Will spoke absently, tilting back his head. The snow circled whitely about them, as if they stood at the bottom of a whirlpool. “Today, when Sophie Ascended . . .”

“Yes?”

“Is that something that you would have wanted?” He turned to look at her, white snowflakes caught in his dark lashes. “For yourself?”

“You know that isn’t possible for me, Will. I am a warlock. Or at least, that is the closest approximation of what I am. I cannot ever be fully Nephilim.”

“I know.” He looked down at his hands, opening his fingers to let snowflakes settle, melting, on his palms. “But in Cadair Idris you said that you had hoped to be a Shadowhunter—that Mortmain had dashed those hopes—”

“I did feel that way at the time,” she allowed. “But when I became Ithuriel—when I Changed and destroyed Mortmain—how could I hate something that allowed me to protect the ones I care about? It is not easy to be different, and even less so to be unique. But I begin to think I was never meant for an easy road.”

Will laughed. “The easy road? No, not for you, my Tessa.”

“Am I your Tessa?” She drew her wrap closer around herself, pretending her shiver was just the cold. “Are you bothered by what I am, Will? That I am not like you?”

The words hung between them, unspoken: *There is no future for a Shadowhunter who dallies with warlocks.*

Will paled. “Those things I said on the roof, so long ago—you know I did not mean them.”

“I know—”

“I do not wish you other than you are, Tessa. You are what you are, and I love you. I do not love just the parts of you that meet with the Clave’s approval—”

She raised her eyebrows. “You are willing to endure the rest?”

He raked a hand through his dark, snow-dampened hair. “No. I am misspeaking. There is nothing about you that I can imagine *not* loving. Do you really think it is so important to me that you be Nephilim? My mother isn’t a Shadowhunter. And when I saw you Change into the angel—when I saw you blaze forth with the fire of Heaven—it was glorious, Tess.” He took a step toward her. “What you are, what you can do, it is like some great miracle of the earth, like fire or wildflowers or the breadth of the sea. You are unique in the world, just as you are unique in my heart, and there will never be a time when I do not love you. I would love you if you were not in any part a Shadowhunter at all—”

She gave him a shaky smile. “But I am glad that I am, if only by half,” she said, “since it means that I may stay with you, here, in the Institute. That the family I have found here can remain my family. Charlotte said that if I chose, I could cease to be a Gray and take the name my mother should have had before she was married. I could be a Starkweather. I could have a true Shadowhunter name.”

She heard Will exhale a breath. It came out a puff of white in the cold. His eyes were blue and wide and clear, fixed on her face. He wore the expression of a man who had steeled himself to do a terrifying thing, and was carrying it through. “Of course you can have a true Shadowhunter name,” Will said. “You can have mine.”

Tessa stared at him, all black and white against the black-and-white snow and stone. “Your name?”

Will took a step toward her, till they stood face-to-face. Then he reached to take her hand and slid off her glove, which he put into his pocket. He held her bare hand in his, his fingers curved around hers. His hand was warm and callused, and his touch made her shiver. His eyes were steady and blue; they were everything Will was: true and tender, sharp and witty, loving and kind. “Marry me,” he said. “Marry me, Tess. Marry me and be Tessa Herondale. Or be Tessa Gray, or be whatever you wish to call yourself, but marry me and stay with me and never leave me, for I cannot bear another day of my life to go by that does not have you in it.”

The snow was swirling down around them, white and cold and perfect. The clouds above had parted, and through the gaps she could see the stars.

“Jem told me what Ragnor Fell said about my father,” Will went on. “That for my father there was only ever one woman he loved, and it was her for him, or nothing. You are that for me. I love you, and I will only ever love you until I die—”

“Will!”

He bit his lip. His hair was thick with snow, his lashes starred with flakes. “Was that too grand a statement? Did I frighten you?”

You know how I am with words—”

“Oh, I do.”

“I recall what you said to me once,” Will went on. “That words have the power to change us. Your words have changed me, Tess; they have made me a better man than I would have been otherwise. Life is a book, and there are a thousand pages I have not yet read. I would read them together with you, as many as I can, before I die—”

She put her hand against his chest, just over his heart, and felt its beat against her palm, a unique time signature that was all its own. “I only wish you would not speak of dying,” she said. “But even for that, yes, I know how you are with your words, and, Will—I love *all* of them. Every word you say. The silly ones, the mad ones, the beautiful ones, and the ones that are only for me. I love them, and I love you.”

Will began to speak, but Tessa covered his mouth with her hand.

“I love your words, my Will, but hold them for a moment,” she said, and smiled into his eyes. “Think of all the words I have held inside all this time, while I did not know your intentions. When you came to me in the drawing room and told me that you loved me, it was the hardest thing I have ever done to send you away. You said you loved the words of my heart, the shape of my soul. I remember. I remember every word you said from that day to this. I will never forget them. There are so many words I wish to say to you, and so many I wish to hear you say to me. I hope we have all our lives to say them to each other.”

“Then you will marry me?” Will said, looking dazed, as if he did not quite believe in his good fortune.

“Yes,” she said—the last, the simplest, and most important word of all.

