(Anastasia POV)

I read the news again. Disbelief clouded my mind.

'Silbor Nozrack The greatest Inscription master, who disappeared some time ago has died. The Aurors found his body in some...…'

I read the news a third time.

(I cannot believe it. He really died.)

Silbor was an expert. He had come up with many theories. His contribution to the inscription field was immense. He was perhaps over a hundred years old. The old of our family had also taken his services more than once. He was just that good. His death signaled something sinister. These were peaceful times after the death of the dark lord. But his death clearly stated that the world was not as peaceful as it seemed to be. I mean why else would a person of a status as high as him would disappear and then die? A storm was brewing in the magical world and it was going to be big. I would not be surprised if the storm roped even the Morningstars. There was also the chance that it was all happening due to the Morningstars in the first place. It could be something orchestrated by the rouges. But there was no way to know about it. I could only wait and see where the wind was going to blow.

I dropped the paper and stood up from my seat. It was time for my inspection and also time to wake that sleepy head up. Since the time we came back from Hogwarts, he had been inside the training hall. Perfecting one thing after another. During the bout against those Basilisks, I could tell that his magic was stronger than before. Meaning that he had released another layer of the seal. He was growing stronger steadily. He was able to control so much of his power now. But only when he became able to control all of his power, would he be able to grow.

I slowly walked in the corridor thinking things like this until I reached the door of the most important room in the entire Mansion. It was protected by various inscriptions, wards, and many other magical protections. Some were so ancient that even their names were lost to time. But they were yet functional. This alone spoke of the expertise spent in deploying those protections. I was no expert in such type of magic but even I could tell how amazing each and every single formation was. It was all built using different types and different branches of magic. But Every single protection converged into one last, single, big circular formation. That was the only formation I knew how to operate. I opened the door and entered the room.

It was a big circular room. The interior of the room was all made of green stones. It seemed as if the whole room was made out of jade. But this was some special material, God knows what, that helped in the sealing. On the walls of the room were the lines from the Hymen of the Guardians. I raised my head and looked up. I started to read from the poem.

"Beware, oh mortals, of our might, In shadows deep, we dwell at night." I read the first two lines. I took in a deep breath and then with a low voice I recited the whole poem.

It was weird. It was all nothing but praise to us but I liked us. I did not know who came up with it but it was something that completely depicted us and our existence. It was an exact depiction of the Morningstars and their work. I had heard stories that in the ancient times when we went to war, the Morningstars used to chant this hymn as their battle cries. But now this was only used as a threat. Whenever this Hymn was chanted, it was a signal that now the matter was under the Guardians of Pandora, and no one was allowed to interfere. Our influence ran deep in the magical world. Even the ministry was not allowed to interfere once the hymn was chanted. That was the power of the Morningstars or rather, the power of the 'Guardians of Pandora'.

I lowered my head to stare at the square box that silently hovered in the dead center of the room. It seemed to be built with many small cubes, that combined to make a larger cube. The small cubes moved up and down and emitted azure lights. That was the only other color except for jade in the entire room. That box was the thing that gave us our status. The thing we had sworn to protect. That in front of me was the Pandora's box.

I inspected it from all sides. Various formations hovered around the box. They were all ethereal and randomly moved around the box. Those were the formations I knew all about. It was my duty as the head of the Morningstars to know about them.

I raised my right hand and waved it in front of the box. One of the formations came in front of me and then it expanded. An ethereal azure light swallowed me and I got surrounded by various runes from all sides. I carefully inspected every single rune and script to know if the inscription was working properly or not. It took me several minutes to inspect every single one of them and then I closed off the formation. It returned to its previous round shape and started to float above the box again. I felt as if my head was swirling. Although I had spent only a few minutes inside the formation but the amount of raw energy that was constituted in the formation was astronomical. One could only stay there for a little time even after undergoing some special precautions.

