A DEEPER LOVE

CASSANDRA CLARE
MAUREEN JOHNSON

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A Deeper Love

December 29, 1940

“I think first,” Catarina said, “lemon cake. Oh, lemons. I think I miss them most.”

Catarina Loss and Tessa Gray were walking down Ludgate Hill, just passing the Old Bailey. This was a game they sometimes played—what will you eat first when this war is over? Of all the terrible things that were going on, sometimes the most ordinary ran the deepest. Food was rationed, and the rations were small—an ounce of cheese, four thin pieces of bacon, and one egg a week. Everything came in tiny amounts. Some things simply went away, like lemons. There were oranges sometimes—Tessa saw them at the fruit and veg market—but they were only for children, who could have one each. The nurses were fed at the hospital, but the portions were always tiny, and never enough to keep up with all the work they performed. Tessa was lucky to have the strength she did. It was not all the physical strength of a Shadowhunter, but some trace of angelic endurance lingered within her and sustained her; she had no idea how the mundane nurses kept up.

“Or a banana,” Catarina said. “I never liked them much before, but now that they are gone, I find myself craving them. That’s always the way, isn’t it?”

Catarina Loss did not care about food. She barely ate at all. But she was making conversation as they walked down the street. This is what you did—you pretended life was normal, even as death rained from above. It was the London spirit. You kept to your routines as much as you could, even if you slept in a Tube station at night for shelter, or you returned home to find the neighbor’s house or yours was no longer there. Businesses tried to stay open, even if all the glass blew out of the windows or a bomb went through the roof. Some would put out signs that said, “More open than usual.”

You carried on. You talked about bananas and lemons.

At this point in December, London was at its darkest. The sun went down just after three in the afternoon. Because of the air raids, London was under blackout
orders every night. Blackout curtains blocked light from every window. Streetlamps were turned off. Cars dimmed their lights. People walked the streets carrying their flashlights to find their way through the velvety darkness. All of London was shade and corner and nook, every alley blind, every wall a dark blank. It made the city mysterious and mournful.

To Tessa, it felt like London itself grieved for her Will, felt his loss, turned out every light.

Tessa Gray had not particularly enjoyed Christmas this year. It was difficult to enjoy things with the Germans raining bombs overhead whenever the whim suited them. The Blitz, as it was called, was designed to bring terror to London, to force the city to its knees. There were deadly bombs that could crush a home, leaving a pile of smoking rubble where children once slept and families laughed together. In the mornings, you would see walls missing and the inner workings of houses, exposed like a doll’s house, scraps of cloth flapping against broken brick, toys and books scattered in piles of rubble. More than once she saw a bathtub hanging off the side of what remained of a house. Extraordinary things would happen, like the house where the chimney fell, smashing through the kitchen table where a family ate, shattering it but harming no one. Buses would be upturned. Rubble would fall, instantly killing one family member, leaving the other stunned and unscathed. It was a matter of chance, of inches.

There was nothing worse than being left alone, the one you loved ripped from you.

“Did you have a good visit this afternoon?” Catarina asked.

“The younger generation are still trying to talk me into leaving,” Tessa replied, stepping around a hole in the pavement where part of it had been blown away. “They think I should go to New York.”

“They’re your children,” Catarina said gently. “They want what’s best for you. They don’t understand.”

When Will died, Tessa had known there could be no place for her among the Shadowhunters. For a time it had seemed as if there was no place for her in all the world, with so much of her heart in the cold ground. Then Magnus Bane had taken Tessa into his home when she was almost mad with grief, and when Tessa slowly emerged, Magnus’s friends Catarina Loss and Ragnor Fell encircled her.

No one understood the pain of being immortal save another immortal. She could only be grateful they had taken her in.

It was Catarina who introduced Tessa to nursing when the war broke out. Catarina had always been a healer: of Nephilim, of Downworlders, of humans.
Wherever she was needed, she went. She had nursed in the last Great War, only twenty years before, the war that was never supposed to happen again. The two of them had taken a small flat off of Farrington Street, close to the London Institute and to St. Bart’s Hospital. It was not as luxurious as her previous homes—just a small, second-story walk-up with a shared bath in the hall. It was easier this way, and cozier. Tessa and Catarina shared one small bedroom, hanging a sheet down the middle for privacy. They often worked at night and slept during the day. At least the raids were only at night now—no more sirens and planes and bombs and anti-aircraft guns at noon.

The war had caused increased demonic activity—as all wars did, demons taking advantage of chaos caused by battle—which was almost overwhelming the Shadowhunters. Though it was a terrible thought to have, Tessa regarded the war as a kind of personal blessing. Here, she could be useful. One of the good things about being a nurse was that there was always something that needed doing. Always. Constant activity kept grief at bay because there was no time to think. Going to New York, sitting in safety, would be hellish. There would be nothing to do but think about her family. She did not know how to do this, how to go on agelessly as her descendants grew older than her.

She looked up at the great dome of St. Paul’s Cathedral, lording over the city exactly as it had done for hundreds of years. How did it feel, seeing its city below, its sprawling child, blown to pieces?

“Tessa?” Catarina said.

“I’m fine,” Tessa replied, quickening her step.

At that moment, a scream broke out all over the city—the air-raid siren. Moments later came the humming noise. It sounded like the approach of an army of angry bees. The Luftwaffe was overhead. The bombs would be falling soon.

“I thought we might be spared for a few more days,” Catarina said grimly. “It was so nice to only have two air raids this week. I suppose even the Luftwaffe wants to celebrate the holiday.”

The two quickened their steps. Then it came—that uncanny sound. As the bombs fell, they whistled. Tessa and Catarina stopped. The whistling was just above them, all around. The whistling was not the problem—the problem was when it stopped. The silence meant the bombs were less than a hundred feet overhead. That’s when you waited. Were you going to be next? Where could you go when death was silent and came from the sky?

There was a clanking and a hissing sound up ahead, and the street was suddenly illuminated with spitting, phosphorescent light.
“Incendiaries,” Catarina said.

Tessa and Catarina rushed forward. The incendiary bombs were canisters that looked harmless enough up close, similar to a long thermal flask. When they hit the ground, they spread fire. They were being scattered all up and down the street by the planes, highlighting the road and spitting flames at the buildings. The fire wardens began running from all directions, dampening the incendiaries as quickly as possible. Catarina bent down to one. Tessa saw a blue flash; then the bomb extinguished. Tessa ran up to another and stamped at the sparks until a fire warden poured a bucket of water over it. But now there were hundreds all over the road.

“Must get on,” Catarina said. “It looks to be a long one tonight.”

Passing Londoners tipped their hats. They saw what Tessa and Catarina wanted them to see—just two brave young nurses headed to the hospital, not two immortal beings trying to stem an endless tide of suffering.

On the other side of the Thames, a figure was making its way through the dark beneath the viaduct, past where the normally flourishing Borough Market was held by day. Usually, this place was heaving with activity and scraps of the day’s market. Tonight, everything was muted and there was barely anything remaining on the ground. Every old cabbage and bruised piece of fruit had been plucked up by hungry people. The blackout curtains, lack of streetlight, and the absence of mundanes on the streets made this corner of London foreboding. But the cloaked figure walked without hesitation, even as the air-raid siren ripped through the night. His destination was just around the corner.