And Will, who had words for every occasion, opened his mouth and closed it on silence, and instead reached for her to pull her against him. Her wrap fell onto the stairs, but his arms were warm around her, and his mouth hot against hers as he slanted his head down to kiss her. He tasted like snowflakes and wine,

like winter and Will and London. His mouth was soft against hers, his hands in her hair, scattering white berries across the stone steps. Tessa held fast to Will as the snow swirled around them. Through the windows of the Institute, she could hear the faint sound of the music playing in the ballroom: the pianoforte, the cello, and rising above it all, like sparks leaping toward the sky, the sweet, celebratory strains of the violin.



“I can’t believe we’re really going home,” Cecily said. Her hands were clasped in front of her, and she was bouncing up and down in her white kid boots. She was bundled into a red winter coat, the brightest thing in the dark crypt except the Portal itself, great and silver and shining against the far wall.

Through it Tessa could catch a glimpse, like a glimpse in a dream, of blue sky (the sky outside the Institute was a spitting London gray) and snow-dusted hills. Will stood beside her, his shoulder brushing hers. He looked pale and nervous, and she longed to take his hand. “We’re not *going home*, Cecy,” he said. “Not to stay. We’re visiting. I wish to introduce our parents to my fiancée”—and at that his pallor faded slightly, his lips curving into a smile—“that they might know the girl I am going to marry.”

“Oh, pish tosh,” said Cecily. “We can use the Portal to see them whenever we want! Charlotte is the Consul, so we cannot possibly get in trouble.”

Charlotte groaned. “Cecily, this is a singular expedition. It is not a toy. You cannot simply use the Portal whenever you like, and this excursion must be kept a secret. None but we here can know you visited your parents, that I allowed you to break the Law!”

“I won’t tell anyone!” Cecily protested. “And neither will Gabriel.” She glanced at the boy at her side. “You won’t, will you?”

“Why are we bringing him along, again?” Will inquired, of the world in general as well as his sister.

Cecily put her hands on her hips. “Why are you bringing Tessa?”

“Because Tessa and I are going to be *married*,” Will said, and Tessa smiled; the way that Will’s little sister could ruffle his feathers like no one else was still amusing to her.

“Well, Gabriel and I might well be married,” Cecily said. “Someday.”

Gabriel made a choking noise, and turned an alarming shade of purple.

Will threw up his hands. “You can’t be married, Cecily! You’re only fifteen! When I get married, I’ll be eighteen! An adult!”

Cecily did not look impressed. “We may have a long engagement,” she said. “But I cannot see why you are counseling me to marry a man my parents have never met.”

Will sputtered. “I am not counseling you to marry a man your parents have never met!”

“Then we are in agreement. Gabriel must meet Mam and Dad.” Cecily turned to Henry. “Is the Portal ready?”

Tessa leaned close to Will. “I do love the way she manages you,” she whispered. “It is quite entertaining to watch.”

“Wait until you meet my mother,” Will said, and slipped his hand into hers. His fingers were cold; his heart must have been racing. Tessa knew he had been up all night. The idea of seeing his parents after so many years was as terrifying to him as it was joyful. She knew that admixture of hope and fear, infinitely worse than just one alone.

“The Portal is quite ready,” said Henry. “And remember, in an hour I shall open it again, that you may return through it.”

“And understand that this is just this once,” Charlotte said anxiously. “Even if I am the Consul, I cannot allow you to visit your mundane family—”

“Not even at Christmas?” said Cecily, with large, tragic eyes.

Charlotte weakened visibly. “Well, perhaps Christmas . . .”

“And birthdays,” said Tessa. “Birthdays are special.”

Charlotte put her hands over her face. “Oh, by the Angel.”

Henry laughed, and swept an arm toward the door. “Go on through,” he said, and Cecily went first, vanishing through the Portal as if she had stepped through a waterfall. Gabriel followed, and then Will and Tessa, holding tightly to each other’s hands. Tessa concentrated on the warmth of Will’s hand, the pulse of blood through his skin, as the cold and darkness took them, whirling them about for breathless, ageless moments. Lights burst behind her eyes, and she emerged from the darkness suddenly, blinking and stumbling. Will caught her to him, keeping her from falling.

They were standing on the wide curved drive in front of Ravenscar Manor. Tessa had seen the place only from above, when she and Jem and Will had visited Yorkshire together, not realizing that Will’s family inhabited the house now. She recalled that the manor was held in the cup of a valley, with hills sweeping up on either side, covered in gorse and heather—patched now with a dusting of snow. The trees had been green then; they were leafless now, and from the dark slate roof of the manor hung sparkling icicles.

The door was dark oak, a heavy brass knocker set in the center. Will looked at his sister, who nodded minutely at him, then squared his shoulders and reached to lift and release it. The resultant crash seemed to echo through the valley, and Will swore under his breath.

Tessa touched his wrist lightly with her hand. “Be brave,” she said. “It’s not a duck, is it?”

He turned to smile at her, dark hair falling in his eyes, just as the door opened to reveal a neatly dressed parlor maid in a black dress and white mobcap. She took one look at the group on the doorstep, and her eyes widened like saucers.

“Miss *Cecily*,” she gasped, and then her eyes went to Will. She clapped a hand over her mouth, turned, and bolted back into the house.

“Oh, dear,” said Tessa.