I had completed my inspection, so I exited the room. It was time to wake Nathaniel. I had not seen him since the time we came back from Hogwarts. He had been training nonstop. I did not disturb him this time. There were a lot of things I had to do myself. There was a need for maintenance on Grimlock, Aurora, and Verpira. And being the only blacksmith alive, that was something I needed to do. That was one of the many things I needed to do. There was also the worry that I had about J. The last time I saw him was during the incident where we cleared the nest. I was shaken due to the appearance of Xeros. I had to come back to Hogwarts so we had planned to meet during the break but he had yet to contact me. It was odd. He was someone who usually came when called so it was odd that he did not come when he himself said that he would. But still, I did not think about it much. I walked briskly towards the training hall. There was no sound coming out of the room. It was all quiet.

(Hmmmmm. Too quiet)

It was weird.

\*Knock Knock\*

I knocked at the door. "Hey Nat, you up." But no answer came. "HEY NAT, YOU IN THERE." I knocked again this time I shouted but no answer came again. I waited and waited and waited.

"NATHANIEL MORNINGSTAR," I shouted. I was almost at the end of my patience. Because if he was not in there, then two people were going to die. J and Nat. If he was not inside then it could only mean that he and J were off to another one of their adventures. And since they knew it was going to take them long, Nat made an excuse that he needed to train and exited the mansion at some point. I was so going to kill them both.

I tried to open the door but It was locked. The training rooms in the mansion were built to hold spars of great level. So usually they were reinforced using magic. Meaning I could not break down the door.

Luckily I was the head of the Morningstar household. Meaning I could do whatever I wanted with whatever formation I wanted. I could tamper with the wards, the magical protections, the inscriptions, the formations, or any other magical utility in the house however I wanted to. Perks.

I raised my hand and all the scripts made up of countless runes appeared in front of me. The scripts were written in an orderly manner to give them the meaning of protection to make a complete inscription. And many inscriptions and other magical methods overlapped to form a complete formation that fortified the door and made it night unbreakable. I tinkered with the formation a bit and it simply shook violently before shutting down completely. The ethereal inscriptions disappeared and the formation broke apart. It did not disappear completely as I knew I could activate it again whenever I wanted to but right now I had to break the door. With a single kick, the door flung open.

"NATHAN," I shouted as I entered the room but what I saw inside the room caused me to stop in my tracks. I couldn't believe my eyes.

"WHAAAATTTT SIS?" I heard Nat's complaint. "Why do you have to be so loud? I was in the middle of something." He said while getting up.

"It's been so long. Only two weeks remain and then we will have to go back. So go and get yourself cleaned." I spoke while managing my poker face.

"yeah yeah, I am going." He said and walked passed me.

I took a look back towards the hall. Lost in thought I simply stood there even after he had left.

(What was that?)

I wondered.

When I had entered the room I saw something that had astonished me to no end. I saw Nat sitting in the center of the room. His legs crossed. He was facing the opposite side so I could not see his face but I knew that he had his eyes closed. The wind danced around him forming small twisters. All the humidity in the room converged to form water bubbles around Nathan as his body released flares of fire from his body. The earth around him rose and fall. It was a truly amazing scene to watch. But there was something else that made me think. All the light in the room had converged to form a hollow over his body leaving shadows in the room. And as I entered the room I thought I saw them tremble as if trying to move. It was an eerie feeling. But even that was not what had me worried. It was the state of the training hall. The entire place was trashed. There were holes in the walls. Various cuts and holes filled my view. Entire bricks were missing from some places. It was as if a dragon had vented his anger onto the room. I finally looked back. Nathan was slowly walking toward the end of the corridor.

(So, you opened up yet another layer.)

Tears of joy filled my eyes. My brother was getting strong. He was learning to control more of his power. Instinctively my hand reached inside my pocket and I pulled out a paper. I looked at it. There was an inscription made on the paper. I could not read all of it but I could guess what it did. I had made that inscription but that was something I had made after asking Silbor Nozrack. I knew what it did and how it functioned but I could not completely understand the function of each script written on it.

(Should I??)

I thought. Every time I saw Nat like that I was tempted to use it but I knew it was not the right thing to do.

(I will just have to have faith in him.)

And with that thought, I put the paper away.