

Serva me, servabo te - (Save me and i will save you)

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by [Heading100Ways](#)

Summary

Sequel to Lady Midnight, equivalent to Lord Of Shadows (second book). The story will continue on from the shocking climax at the end of Lady Midnight. A bit of Emma and Mark's relationship, maybe a bit of Emma and Julian?

Why Lie?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Why lie"?

Emma shivered slightly, despite the migrating warmth which panned through her bedroom window bathing her arms and legs in the night's heat. The last rays of sunset painted soft shadows across Emma's slanted cheekbones. A few hours ago, Mark had asked her a question, one that still lingered through her mind even now. At the present moment Emma was huddled on top of her window's cushioned seat, legs tightly crossed. 'Why lie?' Maybe Mark did have a point, maybe Emma could forget about Julian and the tethering pain that tightened at the thought of Jules. Maybe she could actually fall for it, her own strategy regarding the matters of a change of heart.

"Emma"?, the door creaked open slightly a voice addressed Emma. Emma looked up quickly and scrambled to her feet. Was it Julian's voice? Or perhaps Mark's? The door threw open gently, almost uncertainly: It was Cristina. Emma managed to paint a small smile across her face, hiding her ever so slight disappointment. Cristina looked tired, with a pang of concern Emma realised that Cristina's fingernails were bitten to the quick and had two matching dark circles underneath her chocolate eyes. Cristina returned Emma's greeting with a quick, 2 second lasting false grin: "There's some dinner if you want downstairs", she said. Emma looked shortly behind her before she followed her friend down the stairs to the kitchen.

Down the stairs, in the kitchen, a range of cooking smells filled the air: sugary yet spicy cinnamon, hot flavoursome chocolate simmering away in a brass pan and the aroma of sweet thin pancakes baking away in a pan smeared with coconut butter. On the table knives and forks lay prepared with the rest of the Blackthorn family sitting, awaiting their meal. In truth Emma was slightly shocked to find, in place of Julian, was Diana cooking away. Emma sat down beside Cristina, just opposite Julian. Beside Cristina was Perfect Diego engaged in conversation with Tiberius about the Scholomance. Dru, Livia and Tiberius all seemed also to be talking about various topics- for example: 'if a half werewolf, half vampire and a Warlock had a child, what would the child look like?'

Emma felt her gaze shift across the table to Julian, who pretended to ignore her while playing with Tavvy on his lap. Emma was about to say something to Julian when Mark came into the room. And without meaning to Emma instantly directed her gaze towards Mark, even from the corner of Emma's eye she could see Julian noticed her where her gaze directed to or who, Emma tried to forget the look of quiet rage Julian's face had projected.

"DINNER!", Diana announced just as Mark had settled down in a chair to the right of Emma. The Blackthorn children cheered as their plates were filled with perfectly crisp pancakes and their cups with thick, creamy hot chocolate. Emma loaded her pancakes with maple syrup and tossed a few blackberries across. While eating, she also tried to ignore that Julian had chosen the exact same pancake's topping as Emma.

After a while, Julian finally spoke: "Jace has been in touch it seems there has been some unusual demon activity around New York, and he'd like us to investigate it". The whole table replied in shock, a bundle of voices, the loudest being Tiberius; "But why us, why not Jace", he questioned.

Julian sighed, discarding his fork clearly giving up on trying to eat. "Jace and Clary are the head of the New York institute, they can't actually individually investigate cases of demon activity. They can send Shadowhunters on their behalf to do that job. But all the best Shadowhunters of New York are on holiday or honeymoons. So he asked the nearest Institute for Shadowhunters, and that happens to be us", he explained thoroughly but calmly nevertheless.

"Cool, when do we start", replied Tiberius enthusiastically. Julian frowned: "Not you, Tiberius. You're too young, you all are".

Tiberius and the Blackthorn children starting moaning that it was all unfair, when Diana's voice cut through sharply: "Enough"!

The Children's noise quickly erased and was filled with uppermost respect in the form of silence. Diana raised from the kitchen stool, where she had sat reading a OK magazine. "I have made arrangements for Emma, Julian, Diego and Mark to go on this investigation. In 30 minutes precisely, the supply-Warlock of Los Angeles will create a portal which will transport you to New York Institution", she said firmly.

The children all murmured ok, and started tumbling to bed. The Diego and Julian started collecting empty plates, helping Diana with the clearing up. Emma turned to her best friend, only to find Cristina walking away up the stairs, talking about packing. Anxiously Emma looked over to her right, at Mark. She found his mysteriously strange eyes focused on her. Suddenly Emma's breath almost stopped for a moment, along with time which decided to freeze. All that existed was Emma and Mark: his eyes pouring into hers speaking a secret language, a language only Emma spoke. A language which depicted of liberated winds, high tides of salt waves and a sky of flushing winds.

Time promptly began again, and Emma instantly became aware of the bubbling sounds of laughter, washing up and the flow of action that surrounded her: The mention from Diana that she had to take some food to Kit (who was living in his bedroom)

Quickly Emma got up from her seat, and almost dashed up the stairs to her room.

She had packed everything she could possibly need for her stay in New York in a little travelling rucksack: underwear, a bag of toiletries, a denim jacket, Shadowhunter gear, weapons, Cortana, her phone and everyday clothing such as Pyjamas. As she closed her wardrobe, a photo flew out and fell upon the bedroom floor. Emma crouched down to retrieve it, then stopped in almost- half horror. The picture was of her parents. She had left pinned to the inside of her wardrobe door, after removing the pinup board that had once hung information linking her parent's death. After finding out the truth of Malcom Fade, Emma (with some help of Cristina) had finally begun to throw away the evidence. It had

been hard, a large part of Emma's past had and still was within every piece of evidence. Every note, picture, ticket, car park ticket, receipt and newspaper clipping.

So now, as Emma looked down at that photo, she could feel the tears welling up. It had to be that photo: the photo was taken of her parents and Emma in Paris. They had sat in *Champs de Mars*, *Emma's father pointing at the Eiffel Tower pretending to be a stereotypical Parisien, while Emma's mother smiled at the camera holding Emma in a warm embrace, and a pretty French couple took their photo.*

Through her bedroom door Emma could hear the sound of Diana welcoming the current Los Angeles Warlock into the house. Emma rapidly collected the photo and put in her pocket. She swung her rucksack over her shoulder and made her way to the front room.

Chapter End Notes

Comments will be much appreciated, *insert pleading eyes*.