“I have that effect on women,” Will said. “I probably should have warned you before you agreed to marry me.”

“I can still change my mind,” Tessa said sweetly.

“Don’t you dare—,” he began with a breathless half laugh, and then suddenly there were people at the door—a tall man, broad-shouldered, with a mass of fair hair streaked with gray, and light blue eyes. Just behind him was a woman: slender and startlingly beautiful, with Will and Cecily’s ink-black hair and blue eyes as dark as violets. She cried out the moment her gaze fell on Will, and her hands came up, fluttering like white birds startled by a gust of wind.

Tessa released Will’s hand. He seemed frozen, like a fox when the hounds were almost on him. “Go on,” Tessa said softly, and he stepped forward, and then his mother was embracing him, saying, “I knew you’d come back. I *knew* you would,” followed by a torrent of Welsh, of which Tessa could discern only Will’s name. Their father was stunned but smiling, holding out his arms for Cecily, who went into them as agreeably as Tessa had ever seen her do anything.

For the next few moments Tessa and Gabriel stood awkwardly on the doorstep, not quite looking at each other but not quite sure where else to look either. After a long moment Will drew away from his mother, patting her gently on the shoulder. She laughed, though her eyes were full of tears, and said something in Welsh that Tessa strongly suspected was a comment on the fact that Will was now taller than she was.

“Little mother,” he said affectionately, confirming Tessa’s suspicions, and he swung around just as his mother’s gaze fell on Tessa, and then Gabriel, her eyes widening. “Mam and Dad, this is Theresa Gray. We are engaged to be married, next year.”

Will’s mother gave a gasp—though she sounded more surprised than anything else, to Tessa’s relief—and Will’s father’s gaze went immediately to Gabriel, and then to Cecily, his eyes narrowing. “And who is the gentleman?”

Will’s grin widened. “Oh, him,” he said. “This is Cecily’s—friend, Mr. Gabriel Lightworm.”

Gabriel, half in the act of stretching out his hand to greet Mr. Herondale, froze in horror. “Lightwood,” he sputtered. “Gabriel

Lightwood—”

“*Will!*” Cecily said, breaking away from her father to glare at her brother.

Will looked at Tessa, his blue eyes shining. She opened her mouth to remonstrate with him, to say *Will!* as Cecily had just done, but it was too late—she was already laughing.

EPILOGUE

*I say the tomb which on the dead is shut
Opens the Heavenly hall;
And what we here for the end of all things put
Is the first step of all.*
—Victor Hugo, “At Villequier”

London, Blackfriars Bridge, 2008.

The wind was sharp, blowing grit and stray rubbish—crisps packets, stray pages of newspaper, old receipts—along the pavement as Tessa, glancing quickly from side to side to check for traffic, dashed across Blackfriars Bridge.

To any onlooker she would have looked like an ordinary girl in her late teens or early twenties: jeans tucked into boots, a blue cashmere top she'd gotten for half off during the January sales, and long brown hair, curling just a bit in the damp weather, tumbling haphazardly down her back. If they were particularly sharp-eyed about fashion, they would have assumed the paisley Liberty-print scarf she wore was a knockoff instead of a hundred-year-old original, and that the bracelet around her wrist was vintage, rather than a gift that had been given to her by her husband on their thirtieth wedding anniversary.

Tessa's steps slowed as she reached one of the stone recesses in the wall of the bridge. Cement benches had been built into them now, so that you could sit and look at the gray-green water below sloshing up against the bridge pilings, or at Saint Paul's in the distance. The city was alive with noise—the sounds of traffic:

honking horns, the rumble of double-decker buses; the ringing of dozens of mobiles; the chatter of pedestrians; the faint sounds of music leaking from white iPod earbuds.

Tessa sat down on the bench, pulling her legs up under her. The atmosphere was shockingly clean and clear—the smoke and pollution that had rendered the air yellow and black when she had been a girl here were gone, and the sky was the color of a blue-gray marble. The eyesore that had been the Dover and Chatham railway bridge was gone too; only the pilings were still sticking up out of the water as an odd reminder of what had once been. Yellow buoys bobbed in the water now, and tourist boats chugged by, the amplified voices of tour guides blaring from their speakers. Buses as red as candy hearts sped by along the bridge, sending dead leaves fluttering to the curb.

She glanced down at the watch on her wrist. Five minutes to noon. She was a little early, but then she always was for this, their yearly meeting. It gave her a chance to think—to think and to remember, and there was no place better for doing either than here, on Blackfriars Bridge, the first place they had ever really talked.

Beside the watch was the pearl bracelet she always wore. She never took it off. Will had given it to her when they had been married thirty years, smiling as he'd fastened it on. He had had gray in his hair then, she knew, though she had never really seen it. As if her love had given him his own shape-shifting ability, no matter how much time had passed, when she looked at him, she saw always the wild, black-haired boy she had fallen in love with.

It still seemed incredible to her sometimes that they had managed to grow old together, herself and Will Herondale, whom Gabriel Lightwood had once said would not live to be older than nineteen. They had been good friends with the Lightwoods too, through all those years. Of course Will could hardly not be friends with the man who was married to his sister. Both Cecily and Gabriel had seen Will on the day he died, as had Sophie, though Gideon had himself passed away several years before.

