

JAMES POTTER  
THE  
STAFF  
OF  
THE MAGI  
BY  
GUARDIANDOGG

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Version 002

50 plus years after the  
Death of  
Harry Potter

# Chapter 1

## The Robber

The house was quiet as the Robber sat on his knees pointing his wand at the enchanted lock on the tall black safe trying to break into it with little effect. The large amber lock remained in place there was no physical key to open it. It could only be open by a single spell with a combination of a charm.

The Robber shook his leather gloved fist at the lock in frustration but he was careful to keep silent not uttering a single word because of the wards that were craved into the paneling and every corner of the house. He had tried for several hours to break his way into the safe sense the owners of the house had gone to bed for the night four hours ago finally. This was his only chance.

The client wanted the item and the robber had already spent half the money on love charms on women and rent. He was out of time and he couldn't give the client back half his fee. The stress was getting to him and he was so fixed on his task he almost missed the feeling of someone arriving behind him.

He turned aiming his wand.  
(Petrificus Totalus)

He poked the spell in his mind blasting the young girl with the curse freezing her in place. He studied the girl dressed in a blue long jersey closely and then locked his gaze on her linking with her mind he forced his mind into yours quickly invading her memories and snatching the information he needed before turning from her and quickly turning back to the lock and unlocking it. He quickly took out the long staff and disappeared out of the room.

The girl remained in place for an hour crying frozen in place. It was several hours later that an old man with long silver hair came into down into the basement. He found the girl on the floor crying. He noticed the safe but ignored it to take the girl in his arms and hugging her and trying to calm her as the rest of the family finally came.

The girl's father came last and froze as he came to the basement. He looked around frowning the others noticed him and said nothing. The man finally turned and stared at something.

“My name Archer Saint Walker. I live in north Texas. I need help. My daughter has been violated and family treasure stolen. We have no money but we will give you loyalty and friendship forever. I don't know who you are but I sense you are magi. What ever time you see this. Please we need your help. Find the dragon of the West. He is the only one that will be able to track our enemy.”

There was a moment of quiet as the man nodded though no had said anything. "Thank you. It is not your fault you could not stop this it is my fault alone. I should have protected my daughter from this. I should have protected my family's treasure the fault is mean and mean alone. All we ask for justice to be done. Nothing more. You must go now. It will not be safe for you to be here. The monster that did this will be watching for you. Hurry back."

The vision of the man faded as James came awake in his bed but then felt dark thoughts attacking him as then another mind was invading into his head. He closed his eyes to see a dark monster stood over in his mind digging into his mind and memories.

James screamed as the feeling of a hundred knives being stabbed into his head and repeatedly filled him with fear and pain. He felt his memories of the past and experiences being yanked out of his head and examined like he was on an operating table or a lab being dissected like an animal by a mad scientist trying to understanding how his mind worked and how best to break him apart in the process.

Hopeless despair filled every part him as he thought he was going to die from the process and then the monster screamed as a tall man of pure light caught hold of the monster by the back of the neck and started stabbing the monster with a sword of blazing light and flames repeatedly.

The monster roared as the being of pure light proceeded to rip into his body without pause and showing not an ounce of mercy or care at the monster's pleading. The being of light ignored it and kept on it's attacks until the monster let go of James' mind and ran as the figure of light sent it away with blasts of light.

The figure of pure light turned to James and changed into a form of Angus Potter glowing in a bright light.

"It's time to get up James. We have to have a talk."

Angus said calmly.



# Chapter 2

## Wedding Plans

James gasped loudly as he sprang out of bed to the floor in a cold sweat and heard feet running into his room. His bedroom door was kicked open as Angus came in fell to the floor gathering James in his arms and hugged him as James became to cry.

Angus rubbed his back saying nothing for several minutes while James shook with fear and cries. It was an until and hour later the James straightened up out of Angus' arms to look at him. Angus stared at him with clear eyes but dangerous energy was around him. James felt the power of Angus' rage just barely held back.

"James. I'm going to start training you in Occlumency." Angus said a quiet voice.

James pursed his lips. "Yes. I'm sorry. I'll do better. I should have been ready for this." He said.

Angus shook his head. "No. You've only been in the game for three months now. I promised to train you and I've been slipping on getting you to the level you need to be at. I'm going make sure you get all the tools and ability to get stronger or I'm going to find somebody that can help you. I promise. What happened?" He said.

## James Potter and the Staff of the Magi

James shook his head. “A thief was breaking into a safe that was at a family’s home. The family was asleep. He had been hired to get what was inside the safe. He was having trouble doing it because he was stressed. He had used up half the money he got from his client on love charms and rent. There was a girl that came into the basement. He hit her with a paralyzing spell and then he invaded her mind and found out the combination to the safe from her mind. He opened the safe took out a wizard staff and left her there.” He said pausing and shook with anger now.

Angus nodded. “Okay. Anything else?”

James nodded. “Yeah. The father of the girl is named Archer Saint Walker he told me that he lives in north Texas. He told me that needed to get in contact with you.”

Angus nodded. “He knew you were watching.”

James nodded. “Yes. But how?”

Angus shook his head. “He has a similar high ability you do and he’s magi. He felt you watching him because we are magi as well.”

James nodded his head. “He told me it wasn’t my fault. But, If I could-”

“No buts.” Angus said. “It wasn’t your fault. You can’t stop events that happened in the past for you. You didn’t know anything was going to happen and you couldn’t have stopped it if you were there.

The thief is a stronger wizard then you are and more experienced. You would have suffered worse then the girl. I'll look him up and get into contact with him and his family. In the mean time. We're going to begin your training. I'll have to make a few calls and you'll have to tell your mother. What's going on?"

James stared at him. "She's only going to worry even more about me."

Angus shook his head. "Can't be helped. She's your mother and she's back sight. She'll have to start giving you tips as well about handling this type of situation."

"Dad. How the hell was he able to attack my mind from such a great distance? I didn't even know that was possible. How were you able to protect my mind like you did?"

Angus sighed and patted his shoulder. "It's a lot to explain son but we'll get to all of it. First though you need to get washed up and get some breakfast inside of you." He said and started to raise to his feet. He held out his hand to James.

James ignored Angus' hand and he got to his feet on his own. "I'm going to become stronger. I'm not going to allow myself to let you and mom down."

Angus stared at James and then smiled and rubbed his head. "I know. Get washed up. I'll make breakfast. We got a lot of work to get started with and don't forget that you have to tell your mother about what happened." He said and headed out of the door.

James stood in place and looked down at his shaking hands and balled them into fist for a few moments until they stopped shaking. He took off his shirt and turned to his bedroom mirror that was over his dresser draws and stared at his girlfriend and newly fiancée Mara Scamander who was dressed in a hot pink T-shirt and tiny shorts grinning at him.

"Hey."

James stared at her. "Hey. How are you do that?" He asked her.

Mara giggled. "It's something new I was working on. I put it in your mirror the last time I was over to visit you." She said and then frowned as she stared at him. "What's wrong. Something happened. Don't lie."

James sighed and started for the dresser to get some clothes and underwear. "I had another back sight vision. This time though someone invaded my mind as I was coming out of it and attacked me. No. Don't worry. My dad saved me but I'm going to be doing some training with him to perfect my mental walls against outside attacks on my mind."

"I want to see you." She said immediately.

James shook his head. "I know. Not right now though. I have to work a case with my Dad and I have to train in perfecting my Occlumency before I get to all that."

"Get to all of what?" Mara asked in pensive voice.

James looked at her. "I promised your Dad we would wait until we got married to start having kids. Last time you came over here I barely kept that promise. You come over here now you aren't going back."

"Do you promise?" Mara asked.

James shook his head at her. "Your a trouble maker. Minx. Just give a break. I really have a case with my father that's just come up. You can come over in a few weeks." He said and turned away.

"I can help you with Occlumency." She said.

James shook his head and smiled sadly. "No you can't."

"Of course I can. I am smarter then you are." Mara said.

James looked up at her. He then looked at the mirror and ran his finger along it. "Mara. How often have you been staring at me through this mirror?"

Mara stared at him. "What does that have to do with anything I said. You avoiding talking to me about this subject because. I can come over tonight or better I can stay at the ranch while you and your father start get the house built."

James stared at him. “Mara. This is what I’m talking about. I told you to calm down. If you came to stay over here do you promise to not sneak into my room late night.”

Mara stared at James with an open mouth. “Your purposely trying to change the subject. I’m not inventing an excuse to just come over and have sex with you.”

James laughed making Mara cheeks heat up. “Nice try Minx. I’ll talk to you later. I have to go eat breakfast and have a meeting with my Dad.” He turned to go.

“James. I want to come over.” Mara said softly.

He turned to look at her. “I know. But, it isn’t a good time right now. The person we’re hunting knows we’re coming for them and he’s already attacked me. It’s not time yet after the case we’ll talk about it. What about the wedding plans?”

Mara pursed her lips and then turned her head slightly. “I’m coming.” She said and turned back to him. “I got a go. We’ll talk later. I love you.”

“I love you too.” I said as her image disappeared.

## Chapter 3

### The way the world works

James came down stairs dressed and ready for work to the kitchen to find Angus stacking up a third pancake on a plate for James. He was reading a latter and two books were open on the kitchen table.

Angus nodded to him. “Alright son. We got lead on where the theft took place and the family group based on the information you gave me. When you’ve finished your breakfast we will be heading out to their place.”

James had sat down but started to raise at Angus’ news. “I’m ready to go now.”

Angus held up a hand. “Eat first. Besides that I want to discuss somethings now.” He said waving James back down to his seat.

James frowned but sat back down and began eating his breakfast. Angus sat down facing him and looking over his books while James ate in silence. He glanced at the books Angus was reading.

“What are you researching information on the staff?” James guessed.

Angus shook his head. “No. Information on Occlumency training. You took the course at school?”

James grimaced but nodded his head. “Yes I did.”

There followed a long silence. Angus looked up. “So how did you do in the course?”

James smiled. “I got perfect marks. Second best in my class below Mara.”

Angus stared at him. “So you financed your way through school and into Mara’s pants?” He asked.

James snorted and sat back. “Not through all my classes. I was busy making friendships and contentions.”

Angus studied. “So you did pick Mara on purpose to help you with your studies and then you later to become your girlfriend and then later your wife?”