New York

"The portal is ready, you can come through", yelled the supply-Warlock, he was a young looking man despite the appearance of his forehead wrinkles. Something told Emma that he wouldn't be around for very much longer. And he clearly didn't want to be there, aiding the Shadowhunters of Los Angeles, when he could be at home drinking coffee next to the fireplace. Yet he was there, instructing them to 'be careful', and to 'have a nice trip'.

The portal itself was familiar to Emma, a large flat circular orb of gleaming water-like blue. Beyond the transparency of blue, was the unknown: dimensions, places, countries, worlds yet to be seen. Cristina went in first, and without hesitation Julian jumped in right after her. Just before Emma was about to enter the portal, after Mark had just gone in, she felt the Supply-Warlock's hand grasp her shoulder. She looked up in surprise into his glittering purple diamond eyes, that reflected some of the portal's blue: "I can see your future, be cautious young one, the heart is a liar and there is darkness even in those of light". Emma stared at him.

There is darkness even in those of light?

Emma slid her focus from the supply warlock who had already moved away from her towards Diana. Diana uncharacteristically waved at Emma, just as Emma plunged within the Portal. At first all Emma could see was blue, but then she knew she had to focus. *Focus on a image of the New York institute, think only of the New York institute, focus Emma. Focus. It was her mother's voice, that had spoke so clearly to Emma, silently Emma listened and obeyed.*

NEW YORK, THE NEW YORK INSTITUTE, THE BIG APPLE, New York.

Light flashed in front of Emma, until the vision of the portal evaporated revealing the view of a well-furnished room. Emma now lay across this room's flooring, exhausted. Slowly she drew herself up, looking around her. There was a ecstasy of noise and electricity. "EMMA!", Clary's face looked down at Emma, beaming brightly. As Clary helped Emma up and pulled her in for a short hug, Emma glanced around her: Julian, Mark and Diego were already busy chatting away with Jace. "Where's Cristina", Emma asked dryly as she pulled away from Clary. "Here", Christina's voice suddenly appeared behind Emma.

Cristina wiped away a bit of dirt off her spotless jeans, and slouched on the end of a leather couch. Clary smiled, "Us Girls have so much to catch up on". Jace remarked from some distance, that Emma and Cristina would have to be working on the investigation, but he said this half-jokingly at Clary. Clary pretended to roll her eyes and lightly kicked Jace's leg in play. The rest of the party joined the small group of Clary, Emma and Cristina.

Emma noticed, that Julian distanced himself slightly away from Emma, next to Clary. Diego sat next to Cristina, while Mark stood near Jace. "So what really is the issue", Julian asked intently. Jace explained that 'A large number of demons kept coming back to this particular

club in New York, over the past 5 days. And it seemed pretty suspicious, but he and Clary had to obey Institution conduct that dictated that in cases of suspicion it was better for other Shadowhunters (other than the head of a institute) to investigate'.

Clearly whoever had created that the rule, had learnt from the past, Emma thought.

Jace said of lot of other things but Emma wasn't really listening, her mind slipped in and out of focus. Clary took one look at Emma and announced- I think its time to let our guests sleep, it is about 11pm, Jace. I'll show you to your room Emma". Jace nodded in agreement and Emma bobbled after Clary.

Clary left Emma in one of the dim, green wallpaper guest rooms. The room was modestly yet stylishly decorated, with the bare basics of a bed, wardrobe, beside table and desk. The room was *en suite*. Within 20 minutes Emma had showered, brushed her teeth and changed into comfortably soft pyjamas. Emma found a pair of scissors in her beside drawer and after a deep breath she snipped a good 2 inches of her overgrown hair and then dried it with a hairdryer.

Just before Emma was about to go to bed, she felt a gentle tapping at the door. Slowly and cautiously Emma turned the doorknob, standing there in darkness, was Julian. "We need to talk", he demanded.

Emma looked at him as if he was ludicrous and mad. "What"?! she hissed angrily.

"I'm tired of all this, just STOP IT Emma"!! he almost shouted in the corridor. Any one could hear him and if they knew...

Emma pulled Julian to the side of her room's wall and shut the door. She didn't touch him , she refused to. "Listen here Julian, I'm not doing anything so I can't go stop whatever you think I'm doing", she whispered angrily. Julian looked almost crestfallen, then with a flicker of hope he decided to add:" You and me are forever! Whether you refuse to acknowledge it or not. There is no higher law divine than love".

Emma looked at him now, really looked into his eyes after refusing not to for so long. "Julian you know I love you, but you're my best friend, that's as far as my love for you goes. I love you as best friend not a lover", she said.

Julian suddenly seemed so vulnerable and sad it made Emma's insides curl painfully. Welcome to New York, the city of pain. "Goodnight Emma", he shrugged, tears already falling from his portal-blue eyes, and he left the room leaving Emma feeling like a complete idiot.

But truth be told Emma didn't know if she told Julian a truth or lie. She couldn't even read her own heart, it was blurry and unreadable. How can the *heart be a liar* when heart knew not what it was lying about.

During the night, Emma couldn't sleep, portal-lag and confusion equalled in a deprivation of sleep. So when the door knocked again, Emma was grateful she could do something other than trying to sleep. Again she pulled off her crumpled sheets and opened the door, while barefoot.

It was **Mark**...

Le Bain

Chapter Notes

<3 thank-you for reading my fanfic <3

Emma woke up, with streaming sunlight which engulfed her entirely in gold. Her paler blond hair, turned into molten gold, wild and untamed. Emma rubbed her eyes and recalled last night's events in an order which she could recollect: She had broken Julian, she had been brutally harsh in hopes of destroying their past and all it resulted in was tears. But that wasn't all, Emma remembered how Mark had turned up at her door, she had let him in, of course. They had talked, for a long time. Mark had finally agreed properly to Emma's plan and they decided to start with small signs of attraction and interest. During this, Emma tried not to think about Julian and how much she could hurt him.

But he would recover, Emma told herself, he would have to.

"Right, nightclub, 848 Washington Street New York", Jace finished the last dregs of his coffee while explaining the investigation. Clary and Julian sat close, Julian, away again, from Emma. While she and Mark sat very close, well closer than normal. And Emma knew that underneath this table Diego and Cristina were holding hands. Emma could also tell by the uncomfortable look on Cristina's face, she was not enjoying it. "Now this investigation will actually start at 10pm, so you can spend the day doing what you like", Jace clapped his hands together signifying the session was over.

A day to herself? What would Emma do? Clearly Cristina was thinking the same because she suddenly was behind Emma, ordering her to follow her outside.

Emma and Cristina were outside of the house, yet Cristina seemed to continue walking. "Where are we going", Emma called while walking extremely quickly, (for someone as short as Christina, she did really walk fast) "Just follow me", she demanded.