Tessa remembered that day clearly, the day the Silent Brothers had said there was nothing more they could do to keep Will alive. He had been unable to leave their bed by then. Tessa had squared her shoulders and gone to give the news to their family and friends, trying to be as calm for them as she could, though her heart had felt as if it were being ripped out of her body.

It had been June, the bright hot summer of 1937, and with the curtains thrown back the bedroom had been full of sunlight, sunlight and her and Will's children, their grandchildren, their nieces and nephews—Cecy's blue-eyed boys, tall and handsome, and Gideon and Sophie's two girls—and those who were as close as family: Charlotte, white-haired and upright, and the Fairchild sons and daughters with their curling red hair like Henry's had once been.

All day Tessa had sat on the bed with Will beside her, leaning on her shoulder. The sight might have been strange to others, a young woman lovingly cradling a man who looked old enough to be her grandfather, her hands looped through his, but to their family it was only familiar—it was only Tessa and Will. And because it was Tessa and Will, the others came and went all day, as Shadowhunters did at a deathbed, telling stories of Will's life and all the things he and Tessa had done through their long years together.

The children had spoken fondly of the way he had always loved their mother, fiercely and devotedly, the way he had never had eyes for anyone else, and how their parents had set the model for the sort of love they hoped to find in their own lives. They spoke of his regard for books, and how he had taught them all to love them too, to respect the printed page and cherish the stories that those pages held. They spoke of the way he still cursed in Welsh when he dropped something, though he rarely used the language otherwise, and of the fact that though his prose was excellent—he had written several histories of the Shadowhunters when he'd retired that had been very well respected—his poetry had always been awful, though that had never stopped him from reciting it.

Their oldest child, James, had spoken laughingly about Will's unrelenting fear of ducks and his continual battle to keep them out of the pond at the family home in Yorkshire.

Their grandchildren had reminded him of the song about demon pox he had taught them—when they were much too young, Tessa had always thought—and that they had all memorized. They sang it all together and out of tune, scandalizing Sophie.

With tears running down her face, Cecily had reminded him of the moment at her wedding to Gabriel when he had delivered a beautiful speech praising the groom, at the end of which he had announced, “Dear God, I thought she was marrying Gideon. I take it all back,” thus vexing not only Cecily and Gabriel but Sophie as well—and Will, though too tired to laugh, had smiled at his sister and squeezed her hand.

They had all laughed about his habit of taking Tessa on romantic “holidays” to places from Gothic novels, including the hideous moor where someone had died, a drafty castle with a ghost in it, and of course the square in Paris in which he had decided Sydney Carton had been guillotined, where Will had horrified passersby by shouting “I can see the blood on the cobblestones!” in French.

At the end of the day, as the sky had darkened, the family had come around Will's bed and kissed him each in turn and left one by one, until Will and Tessa were alone together. Tessa had lain down beside him and slid her arm beneath his head, and put her head on his chest, listening to the ever-weakening beat of his heart. And in the shadows they'd whispered, reminding each other of the stories only they knew. Of the girl who had hit over the head with a water jug the boy who had come to rescue her, and how he had fallen in love with her in that instant. Of a ballroom and a balcony and the moon sailing like a ship untethered through the sky. Of the flutter of the wings of a clockwork angel. Of holy water and blood.

Near midnight the door had opened and Jem had come in. Tessa supposed she should have thought of him as Brother

Zachariah by then, but neither Will nor Tessa had ever called him that. He had come in like a shadow in his white robes, and Tessa had taken a deep breath when she had seen him, for she had known that this was what Will had been waiting for, and that the hour was now.

He did not come to Will at once, but crossed the room to a rosewood box that sat upon the top of the dresser. They had always kept Jem's violin for him, as Will had promised. It was kept clean and in order, and the hinges of the box did not creak as Jem opened it and lifted the instrument out. They watched as he rosined the bow with his familiar slim fingers, his pale wrists disappearing down into the paler material of the Brothers' parchment robes.

He lifted the violin to his shoulder then, and raised the bow. And he played.

Zhi yin. Jem had told her once that it meant understanding music, and also a bond that went deeper than friendship. Jem played, and he played the years of Will's life as he had seen them. He played two little boys in a training room, one showing the other how to throw knives, and he played the ritual of *parabatai*: the fire and the vows and the burning runes. He played two young men running through the streets of London in the dark, stopping to lean up against a wall and laugh together. He played the day in the library when he and Will had jested with Tessa about ducks, and he played the train to Yorkshire on which Jem had said that *parabatai* were meant to love each other as they loved their own souls. He played that love, and he played their love for Tessa, and hers for them, and he played Will saying, *In your eyes I have always found grace.* He played the too few times he had seen them since he had joined the Brotherhood—the brief meetings at the Institute; the time when Will had been bitten by a Shax demon and nearly died, and Jem had come from the Silent City and sat with him all night, risking discovery and punishment. And he played the birth of their first son, and the protection ceremony that had been carried out on the child in the Silent City. Will would have no other Silent Brother but Jem

perform it. And Jem played the way he had covered his scarred face with his hands and turned away when he'd found out the child's name was James.

