

## **Deleted Scene, Chapter 9 "This Guilty Blood"** **A City of Glass Extra**

The roar of the collapse faded slowly, like smoke dissipating into the air. It was replaced by the loud chirruping of startled birds; Clary could see them over Jace's shoulder, circling curiously against the dark sky.

"Jace," she said softly. "I think it's over."

He drew back slightly, propping himself on his elbows, and looked down at her. They were close enough that even in the darkness she could see herself reflected in his eyes; his face was streaked with soot and dirt, the collar of his shirt torn.

Without thinking, she reached up, her fingers brushing lightly through his hair. She felt him tense, his eyes darkening.

"There was grass — in your hair," she said by way of explanation. Her mouth was dry; adrenalin sang through her veins, and not just because of the danger she'd just been in. Everything that had just happened: the angel, the shattering manor, seemed less real than what she saw in Jace's eyes.

"You shouldn't touch me," he breathed.

Her hand froze where it was, her palm against his cheek. "Why not?"

"You know why," he said, and then, "You saw what I saw, didn't you? The past, the angel. Our parents."

"I saw."

"You know what happened."

"A lot of things happened, Jace —"

"Not for me." The words breathed out on an anguished whisper. "I have demon blood, Clary. Demon blood. You understood that much, didn't you?"

"It doesn't mean anything. Valentine was insane. He was just ranting —"

"And Jocelyn? Was she insane?" His eyes bored into her like golden drills. "I know what Valentine was trying to do. He was trying to create hybrids — angel/human, and demon/human. You're the former, Clary, and I'm the latter. I'm part monster. Part everything I've tried so hard to burn out, to destroy."

"It's not true. It can't be. It doesn't make sense—"

"But it does." There was a sort of furious desperation in his expression as he looked down at her. She could see the gleam of the silver chain around his bare throat, lit to a white flare by the starlight. "It explains everything."

She shook her head so hard that she felt grass tickle her cheek. "You mean it explains why you're such an amazing Shadowhunter? Why you're loyal and fearless and honest and everything demons aren't —"

"It explains," he said, evenly, "why I feel the way I do about you."

Breath hissed between her teeth. "Jace — what do you mean?"

He was silent for a long moment, staring down at her — for so long, in fact, that she wondered if he ever planned to speak at all, or if just looking was enough; after all, she was staring at him just as helplessly. Their gazes were locked like gears; she could no more have looked away than she could have breathed with water in her lungs.

"You're my sister," he said, finally, "My sister, my blood, my family. I should want to protect you —" he laughed soundlessly and without any humor — "to protect you from the sort of boys who want to do to you exactly what I want to do to you."

Clary's breath caught. He was still looking down at her, but his expression had changed — there was a look on his face she'd never seen before, a sleepy, deadly, almost predatory light in his eyes. She was suddenly and acutely conscious of the hard pressure of his body on her body, the bones of his hips fitting themselves against hers, and she ached everywhere that she didn't touch him, ached with a nearly physical pain.

What I want to do to you, he had said. Not thinking of anything else but how much she wanted him, she let her fingers trail down his cheek to his lips, outlining the shape of his mouth with the tip of her index finger.

She was rewarded by the catch in his breathing, the sudden darkening of his eyes. He didn't move.

"What is it, exactly, that you want to do to me?" she whispered.

The light in his eyes was a blaze. Slowly he inclined his head until his lips were against her ear. When he spoke, she felt his breath tickle her skin, making her shiver: "I could show you."

She said nothing. Even if she could have gathered her scattered thoughts to compose the words, she didn't want to tell him to stop. She was tired of saying no to Jace — of never letting herself feel what her body wanted her to feel. Whatever the cost...

She felt him smile, his lips against her ear. "If you want me to stop, tell me now," he whispered. When she still said nothing, he brushed his mouth against her hollow of her temple, making her shiver. "Or now." His lips traced her cheekbones in the lightest of kisses, a butterfly kiss. "Or now." His mouth traced the line of her jaw. "Or now." His lips were against hers, his words spoken into her mouth. "Now," he whispered, and kissed her.

At first the pressure of his lips was gentle, seeking; but when she responded instantly — sliding her arms around him, tangling her hands in his hair — she felt the cautious tension in his body change to something else. Suddenly he was kissing her with a bruising pressure, his lips crushing hers. She tasted blood in her mouth, but didn't care. There were rocks digging into her back, and her shoulder ached where she'd fallen from the window, but she didn't care about that either. All that existed was Jace; all she felt, hoped, breathed, wanted and saw was Jace. Nothing else mattered.

He broke off the kiss, drawing back, and she released him with a soft noise of reluctant protest. His mouth was swollen, his eyes huge and dark, nearly black with desire. He reached for the buttons of her coat, tried to slip the first one free, but his hands were shaking so badly he couldn't manage it. Clary put her hand over his, marveling inwardly at her own calm — surely she should be shaking as badly as he was?

"Let me," she said.

He went still. He watched her as she undid the buttons, her fingers working as fast as they could. The coat fell open. Beneath it she was wearing only a thin blouse of Amatis' and the cold night air struck through the material, making her gasp. She raised her arms up. "Come back," she whispered. "Kiss me again."

He made a stifled noise and fell into her arms like someone coming up for air after nearly drowning. He kissed her eyelids, her cheeks, her throat, before returning to her lips: their kissing was frenzied now, almost clumsy in its fever — so unlike Jace, who never seemed to rush, or to hurry anything . . . Without the coat between them, she could feel the heat of him, burning through his shirt and hers; his hands slipped around her, under her the strap of her bra, tracing her spine, his touch scorching her bare skin. She wanted more of his touch, his hands on her, his skin on her skin — she wanted to be touching him everywhere, to hold him while he trembled like he was trembling now —and for there to be no more space between them.

She tugged his jacket off and then somehow his shirt was off, too. Their hands explored each other's bodies: she ran her fingers down his back and felt soft skin layered over lean muscle, and something she had not expected, though she should have — scars, like thin wires laid across his skin. She supposed they were imperfections, these scars, but they didn't feel that way to her; they were the marks of Jace's history, cut into his skin: the raised, topographical map of a life of killing and fighting.

She stroked the star-shaped scar on his shoulder and raised herself up to brush her mouth across it. Something banged against her collarbone with a sharp cold shock. She drew back with an exclamation of surprise.

Jace raised himself up on his elbows to look down at her. "What is it?" His voice was slow, almost drugged. "Did I hurt you?"

"Not really. It was this." She reached up and touched the silver chain around his neck. On its end hung a small silver circle of metal. It was ice cold to the touch.

That ring — the weather-beaten metal with its pattern of stars — she knew that ring.

The Morgenstern ring. It had been Valentine's, and Valentine had passed it along to Jace, as it had always been passed along: father to son.

"I'm sorry," Jace said. He was tracing the line of her cheek with his fingertip, a dreamlike intensity in his gaze. "I forgot I was wearing the damn thing."

Sudden cold flooded Clary's veins. "Jace," she said, in a low voice. "Jace, don't."