James nodded. “Yes. That was my intention. Do you have a problem with what I did? Didn’t you do the same thing when you were my age with Mother?”

Angus frowned. “James. I know you. There’s not a damn thing you can do that would surprise me. Do you at least know the basics of Occlumency?”

James shrugged. “The Basics? Yes. I know the basics but I wasn’t able to master the skill.”

Angus shook his head. “I remember asking you if you were having problems at school with reading the books and such. If you were having problems you know you could have told me any time and we would have figured out something else to play to your advantage.”



James folded his arms across his chest. “I remember telling you I was getting help and I keeping up with my work. I didn’t cheat on my examines. I passed my courses. I put in the work and got my marks.”

“Okay. Okay. So we have some stuff to improve on and we’ll figure out a way for you to best learn and master Occlumency.”

James stared at him. “I am serious about Mara. I may have used her to-”

“-So James. Does Mara need to come live out here for a bit to help you train in Occlumency?”

“No. That won’t work. She’ll only end up pregnant before the wedding.” James told him honestly.

Angus sighed and looked down at his books. “I can read out the books to you as we-”

“-I prefer you to just instructed me through it. I don’t do well with people reading it to me. It just doesn’t work. I’ll practice reading the books slowly on my own but all I need is for you to instruct me in the process and break it down for me to understand to the core principles.”

Angus sat back slowly in his chair. “I could see about getting you some specialized made glasses to help with your eyes. I know some-”

“-There’s nothing wrong with me Dad.” James said heatedly. “I’m not an idiot. I’m smart, capable and I have the drive to become just as great and powerful as you are. I can see just fine. I just can’t read the words. It takes too much time and focus for me to get the information into my head.”

Angus nodded. “I know son. I know. But is there a reason you don’t want to get fitted for some specially made reading glasses?” He said and then held up a hand when James opened his mouth. “I’m not saying anything about your intelligence. I know you’re smart. I’m just trying to understand your reasoning.”

James stared at him. “They don’t work for me. I’ve already tried several models made for me by a specialist. They don’t work. The charm either wears off on the lenses or the specialist using them as an opportunity to use me to do them a favor or see something.”

Angus stared at him. “Who? I want a name.” He said quietly but the mood in the room had changed and a presence of danger and power surrounded him suddenly. He stared at James quietly.

James sighed but he shook his head. “I already handled it and I promised Mara I wouldn’t make another attempt at fixing my vision. It’s just too risky and we have too many enemies looking to take me out. I just need you to instruct me in what I need to know.”

Angus snorted and sighed closing his eyes for a few seconds before he opened his eyes. His eyes were glowing gold for a few seconds and then they returned to a normal dark brown. “Okay. I’ll teach what you need to know but if I can’t get you where you need to be then we’ll need to get you a teacher we can trust before Mara comes to live here. We on the same square?”

“Yes Sir. I agree. I won’t take me long Dad to get to the top. I just need to understand somebody to help understand how to block and defend my mind.” James said in somber tone. He stared at Angus. “Dad. How did you inter my mind and attack the thief? I don’t remember listening to any Occlumency instruction books about what you did and the way you could attack like that.”

Angus grunted. “Yeah. Well. You wouldn’t find what I learned in any books in the western Wizard world that you learned in Hogwarts. I learned a bit of that from the magi and most of it from the The Wuxia.”

James tapped his fingers on the table. “The Magi and the Wuxia. Which do you consider yourself more magi or Wuxia?”

“I am more magi then Wuxia. My mother was born here the same as me. I’ve was never cut out to be a true western wizard.” He said thinking about it for a few seconds.

James shook his head. “I don’t understand the difference. Aren’t the magi, The Wuxia are all wizards just with different names?”

Angus shook his head frowning. “No. Not at all. A Wuxia master is not the same as a western wizard. Just like a magi is not the same as The Wuxia. These are different tribes of people with different histories, traditions and how they think. The Wuxia is the oldest of all the other magical tribes they had the most history in magic and they have not shared all of their secrets with the modern western wizard world.”

James frowned. “Hmm. How can be allowed to do-”

Angus laughed shaking waving his hands from side to side. “Allowed!/? No. No. Son. That’s not how the world works. The Wuxia are the oldest magical tribes on the planet. We don’t allow them to do shit. They have every right to keep their own damn secrets. The same as the magi keep our secrets. You ready to go?”

James nodded his but was still frowning. “Dad. How come you haven’t told me any of this until now?”

Angus shrugged. “You’ve wanted to be a great and power wizard all your life it’s all you’ve talked about. I never encouraged it or disapproved. You are who you are. You don’t have to be like or your grandpa Harry. You can be your own man. All I ask is that you be the best at what your trying to be. Do you understand me?” He said.

James stared at him. “Will you teach me the history of the Magi and The Wuxia Occlumency.” He said holding out his hand to him.

Angus bowed his head. “As you wish.” He said and took his hand and they disappeared.

# Chapter 4

## The Hunter

Angus and James appeared outside facing mobile home trailer. James looked around to see a community of old homes and similar mobile home trailers.

“You are here.” A male said from the porch of the mobile home.

James turned his attention forward as Angus stepped on to the steps leading up to the door of the trailer where Archer Saint Walker stood holding out his hand and shook Angus’ hand firmly. He glanced at James with a frown but gave him a nod before looking back at Angus.

“Thank you for coming Western Dragon.” Archer said.

Angus shook his head. “Please call me Potter. Mr. Walker this is my son and apprentice James Walker. James, you already know who Mr. Walker is.”

James nodded to the surprise of Archer. He stared at James then understanding lit up his eyes. “Oh. You are the back sight that saw the events that happened.”

“Yes Sir. We’re here to help.” James said trying to sound the part.

Angus nodded and waved Archer back to the door. “Please could you show us to your basement where the event took place.” Angus asked.

Archer frowned at James but nodded his head and led the way inside. Angus waved James forward and they quickly walked inside to a very spacious living room and wide space there was a single old couch an old wood dinning table where an elderly man played cards with two teenage boys and table in the kitchen besides that were wasn’t any other funiture other then a few books near the couch.

Angus bowed his head to the elderly man. “Peace be with you elder. How’s it going?”

The elder bowed back. “As well as any day on this side of the hunting grounds. How goes the hunt for you?”

Angus grinned. “I have plenty of game to hunt for in these days. I came to see if I came looking for tracks of my next prey with luck I’ll find em and return to you what belongs to you.”

The elderly man grunted. “What will you do with the dog that came sneaking into the night and violated our truce with the rulers?”

Angus shrugged. “To dust he came to dust is where I will take him. Maybe his ancestors can weep over him but he had his time and that’s done.”

James frowned at the strange speech and exchange between both men. Then he noticed the strange still in the air as well.

“What does the chief say?” The elderly man asked.

“I’m here. That should say all that needs to be said and we have a common enemy. All debts are paid.” Angus said.

The Elder snorted. “That’s not an answer. What is your boy doing here?”

Angus pointed a thumb at James. “He is of age. He is a man now. Your people asked him for help and he tangled a bit with the dog of the west.” He said.

The Elder froze. “He is a hunter.”

Angus nodded. “Yes. This will be his first hunt. Your people asked him for assistance. So he will be assisting you in getting back your treasure.”

The Elder frowned at Angus shaking his head. “We asked Dragon of the West to assist us.”

Angus shook his head. “My enemies call me that name. You are not my enemies. My name is Angus Potter. I am magi. Every man is responsible for his own destiny and the choices he makes there is an accounting for them. My mother taught me this.”

The Elder frowned but he looked away and smiled down at his cards as he picked them up. “Well said.”



Archer cleared his throat. "I'll show you and your son to the basement." He said still giving James a cautious stare.

James was silent as he followed behind both men as Archer walked toward a tall grandfather clock that stood against a wall. He tapped on the face of the clock with his left knuckles. The glass door opened to a short stairway to basement. Archer led the way inside. Angus and James followed behind him silently.

James frowned at the feeling he experienced as they stepped through the doorway. But he ignored it as they came to the floor of the basement. Archer stood to the side watching them.

Angus took a walk around the room. "No windows. No other way but for the doorway through the clock into this enlarged pocket space. So. How did he get in here?" He said almost to himself but he looked at James.

"I don't know."

Angus shook his head. "Yes you do know. Work your way backwards from last time you saw the thief in this space where was he?"

James nodded tot he safe. "He was by the safe. He never left the safe because he had used almost every Alohomora trick he could and known of them worked until he found the young girl came in and he broke into her mind for the secret key."

Angus motioned with his hand. “Keep going backward. What happened before then?”

James shook his head. “I don’t know. I only remember coming into the vision when he got here.”

Angus shook his head. “No. No. Don’t do that. Tell me what you see. What did your mother tell you about back sight.”

James grimaced. “She said I shouldn’t think in a present dimension of thought but I had to use my senses to guide my mind gather information that way.”

“That’s right. Don’t think like a wizard. Tell me what you saw back forget about right now or what you remember. Tell me what you see. Look backward not in the present.”

James frowned but he nodded his head close his eyes. He took a deep breath and went back rewinding the past events in his head until he stood there in the night looking at thief as he appeared in the room when everyone went to sleep.

“Wow!” James said.

“How did he get in?” Angus asked.

“He used Apparition. He appeared in the spot your standing.”

“Where was he before then?” Angus asked.

James shook his head. “I don’t know.” He said seeing and feeling only darkness around the thief.

“Where did you see him before he came into this room?”

“He was in darkness. He had been watching outside the family home waiting for them to go asleep.”

“How did he know? No wait. Tell me what you see when you wonder how he found out when the family would go to sleep for the night.”

“His client gave him all the details about the family and what the staff would look like. He was ordered to only take the staff and leave no memory of himself or dead body.”

“Do you see the client?”

James shook his head. “No. The client was careful not to reveal himself to the thief. They communicated by a letter.”

“What does the thief look like?” Angus said and put his hand on James’ shoulder.

“He’s a short stalky man in his mid-forties. He’s left handed and I can’t see his face. Ah!” James paused as he felt a slight pain.

Archer put his hand on James’ other shoulder. “Keep going.”

James gritted his teeth and droplets of sweat started going down his face and neck. “He’s also a...” He opened his eyes as he felt both men shift on their feet.