He played of love and loss and years of silence, words unsaid and vows unspoken, and all the spaces between his heart and theirs; and when he was done, and he'd set the violin back in its box, Will's eyes were closed, but Tessa's were full of tears. Jem set down his bow, and came toward the bed, drawing back his hood, so she could see his closed eyes and his scarred face. And he had sat down beside them on the bed, and taken Will's hand, the one that Tessa was not holding, and both Will and Tessa had heard Jem's voice in their minds.

I take your hand, brother, so that you may go in peace.

Will had opened the blue eyes that had never lost their color over all the passing years, and looked at Jem and then Tessa, and smiled, and died, with Tessa's head on his shoulder and his hand in Jem's.

It never had stopped hurting, remembering when Will had died. After he was gone, Tessa had fled. Her children were grown, had children of their own; she told herself they did not need her and hid in the back of her mind the thought that haunted her: She could not bear to remain and watch them grow older than she was. It had been one thing to survive the death of her husband. To survive the death of her children—she could not sit by and watch it. It would happen, must happen, but she would not be there.

And besides, there was something Will had asked her to do.

The road that led from Shrewsbury to Welshpool was no longer as it had been when Will had ridden across it in a mad, heedless dash to save her from Mortmain. Will had left instructions, details, descriptions of towns, of a certain spreading oak tree. She had pattered up and down the road several times in her Morris Minor before she'd found it: the tree, just as he had drawn it in the journal he had given her, his hand shaking a little but his memory clear.

The dagger was there among the roots of the trees, which had grown around the hilt. She had had to cut some of them away, and dig at the dirt and rocks with a trowel, before she could free it. Jem's blade, stained dark now with weather and the passage of time.

She had brought it to Jem that year on the bridge. It was 1937 and the Blitz had not yet come to level the buildings around Saint Paul's, to strafe the sky with fire and burn the walls of the city Tessa loved. Still, there was a shadow over the world, the hint of a coming darkness.

"They kill each other and kill each other, and we can do nothing," Tessa had said, her hands on the worn stone of the bridge parapet. She was thinking of the Great War, of the spendthrift waste of life. Not a Shadowhunter war, but out of blood and war were demons born, and it was the responsibility of the Nephilim to keep demons from wreaking even greater destruction.

We cannot save them from themselves, Jem had replied. He wore his hood up, but the wind blew it back, showing her the edge of his scarred cheek.

"There is something coming. A horror Mortmain could only have imagined. I feel it in my bones."

No one can rid the world of all evil, Tessa.

And when she drew his dagger, wrapped in silk, though still dirty and stained with earth and Will's blood, from the pocket of her coat and gave it to him, he bent his head and held it to him, hunching his shoulders over it, as if protecting a wound to his heart.

"Will wanted you to see it," she said. "I know you cannot take it with you."

Keep it for me. There may come a day.

She did not ask him what he meant, but she kept it. Kept it when she left England, the white cliffs of Dover retreating like clouds in the distance as she crossed the Channel. In Paris she found Magnus, who was living in a garret apartment and painting, an occupation for which he had no aptitude whatsoever.

He let her sleep on a mattress by the window, and in the night, when she woke up screaming for Will, he came and put his arms around her, smelling of turpentine.

“The first one is always the hardest,” he said.

“The first?”

“The first one you love who dies,” he said. “It gets easier, after.”

When the war came to Paris, they went to New York together, and Magnus reintroduced her to the city she had been born in—a busy, bright, buzzing metropolis she barely recognized, where motorcars crowded the streets like ants, and trains whizzed by on elevated platforms. She did not see Jem that year, because the Luftwaffe was strafing London with fire and he had deemed it too dangerous to meet, but in the years after—

“Tessa?”

Her heart stopped.

A great wave of lurching dizziness passed over her, and for a moment she wondered if she were going mad, if after so many years the past and present had blended within her memories until she could no longer tell the difference. For the voice she heard was not the soft, silent voice-within-her-mind of Brother Zachariah. The voice that had echoed in her head once a year for the past one hundred and thirty years.

This was a voice that drew out memories stretched thin by years of recollection, like paper unfolded and refolded too many times. A voice that brought back, like a wave, the memory of another time on this bridge, a night so long ago, everything black and silver and the river rushing away under her feet . . .

Her heart was pounding so hard, she felt as if it might break through her rib cage. Slowly she turned, away from the balustrade. And stared.

He stood on the pavement in front of her, smiling shyly, hands in the pockets of a pair of very modern jeans. He wore a blue cotton jumper pushed up to the elbows. Faint white scars decorated his forearms like lacework. She could see the shape of

the rune of Quietude, which had been so black and strong against his skin, faded now to a faint imprint of silver.

“Jem?” she whispered, realizing why she had not seen him when she’d been searching the crowd for him. She had been looking for Brother Zachariah, wrapped in his parchment-white robe, moving, unseen, through the throng of Londoners. But this was not Brother Zachariah.

This was Jem.

She couldn’t tear her gaze away from him. She had always thought Jem was beautiful. He was no less beautiful to her now. Once he had had silver-white hair and eyes like gray skies. This Jem had raven-black hair, curling slightly in the humid air, and dark brown eyes with glints of gold in the irises. Once his skin had been pale; now it had a flush of color to it. Where his face had been unmarked before he’d become a Silent Brother, there were two dark scars, the first runes of the Brotherhood, standing out starkly and blackly at the arch of each cheekbone.