Follow me ended up with Emma in central park, scoffing down an entire caramel chocolate bar. Cristina lay back, absorbing the sun's warmth. Emma looked at her friend, lying flat on the grass, tummy to the sky. "You don't love Diego anymore", Emma accused lightly. Cristina opened one eye, then resolutely closed it again: "Maybe not". Emma looked in confusion, "maybe"?

A loud sigh released itself from Cristina, the sound made her seem so very tired and wise at the same time. Fluffy clouds of white made a sudden appearance in the sky above, threatening the possibility of rain. "It's not like you can talk, Emma. I heard you and Julian

last night", bitterness arose slightly in Cristina's pitch, just as the sun descended and a shower of rain began tipping itself. The water sunk through the fabric of Emma clothing and shivered her bones cold. "Its what's best", Emma stated factually.

Cristina raised to her feet and after a second of hesitation she offered a hand to Emma, and pulled her up. Their hands separated as quickly as they had joined, and they continued their way out of the park. When Cristina finally spoke, she said: "Best for you maybe, but what about Julian".

"He will recover", Emma said rapidly, her heart beating frantically; She didn't feel as if she could even tell her best friend about the curse, the more people who knew, the more complex it would become. "You don't know that Emma. Last night you weren't particularly nice to Julian", Cristina explained. Emma knew her friend meant well, she knew Cristina meant to help and that she was only being a kind person. But frustration boiled up within Emma, frustration that had been building up for a long time now. Suddenly Emma erupted to a stop and sharply turned towards her friend. "And what would you know Cristina, you have no right to tell me what is right and wrong. And if you have a problem with anything I do, then go off and pretend to love Diego or continue whatever game your playing with Mark", Emma roared out loud.

It was lucky that Emma and Cristina had glamour runes on themselves, otherwise Emma's outrage would of sent people's heads turning. But none of that mattered, because as Emma looked at Cristina, she knew she had ruined everything. Cristina looked star-shocked, her perfect mouth gaped slightly and eyes wide & alert. "Ma-Mar-Mark", she stuttered, hot tears now falling down her cheeks. Emma didn't move, she wanted to say sorry and for them to turn around and start again.

But Emma had gone to far, again. It seemed that in trying to protect her closet, she ended up sabotaging her friends. Cristina moved, and for a spilt second Emma thought Cristiana was going to hug her, but she walked past Emma into the far distance.

A loud boom of thunder rumbled, roaring and crashing, as the rain poured harder and harder,

9.36 pm. It was still raining.

Emma had changed into a embellished white mini dress and a pair of brown boots. Her hair lay un-styled and Cortana, strapped to her shoulder, had various glamour runes on it, making sure it wouldn't be seen by others. The aim of the investigation was to kill any demons and look around the nightclub to see if there are any other signs of demon-meddling.

By the front door stood Clary, who was already prepared for bedtime, dressed in her teddy onesie with 2 short red braids at both sides of her head. The room smelt of incense and patchouli- Emma knew that Clary had grown accustomed to similar scents of incense, when she visited India with Jace on their travels. Emma wanted to travel too, when she was older of course. She had to become the best Shadowhunter in history first, before she could see the world. Although the thought of travelling, made Emma uneasy. Who would travel with her?

Julian? Cristina? Mark?!

Diego trod down the stairs, gloomily: "Cristina is not coming, she's feeling ill. So I've decided not to go either", he announced. Before Clary or Emma could ask why,(Emma could guess), Diego scrambled back up the stairs. And Clary sunk to the floor, clearly tired and miserable.

Emma observed Clary and asked: "Are you alright"? Clary closed her eyes as if in agony, and clenched her fists on her lap. "Me and Jace had an argument", she revealed. Emma was about to give Clary her condolences, when Mark and Julian entered the room. They both wore t-shirts and jeans. Although Mark wore a dark green Hensley shirt, and Julian wore entirely black. In fact, Julian's entire outfit was black. Emma knew he hated the colour, had done since he was little. He didn't mind writing or painting in black but he said wearing the colour reminded him of the Shadowhunter gear they wore, which only reminded him of death and murder. 'Said by a Shadowhunter', Emma often thought.

"Ready to go", Julian asked Emma. She nodded, said goodbye to Clary and opened the front door-her keyway into the cold night.

Le Bain, a popular night-club in New York city. In the centre of a large expanse of space was a disco ball, sliver reflecting a multitude of different beams from the ball. The smell of sweat and alcohol immediately hit Emma, she felt very dazed and disorientated after one breath of the club's air. As if the air itself contained tiny molecules of ecstasy which sent people going crazily high. Emma became very giggly, and gradually her eyesight made actions appear slower creating a thickness of friction. A mass of bodies dancing, to music which pounded Emma's eardrums. Everywhere around Emma, were people: Vampires, faeries, werewolves, this was downworlder territory. There were a few human beings amongst this mixture, perfectly unaware of supernatural presence. Emma couldn't feel demon activity, usually she had a instinct when she was on the hunt. But it was as if the club blocked her senses, she couldn't seem think straight. Nor could she find Julian who seemed to have disappeared...

Neon lights struck their-selves across the dance floor, but it was still too dark and stuffy. Then out of the blue, she felt her hand tugged.

She turned, her hand was held by Mark. Their arms outstretched, and fingers enlaced. Swiftly Emma moved her hand to Mark's chest, where it now lay. Under her fingertips she could feel his heartbeat, slow and steady, a uncaged heart. Emma knew all this in one touch. Mark was no longer a prisoner, he was free. Their racing eyes met: blue, gold, brown- "MARK!! EMMA"!! a voice almost screamed out in torment.

It was a voice, Emma knew. It was Julian. Quickly Emma looked to her right and located Julian. He was staggering towards them, blood pouring from his abdomen. Even though he wore a black shirt, the fabric shaped to his wound. A Demon wound.

Julian was hurt...

Longing

Chapter Notes

Rebonjour à tous!!

Sorry it is quite late, I had to do a few exams and a performance! ;(

Julian...

Through his t-shirt Emma could see dark blood expanding across his chest. "Emma", he whispered before he fell into unconsciousness. Mark had caught Julian before he fell, and then Emma felt it, the searing, biting torture of Julian's pain. Just before Emma too, fainted into darkness, she finally knew: that despite everything they were connected, Julian and Emma. His pain was hers. His blood was her blood. His wound was now her wound...

When Emma woke she lay in a hard stiff bed. The room around her was unfamiliar and cold. A water-soaked flannel was placed upon her forehead, and she was still dressed in the night-before's dress.