Angus opened his eyes. “Go on!”

“He’s a dark wizard. He would have killed the girl but the client told him to avoid doing so or his fee would be cut in half. I think he’s a death dealer.”

Angus stared at him but then he nodded his head. “Yeah. I believe your right on son. That makes this job a little more harder to solve but a lot less complicated to judge.”

## Chapter 5

### Raven Song

After, Archer, Angus and James had come out of the grandfather clock basement they walked back into the dining room and Angus saw the Elder still seated at the dinning table but the two other boys were gone and a dark raven hair woman dressed in a plain blue dress stood behind his chair frowning at them her gaze fixed on James suddenly.

James froze as he saw her flying through the air. The feeling of being free and wild. It was the first flight and it was gloriously wicked. The memory reminded him of his first time tasting the true freedom of the wild. Angus laid his hand on James shoulder taking him out of the vision. He blinked and looked at Angus whom was smiling at him.

James frowned at him. "What?" He asked.

"Mrs. Walker was asking you a question." Angus said gentle.

"Oh. Sorry." James said. He then turned his attention toward the Mrs. Walker.

She was smiling at him. "Hello. I'm Francisca. You can call me River Song. I am the Raven of the Walker tribe."

James smiled. "I'm James Potter. You can call me James. I'm a Raven Animagus too. It's nice to meet you."

James glanced at Angus raising an eye brow. Angus shook his head saying nothing as he turned back to the Elder man in the room.

“Is it possible for us to speak with your grand daughter about the events that happened two days ago?” He asked.

“No!” Raven and the Elder shouted at once then they looked alarmed and flinched backward.

Archer came to stand in between Angus and his wife and grandfather. “My grandfather and wife didn’t mean any disrespect Western Dragon. My daughter is still not feeling well up to questioning.”

“Mr. Walker.” Angus said calmly. “I apologize if I have offended you with my question or my presence in your home. I assure you I merely asked the question to see gather if any information could be gathered for the investigation on the situation that has happened to you and your family. I assure you that my son and I will do our very best to catch the perpetrator and reclaim whatever item was stolen from you. Sense your daughter cannot be here to give us an account of the events from her perspective can you please give us some small indication of how you were able to detected my back sight magic being used at that time?” He said in a calm voice and got out a note pad and pin from the inside of his jacket pocket.

James frowned but he patted his own jacket and got out a pin and small notebook to use. He didn't understand the switch in tone and tactic but from Angus but he said nothing to counter it.

Walker family looked confused as Angus waited staring at Archer patiently. Archer blinked and he shook his head.

"No. No. You didn't do anything wrong. Ah you just surprised my wife and grandfather a little. Yes. Ah. I have a small talent for feeling shifts in time and feeling the eyes of hunters. It's not really a talent really more instinct than anything else."

Angus nodded. "I get you. Have you noticed any strangers in your area?"

Archer sighed shaking his head. "No. We are a small community and my tribe owns surrounding land for several miles around my home."

"Who else besides your immediate family knows about where your item was hidden in your home?"

"Sir. Western. No. I'm sorry. Mr. Potter what do these questions have to do with finding the one that stole my family treasure. I'm sure with your son's help and what information you have now it will be enough to-"

"-Excuse me Sir. But you don't understand the situation at all." Angus interjected.

“But several crimes were committed here beyond the theft of your family treasure which is a minor issue. The suspect is a powerful wizard and possible death dealer.”

“Wait! Hold on please. Your son said that name before what does it mean? I’ve never heard of it before.”

Angus nodded. “Understandable. Death Dealers are dark wizard contract killers who operate much in the same way the robber that broke into your home who committed two class high crimes of unwarranted mental violation and theft of confidential information. You yourself have told me that your daughter is unable to communicate to me the events that took place a few days ago. Has she seen a doctor yet?”

Archer stared at him. “Yes she has.”

“Is the condition your daughter encountered permanent?” Angus asked.

Archer straightened up. “She will require enough to live a reasonable normal life but the doctors say she has permanent mental damage.”

Angus nodded. “Attempted murder of a minor. There is an accounting for that. The item you lost can be recovered but the harm to your daughter is permanent and must be accounted for by magi and western wizardry law. I am duty bound to terminate all threats to the magi community.”

“Your not here about the staff are you?” Archer said.



Angus shook his head. “No. The President lets the Aurors handle stolen items and dark wizards. He sends me to handle special cases like what happened to your daughter. I’ll only take up a few moments of your time Sir then my son and I will be on our way and the situation will be handled in the best and most effective way possible. I only ask a favor of you Sir.”

Archer shook his head waving his hand. “You can have anything you want as long as the wizard that violated my daughter. I am sorry for seeing the situation for what it is?”

Angus shook his head. “Nothing to apologize for Sir. I can empathize with you but I only ask you to give me the information I need to find this man.”

“Can you empathize with me really?” Archer glared at him.

Angus stared at him. “Yes. I can.” He said calmly.

Archer frowned and looked at James and then paled and looked away. “Of course. Of course. Damn.”

“Mr. Walker. Have you noticed anyone asking about your item recently or someone close to you or in your tribe that has been in need of money coming into your home lately?”

Archer closed his eyes. “Give me a minute please. I have to think.”

“I know someone.” Raven Song said softly raising her hand. She grimaced when Archer turned to stare at her. “I don’t know if I’m correct.”

Angus nodded. “Please go on. It might help us in this case regarding your daughter. Take your time. There is no rush.”

## Chapter 6

### Mystery and Misdirection

James was looking down at his notepad waiting for River Song to begin telling her tale but a long silence followed after last words. He looked up finally to see what was wrong. His gaze locked with River Song and time stilled for a moment as he looked back in time.

River Song was dressed in the same blue dress with hoop ear rings that glowed as she sang with her children Tom and Morgan in the same room homeschooling them in The Song and mathematics. The song language flowed from her voice in high and lows as she instructed them between both subjects.

Musical melodies floated above their heads along side mathematical symbols of algebra formulas. The boys stared up at the formulas with deep focus on their faces as their mother coached them into singing along with her harmonizing their voices with her own taking in the knowledge as game and joy of learning. There were only two open books on the table between both boys but the instruction was the action of singing.

It was mid day when a loud banging was at the door and interrupted River Song's voice bringing the lesson plan to a quick end.

River Song looked up and the glow to her rings faded until they looked normal. She frowned at the door. She started to turn toward the door to answer it but it was kicked open by heavy foot. The boys got up and took positions in front of their mother aiming their ebony wands at the entrance of the home.

A man with dark hair and jade aqua blue eyes walked into the home wiping his mouth roughly with the back of his hand. He blinked wildly shaking his head and put on a smile on his face and licked his lips.

The world seemed to shift a little but righted itself. The man approached dressed in dark gray suit. "River Song. I need the staff honey. It's important. Where is it?"

"Archer is going to give you the money he owes you today. Relic. Please just wait-"

"Show me where the Staff is honey. Right now." Relic said in an echoing voice.

River Song shook physically as her body seemed like it was turned toward the direction of the clock. She was forced to do so.

Relic nodded his thanks to her and proceeded to the grand father clock. The boys started for him but he pointed a finger at the them. “Stay put little puppies. Guard your mother.” He said in the same voice.

The twin boys froze in place. River Song could only watch frozen herself as Relic proceeded to the clock and tried examine the face of it. He tried a series of knocks and even sang a little to the clock nothing worked.

Relic took out his wand and started tapping it lightly examining it for any signs of movement. Nothing. He sighed standing up. “How do I open it to the basement space?”

“I don’t know.” River Song said.

“How do I open the door to this safe. Tell me the truth.” Relic said in raising.

“She doesn’t know.” Archer said from the open door way. Relic came away from the door to the dinning room to see Archer and his grandfather staring at him. Archer held up a brown paper bag. “I have the money I borrowed from you with interest like you asked.”

“Open the door to the clock and give me the staff.” Relic commanded.

Archer stiffened but he rolled his shoulders. “Take the bag and please leave my home Relic.” He asked.

Relic stared at him and started to speak but the grandfather took the paper bag from Archer walked toward Relic and when he was close he threw the bag toward Relic's chest. Relic caught it in the air and frowned at the older man.

"Marcus. This isn't any of your business. I'm the leader here. I say what's best for the tribe and Archer owes me what he owes me. He's past due a a day."

The Staff appeared in the elder man's hand and then he held out to Relic in his palm. "Take it then." Marcus said.

"Give me the Staff Elder." Relic demanded in an echoing voice.

"I said, take it." Marcus said. "Your a man. The leader of this tribe and you certainly got the power to take from the hands of short ancient old fart like myself. Take it from palm right now."

Relic smiled walking forward and reached for the staff and stopped. He glanced at Archer and down at the long club in his hand. "You planning on doing something with that?"

"Take the Staff and the money but if you touch my grandfather. I'll kill you. You have a right to what your owed take every bit of item in this house for yourself I don't give a damn but I'll kill if you touch any member of my family in This house."

Relic laughed shaking his head and took the staff then head for the door. He paused and put a hand on Archer's shoulder. "This all for the best. You need to trust me. I'm doing this for all of you. One day you will forget all this when things are less heated and everything will be-"

Archer shoved him a side spat on him. "Get the hell out of my house. I ain't forgetting shit. You need to remember what I said. Take the staff and the money and never show yourself in front of my family again. You come near my woman or anyone apart of my family again. I'll kill you."

Relic got to his feet glaring at Archer. "This ain't about me. I'm trying to save you. We're brothers. That staff is going to get you and my sister's kids killed. This is the third time you've asked me for money for your damn rent."

"ENOUGH!" Archer yelled. "Take the Staff and the money and get the hell out. If you need anymore money I'll sell every piece of shit I got in my house but you ain't welcome here on near my family anymore." He said picking up the Staff and shoving it into Relic's hand.

The world shifted again. A second later Relic was gone and the Staff was on the floor. Archer took the Staff back to his grandfather giving it to him.

"You see. He isn't all that bad. He took the money." Marcus said.

River Song held her daughter in her arms. While her two sons hugged her each side of her waist.

James blinked coming out of the vision. He stepped back. Angus caught him before he fell. James took hold of Angus' arm pulling him closer to him and gave him a look when he knew he was out of view of the Walkers.