Where the collar of his jumper dipped slightly, she could see the delicate shape of the *parabatai* rune that had once tied him to Will. That might tie them still, if one imagined souls could be tied even over the divide of death.

“Jem,” she breathed again. At first glance he looked perhaps nineteen years old, or twenty, a bit older than he had been when he had become a Silent Brother. When she looked more deeply, she saw a man—the long years of pain and wisdom at the backs of his eyes; even the way he moved spoke of the care of quiet sacrifice. “You are”—her voice rose with wild hope—“this is permanent? You are not bound to the Silent Brothers anymore?”

“No,” he said. There was a rapid hitch in his breath; he was looking at her as if he had no idea how she would react to his sudden appearance. “I am not.”

“The cure—you found it?”

“I did not find it myself,” he said slowly. “But—it was found.”

“I saw Magnus in Alicante only a few months ago. We spoke of you. He never said . . .”

“He didn’t know,” Jem said. “It has been a hard year, a dark year, for Shadowhunters. But out of the blood and the fire, the loss and the sorrow, there have been born some great new changes.” He held out his arms, self-deprecatingly, and with a little amazement in his voice, as he said: “I myself am changed.”

“How—”

“I will tell you the story of it. Another story of Lightwoods and Herondales and Fairchilds. But it will take more than an hour in the telling, and you must be cold.” He moved forward as if to touch her shoulder, then seemed to remember himself, and let his hand fall.

“I—” Words had deserted her. She was still feeling the shock of seeing him like this, bone-deep. Yes, she had seen him every year, here in this place, on this bridge. But it was not until this moment that she realized how much she had been seeing a Jem transmuted. But this—this was like falling into her own past, all the last century erased, and she felt dizzy and elated and terrified with it. “But—after today? Where will you go? To Idris?”

He looked, for a moment, honestly bewildered—and despite how old she knew him to be, so *young*. “I don’t know,” he said. “I’ve never had a lifetime to plan for before.”

“Then . . . to another Institute?” *Don’t go*, Tessa wanted to say. *Stay. Please.*

“I do not think I will go to Idris, or to an Institute anywhere,” he said, after a pause so long that she felt as if her knees might give way under her if he did not speak. “I don’t know how to live in the world as a Shadowhunter without Will. I don’t think I even want to. I am still a *parabatai*, but my other half is gone. If I were to go to some Institute and ask them to take me in, I would never forget that. I would never feel whole.”

“Then what—”

“That depends on you.”

“On me?” A sort of terror gripped her. She knew what she wanted him to say, but it seemed impossible. In all the time she had seen him, since he had become a Silent Brother, he had seemed remote. Not unkind or unfeeling, but as if there were a

layer of glass between him and the world. She remembered the boy she had known, who'd given his love as freely as breathing, but that was not the man she had met only once each year for more than a century. She knew how much the time between then and now had changed her. How much more must it have changed him? She did not know what he wanted from his new life or, more immediately, from her. She wanted to tell him whatever he wanted to hear, wanted to catch at him and hold him, to seize his hands and reassure herself of their shape—but she did not dare. Not without knowing what he wanted from her. It had been so many years. How could she presume he still felt as he once had?

“I—” He looked down at his slender hands, gripping the concrete of the bridge. “For a hundred and thirty years every hour of my life has been scheduled. I thought often of what I would do if I were free, if there were ever a cure found. I thought I would bolt immediately, like a bird released from a cage. I had not imagined I would emerge and find the world so changed, so desperate. Subsumed in fire and blood. I wished to survive it, but for only one reason. I wished . . .”

“What did you wish for?”

He did not reply. Instead he reached over to touch her pearl bracelet with light fingers. “This is your thirtieth-anniversary bracelet,” he said. “You still wear it.”

Tessa swallowed. Her skin was prickling, her pulse racing. She realized she hadn't felt this, this particular brand of excited nervousness, in so many years that she had nearly forgotten it. “Yes.”

“Since Will, have you never loved anyone else?”

“Don't you know the answer to that?”

“I don't mean the way you love your children, or the way you love your friends. Tessa, you *know* what I'm asking.”

“I don't,” she said. “I think I need you to tell me.”

“We were once going to be married,” he said. “And I have loved you all this time—a century and a half. And I know that you loved Will. I saw you together over the years. And I know that that love was so great that it must have made other loves, even

the one we had when we were both so young, seem small and unimportant. You had a whole lifetime of love with him, Tessa. So many years. Children. Memories I cannot hope to—”

He broke off with a violent start.

“No,” he said, and let her wrist fall. “I can’t do it. I was a fool to think— Tessa, forgive me,” he said, and drew away from her, plunging into the throng of people surging across the bridge.

Tessa stood for a moment in shock; it was just a moment, but it was enough time for him to vanish into the crowd. She put out a hand to steady herself. The stone of the bridge was cold under her fingers—cold, just as it had been that night when they had first come to this place, where they had first talked. He had been the first person she had ever voiced her deepest fear to: that her power made her something other, something that was not human. *You are human*, he had said. *In all the ways that matter.*

She remembered him, remembered the lovely dying boy who had taken the time to comfort a frightened girl he did not know, and had not voiced a word of his own fear. Of course he had left his fingerprints on her heart. How could it be otherwise?

