



THE OFFICIAL
MORTAL INSTRUMENTS
COLORING BOOK

“That was quick thinking. What gave you the idea of using the Sensor as a weapon?”

Before she could reply, a sharp laugh sounded through the room. Clary had been so enraptured by the books and distracted by Hodge that she hadn’t seen Alec sprawled in an overstuffed red armchair by the empty fireplace. “I can’t believe you buy that story, Hodge,” he said.