By her bed, sat Perfect Diego, he was clutching a closed book in his right hand and looked incredibly tired. Dark circles were painted underneath his chocolate brown eyes, and his usually slicked back hair, set out into a number of unruly curls.

"I want to see Julian", Emma croaked in a surprisingly hoarse voice. It was straining to talk, sickness overcame Emma. Diego glanced from his unread book, at Emma. For a split second he said nothing, just looked on to the outside of a nearby window. A chilling breeze filled the room, making Emma numb to the bone.

"I'll take you", Diego replied incredulously, finally looking at Emma through half-opened eyelids.

Diego lead Emma to another similar room to Emma's. After a moment of hesitation he closed the door behind them, and indicated Emma to look ahead. On a metal barred bed, there was Julian...

Emma stared straight on at her Julian, he was shirtless. His demon wound, stripped away from useless bandages. The wound itself, was a long deep gash, which started from the tip of his stomach to his hip bone. There was less blood than last night, but a new colour of dangerous purple spilt from the insides of his wound.

And some point Diego had left the room, Emma hadn't noticed this being too distracted by the sight of Julian. Suddenly, she ran to his side, cupping his face in her hands. Stroking his

overgrown hair, tracing his features with her fingertips. Finally she gently ran a long finger across his soft lips. He was asleep, unaware of her presence. She could do it, just once, one kiss. It wouldn't mean anything, what would be the danger of one kiss?

And then without any more doubt, Emma kissed Julian's lips. Just a small peck, yet the pressure of her lips on his, reassured Emma. A flicker of hope, sending small flickers of untamed hope, through her blood. If only he knew, if he could hold her in his arms again. Tell her that they were unbeatable, that they had nothing to fear. But this was wrong.

This is wrong, Emma told herself. Quickly she removed herself from Julian. Untangled her hands, and half-ran out his room.

A Kiss

A kiss, a simple action. Yet one that symbolised plentiful definitions ,and evoked various emotions ,to many different people.

When Emma had kissed Julian, it was like fire. Burning, destructible fire that consumes everything in its path. The kiss between Emma and Julian had been simple, a light peck, a kiss that should have meant nothing. However that was not the case at all, it seemed that even the smallest of kisses, awakened and rekindled the flame. And if that flame, grew, it would spread until everything living thing would be consumed.

*There was only one thing Emma could do now: **if she couldn't contain the flame, she would have to extinguish it.***

Emma knew had that she had always known this certainty before, standing shell-shocked in her comforting Pyjamas. That her relationship with Julian was dangerous. Which was the very reason why, Emma had tried to stop it. And if Julian ---"Emma"!, a person yelled...

Who? Emma did not no but to her surprise, the voice sounded almost giddy with excitement. But who an earth could be happy with everything going on?

"What is it"? Emma called through her door, she peaked her head around the door. Only to see, Clary standing by Emma's door. A wide grin grew further on Clary's face, when she Emma at that moment.

"Come", Clary beckoned with her hands for Emma to follow.

The question of why?, raced through Emma mind. Yet still she let herself be tread in Clary's footsteps, feeling her heartbeat raise every single footstep. 'We're going to Julian, oh please to the Angels' Emma silently begged. Even before the instant, when she finally saw him, she already knew; Julian was awake, Julian was alive.

Julian was propped against a pillow, looking slightly in a daze, yet awake and healthy. Diego, Jace, and Mark all sat around Julian chatting and entertaining him. Then, at the entrance of Emma and Clary, Mark's gaze suddenly rested at Emma.

While Emma looked straight on: at Julian.

Many questions ran through Emma's mind in that moment, and perhaps later she would regret the one she choose, when she asked: "You okay"?

Julian's Blackthorn trademark blue eyes soared across, right through Emma. Blue, darker, stronger than water. A quick smile broke out, false of course. "Yes, fine thank you", he said in distant, chipped manner

Emma nearly jolted at that, the lack of affection in his tone, the way his attention snapped quickly back to Clary and Diego in conversation. Feeling almost speechless, Emma shuddered immediately out the room, grabbing the door's handle for some resting-support, before turning out.

Before even 5 seconds, she felt a hand grab her forearm and turn her. Again it seemed to be Mark. Tall, slender In casual attire and light blond hair boyishly shaped. Mark observed Emma, in utter confusion, yet his eyes were surprisingly caring.

In return Emma studied him to, both their eyes searching each other. She felt the warmth of his touch, reaching even to her heart. His eyes almost imploring. Mark looked at her, his lips slightly parted with disarray. "Oh Mark", she sobbed uncontrollably crashing into him. He caught her , then, in a close embrace. Wrapping his strong arms around her. Emma's face nestled in Mark's chest, where she could hear the sound of Mark's close heartbeat. Her hands, wrapping the fabric of his t-shirt in fists. In tender feeling, of their bodies entwined and pressed together.

When the tears finally stopped their pursue, Emma looked up at Mark, fully aware she had soaked his t-shirt with tears. "I need you, Mark", she whispered, invoking more tears. Mark rose his hand, brushing away strands of Emma's hair, tucking them around her ear. Until finally he spoke: "Tell me what you need me to do, and I'll do it. I'll do it for you, *Emma*", his voice softening and comforting against his lips. Emma noticed a lot more about Mark then she'd like to admit: the way he spoke, his desire of the hunt, adventure, his wild & steady heartbeat, and his familiarity with closeness and family.

At Mark's words, Emma looked away, then quickly back at Mark. Her hand expectantly moved to his cheek, kind of cupping it. Mark may be wild and untamed at times, but he had always been kind and caring. At least that was something true.

"I need you to me love me", she told him quietly. She bit her rosy lip, looking observingly at him. Mark's grip loosened slightly, but his hold somehow becoming even gentler. "That you already have", he said in a almost fair-folk like fashion.

Emma smiled at that, only a small smile towards Mark, still with tears enveloped to her eyes. He looked back at Emma, the corners of lip twitching, but then suddenly his face turned blank. Emma stared at him, in shock-horror, what could it be? "Its Cristina. I forgot to tell you, Emma. She's gone, she left", he answered gravely .

And then instantly Emma ran: detaching herself away from Mark, running down a flight of stairs, pulling on a grabbed coat. Though the front door into the cold rain, Emma ran.

Tilly

The wind howled causing a downpour of rain upon Emma. Yet she struggled through it, she had to find Christina. The first place Emma had thought of was the beach. The trees swayed madly, wild gusts tugging at Emma's newly short hair. The coat she had taken before leaving was now drenched, and she was pretty sure it was Julian's. It was tight around the top of her arms, but loose and fraying at the collar. The tide was out, and the moon shone brightly across it. Emma was numb from the cold, shaking at the core.