Even with the war, the Shadow Market went on, though it was fragmentary. Like the mundanes with their ration cards, their limited supplies of food, of clothing, and even of bathwater, things here were in short supply. The old-book stalls had been picked through. Instead of hundreds of potions and powders, only a dozen or so graced the vendors’ tables. The sparkle and the fire was nothing compared to the flames that raged on the opposite bank, or the machines that dropped death from the sky, so there seemed little point in putting on lightshows. The children still ran about—the young werewolves, the street children and orphans who had been Turned in the dark corners of the blackout and now roamed, seeking nourishment and parental guidance. A small vampire, Turned far too young, trailed alongside Brother Zachariah, pulling on his cloak for fun. Zachariah did not disturb him. The child looked lonely and dirty, and if it
pleased him to trail a Silent Brother, then Zachariah would allow it.

“What are you?” said the little boy.

_A kind of Shadowhunter_, Brother Zachariah replied.

“Did you come to kill us? I heard at’s what they do.”

_No. That is not what we do. Where is your family?_

“Gone,” the little boy said. “A bomb dropped on us, and my master came and got me.”

It had been all too easy to pluck these little ones out of the wreckage of a home, take them by the hand to some pitch-black alley, and Turn them. Demon activity, too, was at an all-time high. After all, who could tell whether that torn limb was from someone killed by a bomb or someone ripped apart by a demon? Did it make a difference? Mundanes had their own demonic ways.

A crowd of other vampire children ran past, and the little boy ran off with them. The sky roared, thick with the sound of planes. Brother Zachariah listened to the noise of the bombing with a musician’s ear. The bombs whistled when they dropped, but there was that strange punctuating silence as they neared the earth. Silences in music were as important as sound. In this case, the silences told so much of the story to come. Tonight, the bombs were falling on the other side of the river like rain—a thundering symphony with too many notes. Those bombs would be falling near the Institute, near St. Bart’s hospital where Tessa worked. Fear for her ran through Zachariah, cold as the river cutting across the city. In these empty days since Will’s death, emotion was a rare visitor for him, but when it came to Tessa, feeling always bloomed.

“Bad one tonight,” said a faerie woman with silver, scaled skin who sold enchanted toy toads. They leapt about on her table, protruding golden tongues.

“Like a toad?”

She pointed at one of the toy toads. It turned blue, then red, then green, then flipped on its back and spun, before turning into a stone. Then it burst forth into toad form again and the cycle continued.

_No, thank you_, Zachariah said.

He turned to keep moving, but the woman spoke again.

“He’s waiting for you,” she said.

_Who is he?_

“The one you have come to meet.”

For months now, he had been slowly trailing a series of contacts through the faerie world, trying to find out about the lost Herondales he had learned of at the Shadow Market and carnival in Tennessee. He had not come specifically to meet...
anyone tonight—he had a number of contacts who provided information as they came by it. But someone had come to meet him.

*Thank you,* he said politely. *Where am I to go?*

“The King’s Head Yard,” she said, smiling widely. Her teeth were small and pointed.

Brother Zachariah nodded. The King’s Head Yard was a nearby alley—a horseshoe-shaped offshoot of Borough High Street. It was accessed through an arch between the buildings. As he approached it, he heard the sound of planes overhead, then the whistling of a payload being dropped.

Nothing to do but keep going. Zachariah crossed under the archway partway, then stopped.

*I am here,* he said to the darkness.

“Shadowhunter,” a voice said.

From the bend at the end of the yard, a figure emerged. It was a faerie, and clearly one of the Court. He was extremely tall, almost human in appearance but for his wings, which were brown and white and spread wide, almost touching the opposite walls.

*I understand you wish to speak to me,* Brother Zachariah said politely.

The faerie stepped closer, and Zachariah could see a copper mask in the form of a hawk covering the top half of his face.

“You have been interfering,” the faerie said.

*In what, precisely?* Zachariah inquired. He did not move back, but he tightened his grip on his staff.

“Things that do not concern you.”

*I have been making inquiries about a lost Shadowhunter family. That is very much something that concerns me.*

“You come to my brethren. You ask the fey.”

This was true. Since his encounter with Belial at the carnival in Tennessee, Brother Zachariah had been pursuing many leads in Faerie. He had seen, after all, a Herondale descendant with a faerie wife and child. They had fled as soon as he recognized them, but it had not been him they feared. Whatever danger threatened the lost Herondale, Zachariah had learned it came from Faerie.

“What is it you know?” the faerie asked, stepping forward.

*I would advise you not to come closer.*

“You have no idea of the danger of what you seek. This is Faerie business. Cease your meddling in that which affects our lands and our lands alone.”

*I repeat,* Zachariah said calmly, though his grip on the staff was firm now, I
ask of Shadowhunters. That is very much my business.

“Then you do so at your peril.”

A blade flashed in the faerie’s hand. He swung at Zachariah, who moved at once, rolling to the ground and coming up next to the faerie, striking his arm and knocking the sword free.

The whistling of the bombs had stopped. That meant they were right overhead.

Then, they fell. Three of them clanked down on the stones at the opening of the archway and began spitting their phosphorescent flames. This distracted the faerie for just a moment, and Zachariah took the opportunity to dash around to the other side of the horseshoe and out the other side. He had no desire to continue this fight, to cause problems between the Silent Brothers and the fey. Zachariah had no idea why the faerie had become so violent. Hopefully he would simply return from whence he came. Zachariah slipped onto the Borough High Street, dodging the falling cylinders. But he had barely begun his flight when the faerie was behind him. Zachariah spun, his staff ready.

_I have no quarrel with you. Let us go our separate ways._

Below the hawk mask, the faerie’s teeth were gritted. He sliced out with his sword, ripping the air in front of Brother Zachariah, slashing his cloak. Zachariah leapt and spun, his staff wheeling through the air to slam against the sword. As they fought, the canisters landed closer and closer, coughing fire. Neither flinched.

Brother Zachariah took care not to injure the faerie, only to block the attack. His purpose must remain secret, but the faerie was coming with increasing force. He slashed upward with his sword, meaning to cut Zachariah’s throat—and Zachariah smashed it from his hands, sending it flying across the road.

_Let us finish with this. Call it a fair fight ended. Walk away._

The faerie was out of breath. Blood trickled from a wound at his temple.

“As you wish,” he said. “But take my warning.”

He turned to go. Brother Zachariah loosened his grip on his staff for just a moment. The faerie turned back, a short blade in his hand, aimed at Zachariah’s heart. With the speed of the Silent Brothers he whirled away, but he could not move fast enough. The blade sunk deep into his shoulder and came out the other side.

_The pain._ The wound immediately began to hiss as if acid was dissolving Zachariah’s flesh. Pain and numbness ran down his arm, causing him to drop his staff. He staggered back, and the faerie retrieved his sword and advanced toward
“You have interfered with the fey for the last time, Grigori,” he said. “Our people are our people, and our enemies, our enemies. They will never be yours!”