She remembered the time he had offered her his mother’s jade pendant, held out in his shaking hand. She remembered kisses in a carriage. She remembered walking into his room, spilled full with moonlight, and the silver boy standing in front of the window, wringing music more beautiful than desire out of the violin in his hands.

Will, he had said. *Is it you, Will?*

Will. For a moment her heart hesitated. She remembered when Will had died, her agony, the long nights alone, reaching across the bed every morning when she woke up, for years expecting to find him there, and only slowly growing accustomed to the fact that that side of the bed would always be empty. The moments when she had found something funny and turned to share the joke with him, only to be shocked anew that he was not there. The worst moments, when, sitting alone at breakfast, she had realized that she had forgotten the precise blue of his eyes or the

depth of his laugh; that, like the sound of Jem's violin music, they had faded into the distance where memories are silent.

Jem was mortal now. He would grow old like Will, and like Will he would die, and she did not know if she could bear it again.

And yet.

Most people are lucky to have even one great love in their life. You have found two.

Suddenly her feet were moving, almost without her volition. She was darting into the crowd, pushing past strangers, gasping out apologies as she nearly tripped over the feet of passersby or knocked into them with her elbows. She didn't care. She was running flat out across the bridge, skidding to a halt at the very end of it, where a series of narrow stone steps led down to the water of the Thames.

She took them two at a time, almost slipping on the damp stone. At the bottom of the steps was a small cement dock, ringed around with a metal railing. The river was high and splashed up between the gaps in the metal, filling the small space with the smell of silt and river water.

Jem stood at the railing, looking out at the water. His hands were jammed tightly into his pockets, his shoulders hunched as if against a strong wind. He was staring ahead almost blindly, and with such fixed intent that he didn't seem to hear her as she came up behind him. She caught at his sleeve, swinging him around to face her.

"What," she said breathlessly. "What were you trying to ask me, Jem?"

His eyes widened. His cheeks were flushed, whether from running or the cold air, she wasn't sure. He looked at her as if she were some bizarre plant that had sprung up on the spot, astonishing him. "Tessa—you followed me?"

"Of course I followed you. You ran off in the middle of a sentence!"

"It wasn't a very good sentence." He looked down at the ground, and then up at her again, a smile, as familiar as her own memories, tugging at the corner of his mouth. It came back to

her then, a memory lost but not forgotten: Jem's smile had always been like sunlight. "I never was the one who was good with words," he said. "If I had my violin, I would be able to play you what I wanted to say."

"Just try."

"I don't—I'm not sure I can. I had six or seven speeches prepared, and I was running through all of them, I think."

His hands were stuffed deep into the pockets of his jeans. Tessa reached out and took him gently by the wrists. "Well, *I* am good with words," she said. "So let me ask you, then."

He drew his hands from his pockets and let her wrap her fingers around his wrists. They stood, Jem looking at her from under his dark hair—it had blown across his face in the wind off the river. There was still a single streak of silver in it, startling against the black.

"You asked me if I have loved anyone but Will," she said. "And the answer is yes. I have loved you. I always have, and I always will."

She heard his sharp intake of breath. There was a pulse pounding in his throat, visible under the pale skin still laced with the fading white lines of the Brotherhood's runes.

"They say you cannot love two people equally at once," she said. "And perhaps for others that is so. But you and Will—you are not like two ordinary people, two people who might have been jealous of each other, or who would have imagined my love for one of them diminished by my love of the other. You merged your souls when you were both children. I could not have loved Will so much if I had not loved you as well. And I could not love you as I do if I had not loved Will as I did."

Her fingers ringed his wrists lightly, just below the cuffs of his jumper. To touch him like this—it was so strange, and yet it made her want to touch him more. She had almost forgotten how much she missed the touch of someone she loved.

She forced herself to release her hold on him, though, and reached her hand into the collar of her shirt. Carefully she took hold of the chain around her throat and lifted it so that he could

see, dangling from it, the jade pendant he had given her so long ago. The inscription on the back still gleamed as if new:

When two people are at one in their inmost hearts, they shatter even the strength of iron or bronze.

“You remember, that you left it with me?” she said. “I’ve never taken it off.”

He closed his eyes. His lashes lay against his cheeks, long and fine. “All these years,” he said, and his voice was a low whisper, and it was not the voice of the boy he had been once, but it was still a voice she loved. “All these years, you wore it? I never knew.”

“It seemed that it would only have been a burden on you, when you were a Silent Brother. I feared you might think that my wearing it meant I had some sort of expectation of you. An expectation you could not fulfill.”

He was silent for a long time. Tessa could hear the lap of the river, the traffic in the distance. It seemed to her she could hear the clouds move across the sky. Every nerve in her body screamed for him to speak, but she waited: waited as the expressions chased themselves across his face, and finally he spoke.