Now too fatigued to move any further, she crumbled to her knees and breathed. As she exhaled, she looked across to the water. The clear, rich blue liquid with silverfish like speed. Further across the water, there was a dark silhouette standing deep amongst the waters. Emma's intrigued eyes, looked harder at the figure: watching as it suddenly disappeared underwater. For 4 seconds Emma just waited, watching in silence. Then she realised there was something odd. Now more than 7 seconds, 10 seconds, 15 seconds: this person was trying to kill themselves. With a sudden jolt, Emma threw herself into the water, pulling her arms and legs forwards. She pushed and pulled, trying to reach the figure.

Where were they?

Emma could not remember the spot where they were, so with one final breath, she sunk her head below under the blue depths. For a moment it took Emma a while to see, her eyes stung from the salt water but she forced them open.

Navigating, all she could see was the murky water and vegetation but then instantaneously she saw the figure.

Emma pushed her arms out, seized the figure by the waist and propelled them upwards. The figure was now raised above the water's level, but Emma for some reason could not move. The saltwater filled Emma's lungs as she struggled to ascend: her breath shortened in seconds and she could feel the clutch of snake-seaweed wrapping itself around her limbs. Emma gasped for air, a huge bubble formed and popped- and yet Emma could feel the air of her lungs leaving her. One breath, two breaths, and then it all went black.

When Emma awoke, she could feel the huge divided share of sunlight across her body. She lay across itchy rain-sodden grass, her hair stuck to the back of her sweaty neck. Emma raised her head and stood to locate her surroundings. She was on the top of a huge grassy cliff overlooking the beach, she was alive.

"Thank-you".

Emma turned rapidly, raising her hands in self defense. A woman wrapped in a trench coat stood by Emma's side, holding a plastic bag. Emma cautiously backed away. But the woman raised her hand up, "Its okay, I won't hurt you. Shadowhunters you're all the same. I was married to one. All this pride and self-entitled-ness, yet you saved me".

Emma stood still, and looked at the woman: Her trench coat was dark green, she wore thick grey tights and a flowing skirt. Her boots were coated in sand, her eyes were hazel, her head was recently shaven to the scalp. "Who are you", Emma finally questioned.

The woman skimmed her free palm across her almost bald head, "Bella".

"Liar", Emma stated bitterly, "Tell me your real name before I push you off this cliff", she demanded. The woman cackled a high pitched laugh and looked below at the sea then back at

Emma: "You Shadowhunters can be so dramatic. Yet I should know, I was married to one". Emma could feel her already little patience being decreased by the second. So she simply said, "So you said".

The woman stopped cackling, and smiled at Emma. "Don't be so tense. I wanted to thank-you for saving me, so I bought you some chips. My name is Tilly", Tilly told Emma. The now known as 'Tilly' passed Emma a paper box filled with golden chips and ketchup from her plastic bag which she threw into the mellowed wind. "And your name is Emma", Tilly said. "Yes", Emma said thoughtfully through a mouth stuffed with chips.

After eating in 5 minutes, Emma asked Tilly about last night: "Why did you try to kill yourself? And how did you save me". Tilly shrugged slightly as if put off by Emma's question. "Last night was 5 years since my wife died. I was feeling nostalgic", she offered. "Nostalgic"! Emma cried, "That's not a reason to drown yourself"!

Tilly laughter rose again, then abruptly came to a end when she saw Emma's furious face. "My wife was murdered by Valentine and his croons. I found her dead here on this beach. My sister also died in a similar way but that wasn't Valentine. And the answer about you, is that when you rose me to the surface, I managed to start breathing again by myself. I could feel your body near under the water, so pulled you up and brought us to the shore. Okay"? she said.

After a while in silence Emma and Tilly talked. Emma talked about Cristina, and Tilly listened attentively. "Tilly", Emma said, I want to go home now". Tilly eyes widened and she pulled at her own ears. "Okay I have a car which I parked nearby last night. Come along", she said quickly. And off they went, in Tilly's run down old metal car.

It was the afternoon when Tilly and Emma arrived at the New-York institute. Emma had taken several buses to get to Fire island beach in vain of finding Cristina the night before. Consequently the car journey with Tilly, had taken hours.

Clary had opened the front door to them, and had almost cried when she had seen Emma. Clary took Emma's hand into her own dainty one, "Bring your friend", she told Emma. Emma looked behind at Tilly, "Tilly you can come in". Tilly looked awkward at the front door, she had not entered with Emma and her body stood out in strangely beautifully voluptuous angles. The light of the afternoon suited her pale face, making her eyes lighter and wilder.

Tilly almost tiptoed towards Emma and closed the front-door behind her afterwards. Clary turned beaming at Emma and even Tilly. "Where have you been Emma, we've all been worried sick", Clary interrogated gently. Emma looked back at Tilly, watching as her friend glanced at everything: to the grand staircase, and to a picture of Jace & Clary. Emma threw her gaze back to Clary, "I went to look for Christina, she went missing".

Clary almost rolled her eyes, "You shouldn't of just run off like that, we have all been so worried. Cristina is back anyway", she told Emma. Emma might have been underwater again, she felt the air from her lungs being stolen again. "Cri-- Cris- Cristina is bac-k", Emma stuttered. Clary soothingly rubbed Emma's cold arm, "Its okay, she's been in her room most of the day. She returned almost as soon as you had left last night", Clary told Emma.

Emma shrugged Julian's wet coat off and placed it on the landing. "And Julian, is he here? can I see him?", Emma asked Clary. For a moment Clary just stared at Emma and Tilly who

was now beside Emma on the landing. "I don't think that's a good idea. Julian's gone, he's looking for you and Mark went too.", Clary informed Emma.

Emma felt her breath shorten again, "I have to go", she announced. But Clary already pushed Emma up the stairs, for a petite person she had surprisingly good strength. "They will return, but right now you need to relax", she ordered.

The scar

Emma zipped her case shut. It was 5pm and they were due to leave at 5.30pm : yet Mark and Julian had not arrived back.

As instructed by Clary, Emma had rested and changed into a light jumper and jeans. Clary had even given Tilly a spare purple dress to wear.

She wanted Tilly to come back to Los Angeles with them, but she knew no-one would agree to it. It was probably a silly idea, but there was something about Tilly: a strange sense of familiarity, like they had met before. Tilly was much older than Emma, she was 40 years old and un-related to the shadow world. Yet married to a Shadowhunter, even though mundane and Shadowhunter relations were strictly forbidden. She was peculiar in her own ways, she laughed too much but was surprisingly kind: she had saved Emma after all hadn't she?