Angus saw it and he winked at James in acknowledgment. "You alright son? Mr. Walker said Mrs. Walker thought it better to show you a vision of her past. She has a formality with the back sight from personal study and experience. Did you see the past event she was talking about?"

James nodded staring only at Angus' eyes. "I did. I think a man named Relic maybe connected to all this." He said squeezing Angus' forearm.

Angus nodded and turned putting his back toward James keeping him behind him. "Whose this Relic? Where can I find him?"

Archer frowned. "He's the leader of my tribe in this area. We had a falling out. He mentioned to one of his friends about my family's staff this became a problem after a while especially sense I owed him money and-"

"-So that should be enough right." River Song asked suddenly toward Angus but she tried to look past him to see James' face.



“Thank you. We’ll be on our way. We shall be on our way then and handling your case and eliminating your problems.” Angus said.

“Wait.” River Song said. “I think there is -”

James took a hold of Angus went into apparition. Seconds later they were back home James quickly hurried to the den to the fireplace. Angus followed behind him saying nothing.

“Dad. I’m going to need you to record everything that I say but I want you to wait until I call up Mom.”

Angus nodded. “I got you. While your calling up your mother I’ll review over my own notes and look through my records to get a feel for who we’re going to look up first.” He said and turned to go to his library.

“Dad.” James said.

Angus paused looking back his son. He didn’t say anything.

James stared at the fire place. “I-I’m not sure what is real or what the truth is in this case. Something is wrong about this case. No everything is wrong about this case. I’m not sure what’s real.” He said.

Angus nodded. “We’ll figure it out as we go along. Call your mother up.”

# Chapter 7

## The Watcher

The pink flame image of Ava Nightingale's image in the fireplace stared at James intently silently listening quietly as James repeated to her the events of the day and case. She had a stoic expression of patience on her face the whole time and didn't interject a word when he began until he finished his tale.

"She's lying." Ava said pointedly.

James nodded his head. "I know but how is that possible? I can you change your own the past?"

Ava shook her head. "It isn't possible. You didn't look into her past. She used a form of Legilimens to manipulate your thoughts and vision about her memory of the past. She has some skill and power that withstanding without a wand and proper teaching from an expert she was able to hold the vision together and you have a more formal proper education then her."

James nodded. "So I wasn't seeing into her past but a projection or imagination of it?"

Ava shook her head. “Half of the vision was her past the other half was fiction. The times your felt a shift in the world was when she was adding in details that weren’t correspondence of her real past.”

James sat back in his seat rubbing his head. He looked at Angus who was seated beside him taking notes. “Dad. Does Mr. Walker have a daughter?” He asked.

A slow smile spread on Ava’s lips. “That is an excellent question. Angus!”

Angus nodded. “Yep. He has a daughter or at least the last time it was reported legally in his family household account. A question that still remains is whether we’re working murder case or the family is being forced to cover up something much bigger going on.”

“Damn. I didn’t think of that.” James said gritting his teeth. “This is like a spider web of mysteries.”

“Maybe so.” Angus said. “But, for now let’s just focus on one thing at a time and sort through the mess as best as we can.”

James stared at him and then looked back at Ava. “Mother. How can navigate through this mess? The robber is out there he can sense every time I try to see into his past and he attempts to use on legilimens me.”

Ava stared at him. “You know the answer. You’ll have to complete training with your father. But there is something else troubling you what is it?”

James sighed. “There’s so much I don’t know. What is the difference between the magi and the western wizards? Why was it important that she lie to me and get me to believe Relic is the bad guy and hide her daughter from happened in the past?”

Ava shook her head. “You’ll possible find that out or maybe not. It’s still information you can work with. You have to figure out what is true. Take the memory apart. What are your impressions about Archer Walker?”

James frowned. “Mr. Walker has problems with finances he has taken loans from Relic or other people before to keep his family fed or alive. Their land rich but money poor.”

Ava nodded. “What were your impressions about the Staff?”

James closed his eyes. He saw the image of the Staff in his mind from the memory that River Song had given him. The image of the grandfather holding the Staff as it stood up. It was made of gray white wood with grooves on it and spotted with dark gray and white circles. He studied it closely examining it and feeling echoes of the power in the core brushing over him and the value of conveyed to me.

“The Staff is their most valuable asset. The Staff is very old. Hmm. I think it could be valued at a hundred grand Dragots. The staff has been handed down by one generation to the next for several centuries dating back to when the western wizards came to the new world. and made it their home and established themselves here. It’s a Relic of ancient history. Relic. Hmm.” James said and opened his eyes.

Ava stared at him smiling. “Conclusion.”

James frowned. “Dad do you know if there is a man named Relic that is a leader of the Walker tribe?”

Angus took a piece of paper from the inside of his jacket pocket and looked at it. “Relic Page. He was the tribal leader of the Walkers and surrounding families. He disappeared a couple a weeks ago before the theft. Interesting. No reports on where he is staying currently.”

James heard the flat tone in Angus’ voice. “He might be dead. No way of knowing. There is only one person in the Walker house that would know. She’s only one that saw both events and the one person that is mysteriously being kept away from being questioned.”

Angus nodded. “Yes. The grand daughter. Talking with her would clear up a lot of this mess. Her name is Hannah.”

James frowned. “Hannah. I doubt that even that is her real name. You sure about that bro?”

Angus snorted in laughter. “Good point. But, yes I know for a fact that is the girl’s name son.”

“What is the real chance we’ll really get to talk to her, Dad? The Walkers seem pretty tightly closed fist-ed around all their damn secrets. Why were they so afraid of you?”

Angus sobered up quickly a sad smile formed on his lips. “My representation proceeds itself son but besides that when they see me they don’t see a friend or brother they see a western wizard or their guilty of something.”

“They are guilty of something. Why are you working this case Angus?” Ava said plainly.

Angus leaned forward in his seat and cupped both his hands together. “Someone hired a dark wizard to break into a safe to obtain a highly ancient magical valuable item. The thief was a powerful wizard and possible Death Dealer. That same thief was able to attacked a young girl and my son. I know my duty. You know why I’m in this case.”

“Good. Remember that. The Staff whatever it is can be hunted for by the Aurors. But before that you need to help James along in his mental training or get in a specialist to assist him and understand the way his mind thinks.”

“Besides, Dad and you I trust headmaster Professor Longbottom to help me with Legilimens bringing up a mental wall strong enough in my mind. Mom that asshole invaded my mind.” He said rubbed his head began to pound.

Ava stared at James. “Are you talking about my new fiancée? Your father knows about him. We have a on and how again romantic relationship.” She said smoothly.

“Yeah. I know about him. Great man. I like him a lot. I’m fine with them having a relationship. Your mother is free to see whoever she like.” Angus said just as smoothly in a convincing voice.

James smiled as the tension in his head faded. He looked at Angus and froze. Angus’ eyes glowed with a blazing light of flames as he smiled at James rubbed James’ shoulder.

“Your looking tired son. I think you should rest a bit. I promise that when you wake up you won’t be having any headaches again for a while.” He said in a calm echoing voice.

“Have a pleasant sleep dear. I’ll talk to you later.” Ava said as her image in the flames faded away.

James nodded as he felt a heavy tiredness on his shoulders. He closed his eyes as he fell into Angus’ arms into a dreamless darkness.

# Chapter 8

## WRATH OF THE DRAGON

Angus stood outside on the border of the land of the Walker Magi tribe. Their wards had bared his entry into their land for several miles. He shook his head and waited. The sun set as he paced the entrance to the entrance walking back and forth in thought. He had rested a bit on the ground sitting waiting patiently.

During the break of dawn the sunlight shinned on Angus. A glimmer of power surrounded his body for a few seconds before vanished just as quickly. A truck drove up toward him from the inside of the land. Angus remained seated on the ground crossed legged.

The truck came to a stop before leaving the inside of the tribal estate. Marcus and Archer Walker got out of the truck and walked over toward Angus.

Archer had his weapon in hand but he didn't approach Angus to close. Marcus walked nearer toward Angus and stopping in front of him.

Angus finally got to his feet and stretched rolling his shoulders. "My boy is in trouble because of the robber that took your family staff and hurt your grand daughter."



Marcus nodded. "I understand what your saying. I wish to know your purpose in coming here as you have."

"Your grand daughter in-law lied to me and my son. You and your family are hiding secrets that are keeping me from finding the man that hurt my son. Now. That man is invading my son's mind and trying to find out secrets about my family using my son. You are not enemies yet but you can be if you choose to be." Angus said.

Marcus nodded. "I will tell you the truth but you must promise never to come near my-"

"-You and your people have a hand involving my son in your business. You and your family are liars You have no honor or code. Your daughter in-law invaded my son's mind and implanted in his mind lies and fantasies about herself and your business. I have no interest in having any association with liars and you will not ask or demand anything of me."

Marcus stared at him silently. "Please continue on Mr. Potter. You have a right to say what you want. Your right that we did invite your son into our situation."

"The only thing I know for sure is the man that is watching closely. He's a coward hiding in the shadows and your protecting him. I want him to know I'm coming for him. I want him to know there will no escape for him. I want him to know as he's listening to us right now that I am going to burn his ass to dust. I don't care about the staff.

I don't give a damn about what secrets your hiding. To hell with you and your secrets. You knew who I was the moment I showed up. I told you I wanted the thief. He could have turned himself in or get the hell out of my country. Now there is nowhere for him to run."

Marcus nodded. "You didn't come here to speak to my grand daughter?"

A grin spread across his Angus' face as he shook his head. "Of course not. You're all a bunch of liars. I came here to give you what you want. You wanted to see what the Dragon of West. Mr. It's show time."

A man appeared behind Angus with a wand. "Avada Kedavra!"

Black lightning and energy hit Angus' back setting him a blaze for a second. Pain shout through Angus' body before he turned on his heel delivering a spinning back kick to his chest.

The wizard cried out was pushed back as Angus draw his peacemaker the same time the wizard rolled to his feet and brought his wand up.

"Avada Kedavra!"

"Eat shit Asshole."

An energy beam of golden flames launched out of Angus' peacemaker at the same time black lightning shot out the wand of the dark wizard.

The duelist contended with each other. Fire and black lightning warred with each other until Angus was tackled to the ground.

Angus fought with a dark robed man that attacked to strangle him with both hands. "Die Potter descendant. DIE."