The incendiaries landed around them now, clanking loudly against pavement and cobblestone, flashing light and licking flames at the buildings. Zachariah tried to get away, but his strength was fading. He could not run—he could only stagger drunkenly. This was no normal wound. There was poison flooding his body. The faerie was coming at him, and he would not get away.

_No. Not without seeing Tessa one more time._

He looked down and saw one of the incendiaries that had fallen from the sky. This one had not detonated.

Brother Zachariah used the last of his strength to spin around, swinging out with the canister. Small bombs were still falling. Several more dropped nearby. The canister flew through the air and struck the faerie in the chest. It cracked apart, and the faerie shrieked as the iron inside was released. Zachariah fell to his knees as the iron flame burned.

The hospital was rumbling.

At St. Bart’s, the upper floors of the hospital were considered too unsafe to use. The activity was all on the lower level and in the basement, where doctors and nurses ran to attend the injured and sick. The fire wardens were being brought in, their skin covered in soot, gasping for air. There were injuries from the attacks—the burns, the crushings, the people cut through with exploding glass or struck by debris. Plus, all the normal business of London went on—people still had babies and became ill and had normal accidents. But the war multiplied incidents. People fell or crashed in the dark. There were heart attacks as bombs came down. There were so many people who needed help.

From the moment they arrived, Catarina and Tessa ran from one end of the hospital to the other, tending to the injured as they came in, fetching supplies, carrying bloodied bowls of water, wrapping and removing bandages. Being a Shadowhunter, Tessa could easily cope with some of the grislier aspects of the job, like the fact that no matter how hard you tried to keep your apron clean, you would be covered in blood and grime within minutes. No amount of washing got it out. No sooner would you scrub it off your arms than another patient would come in and your skin would be covered again. Through it all, the nurses strove to maintain an air of calm competence. You moved quickly, but not hastily. You
spoke loudly when you needed assistance, but you never screamed.

Tessa was stationed by the door, directing the orderlies as they brought in a dozen new patients. They were bringing in groups of fire wardens now, some walking wounded, others on stretchers.

“Over there,” Tessa said as the orderlies carried in burn victims. “To Sister Loss.”

“I’ve got one asking for you, sister,” said the orderly, setting down a stretcher with a figure on it wrapped tight in a gray blanket.

“Coming,” Tessa said. She hurried to the stretcher and bent down. The blanket was pulled partway over the man’s face.

“You’re all right,” Tessa said, pulling back the blanket. “You’re all right now. You’re at hospital. You’re here at St. Bart’s…”

It took her a moment to realize what she was seeing. The marks on his skin were not all wounds. And his face, though covered in soot and streaked with blood, was more familiar to her than her own.

Tessa, Jem said, the echo deep inside her head like the memory of a bell ringing.

Then he went limp.

“Jem!” It couldn’t be. She seized at his hand, hoping she was dreaming—that the war had addled her sense of reality completely. But the slim, scarred hand in hers was familiar, even limp and without strength. This was Jem, her Jem, dressed in the bone-colored robes of a Silent Brother, the marks on his neck pulsing as his heart pumped furiously. His skin burned under her touch.

“He’s in a bad way,” the orderly said. “I’ll fetch the doctor.”

“No,” Tessa said quickly. “Leave him with me.”

Jem was glamoured, but he could not be examined. No mundane doctor could do anything about his injuries, and they would be shocked at his runes, his scars, even his blood.

She tore away the parchment robes. It took her only a moment to find the source of the trauma—a massive wound in his shoulder that went clean through. The wound was black with a silvery edge, and his tunic was saturated with blood all the way down to his waist. Tessa scanned the hallway. There were so many people, she could not immediately see Catarina. She could not scream.

“Jem,” she said into his ear. “I am here. I am getting help.”

She stood up, as calmly as she could, and hastily made her way through the chaos of the hall, her heart beating so fast she felt like it might come up her throat and through her mouth. She found Catarina working on the burned man,
her hands on his wounds. Only Tessa could see the snow-white glow emanating from under the blanket as she worked.

“Sister Loss,” she said, trying to control her voice. “I need you at once.”
“Just a moment,” Catarina said.
“It cannot wait.”
Catarina looked over her shoulder. Then the glow stopped. “You should feel better in a moment,” she said to the man. “One of the other sisters will be over very soon.”
“I feel better already,” the man said, feeling his arm in wonder.
Tessa hurried Catarina back to Jem. Catarina, seeing Tessa’s taut expression, asked no questions; she only bent down and peeled the blanket back.
She looked up at Tessa. “A Shadowhunter?” Catarina said in a low voice. “Here?”
“Quickly,” Tessa said. “Help me move him.”
Tessa took the end of the stretcher and Catarina the other side, and they moved Jem down the hallway. There was another explosion, closer. The building pulsed from the impact. The lights swung and went out for a moment, causing cries of alarm and confusion. Tessa froze in place, assuring herself that the ceiling wasn’t about to come down and bury them all. After a moment, the lights came back on, and movement continued.
“Come on,” Tessa said.
There was a small room at the end of the hall that was used for the nurses’ tea breaks and naps, or when they could not return home because of bombings. They set Jem’s stretcher gently on the empty cot on the side of the room. Jem was lying quietly, his features still, his breathing jagged. The color was draining from his skin.
“Hold the light,” Catarina said. “I need to examine this.”
Tessa pulled a twitchlight from her pocket. It was safer and more reliable, but she could only use it in private. Catarina grabbed a pair of shears and cut away the cloth around the tunic to expose the wound. The veins on Jem’s chest and his arm had turned black.
“What is that?” Tessa said, her voice shaking. “It looks very bad.”
“I haven’t seen this in a long time,” Catarina said. “I think it’s a cataplasm.”
“What is that?”
“Nothing good,” Catarina said. “Be patient.”
She must be mad, Tessa thought. Be patient? How could she be patient? This was Jem, not some nameless patient under a gray blanket.
But every nameless patient was precious to someone. She forced herself to breathe more deeply.

“Take his hand,” Catarina said. “It will work better if you do it. Think of him, who he is to you. Give him your strength.”

Tessa had practiced a small amount of warlock magic before, though she was not advanced. As Catarina watched, Tessa took Jem’s slender hand in her own. She curled her fingers around his, his violinist’s fingers, remembering the care with which he had played. The time he had composed for her. His voice echoed in her heart.

*People still use the expression “zhi yin” to mean “close friends” or “soul mates,” but what it really means is “understanding music.” When I played, you saw what I saw. You understand my music.*

Tessa smelled burned sugar. She felt Jem’s lips hot against hers, the carpet underneath them, his arms holding her against his heart. *Oh, my Jem.*

His body surged against the stretcher, his back arching. He gasped, and the sound sent a shock through Tessa. Jem had been silent so long.

“Can you hear us?” Catarina asked.

I — can, came the halting reply in Tessa’s mind.

“You need the Silent Brothers,” Catarina said.