The front door slammed loudly open, Emma heard it from two flights of stairs, Julian? Before she knew anything, she had already ran down the stairs. And sure enough, it was Julian and Mark who entered through the front door :sun glowing brightly on them.

"Julian", she heard herself say. Julian looked at her then, silently, his eyes striking blue. His eyes seemed to implore hers, as if nothing had ever happened between them. In that moment Emma could see the 12 year old Jules again, before the battle, before he killed his father. He was more careless, open and trusting . But then Jules became Julian, responsible and bound to children that were his siblings.

"Where have you been", Julian asked furious, barely trying to conceal his anger. Emma felt thrown back by his rage, he was never angry, never with her.

"I went to find Cristina but wait! Where have y-", she started only to be interrupted by Julian: "How dare you, Emma. You acted so selfishly, leaving without telling anyone, without plan. While I'm recovering from an injury and the rest of us are due to return. You've really outdone yourself now. I hope you're happy", Julian finished with a snarl and shot one last furious glance at Emma before storming off behind Emma.

She slumped to the wall beside her and closed her eyes. How could of she been so stupid? Julian now trusted her even less than before, he even probably hated her too.

"Emma", she thought she heard Mark say. But before he could say more, she heard Tilly's voice: "Emma will you come with me".

Tilly took Emma to the garden outside, where Emma had broken things off with Julian. The cool wind smoothed across Emma's neck, it would be soon autumn. Being back in the exact spot made Emma feel sick in the head: Wild daises, and weed grew amongst the grass and the ivy wrapped around the trees so tightly, Emma was afraid the tree might suffocate.

Emma looked up at her friend, who seemed so self-absorbed in thought her face mimicked the face of a timid deer: wide bambi eyes, pupils constricted to the size of pins and parted

lips. Her stubble hair was illuminated by the dying sunlight, Emma thought it was almost like dark glittering gold. "Tilly", Emma said. Her voice finally got through to her, Tilly regained it's normal expression, and Emma thought her hair dimed to lighter shade of blonde. "What I need to say. What I've been meaning to say is", her voice wobbled, Emma thought Tilly only knew laughter and fun but clearly not. "I-I, I didn't tell you something important. See the thing is, I'm not normal".

"Yes I knew that", Emma retorted, only to see the look on her friend's face. Tilly's chin screwed up like a scrunched up piece of paper and her cheeks blared pink. "I am not quite mundane, I can read people's minds, and go back in their pasts. Its only happened once, but I knew you before we met. I've had nightmares, and you were in them. That's how I knew your name before you even told me. I don't know what it means but if you hate me I understand, I know its because I'm a freak", she barely uttered the word 'freak' and she choked on her own tears. Emma looked fiercely at her, determined, she told her: "Listen to me. You are not a freak." Tilly finally broke down into full tears and Emma instinctively embraced her. She gripped Tilly's shoulder tightly, as Tilly cried into Emma's shoulder.

After Tilly had stopped crying, Emma helped her dry her tears away: "You said you can go back in time, do you change the future?, Emma asked sensitively. Tilly rubbed the dark circles under her eyes, "Yes". Her answer was brief so Emma pressed a little further, "So what are you? Fey or vampi---". "Half warlock", she said.

"But that's impossible, warlocks are infertile". Tilly almost shrugged, "I can predict the future too, its not exactly set but it almost comes true. Everyone has a prophecy", she straightened her dress out, pulling at the crumpled folds. "I have a bad prophecy. You said yourself you had nightmares about me", Emma twisted a strand of her hair behind her ear lobe. Tilly bit her lip and then said, "Not exactly". "Tell me then", Emma demanded shortly. Tilly glanced up at Emma but shut her eyes suddenly as if she was reading Emma's mind, if she was Emma couldn't feel it. Just the warm surrounding air, and dizziness. After a while, Tilly resolutely opened her eyes.

"The number 12. In order to know go 12 years back. That's when everything changed, change it", she said clearly, with a troubled look on her face.

Emma glanced away from Tilly, 12 years?

Then the clock ticked within Emma's head, she could see it now: the dark war, her parent's death, Mark was kidnapped, Julian's father. And most of all, what Emma remembered the most was that 12 years ago she and Julian had become parabati.

-

"Don't be ridiculous, I can't just go back 12 years ago and change everything", Emma laughed half hysterically. It was freezing, couldn't they go back inside? Please Tilly, she thought.

For some strange reason Tilly looked up at Emma suddenly blankly, as if lost all lively expression, "I have to go", a half cold whisper.

"**What**"?!, "What are you are on about", she **shook** her friend's shoulders but they were *transparent*, Emma could put her hands through them without damaging her, "Tilly"!, she cried incredulously. She couldn't leave, not now, who even was she? A ghost?

The wind howled bitterly, as windswept trees made their slashing whips and salvos in a air of ice. "Please", Emma cried, "Don't leave me". *Don't leave me like my parents did, or hate me how Jules does or love another like Mark does- just stay, Emma wanted to say.*

But It was too late.

It seemed Tilly's transparency took a hold of her, spreading like an infectious disease, quickly without mercy and with one final look Tilly took her final breath and gasped "Goodbye Emma".

And then she was gone.

Disappeared into thin air.

Night made it's regular show, and the world continued with the rip of Tilly departure stitched up.

Emma stared again, incredulously, every moment incredulous. With a penultimate kick in the ground, Emma stalked off, **seraph blade** in hand.

Julian, with the final cases packed, knew they would back in Los Angeles with the kids soon. He had even taken Emma's own suitcase with him, just in case she came back in time. Slowly the gang assembled, one by one: Cristina, Diego, Mark, but not Emma.

Jace stood in front of the gang, arms folded, an authority figure: "You've been waiting for too long, leave without her she can make her own way back", he advised with a half-shrug.

Every thing inside Julian said NO! Every bone, every organ, every sense except the voice. He couldn't voice that he'd rather be strung out to die then let Emma alone out in New York. He

couldn't because she didn't want him to. She would make every effort of her's to keep putting distance between her and Julian and he knew why: well, he didn't now for fact but he knew she had a reason which he would have to respect.

Whether it being the fact she didn't love him would be his to find out.

"You're probably right", he told Jace. Mark caught his arm, "Are you kidding"?!

"You're just gonna let Emma out there to fend for herself", his stare at Julian was disbelief.

Julian sharply turned to the gang, "Malcom Fade has a portal ready, get going". They shuffled off one by one to the living room, except for Mark or Jace.