Blood flowed from Angus' mouth and nose as he grinned at his attacker before kneeing him between the legs and rolling the dark wizard over to sit on top of him and begin pounding his face with fists.

"Stop!"

Angus while sitting a stride on top of the dark wizard's chest. He glared at wizard that he had done battle with that was holding his peace maker. "You should drop my weapon. It doesn't play well others."

The dark wizard holding the peace maker shook with rage. "You. Your an abomination. How did you do it? I shot you with Avada Kedavra. HOW!?"

"If you tell me where your master is hiding I'll give you two days to get out of the land of magi?"

"HOW. How did you know about my master. How did you survive the Avada Kedavra. It's not possible. Your just a minor descendant of the slayer of the Blessed Dark Lord. Your just a wandless, peasant magic user, outlaw. You have no power only stupid tricks you stole from the far east Wizards. HOW DID YOU DO IT?!"

Angus grinned as he came to his feet and kicked the dark lord aside moving aside. He walked to the side. "It's like you said. I'm a descendant of the bad ass that destroyed your loser hero. I'm going coming for your master, boy. Tell him Potter is coming for his ass." He said and then his eyes turned gold.

The peace maker glowed brightly. The dark lord screamed dropping the weapon and disappeared along with the other man.

Angus wiped the blood from his mouth with the side of his hand as he looked over at Marcus and Archer who stared at him wide eyes and they shook. He walked over to his weapon picking the peace maker and he holstered the weapon in his gun-belt. He smiled at the two men.

They stared at Angus as he returned to stand in front of them. He didn't say anything. "Alright Marcus. Which one are more afraid me or them? You've seen what I can do and I trust me that was merely just a demonstration for you to understand my point. This doesn't have to messy."

Marcus sighed. "What do you wish to know, young Dragon of the West?"

"Where is he?" Angus breathed out the words in a deep voice. His eyes glowed gold pulsing with his anger. The atmosphere around them shook with his power as Marcus stared at the Dragon of West golden eyes.

“Which one are you seeking? The thief or the one that paid him for the staff? The Staff is valuable enough and powerful and reason for all this. The thief was-”

“-ENOUGH!” Angus roared and ground shook. “No more games. No more lies. He attacked my son. He attacked your grand daughter. And you are protecting him because of some loyalty code to a jackal that attacks my legacy. You think to bargain to me for his life with a staff? The only reason I haven’t ripped the knowledge from your mind is because you have strong walls in your mind. I am a magi. You are an elder of the magi. You are the holder of the traditions of your ancestors. Have you grown so weak in your old age? Do you still think to trick me like I’m another western Wizard. WHERE IS HE!?”

Archer lifted his club but Marcus shoved him back holding a hand up. “Hold your ground. The man was talking to me. I can answer for myself.”

Marcus turned back to Angus. “He is in the eastern the magi capital. He is yours. We have no part with him any longer. We took no part him harming your son.”

Angus glared at Marcus. “If you dare to lie to me. I will burn your precious staff before your eyes.”

Marcus held his stare. “He is yours. There will be no war between your house and mean because of his unwarranted invasions against your son’s mind.”

Angus turned and disappeared and appeared before Ava in her home office. “Did you find him?”

He held out his hand to her. She got up reaching for her wand and walked into his arms and they vanished.

## Chapter 9

### Favor

James woke up when someone put a hand on his head. Neville Longbottom smiled down at him. “Good morning. You have been asleep for a bit. How are you feeling? Do you have any headaches?”

“Is my father still hunting the thief?” James asked.

Neville stared at him. “Amazing. How much have seen?”

“Marcus Walker told dad where to find the thief. I expecting him and mom are still hunting him. They called you to watch over me.”

Neville nodded. “Indeed. I am here to watch over you for now until they come to pick you up.”

James started to raise from his bed but froze. “Pick up. We’re not at family home?”

Neville shook his head. “No. Your at Hogwarts of course. Your father and mother decided it was best to have you out of the country while they handle matters regarding the wizard attempting to invade your mind.”

James frowned looking around at his surrounding to see he was in a bed room. Books lined the walls around them in the bedroom of the head master. “Is this your room?”

“Yes. A time space for me and my companion to have for sleep and private time. How was your sleep?”

James shook his head and brushed Neville’s attempt to help him out of bed aside as he rolled out of the bed to his feet. “Professor-”

Neville held up his hand. “You are not in school any longer James. Neville will do. Are you ready for breakfast?”

“I need you to train me in Occlumency. I have to learn how to protect myself. Now.”

Neville sighed and held up a finger. “First breakfast. Then we’ll talk about possible training methods we can try to help you along to defending your mind from attacks.” He said walked to the door grabbing the door knob and giving it a twist he pulled it open.

The outside was the main office of the headmaster office. James saw the house elf Tan Tan was dressed in a blue dress standing next to a breakfast table with two plates prepared with an English Breakfast.

James stomach growled as he walked over quickly to sit down picking up a fork and dug into sausage, bacon and eggs. Neville took his seat as well with Tan Tan standing close beside him.

Neville ate quietly with a small smile on his face. “Besides the recent events how has your new profession and apprenticeship gone with your father?”



James covered his mouth as he finished his food and smiled at Neville. "It's gone good. We've had a couple of minor cases and I've learned a lot from Dad about looking at things differently. There is a lot of knowledge I've been learning that I didn't learn in school." He said and then went quiet.

Neville nodded his head slowly. "What's on your mind? You have question."

James stared at him. "Why didn't you teach us about the different factions in the magical world? The Wuxia. Do we even have the complete knowledge about them? Dad says we only have what they have allowed us to learn from them."

"Your father is being very gracious when he says we only have what the far eastern wizards allow for us to know. Wand lore used to channel magic energy is a new invention but the far eastern wizard are culture that is around sense the beginning using magic without it for many centuries before wands came to be and they have never shared all of the knowledge how they channeled magic with the western wizards. Very few outsiders even know about the temple in their enchanted forest."

James nodded. "Dad went there. He says he learned the ancient ways of magic from the masters of The Wuxia. He says if I do well and improve myself he wants to take me to see his teachers there."

“Indeed. If it is possible for you to meet them and train with the masters I think would further your education.”

James sat back. “I completed my education at Hogwarts. How am I still so weak in my craft and Occlumency. I studied hard. I got top marks.”

Neville nodded and took up his cup to sip his tea. “So?”

“So? What does that mean? I was a top student for my last years at Hogwarts.” He said.

“You completed your formal basic education in magical studies here but as I told you time and time again this is the place you learn to fail and succeed in a protected environment. There is no end to educating yourself or improving your position in this world but the limits are held by you put on yourself.” Neville calmly.

Silence hung between them for a few moments. James stared at Neville as he sipped his tea quietly. Neville smiled.

“Do you wish to be a great wizard?” He asked.

“It is the reason I came to Hogwarts. I am a descendant of Harry Potter. I wanted to learn how to become as great as him and my father. It is my destiny to become the best wizard I can be. I can not fail my father and mother. I can’t allow myself to.”

“Where are you failing what do you need to do?”

James sighed closing his eyes for second. “I haven’t mastered my studies. I’ve been able to improve in my Apparition with my dad’s help but I still don’t have as big a foundational grasp on Occlumency as my dad. My dad is incredible.”

Neville chuckled. “Oh yes. I would say so indeed. Though he wasn’t as good as student as his father the wealth of knowledge and skills he gained over the course of a few decades is amazing.”

“Neville.” James spoke.

Neville looked up frowning. “Yes.”

“Dad was hit with Avada Kedavra in the back and he..he didn’t even fall. He look the killing spell and shook it off. How is that possible? Only one person was able to take contact of that spell twice.”

Neville leaned back in his seat a moment his eyes looking up to the ceiling as he rocked back in his seat. Tan Tan rubbed his leg. He stopped suddenly after a few minutes and a slow smile spread across his lips. “That is wickedly brilliant.”

“What do you mean? Did you figure it already?” James asked.

Neville shook his head. “I have an idea for how Angus survived but it is not for me to explain or reveal. That is for another time and place but not now. Now are you and

your parents wish me to help you find the right method of instruction in Occlumency. Are you ready to jump into it or would you like to finish your breakfast first?"

James looked down at plate. He sighed. "I'm ready to get to it." He said got up from his seat.

## Chapter 10

### The Golden Flame

James stood in the middle of the Room of Requirement facing Neville who was staring at him intently motionless with a deep focus whispering words softly to himself that James couldn't hear. They stared at each other silently. James suddenly reached for his head as it began to hurt and then Neville looked away and the pain instantly was gone.

“Damn it. I just don't get it. I'm thinking of a wall like you said he just doesn't work. I don't get understand how this works.”

Neville stared at him. “Good.”

“What?! How is that good. Your supposed to teach me how to do Occlumency properly.”

Neville shook his head. “No. I'm here supposed to help you figure out the right teaching method that will help you understand how to protect your mind. Now that you've acknowledged you don't understand how it works then we'll start from the beginning. What is the purpose of Occlumency?”

James sighed in frustration shaking his head. “I feel like I'm a first year again.”

Neville waved away his comment. “It’s normal.”

“I respectfully disagree. I’m supposed to be finished with my studies.” He said.

Neville chuckled. “I thought the same way many years ago. Please explain to me the purpose of Occlumency at it’s a core.”

James sighed. “It is a meant to protect the mind from the invasion of another wizard breaking into the mind, to gather information and influence the thoughts and mind of the wizard or non-magi.” He said.

Neville shook his head. “No. Use fewer words.”

James stared at him. “That is the correct explanation.”

Neville grinned. “It is a test book explanation. Break it down to the elementary level. Teach me. I’m the 1<sup>st</sup> year and your the head boy sixth year. Explain it to me.”

“Occlumency is the practice of keeping someone off your bonk bed.”

“Yes. It’s my first year. I get bed assigned to me. I don’t like my bed. I liked your bed and I wanted to claim your bed. How would you-”

“Stop. This sounds stupid. It’s my mind. My mind isn’t a bed.” James said heatedly.

Neville nodded. “Correct. Your mind is the one place totally private to you. It is the one space in this world that is yours alone but it can still be broken into and invaded. Have you’ve seen your father use Occlumency?”

James grimaced. “Yes and no.”