*I cannot go to my brothers with this.*

“If you do not go to them, you will die,” Catarina said.

The words hit Tessa like a blow.

*It is not possible for me to go to the Bone City like this. I came here hoping you might be able to help.*

“This is no time for pride,” Catarina said sternly.

*It is not pride,* Jem said. Tessa knew this was the truth; he was the least proud person she had ever known.

“Jem!” Tessa begged. “You must go!”

Catarina started. “This is James Carstairs?” she asked.

Of course, Catarina knew the name of Will Herondale’s *parabatai*, though she had never met him. She did not understand all that had passed between Tessa and Jem. She did not know that they had been engaged to be married. That before there was a Tessa and Will, there had been a Tessa and Jem. Tessa did not speak of these things because of Will, and then because of the absence of Will.

*I have come here because it is the only place I can go,* Jem said. *To speak the truth to the Brothers would be to endanger another life than mine. I will not do it.*
Tessa looked to Catarina in desperation. “He means it,” she said. “He will never seek help if it means someone else will be hurt. Catarina—he cannot die. He cannot die.”

Catarina inhaled sharply and opened the door a crack to peer into the hall.

“We will need to get him back to the flat,” she said. “I can’t work on him here. I don’t have what I need. Get our cloaks. We will need to move quickly.”

Tessa seized hold of Jem’s stretcher. She understood the complications involved. They were nurses, in charge of many sick people who would be pouring in during the attack. The city was being bombed. It was on fire. Getting home was not a simple matter.

But it was what they were going to do.

The city they stepped back out into was not the same one that it had been only an hour before. The air was so hot that breathing burned the lungs. A high wall of orange jumped out of the buildings around them, and the silhouette of St. Paul’s stood out in intense relief. The scene was at once terrifying and almost beautiful, like a dream image from Blake, a poet her son James had always loved.

On what wings dare he aspire? What the hand dare seize the fire?

But there was no time to think of things like London burning. There were two ambulances right outside on the street. Next to one, a driver was having a cigarette and talking to a fire warden.

“Charlie!” Catarina called.

The man tossed his cigarette aside and came running over.

“We need your help,” she said. “This man has an infection. We can’t keep him in the ward here.”

“You need me to take him to St. Thomas’s, sister? The going will be rough. We’ve got fires in almost every street.”

“We can’t make it that far,” Catarina said. “We’ve got to move him quickly. Our flat is just on Farrington Street. That will have to do for now.”

“All right, sister. Let’s get him in the ambulance.”

He opened the back and assisted them in getting Jem inside.

“I’ll be back in one moment,” Catarina said to them. “I just need to get a few supplies.”

She dashed back into the hospital. Tessa climbed into the back with Jem, and Charlie got into the driver’s seat.

“Don’t usually take patients to nurses’s flats,” Charlie said, “but needs must
when the devil drives. Sister Loss always looks after them. When my Mabel was having our second, she had a terrible spell. I thought we was going to lose them both. Sister Loss, bless her. She saved them both. I wouldn’t have Mabel or my Eddie without them. Whatever she needs.”

Tessa had heard many stories like this. Catarina was both a warlock and a mundane nurse with over a hundred years of experience. She had nursed in the last great war. Old soldiers were always coming up to her and saying how she was “the spitting image of that nurse who saved me in the last one.” But, of course, she couldn’t be. That was twenty years ago, and Catarina was still so young. Catarina stood out to them because of her dark skin. They did not see a blue woman with white hair—they saw a nurse from the West Indies. She had faced considerable prejudice, but it was clear that not only was Catarina a good nurse, she was the best nurse in all of London. Anyone who got Catarina as a nurse was considered lucky. Even the most miserable bigot desired to live, and Catarina nursed all who came to her with equanimity. She could not save them all, but there were always a few, at least one a day, who survived something unsurvivable because Sister Loss was the one at their side. Some called her the Angel of St. Bart’s.

Jem stirred and groaned lightly.

“Don’t you worry, mate,” Charlie called back to him. “Best nurses in the city, this lot. You couldn’t be in safer hands.”

Jem tried to smile—but instead he coughed, a bad, burbling cough that came with a trickle of blood from the side of his mouth. Tessa immediately wiped it away with the edge of her cloak and leaned close to him.

“You hold on, James Carstairs,” she said, trying to sound brave. She gripped his hand in hers. She had forgotten how wonderful it was to hold Jem’s hand—his long, graceful hands, the ones that could produce such beautiful music from the violin.

“Jem,” she whispered, leaning low, “you must hold on. You must. Will needs you to. I need you to.”

Jem’s hand tightened on hers.

Catarina came running out of the hospital carrying a small canvas bag. She leapt into the back of the ambulance, slamming the doors behind her and snapping Tessa back.

“Go, Charlie,” she said.

Charlie shifted the ambulance into gear, and they started forward. Overhead, the drone of the Luftwaffe was back, like the hum of an army of bees. Catarina
immediately scooted next to Jem and passed Tessa a bandage to unwind.

The ambulance juddered, and Jem was jolted on his stretcher. Tessa tented herself over him to keep him in place.

“Catarina,” Tessa said, “what is this? What’s happened to him?”

“It looks to me like a cataplasm,” Catarina said quietly. “It’s a rare belladonna concentrate with demon poison added in. Until I can get the antidote we need to try to keep it from spreading in his bloodstream, or at least slow it down. We’re going to tie some tourniquets, start cutting off blood flow.”

This sounded incredibly dangerous. By tying off the limbs, they could be risking their loss. But Catarina knew what she was doing.

“This will not be comfortable,” Catarina said, unwinding a bandage, “but it will help. Hold him.”

Tessa pressed her body down on Jem a bit more as Catarina looped the bandage around the injured arm and shoulder. She made a knot, then grabbed the ends of the bandages and pulled tight. Jem arched against Tessa’s chest.

“You’re all right, Jem,” she said. “You’re all right. We’re here. I’m here. It’s me. Tessa. It’s me.”

Tessa, he said. The word came out like a question. He writhed as Catarina wound the bandage tightly around the shoulder and arm. A mundane would not have been able to withstand it; Jem was barely able to. Sweat broke out all over his face.

“It’s going to be rough going, sisters,” Charlie called back. “They’re trying to burn down St. Paul’s, the bastards. I’m going to have to go around the long way. It’s fires everywhere.”

Charlie did not exaggerate. In front of them was a view of solid orange against the black silhouettes of burning buildings. The fires were so high that it was like there was a sun rising up out of the earth, dragging day out of the ground. As they drove on, it was like they were pressing into a solid wall of heat. The wind had quickened, and now fire was meeting fire, creating walls instead of pockets. The air shimmered and cooked. Several times they turned down streets that no longer seemed to be there anymore.

“It’s no good this way either,” Charlie said, turning the ambulance again. “I’ll have to try another way.”

Then came the sharp whistling in the air. This time, the pitch was different. These were not the incendiary bombs—these were the large explosives. After the fires, the idea was to kill. Charlie stopped the ambulance and craned his head to look up to see where the bomb was likely to land. They all froze, listening to the
whistle go quiet. The silence meant the bomb was less than a hundred feet above you and coming fast.

