

This is the October Prompt from [creepy pasta](#) due on October 31st. The prompt was to choose one of their Halloween creepypasta characters and then write a one-shot of it invading one of your favorite fandoms. I chose the creepypasta character Slenderman and the fandom The Mortal Instruments, by Cassandra Clare. The characters don't belong to me, so no copyright infringement intended. Word count of the one-shot itself was 819. Enjoy :)

"What are you doing?" a comforting and familiar voice asked.

Jace smirked as he turned around to kiss Clary, the love of his life. "There've been sightings of a demon attack nearby. I'm going to kill it. Shouldn't be too long."

Clary rolled her eyes at his obvious ego, but Jace ignored her and released the pins in her bright red hair. As it cascaded down her shoulders, Jace smiled widely. "Much better. You know I like your hair down."

"Go," Clary said. "Don't take too long. I wanted to train with you later."

Jace waved as he closed the doors to the Institute's elevator, waited for it to stop, and then made his way out the massive double front doors. Part of him still couldn't believe that he and Clary co-led the Institute of New York City.

By the time Jace reached a warehouse downtown, he thought the demon had already fled. At the other side of the vast, open space, a shadow loomed, towering well above Jace's own height. "By the Angel," he breathed. Unsheathing his seraph blade, he whispered its name, "*Gadriel*." It hummed to life.

The demon was thin and slender with tentacles growing from its back and a faceless expression. It had no face at all.

A tentacle snapped toward him, but Jace smoothly ducked beneath it. His speed rune kicked in as he slashed at the slender demon across its legs, abdomen, and then its back.

Suddenly, its tentacles latched onto him and blackness pulled him deep into the unknown.

When he awoke, Jace leaned up against the warehouse wall. With a groan, he blinked open his eyes.

Clary darted into the room.

"Clary? What are you doing here? Where'd the demon go?" Jace gave her a puzzled look.

"What demon, Jace?" asked Clary.

Jace stumbled to his feet. The room spun and he tried to focus his gaze on a single point behind Clary to make it stop.

"Clary. There was a demon here. Where - ?"

"Shh...Jace, I love you," Clary murmured. She darted toward him and with shaking hands, ripped off his shirt. Their lips met and Jace found it difficult to breathe or think about anything other than her - than how much he loved her.

Jace's hands fumbled with the buttons on her blouse, but he was distracted by Clary's kisses along his neck and jaw.

With no control of his own, his hands clenched around something metal that glinted in the dim lighting. Before he realized what had happened, he pierced her chest with his seraph blade.

Clary gasped in surprise as Jace yanked the sword out. "No, no, no, no... Clary - Clary - Clary? I'm - I'm sorry, Clar - Clary..." His voice broke.

Her blood pooled on his hands and torso, thick and warm.

"Clary please come back to me," Jace whispered. His salty tears dripped from his lips and pelted Clary's pale forehead.

Jace snapped awake, chest heaving with rough breaths, sweat coating his skin in a thin layer.

"Jace...?" Clary mumbled, turning over to face him. Her red hair cascaded across her pillow and Jace's eyes scanned over her body several times to ensure she was alive. No blood on her nightgown. Her chest rose and fell.

Clary was alive.

"You okay?" Clary finally peaked her eyes open and rolled over to straddle him, but he stayed stiff beneath her.

"Clary, I - " Jace choked and shoved her off him, unable to bear looking at her or touching her.

"What is it?" Her hand rubbed the bare skin of his chest.

"You remember Jonathan and - before he bound me to him... When he showed me all those nightmares?" Jace finally glanced down at her.

Clary slung her hair over her right shoulder with a nod. "The ones where you killed me? Yeah. Why? What brought this on?"

Jace shook his head, raking his hands through his curly blond hair. "I - "

"Did you have one again?" Clary scooted closer to him and slid her hands around his back.

He nodded and his body shivered.

Her lips found his neck and slowly made a trail along his jaw until at last, their lips touched. Jace gently shoved her flat on her back and hovered over her, his hips pressing against hers.

Suddenly, a seraph blade stabbed her chest and she immediately went limp.

"W - Wait, no... Clary...? Clary...?" Jace stared at her in complete shock. Slowly, his eyes followed the blade which had sliced through her flesh like paper, to where his hands clutched the hilt.

Jace leapt backward, stumbling off the bed as he collapsed onto the ground, screaming at what he had done.

Outside of his mind, Jace's body remained in Slenderman's clutches. Its tentacles stayed attached to him, allowing the creature to mentally torment him as long as it pleased.

Slenderman wouldn't release him until either his mind shattered and he gave into madness or his heart gave out.