“Intriguing. Can you explain it to me?” Neville asked.

James shook his head. “No. It’s not that I can’t explain what happened I can’t explain how he did it.”

“Tell me the story. Please explain to me what happened in as much detail as you can.”

James closed his eyes as he thought back to that memory. “He was sent to a building to execute Dementors. He fought against them but he got caught up and trapped. They tried to suck out his soul but he stood still in that moment calm. A look of peace came over his face. In the face of death and someone trying to take his soul. It was some type of technique he’s used that he learned from the Wuxia. He was amazing. He was an unstoppable force that couldn’t be beaten. Maybe I need to train in the Wuxia. If I can go to the east then maybe I can achieve something maybe not as strong as him but maybe something I can work with.”

“James. I need you keep that picture of your father in your head in that moment. Can you hold it?”

The image of his Angus in his head in that moment was frozen in time. A glow was around his body. The warmth of the glow warmed something inside James mind.

“I can hold it!” James said calmly.

“Good. I want you to get real close to that image until you feel like your standing in front of Angus.” Neville said calmly.

James frowned shaking his head. “I don’t understand what this has to do with Occlumency.”

“Do you trust me James?”

“Completely.” James said.

“Thank you. I just need you to try and get as close to the image of your father as you can.” He said.

James sighed but started to get closer and closer to the image of Angus until felt like he was standing in front of him. The heat of the glow on his skin. “Professor!”

“Stay calm. It’s just a image in your mind, James. A memory from the past. What is the most important thing to your father? What gives him the deepest joy of his life?”

“My mom and me. We’re the only things he cares about the most. He would die for us and shake the world apart to protect us. We’re the people that give him the most happiness.”



“Good. Keep the image in your mind James. I need you to keep your focus on the image of your father in that moment. How do you feel?”

“Strange. I feel warm. I can feel a warm glow inside me it’s growing. What is this?”

“A small break through. James. But, I need you to focus. Don’t question. Focus. Keep the image of your father in your head. Keep with that feeling.”

“Wow.” James said as he felt the rush of the glow over his body as he stared at his brother. “What is this?”

“James do you know the reason your father traveled to the far east?”

“Yes. Dad lost his wand in a duel but he realized at the same time that he had find a different way. He had reached a cap in his strength. He went to the Wuxia to become stronger and he succeeded. But, I don’t understand why I can feel his power surrounding my mind.”

“He’s your father. You are his son. I want you to remember yours about your father. He would die for us and shake the world apart to protect us. We’re the people that give him the most happiness. I want you to think about the people that give you most happiness. I want you to think about what you would do protect them. What would put on the line to protect those loyal to you. Those people most dear to you. We would all do the same for you as well.”

James opened his eyes blinking away the tears that flowed down his cheeks. He half turned and wiped his face roughly and took a deep breath inward and out before he turned back to Neville who was smiling at him who started clapping for him. “Well done, James. Well done.”

James cleared his throat. “I don’t understand how you did that but I think I’m beginning to understand how Occlumency truly works. Thank you for teaching me.”

Neville nodded. “Good. This is very good first step. But, I didn’t do anything James. I just assisted you into finding the right teaching method for you to discover the answer yourself. This is just the first step to a long educational journey of bettering yourself and becoming a great wizard or magi. How do you feel?”

“I feel. I feel good but also a little tired after your instruction. I’m beginning to understand. I think. So what do you know about the golden light of flames is?”

Neville shrugged his shoulders. “I have ideas but your father hasn’t felt the need to tell me at any time I personally don’t care. He’s entitled to his secrets and to uphold his loyalties to the far eastern wizards.”

James chuckled. “You really don’t care about the power of the Wuxia?”

“Why should I? I care about being excellent at what I’m good at and improving my own skill sets as I advance along. I care about my students and helping them become great learners and wizards. I care about you and your family. I care about my Tan Tan. I think we should take a break for the day possibly tomorrow your parents should come and pick you up and return to your home.”

James shook his head. “Professor.”

Neville held up a finger raising his eyebrow.

James smiled. “Neville. I don’t understand you bro. How could you not care about learning the secrets to the Wuxia. I can’t wait to go and see the place my Dad trained.”

“In due time James. In due time. Until then you might want to consider using your chief gift to learn more about your father’s past for yourself to better have an education on how your father began his own journey toward crafting his own skill set as a magi and Wuxia student.”

James opened his mouth and then closed it and smiled. “You know Neville I think I will.”

# Chapter 11

## Patience

Angus carried the supplies while his wizard guide Zhao Chen led him through the country through the forest. They had traveled for two days now into the deep forest region of china of southern china. Angus had a smile on his face the entire trip as Chen talked on and on in broken English and a Chinese language he had trouble several times understanding even with his basic level skill in Mandarin.

Chen however had friendly disposition and easy going presence about him that reminded Angus about his grandfather at times. Angus was also just enjoying himself taking in the forest and ancient magical energies around him along with the friendly conversation he could manage with Chen.

Angus couldn't stop grinning and feeling like he had finally come to the place he had wanted to be. Angus didn't know how long they had been walking late into the third but suddenly Chen stopped talking.

Angus frowned stopping in place as Chen turned to look at him. "What's wrong, Mr. Chen. Are we taking a break for the day?" Angus asked in broken Mandarin.

“No. We are here. I have a question to ask you.” Chen said.

Angus frowned. “Okay go ahead. You can ask me anything you like though I came here to learn from you.”

Chen shook his head. “We are always learning. Always improving. Always growing. Are you searching for power?”

“No.”

“Are you searching for your purpose?”

Angus snorted and he shook his head. “No. I know my purpose and I know my duty. I came here to learn.”

Chen stared at him. “What are you searching for so faraway from the western place of your birth here in the ancient land of the Wuxia.” He asked.

Angus smiled. “I’ve always wanted to come here Master Chen. Just being here is like a dream come true.” He said and looked around. Every where around the bright colors of the forest leafs on the trees and the rich scents of the earth around him. “Master. Is this the lost temple?”

“Yes. What do you feel?”

Angus shook his head. “I don’t know how to describe it. I feel strange.”

“Try.” Chen encouraged Angus.

“Magic. I smell it in the air. I can almost taste it on my tongue. It’s like everywhere around I feel like I’ve stepped into another realm. A place outside even the western wizardry world I grew up in. This is wild bro.” Angus said with a grin.

Chen silently helped Angus take off his pack and motioned him to sit down. Angus followed his order obediently.

They sat down crossed legged on the ground. Chen clasped his hands in a jester that Angus copied. He smiled at Angus. “The forest has welcomed you. We shall begin. You are not Wuxia. You are magi. Do you accept this?” He said.

Angus frowned as a blue mist started to raise up around them. He stared at him. “Master. Do you mean my mother’s people?”

“Yes. They are your people. You belong to them and they will need you when you return to them. Do you accept this?”

Angus nodded. “I do. Will teach me.”

Chen smiled. “Of course. We’ve waited a long time for your arrival. We will teach you the way of the Wuxia instill in you our secrets.”

“I don’t want that. You are entitled to your secrets and knowledge. I just want to learn how to become stronger and like you said. I ain’t a Wuxia.”

Chen laughed. “You are Magi. But, we saw you coming along before Riddle set his sight on ruling this world. We saw you and your son coming to learn from us.”

Angus flinched back. “I don’t have a son.”

Chen stared at him. “Not yet.. We are to teach you the way of the Wuxia for the next a hundred years. I will be your first teacher. I will teach you patience and deep listening.”

“Patience and deep listening. What am I listening-”

Angus paused as he began to hear a rushing sound of something coming toward them. It sound like a strong wind or a rain storm racing toward them.

Chen sat quietly putting a finger to his lips and closed his eyes. Angus stared at his peaceful face even as the strong wind kept getting closer and closer toward them. The strange shifted around them turning and spinning around in a circle around them.

“Patience my young friend. Patience. Sit and wait for the storm to past.” Chen said in echoing voice that seemed to still be heard even through the storm around them now.

Sweat droplets came down down Angus’ head as the violent storm seemed to getting closer toward them and raging By the circle of mist around them kept them in a protected circle.

Angus forced himself to close his eyes even though he couldn’t stop his heart from beating against his chest.

“Breath in through your mouth from your center and out from your nose. Feel the forest and the life force around you. Take into you. It is everywhere. Draw into you. Connect to it and let it flow into you and become apart of you. Let it instruct you to the nature of things. This is the true source of the magi kind and the way of the Wuxia” Chen said calmly.

Angus did as Chen commanded. His heart still beat against his chest he grimaced as the violent storm finally was upon them now. Heavy rain the strong gusts of the storm raged loudly around them almost shaking the ground they sat on but Angus could still hear Chen’s steady breathing through it all. He could feel the magic of the forest around.

Time passed by strangely as Angus came out of the trance he had gone into and realized there were people around him and children laughing and moving. He wondered about that.

“Open your eyes.” Chen said.

Angus opened his eyes to find himself in the center of temple area. He stood to his feet slowly as Chen did to stare at the men and children training with strange magical glowing weapons and using magical shields that seemed to be channeled the use gold and silver rings on combatants fingers.



All Angus could do was stare and observe his surrounding in awe. His mouth fell open as a male teacher aimed his sword the sky and flew up to avoid a magical blast of energy directed at him from a young girl and then she aimed her staff upward to join him in the sky in pursuit. Angus laughed.

Chen smiled at him folding his arms across his chest. “What is so amusing my young friend.”

Angus looked at Chen. “I feel like a first year at Hogwarts again. I feel like it I know nothing and there is still so much to learn that it will take me more then a hundred years.”

Chen clapped his hands. “Yes. Yes. This is good. This very a good feeling. To live is keep on learning to keep on improving and enjoying every breath and time with friends and family. What more is there. Trust me, my young friend. You will have a hundred years and I promise to make every bit of time we have together enjoyable. You agree with me of course.”

Angus nodded. “Of course. Your right master. What more is there. We’re do we begin.”

Chen took a few steps away from Angus to face him in a fighting stance. His body took on a glow of golden hue as he faced off against him. “Take your stance.”

Angus sighed shaking head but he moved his right leg forward and brought up his arms up. "I'm afraid I only know a bit of boxing that I've picked up on the way and I won't be able to produce your pretty golden glow master."