It was a long moment. Then it came. The impact was at the other end of the street, sending the shock wave down the road and a spray of rubble into the air. Charlie started on again.

“Bastards,” he said under his breath. “Bloody bastards. You all right there, sisters?”

“We’re fine,” Catarina said. She had both hands on Jem’s shoulder, and there was a low blue glow around the bandages. She was holding it back, whatever it was that was going through Jem’s body.

They had just made another turn when there was another whistle and another silence. They stopped again. The impact was to their right this time, down at the corner. The ambulance rocked as the corner of a building was blown away. The ground shook. Charlie turned the ambulance away from it.

“Not going to get through this way,” he said. “I’ll try down Shoe Lane.”

The ambulance turned once more. On the stretcher, Jem had stopped moving. Tessa could not tell if the pulsing heat was coming from the air or from Jem’s body. There was fire on both sides of the street here, but the path looked almost clear to get through. There were two fire wardens in the road, shooting water into a burning warehouse. Suddenly there was a creaking sound. The fire began to arc over the road.


The ambulance ground into reverse and started speeding backwards down the alley. Tessa heard a crackling noise—uncanny, almost merry—a great tinkling. Then, all at once, the bricks of the building exploded and the building tumbled down into a mass of fire and rubble, the flames blowing up in a mighty roar. The men with the hose vanished.

“God almighty,” Charlie said, grinding the ambulance to a halt. He jumped out of the driver’s seat and started running for the men, two of whom were stumbling out of the flames. Catarina looked up and out the windscreen.

“Those men,” she said. “The building’s come down on them.”

You must help them, Jem said.

Catarina looked between Jem and Tessa for a moment. Tessa felt herself full of an unbearable anxiety. She had to get Jem to safety, and yet, in front of them, men were being consumed in flame.

“I will be quick,” Catarina said, and Tessa nodded.

Alone in the ambulance, Tessa looked down at Jem.
If they need you, then you must go, Jem said.

“They need Catarina,” Tessa said. “You need me, and I need you. I do not leave you. No matter what happens, I do not leave you.”

The ambulance was heating up like an oven, trapped as it was between multiple fires. There was no water to cool Jem’s brow, so Tessa mopped it and fanned it with her hand.

After a minute, Catarina opened the back of the ambulance. She was covered in soot and water.

“I have done what I can,” she said. “They will live now, as long as they reach the hospital. Charlie will have to take the ambulance.”

Her eyes reflected her pain.

Yes, Jem said. Somehow he had found enough strength to rise on his elbows. You must get them to safety. *I am a Shadowhunter. I am stronger than those men.*

He had always been strong. It was not because he was a Shadowhunter. It was because he had a will fierce as starlight, burning in darkness and refusing to be put out.

Charlie brought the wounded fire wardens over, carrying one over his shoulder.

“You’ll be all right, sisters?” he said. “You can ride back with me?”

“No,” Catarina said, climbing inside to help Tessa get Jem to his feet. Tessa placed herself under Jem’s wounded shoulder. He winced from the movement. It was clear Jem couldn’t really walk but had decided that he would do it anyway. He got his body into a standing position through sheer will. Catarina hurried to prop him up on one side, and Tessa took the other, giving over her full strength to support him completely. It was strange, feeling Jem’s body against hers after so long. They got out of the lane and back onto the road.

*Lovely night for a walk,* Jem said, clearly trying to cheer her. He was sweating all over and could no longer hold up his head. His legs had gone limp. He was like a marionette with the strings gone slack.

The path Charlie had driven had taken them past where they lived, so they had to backtrack down the lane. The buildings all around were on fire as well, but the fire was still contained inside. Tessa was covered in sweat, and the temperature was cooking them. The air was swollen with heat, and every mouthful of air scorched its way down her throat. It felt like when she first learned to change herself: the exquisite, strange pain.

The street was narrowing now to the point where they could barely walk three
abreast. Catarina’s and Tessa’s sides scraped the hot walls. Jem’s feet now dragged along the ground, no longer able to take any steps. When they emerged onto Fleet Street, Tessa gasped in the relatively cool air. The sweat on her face was chilled for a moment.

“Come,” Catarina said, leading them toward a bench. “Let’s get him down for a moment.”

They gingerly rested Jem on the empty bench. His skin was slick with sweat. The wound had soaked through his tunic. Catarina pulled the shirt open to expose his chest and cool him, and Tessa could see the runes of the Silent Brothers on his skin and his veins throbbing in his throat.

“I don’t know how much farther we can get him in this state,” Catarina said. “The effort is too much.”

Once on the bench, Jem’s limbs began to jerk and twitch as the poison moved through his body once more. Catarina set to work on him again, putting her hands on the wound. Tessa scanned the road. She made out a large shadow coming in their direction, with two dimmed lights like heavily lidded eyes.

A bus. A great, double-decker red London bus was making its way through the night, because nothing stopped the London buses, not even a war. They were not at a stop, but Tessa jumped into the road and waved it down. The driver opened the door and called out.

“You sisters all right?” he said. “Your friend, ’e doesn’t look so good.”

“He’s injured,” Catarina said.

“Then you get yourselves inside, sisters,” the driver said, shutting the door after they had done so, dragging Jem between them. “You’ve got London’s best private ambulance at your service. Do you want to go to St. Bart’s?”

“We’ve come from there. It’s full. We’re taking him home to care for him, and we need to go quickly.”

“Then give me the address, and that’s where we’ll go.”

Catarina shouted their address over the sound of another, slightly more distant explosion, and they got Jem over to a seat. It was instantly clear that he would not be able to hold himself sitting up, as he was too exhausted from the effort of trying to walk. They rested him on the ample floor of the bus and sat next to him on either side.

*Only in London,* Jem said, smiling weakly, *would a bus keep making its rounds during a massive bombing.*

“Keep calm and carry on,” Catarina said, feeling Jem’s pulse. “There now. We’ll be at the flat in no time.”
Tessa could tell from the way Catarina was becoming more and more chipper in tone that things were getting worse quickly.

The bus could not go at a high speed—it was still a London bus on a dark night during an air raid—but it was going faster than any bus she had ever encountered. Tessa had no illusions about the safety of the bus. She had seen one of these flipped over completely after a hit, lying in the road like an elephant on its back. But they were moving, and Jem was resting on the floor, his eyes closed. Tessa looked at the advertisements on the walls—happy images of people using Bisto gravy next to posters telling people to get their children out of London for safety.

London would not give up, and neither would Tessa.

They had another piece of good luck back at the flat. Tessa and Catarina lived in the upstairs of a small house. Their neighbors, it seemed, had gone to the shelters, so there was no one else in the house to see them dragging a bleeding man up the steps.


Tessa ran to the bathroom in the hall, praying that the water had not been disrupted by the bombing. Relief washed over her as water flowed from the tap. They were only allowed to have five inches in the bath, which was enforced by a line painted around the inside of the tub. Tessa ignored this. She opened the window wide. There was some cool air coming from the direction away from the fires. She hurried down the hall. Catarina had removed Jem’s tunic, leaving his chest bare. She had taken off the bandages, and the wound was exposed and angry, the black marks tracing along his veins once again.