"Thank-you, Jace and thank Clary on behalf of us", Jace stared at him slightly but eventually nodded with curt politeness and headed after the rest of the gang to say goodbye.

Finally he looked at Mark and told him, "We've spent this whole evening looking for her already, we're not doing it again. Its what she'd want".

"Well I don't believe you and I am going to go and---", Mark sank to a deep sleep with the contact of Julian suit-case to the back of his head.

Behind him he dragged Mark's body through the portal with Malcom's ensuring word he'd be okay with Julian's mind alone telling the portal "Los Angeles, **Los Angeles**".

Emma stood above the city high rise, the blood of demons stained on her hands, choking tears not meant to be there. She wanted to be here with Cristina with the heat and glory of a battle. But she was not.

She had lost Tilly and Cristina all in a matter of days.

The sunrise had even surprised Emma at first with its morning embark but then how instantaneously the hours had melted into seconds. 2 days. Now, she lay across the sharp roof of the high rise, Julian's coat blood but mostly tear stained. "TILLY"!, she screamed into the air!

Everybody hated her. Softly she whispered their names in her dreams Julian, Mark, Cristina and her parents': "John-- Car-stairs, Cordel--ia Townsend".

They were all she had now, names.

Day 3: the sky painted blue, the city silver.

Slowly she lifted herself down the building, slowly but swiftly. She stole chocolate croissants from bakeries, new black trousers and tops from department stores, the rune for glamour made the perfect thief. Her newly cut hair barely passed her jaw as she jumped building from building, place to place: from Ohio to Kentucky to Houston through Texas back to Los Angeles.

The California beach welcomed her back with playful 6 AM waves rising as if say "welcome back".

5 knocks on the door, no-one home...

So she climbed up into the comforts of her own room, slipping through her open window: and slept like the child she was.

"We know you killed Emma's parents", Livia snarled, fast approaching Malcom Fade. Malcom ran, of course, downwards through the cave.

Through the twisting maze like passages, with Magnus who rapidly chased him like the cat he was. Speeding up behind him with great speed, Mark and Julian at his heel.

Then finally a burst of magical fire seeped through Malcom's chest , burnt his insides out, of course.

Roses

"Emma?".

Emma looked up from her bed, it was Cristina: she sat at the end of Emma's bed looking at her with a regard she had not seen the like of before.

Emma's parent's murderer had been killed 2 days ago by Magnus, it was Malcom Fade after all, the traitor. Julian and the others had returned home that night to find Emma back : Diana and the kids delighted to reunite with her, Julian and Cristina as distant as ever.

Emma pulled herself out the comforts of her blanket and shifted towards her friend, bending her knees across the form of her bed.

They sat together.

Her friend's hands were entwined, her elegant fingers long and poised, and eyes still focussed on Emma.

Her cheeks were slanted downwards, she was ashamed, her knees bent awkwardly.

"I'm sorr--", Cristina started. "No, it was my fault. I'm sorry Cristina for everything. I-", Cristina grabbed Emma into tight embrace as Emma moved her arms around Cristina back, burying her head in her shoulders.

"I would like to talk to you, Julian", Diana edged towards him, hands resting on her hips.

The settling morning sun stretched its rays across her marble set eyes, making them golden-the type too mechanical to be wild gold.

Julian positioned his book down on the library's wooden table, one he was pretending to read anyway- he was waiting for something to happen- one of kids to need his help or a conversation like this.

Diana avoided the tray of muffins on the table and sat directly opposite Julian.

"I do not care for your feud with Mark", she set, words set like stone.

Julian almost squirmed inside from discomfort, from his name.... The name "Mark" felt like being stung by venom over and over again. He furiously set his jaw, "I have none".

He could almost see Diana inner voice tutting and rolling her eyes.

She rose, "You cannot knock out people, forcing them to co-operate. Force was not necessary".

Her heels tapped sharply on the hard oak floor twice, "Wait", Julian heard himself say.

He rose, "Anything else while you're here"?

Dian's frown was protruding, either considering whether or not he was being sarcastically impolite, or rather whether or not to sanction him a punishment for harming Mark or if this was just a one time warning.

Then suddenly her mouth widened into a huge smile, and she replied sarcastically: "Oh yes".

Julian waited.

"Fix your relationship with Emma. You two are supposed to be parabatai not enemies. We need warriors not fighting schoolchildren".

They sat at the table moshing up their breakfast, egg on toast quickly succumbed to nothing. Within seconds they were piling up the plates in the dishwasher, Julian stayed behind to help Emma tidy the table, under Diana's instruction.

Emma stood directly in front of Julian ,she had nothing to say.

Luckily he spoke,

"Diana might allow us all to go on a demon hunting trip soon".

She looked at him, he avoided her gaze.

"Should be fun", she barely murmured.

She felt dead inside.

They piled the last plates into the dishwasher,

"Come with me now", he asked her, he was asking her not telling her nor instructing her or shouting at her, so she agreed.

He took her to the beach, far from the house's view. Whilst she kicked aimlessly at the sand,her hand's deep within her hoodie, he led the way.

"Where's Tilly gone off to then some sort of holiday", he questioned, small talk she assumed, as they both looked out at the ocean.

"I guess", she replied simply, she couldn't bear to go to deep into the details.

"And what does that entail of?".

"Transparency", she shrugged.

He was took off by surprise and looked at her, a playful grin, maybe he thought she was trying to be amusing, she wasn't.

She stared at him, "Don't please".

He turned away, pink, looking at his feet in the sand, "I'm sorry, you don't have to tell me the details", he said blue -fully.

"Its fine".

He turned back to her, shifting closer, she felt incredibly warm with his proximity and the overlooking sun.

Finally she spoke,

"I'm so sorry Jules", she whispered and looked down, tears marked like dribbling ink across her face. She had to leave, she couldn't lose control, not in front of him.

Anyone other than Jules.

The ocean crashed and spat in its tidal distance.

She could never prepare for what happened next:

Without warning, she felt his hands on both sides of her face: he directed her face to his.

Their visages marked together, his lines were her, his freckles hers and her eyelashes his, "You have nothing to be sorry about", he said and then he kissed her with a force of empowerment Emma had felt only once, her whole body lifted, ethereal and free. His kisses morphed softness yet power, sadness yet joy. There were tears wet on both their faces, his kisses gentle.

But she wasn't kissing him back, she couldn't.

"Serva me, servabo te", he whispered on her lips.

Quickly, she sought her right moment and detached herself away from him and stood unrest, unsure of what to say when he was looking up at her like that.

So she ran.

It took four seconds before his hand wrapped around hers and spun her, revealing her to the harsh confrontation of his world.