Chen smiled. "Remember my young friend. Breath in and breath out." He said before moving fast and palm striking Angus in the stomach and sending him flying backward crashing into on the ground.

Angus heard the sounds of children' laughter around. He sighed before taking in a breath and out and bound to his feet with a somersault. The laughter stopped as Angus smiled and started bouncing on the balls of his feet and took off gliding across the sandy ground toward Chen who raced toward him laughing.

## Chapter 12

### Strange Conversation

James had awoken early the next morning and sat in bed thinking on what his father had discovered and it only whet his wish to go to the lost forest and meet his father's enigmatic master.

A sudden pain spiked into his head as he felt a voice or someone trying to invade his mind. James sat crossed legged on his bed resting his hands on his knees and called up the image of his father as he was bathed in a glow of light and power.

He focused on that image of Angus even as he felt the invader beating at the walls of his mind. James felt the other mind enter his mind but he was already bathed in the golden light.

“What do we have here. This is interesting.” A male voice called to James inner ear.

James ignored him as he focused on the light drawing it inside himself. The image of Angus was blasted away with dark flame before a man made up of black smoke jacket stood over him smiling.

“I’ve been watching you from a distance my young friend. Your an ambitious young man. Thirsty for power.”

James stared saying nothing. The flames inside him started to change flicker into something else. The thief crunched down to his knees in front of James.

“Your father has been giving quite a bit of trouble for just a little sneaking into your mind. I was just a little interested in who he was. From what I’ve gathered from your mind I have to admit a little more than a passing interest in him now. I couldn’t see all of the memories you stole from your father’s secret past time with the far eastern wizards. What little I did gather I plan to sell to great many wizards.”

“My father is a great man. You test his patience by talking to me without his permission. I have betrayed my father by giving his enemy his secrets. Take your secret to devil with you.” James said.

The thief snickered softly shaking his head. “I am not your enemy nor do I wish to be the enemy of a the dragon of the West and future supreme wizard of the West. No young one. No. I came to talk with you. Perhaps we can reach a bargain.”

“My father is the Dragon of the West. You have nothing I want. Speak your peace but do not touch me.” James said calmly.

The thief sighed. “Young man. I am a middle man. I was hired to get a stupid staff back to my client. That girl was not supposed to-”

“My Dad must be really getting you afraid. You want him off your back real bad huh? I don’t get why I should care about the situation you put yourself into, bro.” James said pointedly.

The thief stared at him and the chuckled quietly. “Well damn. I’m really beginning to like you. Any how about this issue between and your father and I is miss guided. You are right not to give a damn about me but what about your father. If he keeps going down this course he’s on then he will be excommunicated from the magi and in danger of a duel with the President of the American Wizard Congress. My former employer will do his best to hide me away or keep me from being seen by him.”

“Because he intends on killing you.” James guessed.

The thief nodded. “Yes. But I intend on doing whatever it takes to save my own skin and tell every secret I have to him and whoever else and don’t be mistaken your father is the protector of the magi as I am magi as well. He has never turned against his oath once but killing me would mean a far greater danger to him then you can imagine.”

James waved him away. “Leave me alone bro. You already made me betray my father already by giving you his secrets. Your wasting your time with me.”

“Your listening to me, good. Your a smart and logical man. Your also loyal to your own. Your a true Slytherin.”

James glared at him. "Are you done?"

The thief nodded. "I am. You will do what is best for your house and your patriarch. I should have come to you sooner. My apologies. I will leave you be. When you come to your position please know I can be at your service at any point as I was to the Walker family."

James said nothing just held up his hand and pushed surrounded his body with an energy field. The thief whistled a high note.

"That is interesting. Trick."

James pushed the energy field from around his body out. The thief jumped back before the field touched his body.

"Well I'll be-" The thief disappeared and was pushed out of James' mind.

James opened his eyes to see Neville studying him.

"Where is my father?"

Neville stared at him. "You shouldn't believe any of his-"

"Where is my father?" James demanded.

Neville sighed. "Think of him and the last time you were at the capital of the American Wizards."

James got up from his bed and grabbed up his wand from the nightstand. "I have to go. Thank you for training me in me development. I'll keep practicing everything you've taught me."

Neville sighed and held out his arm. "Alright let's go. I'm coming with you. I promised your parents I wouldn't leave you aside until you returned to Angus and his apprenticeship."

"Wait for me. Do not leave without Tan Tan." Tan said coming into the room to stand beside them.

James took hold of Neville's forearm. They blinked out of existence and appeared in a battle in the middle of board room. Angus push kicked an enemy in the chest against a wall while he blasted another wizard against a wall.

Neville raised his wand. "Airexplosiono!"

A gust a wind expanded out of his wand blasting everyone in the room and sending bodies to fall to the floor. There were groans snarls.

A male wizard came up to his feet aiming his wand at Neville. "Avada-"

"Expelliarmus! Expelliarmus! Expelliarmus! Freeze Zeo!" Neville said and he blasted the wizard away and then several others coming to their feet drawing their wands up and freezing the last man in place.

They all fell to the floor. Neville aimed his wand around the room his eyes focused everywhere around him.

"Anyone else!" He asked.

No one got up but Angus and Ava came over toward him quickly. Ava hugged him. But Angus frowned at him.

“Why are you here? Your not supposed to be here. Your supposed to be training.” Angus said.

James stared at him. “Dad this isn’t the way and the thief isn’t the problem. We got a bigger issue.”

Angus shook his head. “He talked to you. I’m going to-”

“Dad. The girl. It’s the girl. We have to find the girl. Dad. She’s the key to all of this. Do you trust me.”

Angus stared at him. “Let’s go.”



## Chapter 13

### Penny Jenny

James appeared in the home of the Walker family as the family were all sitting down to eat a humble meal of fried chicken beans at their table. They all froze at the sight of him and he quickly counted the seats and noted again the one person missing.

James looked at River Song. “Where is your little girl Mrs. Walker? It’s a family dinner. She should be here.” He said.

River Song looked pale and stared at him wide eyed and nervous. She glanced at her husband who glared at her giving her a warning look before turning to James. His sons gathered in front of their mother protecting her.

“How the devil did you get through our wards. My elder told your father what he wanted to know. There is no reason for you to be here.”

James shook his head. “I disagree. You and your family have caused us a great deal of trouble. I’m here to speak to the person that caused that trouble. Where is she?”

Archer snorted shaking his head and with a twist of his wrist his club appeared in his hand. “You better get out of here boy. Your father isn’t here to protect you?”

James took out his wand. “Mr. Walker. I just came here to talk to the creature that started all this.”

“I don’t care what you came here to do. Your not welcome here.”

James stared at him. “I like animals.”

“What?!”

James nodded. “I like animals. I liked to study them at school. One of my best friends at Hogwarts taught me a bit about the strange ones and weird places I could find them in America. He’s a funny guy. A lot of people don’t really care for him but he’s got his charm and sense of humor.”

“Where is your father?” Marcus said quietly

James shook his head. “He came with me along with my mom and friend. Anyway. This whole situation kinda reminded me of my friend. He liked to plays games with mortals. Harmless pranks. Jokes. He had a dangerous side to him but he only let that out against the enemies of Hogwarts and the students. That’s his nature. Chaos and mischief. Peeves, you see is a Poltergeist.”

Archer went motionless. The room was quiet as James stared at all of them and saw the truth. He nodded his head. “I thought so. You kind ah gave it away when I said creature. You didn’t correct me. My friend Peeves told that there two types of Poltergeist. One that just like to mess with people and have a little fun but was loyal to it’s own.

However, he told some time ago about another kind of Poltergeist. He called them the no fun and all noise kind. I did think Mrs. Walker's vision about her past was made up but I was wrong." He said and aimed wand up at the ceiling. "Luminus Vertruxso!"

A loud pop sounded over the home before a bright warm light expanded out from the end of his wand until a horrifying scream was heard in the home. The sound of body hit the floor somewhere in the room was heard but James couldn't see it. He heard the sound of crying.

James sighed. "Luminus Vertruxso!" He said casting the spell a second time.

The crying immediate stopped replaced by the screams and angry snarls. "Mudblood. Mudblood. Mudblood. Mudblood. Peasent trash." A creature cried out on the floor. "Don't play with me Mudblood Potty Boy. Do you think your light show will do anything to me. Fine you found out. I'll leave your family be."

"Luminus Vertrux!" James cried out again.

The sound of pop was louder now and the warm light illuminated the entire space in warm peach glow small figure grayish blue creature dressed in a yellow dress stood in the middle of the room glaring up at James.

James aimed his wand at the creature. "You will speak the truth to me. What is your name?"

The creature snickered “Hehe. It was for a lark. A bit of fun Potty boy. Be on your way I don’t answer you to and you can’t do anything to me. I’ll leave you be. Go on!”

James stared at the creature. “Luminus-”

“What the hell do you want Mudblood.” The creature snapped.

“What is your name?” James repeated his question.

The creature chuckled. “Penny Jenny the Poltergeist queen.” She said with spin on her heel and presented him her middle finger.

James studied the creature with a frown. “Would you mind doing that again?”

“What?” Penny Jenny asked.

James motioned with two finger pointed down.

“Turning around in a circle again, please.” He asked.

Penny Jenny shrugged turned on her heel spinning around to face him again and showed him her middle finger.

“Your are fascinating.” He said in a serious tone.

Penny Jenny rolled her eyes at him and folded her arms across her chest. “Don’t go trying to blow wind up skirt Mudblood. I said I would leave you alone why are still here?” She said stopped her foot on the floor. Her lavender eyes glared at him.

James shrugged and looked at the others in the room who were all staring at him in shocked surprise. He looked at Marcus.

“You could have told my father about Miss Penny Jenny. Are there any other Poltergeist like her here.”

“No.” Marcus said with a shake of his head. “Penny is the only one here.”

“Ah. I told you to get the hell out of here Mudblood.” Penny Jenny sat stamping her feet on the floor with her hands on her hips. “Stop talking to that old fart. I’m in charge around here. It’s like he said. I’m the Queen around here. Now get.” Penny Jenny said pointing to the door with a dramatic motion.

BOOM!

A loud explosion went off outside and the aftershocks could be felt inside the house. Marcus was up and glaring at James. “What have you done?”