“Get his other side,” Catarina said. Together, they lifted Jem up. He was dead weight as they maneuvered him down the hall and carefully put him into the tub. Catarina positioned him so that his wounded arm and shoulder hung over the side, then reached into her apron pocket and removed two vials. She poured the contents of one into the water, turning it a light blue. Tessa knew better than to ask if Catarina thought he was going to survive. He was going to survive, because they would make sure of it. Also, you didn’t ask those sorts of questions if you were concerned about the answers.

“Keep sponging him,” Catarina said. “We need to keep him cool.”

Tessa got down on her knees and drenched the sponge, then ran the blue-
tinted water over Jem’s head and chest. It smelled of a strange combination of sulfur and jasmine, and it seemed to lower his temperature. Catarina rubbed the contents of the other vial on her hands and began working at the wound and his arm and chest, massaging the spreading darkness back toward the opening. Jem’s head lolled back, his breathing rough. Tessa swabbed his forehead, reassuring him all the while.

They did this for an hour. Tessa soon forgot the sound of the bombs outside, or the smoke or burning debris that drifted in. Everything was the motion of the water and the sponge, Jem’s skin, his face twisted in pain, then going still and slack. Both Catarina and Tessa were drenched, and there was water pooling on the floor around them.

*Will, Jem said,* and the voice in Tessa’s head was lost but seeking. *Will, is that you?*

Tessa fought back the lump in her throat as Jem smiled at nothing. If he saw Will, let him see Will. Maybe Will was here, after all, come to help his parabatai.

*Will, Tessa thought to herself, if you are here, you must help. I cannot lose him too, Will. Together, we will save him.*

Perhaps she imagined it, but Tessa felt something guiding her arm as she worked. She was stronger now.

Jem suddenly lurched in the water and came halfway out of the tub, his back arching into a shape that should not have been possible and sending his head under.

“Grab him,” Catarina said. “Don’t let him hurt himself! This is the worst of it!”

Together, and with whatever force was aiding Tessa, they grabbed Jem as he writhed and screamed. Because he was wet, they had to wrap themselves around his limbs to try to prevent him from flailing, from bashing his head against the tiles. He knocked Catarina loose, and she fell to the floor and smashed her head into the wall, but she came back and got her arms around his chest again. Jem’s screams blended with the chaos of the night—the water splashed and the smoke blew in. Jem begged for *yin fen.* He kicked so hard that Tessa was thrown back against the sink.

Then, all at once, he stopped moving completely and fell back into the tub. He looked lifeless. Tessa crawled back across the wet floor and reached for him.

“Jem? Catarina . . .”

“He’s alive,” Catarina said, her chest heaving as she caught her breath. She
had her fingers on his wrist. “We’ve done all we can do here. Let’s get him into bed. We’ll know soon.”

The All Clear rang out across London just after eleven, but there was nothing clear or safe. The Luftwaffe may have returned home, and the bombs may have stopped falling for a few hours, but the fires only increased. The wind fueled and propelled them. The air was rank with burning soot and flying scraps of debris, and London glowed.

They had moved Jem into the little bedroom. The rest of his wet clothing had to be removed. Tessa had dressed and undressed countless men at this point, and Jem was a Silent Brother, for whom intimacy was impossible. Perhaps she should have been able to do it with calm professionalism, but she could not be a nurse with Jem. She had thought once that she would see him, that they would see each other, naked on their wedding night. This was too intimate and strange— this was not how Jem would want Tessa to see him, like that, for the first time. So she left the task to Catarina, the nurse, who managed it quickly and dried Jem off. They put him in the bed and wrapped him with all the blankets in the flat.

The clothes were easy enough to dry—they hung them from the window for the baking hot air of the fires. Then Catarina went into the sitting room, leaving Tessa to stay with Jem and hold his hand. It was so strange to be again in this position of standing by the bed of the man she loved, waiting, hoping. Jem was—Jem. Exactly as he had been all those years ago, except for the marks of the Silent Brothers. He was Jem, the boy with the violin. Her Jem. Age had not consumed him, as it had her Will, but he might be taken from her all the same.

Tessa reached up to her jade pendant, hidden beneath her collar. She sat and waited and listened to the roar and the wail outside as she held his hand.

I am here, James, she said in her mind. I am here, and I will always be here.

Tessa only let go of Jem’s hand to occasionally go to the window to make sure the fires did not come too close. There was a halo of orange all around. The fires were only a few streets away. It was strangely beautiful, this terrible blaze. The city was burning; hundreds of years of history, ancient beams and books were alight.

“They mean to burn us out this time,” Catarina said, coming up behind her friend. Tessa had not heard her enter. “This ring of fire, it goes around St. Paul’s. They want the cathedral to burn. They want to break our spirits.”

“Well,” Tessa said, pulling the curtain closed, “they won’t succeed.”
“Why don’t we go and make a cup of tea?” Catarina said. “He’ll be sleeping for some time.”

“No. I need to be here when he wakes.”

Catarina looked at her friend’s face.

“He means a great deal to you,” she said.

“Jem—Brother Zachariah—and I have always been close.”

“You love him,” Catarina said. It was not a question.

Tessa squeezed a handful of curtain in her fist. They stood in silence for a moment. Catarina rubbed her friend’s arm consolingly.

“I’ll make the tea,” she said. “I’ll even let you have the last biscuits in the tin.”

_Biscuits?_ 

Tessa whirled around. Jem was sitting up. She and Catarina hurried to him.

Catarina began checking his pulse, his skin. Tessa looked at his face, his dear and familiar face. Jem was back; he was here.

Her Jem.

“It is healing,” Catarina said. “You’ll need to rest, but you will live. It was a narrow escape, though.”

_Which is why I came to the best nurses in London_, Jem said.

“Perhaps you can explain that wound you have?” Catarina said. “I know where it comes from. Why were you attacked with a faerie weapon?”

_I was looking for information_, Jem said, shifting himself painfully to sit up a bit higher. _My inquiries were not appreciated._

“Clearly, if you were attacked with a cataplasm. That is intended to kill. It does not wound. It is usually not survivable. Your Silent Brother markings gave you some protection, but . . .”

Catarina felt his pulse again.

_But?_ Jem said curiously.

“I did not believe you would make it through the night,” she said simply.

Tessa blinked. She knew it was serious, but the way Catarina said it hit her physically.

“You should perhaps avoid making those inquiries again,” Catarina said, putting the blanket back over Jem. “I’ll go and make the tea.”

She left the room quietly, closing the door behind her, leaving Tessa and Jem together in the darkness.

_The raid seems worse than any before tonight_, Jem finally said. _Sometimes I think the mundanes will do more harm to each other than any demon could ever_
do to them.

Tessa felt a wave of emotion go through her—everything from the night burst to the surface, and she sank her head into the side of Jem’s bed and wept. Jem sat up and pulled her close, and she rested her head on his chest, now warm, his heart beating strong.