He looked furious and desperate, mouth parted, she inhaled quickly, burning herself for looking.

His eyes were wide, "I can't live like this any more, without you", his voice weak and grey underneath those blue eyes. The ocean smashed its waves, collisions sharp and frequent,

Her breath faltered, "I can't", she spoke with the sun as it dimmed its light and ran once again.

The Demon

Chapter Notes

A short chapter but leading to a big story-line :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Emma

There is darkness even in those of light, she twisted in her sleep. Serva me, servabo te, she shifted to the right, hands unconsciously tied around the edges of her cover. But she looks up at the ceiling, eyes wide open- the storm polarises her, against her window the rain still drops- heavily and relentlessly.

Bibere venenum in auro - Drink poison from a cup of gold; she droops down the stairs, heavy footsteps. He is there, she wraps her arms around his neck and kisses the storm- first softly but then intently, as passion takes control. He returns this, yet rejects her- telling her he doesn't want to be used, that she is not thinking right.

"Emma"?!

Mark shakes her at the shoulder, gently as a shadow-hunter could be; she looks up lips still tingling, "I didn't mean to do that, i'm... sorry", she says and walks away like a ghost. "Hey wait--", he tries to stop her but she feels her veins being filled with something unknown- fear or want or anger.

"Emma"?

"Yes Diana".

"Have you been drinking"?

"No", with a slight slur she replies. Diana tries to grab her, take her under control, but she resists- the women tries to pull her towards her now. "Stop, Emma, give up", Diana yells, the whole household is starting to awaken, she can hear Livvy's voice and Ty's confusion. She tries to remove her wrist from Diana but finally gives up and starts to cry.

"Emma".

She doesn't how or when she got to Julien's room but she's there. From widened eyes, she sees Diana and the Warlock she met once before. "What are you doing here", she screams, "Haven't you tortured me enough with your prophecies"! She starts to throw Julien's

collection of fossils at this Warlock who sent her through the portal. "LEAVE ME ALONE". Amongst her anger, she barely hears Diana's amid confusion or sees that the warlock does not exist in Diana's eyes- only Emma can see him.

Diana calls Julien from the kitchen, begging for him to calm her down.

Emma begins to punch the warlock but he feels nothing- he blocks her punches with a swift raise of his palm, "Calm down little one", the rest of the world goes silent- so that Emma & this Warlock are only two people in this room.

Her pulse decreases and she sees the world as clearly as she can through the distinct alcohol-tint. The warlock looks cold, Emma tells him so. "Perhaps because i am a demon". He flicks his long skinny fingers together and slithers into a creature shrivelled at the edges, large, obtuse with clawed wings, horns and bones where the heart should be. Emma throws herself backwards, "You"! she gasped, her blood aching to shoot him down.

"Yes me", he sneered, "I've been watching you for some time now". The door jams shut, she has no weapons or friends when she needs them most. "LET ME OUT", she howled, jutting her jaw forwards, clenched fists each at her sides.

She shuffled backward desperately as he approached her, she backed up against a wall and found herself trapped yet again, his claws wrapped around her neck. Finally she looked to his eyes, they were stark black-

"Thank-you", "You did everything for me".

What... Her mouth shivers out of fear, looking deeper into his soulless eyes before she feels his claws push her face to the ground.

She looked up the ceiling, eyes closing, his face looks above her:

"Goodbye Emma"-

she falls asleep.

Chapter End Notes

I hope to write more around the Christmas Break to catch up with the last book's major events and ensure all characters are in the same room for once! ;)

Thank-you if you read this story, my writing has changed so much and archive of our own & readers really push the creativity of all writers in this community and make writing really fun

;)

The Last Beach

She could smell it again, that same salty richness of the sea bringing back the same old fear.

But it was different, the scent seemed older- 12 years older, to be precise.

Cheap candy and younger salt waves branded its scent- it seemed familiar.

Like the same waves that had stolen her parents- or the same man's footsteps who was the one to kill them.

I know this place, she thought, and she did.

But was it a dream, right in front of her eyes? More like a nightmare, to watch her parents die for the first time- but she wasn't going to let that happen, she was going to stop it.

As she heard the man's footsteps against the stones grow louder and impossibly closer- she opened her eyes and faced her old demons.

She was right , it was a beach, the last beach.

Seraph blade in hand, she heard him approach, and look out, like her, to the two hurried silhouettes she had known so well.

She heard herself cry out and lunge towards Mr Fade- he was unprepared and fell backwards onto the sharper pebbles- and as if in slow motion she raised her weapon high above his body: this had to end, now.

And plunged it through his heart, like a stake.

Blood flew above, interacting with air particles, disrupting the perfect equilibrium and a large crack of thunder screamed- leaving sizzles and little charges of electricity hanging around in the once perfect atmosphere.

Abandoning her blade, Emma broke off in a stride towards the silhouettes she had known too well- but as she did, their statures crumbled and the beach broke down into a large hall.

Her parents were alive? They had to be.

Why was the demon showing her this?

She stood between an archway and gazed, in a dream, at the scene ahead of her.

She saw her, how she used to be, 12 years ago, with Cortana within her palms: ready to fight.

The demon was showing her this...

What if she could change the past ,control the past?

Save her parents and be free to love Julian.

Then she saw her chance; Julian's father, possessed approached the band of children, confused, vulnerable, too young, frightened.

Quickly, she pushed through the crowds and trapped Julian's father by the hands. He revolted and made way to escape- but she, much stronger than he, repulsed by his protest, forced the body through the doorway- the children raised as if to attack Emma but were held back by Julian's arm- and then she could see him, younger, without that troubling look which inhabited his eyes, and he could see her.

Blue met brown,
She had to look away, but she could not and that was her mistake.

The man she once encaptured, sunk his teeth within her arm, and she kicked him right in the stomach with her foot-

"Come settle with me girl", he snarled on the floor, demonic blood running through his veins-

In that moment she could have killed him, let her anger take control- but her mind took control, she needed to distract him for enough time- at least before Clary would save them all.

So that's what she did- she locked him with spare chains and ran with the wind to the Lake.

"I want to go back", she cried at its water, "TORMENT ME NO LONGER, DEMON"!

Annabelle's knife stabbed Livva, Emma wide-eyed, watched the scene now fresh upon her eyes, this was the present? And not the past?

She watched as Julian and his family ran down towards Livvy.

Livvy is dead?

She could hear Julian's words, even his tears falling; tear by **tear**.

Livva is dead and it's all my fault...

A life for a life, she heard the Demon whisper between her ears

A life for a life

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!