“To be a Silent Brother,” he said, “it is to see everything and nothing all at once. I could see the great map of life, spread out before me. I could see the currents of the world. And human life began to seem a sort of passion play, acted at a distance. When they took the runes from me, when the mantle of the Brotherhood was removed, it was as if I had awoken from a long dream, or as if a shield of glass around me had shattered. I felt everything, all at once, rushing in upon me. All the humanity the Brotherhood’s spells had taken from me. That I had so much humanity to return to me . . . That is because of you. If I had not had you, Tessa, if I had not had these yearly meetings as my anchor and my guide, I do not know if I could have come back.”

There was light in his dark eyes now, and her heart soared in her chest. She had only ever loved two men in her life, and she had never thought to see either of their faces again. “But you

have,” she whispered. “And it is a miracle. And you remember what I once told you about miracles.”

He smiled again at that. “ ‘One does not question miracles, or complain that they are not constructed perfectly to one’s liking.’ I suppose that is true. I wish that I could have come back to you earlier. I wish I were the same boy I was when you loved me, once. I fear that the years have changed me into someone else.”

Tessa searched his face with her eyes. In the distance she could hear the sound of traffic passing, but here, by the river’s edge, she could almost imagine that she was a girl again, and the air full of fog and smoke, the rattling sound of the railway in the distance . . . “The years have changed me, too,” she said. “I have been a mother and a grandmother, and I have seen those I love die, and seen others be born. You speak of the currents of the world. I have seen them too. If I were still the same girl I was when you knew me first, I would not have been able to speak my heart as freely to you as I just have. I would not be able to ask you what I am about to ask you now.”

He brought his hand up and cupped her cheek. She could see the hope in his expression, slowly dawning. “And what is that?”

“Come with me,” she said. “Stay with me. Be with me. See everything with me. I have traveled the world and seen so much, but there is so much more, and no one I would rather see it with than you. I would go everywhere and anywhere with you, Jem Carstairs.”

His thumb slid along the arch of her cheekbone. She shivered. It had been so long since someone had looked at her like that, as if she were the world’s great marvel, and she knew she was looking at him like that too. “It seems unreal,” he said huskily. “I have loved you for so long. How can this be true?”

“It is one of the great truths of my life,” Tessa said. “Will you come with me? For I cannot wait to share the world with you, Jem. There is so much to see.”

She was not sure who reached for who first, only that a moment later she was in his arms and he was whispering “Yes, of course, yes,” against her hair. He sought her mouth tentatively—

she could feel his gentle tension, the weight of so many years between their last kiss and this. She reached up, curling her hand around the back of his neck, drawing him down, whispering "*Bie zhao ji.*" *Don't worry, don't worry.* She kissed his cheek, the edge of his mouth, and finally his mouth, the pressure of his lips on hers intense and glorious, and *Oh, the beat of his heart, the taste of his mouth, the rhythm of his breath.* Her senses blurred with memory: how thin he had been once, the feeling of his shoulder blades as sharp as knives beneath the fine linen of the shirts he had once worn. Now she could feel strong, solid muscle when she held him, the thrum of life through his body where it pressed against hers, the soft cotton of his jumper gripped between her fingers.

Tessa was aware that above their small embankment people were still walking along Blackfriars Bridge, that the traffic was still passing, and that passersby were probably staring, but she didn't care; after enough years you learned what was important and what wasn't. And this was important: Jem, the speed and stutter of his heart, the grace of his gentle hands sliding to cup her face, his lips soft against hers as he traced the shape of her mouth with his. The warm solid definitive realness of him. For the first time in many long years she felt her heart open, and knew love as more than a memory.

No, the last thing she cared about was whether people were staring at the boy and girl kissing by the river, as London, its cities and towers and churches and bridges and streets, circled all about them like the memory of a dream. And if the Thames that ran beside them, sure and silver in the afternoon light, recalled a night long ago when the moon shone as brightly as a shilling on this same boy and girl, or if the stones of Blackfriars knew the tread of their feet and thought to themselves: *At last, the wheel comes full circle,* they kept their silence.

A NOTE ON TESSA'S ENGLAND

As in *Clockwork Angel* and *Clockwork Prince*, the London and Wales of *Clockwork Princess* is, as much as I could make it, an admixture of the real and the unreal, the famous and the forgotten. The Lightwood family house is based upon Chiswick House, which you can still visit. As for No. 16 Cheyne Walk, where Woolsey Scott lives, it was at the time actually rented together by Algernon Charles Swinburne, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and George Meredith. They were members of the aesthetic movement, like Woolsey. Although none of them were ever (proved to be) werewolves. The Argent Rooms are based on the scandalous Argyle Rooms.

As for Will's mad ride across the countryside from London to Wales, I am indebted to Clary Booker, who helped me map the route, found inns that Will would have stayed at on the way, and speculated on the weather. As much as possible I tried to stick to roads and inns that did exist. (The Shrewsbury-Welshpool road is now the A458.) I have been to Cadair Idris myself and climbed it, visited Dolgellau and Taly-Llyn, and seen Llyn Cau, though never jumped in to see where it would take me.

Blackfriars Bridge exists of course, then and now, and the description of it in the epilogue is as close to my experience of the bridge as I could make it. The Infernal Devices began with a daydream of Jem and Tessa on Blackfriars Bridge, and I think it is fitting that it ends there too.

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