

Heritage

A Mortal Instruments
and
Infernal Devices
Fanfiction

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“Jace!” Clary yelled. Even though the nagging in his chest was telling him to turn around, he continued on his walk to the New York Institute's entrance. Before he reached there, though, he caught sight of what could only be a Downworlder.

She wore skinny jeans and a knitted top, embroidered with the letters *T.H* on it. He frowned, and with his curiosity peaked, moved closer to the Downworlder.

He wondered why she was here. Had *Magnus* brought her? He shook his head. That wasn't possible. *Magnus* hadn't made an appearance since Alec and his falling out, and it didn't seem like he would appear any time soon from the way Alec holed himself up in his room.

As he reached the Downworlder, he couldn't help but blurt out the first question that came to mind.

“Who are you?”

Her back, which was turned to look at the painting of his ancestor's winter party, painted in the mid-1800s, turned to face him.

She smiled immediately at the sight of him. “Ah, a Herondale. It's nice to see a familiar face.”

She had brown hair and gray eyes, which immediately peaked his interest. On her hand was a pearl necklace, antique by the looks of it.

“Who are you?” he repeated.

“I'm Tessa Herondale.”

“Herondale?” Jace repeated.

She nodded and pointed to the painting. In the middle stood his

Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great Grandfather and his own *parabatai*, in the middle his wife.

During his studies, he was brought to look at this painting many-a-times. “I'm sure you've heard of Will. I was, and still am in some ways, his wife.”

She looked over at Jace, who no doubt looked bewildered looking at her, his

Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great Grandmother, alive and well.

“You're my-”

She nodded, cutting him off. “I am. You may have heard of me. My maiden name was Grey.”

As if realizing they were related wasn't enough, now he knew she was *Theresa Grey*, the elusive half-demon half-Shadowhunter.

She laughed. “You reacted the same way Stephen did.”

His realization was cut short. “You knew my father?”

She nodded. “Of course! I know all of my grandsons and granddaughters, although most of them don't end up telling their own sons or daughters. It defeats my purpose entirely.”

“And what is your purpose?”

She smiled at him. “To tell you Herondales when you're wrong. Clarissa is very fond of you, and since you have Will genes I'm pretty sure I can handle you bunch. ”

He looked at her indignantly. “What is that supposed to mean, Downworlder?”

Her smile faded slightly. “You are my blood, don't forget that, Jonathan.”

“It's Jace.” he corrected her instantly.

“Ah, yes. You're nickname. Excuse my forgetfulness.”

Jace was silent.

“I'm surprised *Magnus* hasn't mentioned me yet. Of course, he may have mentioned me to Alec.

He is your *parabatai*, is he not?"

Jace froze. Why did she want to know?"

Tessa's easygoing expression was lost as she grew serious. "I don't wish to harm your *parabatai*, Jace. I've seen the bond being broken myself, and it would kill me to see it again."

"Aren't you a warlock?" Jace muttered. "It wouldn't *really* kill you."

She shot Jace a look. "After seeing Will without Jem, I can't imagine my mental health living through it again."

"What did happen to James?" Jace inquired. "I never did learn that."

She gave him a weak smile. "That's also why I'm here, I suppose. To give you answers." She sighed, sitting down on a nearby chair. "Jem became a Silent Brother."

Jace looked shocked as he sat down on the chair opposite her. "Why? Didn't he have Will?" She sighed again and delved into the story of Will and Jem.

During her story-telling, Alec came down from his room, sensing his *parabatai's* disbelief and occasional discomfort.

Tessa smiled at him as he walked into the room they were sitting in, but didn't discontinue her story. Magnus --blasted Magnus-- had told him about Tessa, of course. He told him that she would be stopping by soon, if only to give Jace the details of his heritage.

By the time the story had been brought to a close, Isabella, Maryse and Robert had also made their way into the small room. Clary, however, was nowhere to be seen.

Robert smiled at her as she stopped talking.

"Tessa! So good to see you again!"

She smiled at him. "A pleasure, Robert. I haven't met your wife yet, but I can tell by the way she holds herself that she's a Trueblood."

He nodded, pleased.

"How did you-?" Maryse began.

"We are distantly related." Was all that Tessa gave away.

Maryse's eyebrows furrowed, but she said nothing else.

Tessa turned to face Alec and Isabelle. "Ah, I can see Cecily."

"Our Great-Great-Great- uh, something Grandma?"

Tessa nodded. "It would be six times great. Cecily was my sister in law."

Isabelle's eyes widened. "What?"

Tessa's eyes sparkled in amusement and turned to face Jace. "I must go now, but don't forget what I told you. And don't tell your children either, Jace. I shall not return to you unless I'm needed. And go find your Fairchild girl. I'm sure she's drawing runes that will combust you by now. Remember, no matter what you need to be honest with her." She winked at him. "We Herondale women always get through anyways."

And then with a flash, she was gone.

"Who was that?" Isabelle asked, incredulous.

"That was Tessa Gray." Without another word, Jace tore out of his seat and up the stairs, hoping Tessa wasn't serious about the rune.

His face was too pretty to combust.