“You might have died,” Tessa said. “I might have lost you too.”

Tessa, he said, Tessa, it’s me. I am here. I am not gone.

“Jem,” she finally said. “Where have you been? It’s been so long since . . .”

She pulled herself up and rubbed the tears from her cheeks. She still couldn’t say the words Since Will died. Since that day she sat next to him on the bed and he drifted gently to sleep and never woke again. Jem had been there then, of course, but over the last three years she saw him less and less. They still met at Blackfriars Bridge, but otherwise he stayed away.

I thought it best to keep away from you. I am a Silent Brother, he said, and his voice in her head was quiet. I am no use to you.

“What do you mean?” Tessa asked helplessly. “It is always better for me to be with you.”

Being what I am, how can I comfort you? asked Jem.

“If you cannot,” said Tessa, “there is nobody in this world who can.”

She had known that always. Magnus and Catarina had both tried to speak to her tactfully of immortal lives and other loves, but if she lived until the sun died, there would never be any other for her besides Will and Jem, those two twin souls, the only souls she had ever loved.

I do not know what comfort a creature like me could bring, said Jem. If I could die to bring him back, I would, but he is gone, and with his loss the world seems even more lost to me. I fight for every drop of emotion I have, but at the same time, Tessa, I cannot see you lonely and not wish to be with you. I am not what I was. I did not want to cause you more pain.

“The whole world seems to have gone mad,” she said, tears burning in her eyes. “Will is gone from me, and you are gone from me, or so I have long thought. And yet tonight, I realized—I could still lose you, Jem. I could lose the hope, the slim hope of the possibility that someday . . .”

The words hung in the air. They were words they never spoke to each other aloud, not before Will died and not after. She had taken the part of her heart that loved Jem wildly, violently, and locked it up in a box: she had loved Will, and Jem had been her best friend, and they had never, ever spoken of what might happen if he were no longer a Silent Brother. If somehow the curse of that cold
fate could be lifted. If his silence were gone, and he became human again, able to live and breathe and feel. Then what? What would they do?

_I know what you are thinking._ His voice in her mind was soft. His skin under her hands was so warm. She knew it was fever, but she told herself it was not. She lifted her face and looked into his, the cruel runes shutting his beloved eyes forever, the unchanged planes of his countenance. _I think of it too. What if it ended? What if it were possible for us? A future? What would we do?_

“I would seize that future,” she said. “I would go with you anywhere. Even if the world was burning, if the Silent Brothers hunted us to the ends of the earth, I would be happy, if I was with you.”

She could not quite hear him in her head, but she could feel him: the edge of a jumble of emotions, his longing now as desperate as it had been when they had fallen together onto the carpet of the music room, the night she had begged him to marry her as soon as possible.

He caught her in his arms. He was a Silent Brother, a Grigori, a Watcher, barely human. And yet he felt human enough—his lean chest hot against her skin as she tilted her face up. His lips met hers, soft and so sweet it made her ache. It had been so many, many years, but this was still the same.

Almost the same. _I am not what I was._

Almost the fire of lost nights, the sound of his passionate music in her ears. She put her arms around his slim shoulders and clung to him fiercely. She could love enough for both of them. Any part of Jem was better than all of any other man alive.

His musician’s hands drew over her face, over her hair, over her shoulders, as though he was seizing a last chance to memorize what he could never touch again. Even as she kissed him and insisted desperately to herself that it was possible, she knew it was not.

_Tessa,_ he said. _Even when I cannot see, you are so beautiful._

Then he grasped her shoulders in his beautiful hands and gently put her away from him.

_I am sorry, my darling,_ he told her. _That was not fair of me, or well done. When I am with you, I want to forget what I am, but I cannot change it. A Silent Brother can have no wife, no love._

Tessa’s heart was pounding, her skin blazing like the fires all over London. She had not felt desire like this since Will. She knew she would never feel it for anyone else; only Will or Jem. “Don’t go away from me,” she whispered. “Don’t stop talking to me. Don’t retreat into silence. Will you tell me how you were
injured?” she asked, grasping his hand. He drew it against his heart. She could feel it hammering through his ribcage. “Please. Jem, what were you doing?”

Jem sighed.

_I was looking for lost Herondales_, he said.

“Lost Herondales?”

This was from Catarina, who stood in the bedroom doorway, holding a tray with two cups of tea. The tray rattled in her hands, as shaken as Tessa felt. She had not even thought of Catarina’s presence.

Catarina steadied her grip and quickly set the tray down on the dresser. Jem’s eyebrow quirked up.

Yes, Jem said. _Do you know something about them?_

Catarina was still visibly shaken. She didn’t answer.

“You have heard of Tobias Herondale,” she said.

_Of course_, Jem replied. _His story is infamous. He ran from a battle and his fellow Shadowhunters were killed._

“That is the story,” Catarina said. “The reality was that Tobias was under a spell, made to believe that his wife and unborn child were in danger. He ran to help them. His fear was for their safety, but nevertheless, he broke the Law. When he could not be found, The Clave punished Tobias’s wife in his stead. They killed her, but not before I helped her birth the child. I enchanted her so that it appeared she was still with child when she was executed. In reality, she had a son. His name was Ephraim.”

She sighed and leaned against the wall, knotting her hands together.

“I took Ephraim to America and raised him there. He never knew what he was, or who he was. He was a happy boy, a good boy. He was _my_ boy.”

“You had a son?” Tessa asked.

“I never told you,” Catarina replied, looking down. “I should have. It’s just . . . it was so long ago now. But it was a wonderful period in my life. For a time, there was no chaos. There was no fighting. We were a family. I did only one thing to connect him to his secret heritage—I gave him a necklace with a heron etched on it. I couldn’t allow his Shadowhunter lineage to be blotted out completely. But, of course, he grew up. He had a family of his own. And his family had their own families. I stayed the same and gradually faded out of their lives. It is what we immortals must do. One of his descendants was a boy named Roland. He became a magician, and he was famous in the Downworld. I tried to warn him away from using magic, but he wouldn’t listen. We had a terrible fight
and parted badly. I tried to find him, but he was gone. I’ve never been able to find any trace of him. I drove him away when I tried to save him.”

No, Jem said. *That is not why he ran away. He married a woman who was a fugitive. Roland went into hiding to protect her.*

Catarina looked up at him.

“What?” she said.

*I was in America a short while ago with an Iron Sister,* he said, *to retrieve some adamas. While there, we encountered a Shadow Market connected to a carnival. It was run by a demon. We confronted him, and he told us that there were Herondales lost in the world and that they were in danger and that they were very close by. He said that they were hiding from an enemy neither mortal nor demon. Also at his market, I saw a faerie woman with a mortal man. They had a child. The man was called Roland.*

Tessa was stunned by the rush of information coming from all sides, but she was caught by the thought of a man throwing away his whole life to run with the woman he loved, giving everything he had to shield her and counting it as nothing. That sounded like a Herondale.

“He was alive?” Catarina said. “Roland? At a carnival?”

When I realized what was happening, I tried to track him down, but I was unable to find him. Please know that it was not you he was running from. The Greater Demon told me that they were being chased and that they were in great danger. Now I know that to be true. The faerie who came to me tonight—he meant to kill me. The forces looking for the Herondales are neither mortal nor demon—they are fey, and the fey mean to keep something secret.

“So . . . I did not chase him away?” Catarina said. “All this time . . . Roland . . .”

Catarina shook herself and regained her composure. She picked up the tea tray and brought it over to the bed, setting it on the edge.

“Drink your tea,” she said. “I used the last of our ration of milk and the biscuits.”

*You know that Silent Brothers do not drink,* Jem said.

Catarina gave him a sad smile. “I thought you might still find comfort in holding the warm cup.”

She wiped her eyes covertly and turned and left the room.

*You did not know of this?* Jem said.

“She never said,” Tessa replied. “So many problems are caused by unnecessary secrets.”
Jem turned his face away and ran his finger along the edge of the teacup. She caught at his hand. If that was all she could have, she would hold on to it.

“Why have you kept so far away?” Tessa said. “We have both been grieving Will. Why do so separately?”

_I am a Silent Brother, and Silent Brothers cannot—_

Jem cut himself off. Tessa clasped his hand to the point where she might have broken it.

“You are Jem—my Jem. Always my Jem.”

_I am Brother Zachariah_, Jem returned.

“So be it!” said Tessa. “You are Brother Zachariah, and my Jem. You are a Silent Brother. That does not mean you are not dear to me as you always were, and you always will be. Do you think anything could separate us? Are either of us so weak as that? After all we have seen and all we have done? I spend every day grateful that you exist and are in the world. And as long as you live, we keep Will alive.”

She saw the impact these words had on Jem. Being a Silent Brother meant destroying some parts of you that were human, burning them away, but Jem was still there.

“We have so much time, Jem. You must promise me that we will not spend it apart. Do not keep away from me. Make me a part of this quest as well. I can help. You must be more careful.”

_I would not put you in danger_, he said.

At this, Tessa laughed—a true, ringing laugh.

“Danger?” she said. “Jem, I am immortal. And look outside. Look at the city burning. The only thing I am frightened of is being without those I love.”

At last, she felt the pressure of his fingers, holding her hand back.

Outside, London burned. Inside, in this moment, all was well.

The morning came, cold and gray, with the smell of the still-burning fires in the air. London woke, shook itself off, picked up its brooms and buckets, and began the daily act of repair. The blackout curtains were opened to the morning air. People went to work. The buses ran, and the kettles boiled, the shops opened. Fear had not won. Death and fire and war had not won.

Tessa had fallen asleep around dawn, sitting by Jem’s side, holding his hand, her head leaning on the wall. When she stirred awake, she found that the bed was empty. The blanket had been neatly pulled back up and the clothes were
gone from the sill.

“Jem,” Tessa said, frantic.

Catarina was asleep in their little sitting room, her head basketed in her arms and resting on their kitchen table.

“He is gone,” Tessa said. “Did you see him go?”

“No,” Catarina said, rubbing her eyes.

Tessa returned to the bedroom and looked around. Had it all been a dream? Had the war driven her mad? As she turned, she saw a folded note on the dresser that said TESSA. She opened it:

My Tessa,

There will be no separation between us. Where you are, I am. Where we are, Will is.

Whatever else I may be, I remain always,

Your Jem

Brother Zachariah walked through London. The city was gray with night, its buildings reduced to broken remnants of what they had once been, until it seemed a city made of ash and bone. Perhaps all cities would become the Silent City, one day.

He was able to conceal some things from his Brothers, even though they had ready access to his mind. They did not know all his secrets, but they knew enough. Tonight every voice in his mind was hushed, overwhelmed by what he had felt and what he had almost done.

He was bitterly ashamed of what he had said this night. Tessa was still grieving Will. They shared that grief, and they loved each other. She did still love him. He believed that. But she could not feel what she had felt for him once. She had not, thank the Angel, lived as he had lived, in bones and silence and on memories of love. She’d had Will, and loved him so long, and now Will was lost. He worried that he had taken advantage of her misery. She might well cling to what was familiar in a world gone mad and strange.

But she was so brave, his Tessa, carving out a new life now the old life was lost. She’d done it once already, as a girl coming from America. He had felt it as a bond between them long ago, that they had both come across the seas to find a new home. He had thought they could find a new home with each other.

He knew now that had been a dream, but what had been dreams for him could be real for Tessa. She was immortal and valiant. She would live again in this new
world, and build a whole new life. Perhaps she would love again, if she could find a man who would measure up to Will, though in almost a hundred years Zachariah had not known any who could. Tessa deserved the richest life and the greatest love imaginable.

Tessa deserved more than a being who could never truly be a man again, who could not love her with a whole heart. Even though he loved her with all the broken fragments of heart he had left, it was not enough. She deserved more than he had to offer.

He should never have done it.

Nevertheless, there was a selfish joy within him, a warmth that he could carry even into the deathlike coldness of the City of Bones. She had kissed him and clung to him. For one shining night, he had held her in his arms again.

_Tessa, Tessa, Tessa_, he thought. She could never be his again, but he was hers forever. That was enough to live upon.

That evening, Catarina and Tessa walked in the direction of St. Bart’s.

“A bacon sandwich,” Catarina said. “Piled so high you can barely hold it. And thick with so much butter the bacon slides off the bread. That’s what I’m having first. How about you?”

Tessa smiled and shone her torch down the pavement, stepping over a bit of rubble. Around them, there were shells of buildings. Everything around had been reduced to charred brick and ash. But already London was picking up, pushing the debris back. The dark was like an embrace. All of London was under a blanket together, holding each other close.


“Oh, I like that,” Catarina said. “I’m changing mine.”

A man walking toward them tipped his hat.

“Evening, sisters,” he said. “You see that?”

He gestured up at St. Paul’s Cathedral, the great building that had sat guarding over London for hundreds of years.

“They wanted to take it down last night, but they didn’t, did they?” The man smiled. “No, they didn’t. They can’t break us. You have a good evening, sisters. You keep well.”

The man walked on, and Tessa looked up at the cathedral. Everything around it was gone, but it had been saved—impossibly, improbably saved from
thousands of bombs. London would not let it die, and it had lived.
She touched the jade pendant around her neck.
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About the Authors

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

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

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

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

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

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

Maureen Johnson is the New York Times and USA Today bestselling author of several YA novels, including 13 Little Blue Envelopes, Suite Scarlett, and The Name of the Star. She has also done collaborative works,
such as *Let It Snow* (with John Green and Lauren Myracle), and *The Bane Chronicles* (with Cassandra Clare and Sarah Rees Brennan). Maureen has an MFA in Writing from Columbia University. She has been nominated for an Edgar Award and the Andre Norton Award, and her books appear frequently on YALSA and state awards lists. *Time Magazine* has named her one of the top 140 people to follow on Twitter (@maureenjohnson). Maureen lives in New York, and online on Twitter (or at maureenjohnsonbooks.com).