James shook his head. “I did nothing but you told another lie. Why did you keep it secret. You and your son are all liars expect for one person in this room.” He said and nodded to River Song. “River Song showed me the truth. I didn’t understand it at first. I thought she had lied to me for some reason. But she showed me the truth. Why would she do that? Turn against her husband and family. There could be only one reason.”

James turned to Archer. “Either your not her husband or she isn’t your wife. Which one is it?”

Archer swung his club down at him. James lifted his arm to block the blow. Nothing happened. James looked up and Angus stood between them holding the club. He grinned at her. “I think you hit the right note son. Let’s see. River Song is this man your husband.”

“My husband is dead as is my daughter.” River Song said softly.

Angus sighed. “That explains somethings.”

# Chapter 14

## Fire and Shadow

James watched in shocked surprised as the club Angus held started to turn into black flames and smoke. Archer glared at Angus.

“You should have stayed out of my business Potter. Now you and your nosy son won’t be leaving.” Archer said in a voice that sent a cold chill down James spine.

James noticed that he could see his breathes in the room. His heart hammer against his chest as he realized who the real enemy was in the room. He heard movement behind him.

James turned raising his wand. “Expulso!” He roared firing on off the spell hitting man coming up behind them. Three wizards appeared. James put his back to Angus. “Dad. Where the hell is Mom and Neville!”

“James! Whatever it takes. Protect this family. I’m counting on!” Angus’ calm voice said calmly and went into an Apparition with Acher along with him.

James brought up his wand. “PROTEGO!” A shield of light and energy appeared as wall. The wizards shouted out their spells. A rebounding of spells stroke the shield head on striking back at the casters with a violent force knocking

into the bodies and sending them down to the floor and James stared as he realized what had done. He stared at the bodies.

“Avada Kedavra!”

“AHH!

James dove away as the spell nearly took him out as the spell destroyed the wall behind him. He rolled to his feet and aimed his wand. “Expelliarmus.” He roared.

The wizard was pushed back sending the wand out of his wand but lifted up another wand smiling as his took aim at James. “Avada Kedavra!”

James leaped into Apparition and appeared behind the wizard. “Expulso!”

The spell sent an explosion into the wizard’s back and sent him flying forward up into the air and crashing into the table and over the side to the floor.

The wizard started to get up still but Marcus finally got up picking up a chair and knocking it down onto the wizard’s body.

Someone grabbed James from behind turning him around quickly. “PROTEGO!”

“Avada Kedvra!”

Time seemed to slow down in that instant. James watched the horror on the wizard’s face. The wizard realized what he has done to himself.



It was too late as he knew his own death had come.

The spell rebounded at his attack sending flying down the floor. James looked up and stared at a wizard that stared at him. James lifted his wand only to see the other wizard turn and run away.

James blinked as he felt his heart hammering on his chest. He looked around and saw River Song on the floor her sons hovering near her singing softly. He started to go over to them but watched as their singing brought magical notes that made River Song's body begin to glow.

"She's going to be alright. Cannon and Rhythm will heal her." Marcus said.

James turned to the old man. Marcus stared back at him. "You're a natural duelist and you've got the right instincts. I have to tell you I wasn't expecting as much when you and your father showed up."

"What happened?"

Marcus sighed. "My son got into a lot of debts with a couple of high lords because he liked to gamble a lot. He got jammed up and then got himself and my grand daughter killed when he refused to sell the staff before you showed up. You came too late. The death dealers took over our tribe and my daughter and grandchildren."

"Why?"

Marcus shrugged. "They wanted to learn the secrets to my family's magical channeling technique."

James stared at him. "You still wanted to take a chance though getting your daughter and Penny Jenny to help you?"

Marcus shrugged. "Not really. It was either going to work or I was going to kill myself or get what's left of my family killed."

There was a loud explosion outside. James looked to the front door. Marcus nodded. "Go on. You took out the last one of them. Father would be busy dealing with the rest of them."

James started to nod and head to the door and he noticed one of the boys glance at him in alarm. He stepped into Apparition and appeared behind Marcus aiming his wand at his head.

Marcus had a wand in his hand aiming it at the boys and River Song.

"Drop the wand."

The wand dropped from his hand. The older man snorted. "You are impressive. I-"

"Stupefy!" James said.

Marcus fell to the floor and Penny Jenny appeared giggling and kicked the unconcise body with her foot. She grinned up at James. "You're a sharp one Potty Boy. I like you. How did you know the old fart was lying?"

James shrugged. "Liars lie. You can't trust em."

Penny Jenny nodded. "Your right there Potty Boy. The old fart is a backstabbing thief in every way possible. He turned against his family and sold them out to his no good gang. River Song sent for you. I was her assistant. I didn't think you and your handsome big strong strapping father would figure it out what was going on."

"What about the little girl?"

Penny Jenny shrugged. "She didn't wake up after her encounter with the thief. The old fart buried her with the father when he tried to get her help from the authorities."

"What about the Staff?"

"It's Momma's Staff." Cannon said.

James looked at him. "Really."

Rhythm nodded. "Grandpa took it from Momma and sold it to the high lord."

James nodded his head and he shook his head and looked at Penny Jenny. "You could have made it more easy on me Miss-"

"James!"

James looked up as the door was kicked open and Angus and Eva rushed inside along with Neville who was bleeding from the mouth. Tan Tan took in the surroundings and went over to the a few wizards that were still alive on the floor starting to rise and knocked them out with swift kick to two wizards heads.

Ava rushed over to James' side and hugged him tightly. Angus hung back going over to wizards on the floor and started searching their bodies. "We finished the ones outside and the rest ran away. What you find out!"

James pointed his wand down to Marcus. "The old man is behind all this. The thief killed the girl accidentally."

Angus stared at him and then he nodded his head. "Okay. We'll call in the Aurors to handle the paper work on the old man and the rest of these yahoos. Looks like the job is done son. You did good."

James just shook his head. "No I just did what you told me to do. I did my job."

A slow smile spread over Angus's lips. "Damn straight."

# Chapter 15

## The Briefing

Aurors arrived to take away the dark wizards and write down the full story of what happened from River Song while James, Angus, Ava and Neville allowed to leave. Tan Tan waited for them outside the Walker lands standing next to a tall wizard in a cloak. The man's face was hidden because the of long hood over his face.

Angus greeted him with handshake and fist bump. "What's going on bro? What the hell you doing out here?" Angus asked in greeting.

"The fellas called a meeting because the events of the last forty-eight hours. James should come to sense he's your partner." The man said and nodded to James. "You performed admirable well in your duty to your country, Mr. Potter if you work hard and become proficient at your job at your mother's company then you'll make a fine engineer as your mother."

Angus frowned but looked at James. "You want to go with me for a short briefing. It won't be that exciting as the last couple days but I promise you it will be educational." He said.

James nodded. "Yeah. I'll go." He said.

James turned his mother. “I’ll be careful and I will be at work in a couple of hours with some ideas to present to you for the seasonal period.”

Ava stared at him and then sighed giving him one last hug. “Be careful and remember to keep your shield up during your meeting with the owls.” She whispered close to his ear.

James hugged her back. “I will. Thank you for reminding me.”

Ava finally stepped away from him Neville saluted Angus and James before Ava took his arm and they disappeared along with Tan Tan.

James is left with Angus and the stranger in the field. Angus holds out his arm. James takes Angus’ arm. They shifted into apparition and then when James blinked they were in an office room facing a long office desk. James glared straight ahead as he felt a pounding of his internal mental walls.

The owls were all masked and standing in greeting to them. James turned as the man put his hood up revealing his face of President of the Congress of wizards Nice Cole. James stared at him and watched him walk around to James over side.

James stood in the middle between James and Nick while the Owls stood on the other side of the desk. Nick sat on the edge of the desk half facing him. “What happened?”

Angus shrugged his shoulders. “A shit storm. A bunch of clowns and upstarts were running a gang and things got out of hand after awhile. A lady connected to the family got hung up and wanted help out of it.”

A spike of discomfort hit James inner walls. He started to concentrate on pulling up his inner walls as the meeting started. He glanced at Angus. Angus was a silent wall of power.

Nick reached out and bumped James shoulder lightly. James jumped a little as he felt the pain ease out off his mind. “What is your estimation of Mrs. Walker? What do you believe about her?”

James turned to him. “I believe she’s the only honest person or adult out of that wolves in the pack. Her children are closer to her then rest of those assholes. Hmm.”

Nick frowned. “What is it?”

James could feel everyone’s attention on him. He felt uneasy though his headaches were gone for the moment. “The staff belonged to River Song. The old man stole it from her made it seem like it was robbery and he killed his own son and grand daughter accidentally in the process. I’m not sure if she or her kids have any real connection to them by blood at least.”

Nick was quiet started to say something but someone else cleared their throat. James looked toward the wizard.

The man was average height his face hidden behind a mask of clouds and he was dressed in a black suit. James felt him trying peer into his mind but he was unable to.

“Why do you care about the Staff so much even now? Do you know of it’s history and power?”

“I don’t care about the Staff. I just mention it as a clue to how much he hates her and the children. The Staff is old very old and connected to her bloodline and power. He couldn’t use it himself so he planned to sell it off at a high price knowing whatever sucker bought it wouldn’t be able to use it but he enjoyed outsmarting the one he sold it.” James said and blinked as he realized what he was saying. “Hmm. Marcus Walker is a truly evil man.”

Nick nodded. “Can you see who has the staff now?”

James shook his head. “No and I can’t I wouldn’t be able to anyway.”

Nick smiled folding his arms across his chest. “Why is that?”

James shrugged. “The job is done and at this point it doesn’t matter. The Staff will be useless to whoever has it but as a trophy for the wizard that got cheated and caused a shit storm. The thief is still out there and he’s searched my mind and properly will sell what he knows about my family and the visions I’ve seen about the Owls to our enemies. He’s also grown an interest in me for business concerns.”



Nick nodded his head looking sober. “I hear you. But, that may not be a bad thing.”

James frowned at him. “He’s a powerful wizard and thief and now a murder that has an interest in me. How is that a not a completely bad thing? He’s also stronger then I am currently.”

Nick shrugged. “Depends on how you look at. Eventually you’ll have to face him. But for now he’s stronger then you are. It would better for you not to get into any sort of battle with him at your current state. It might better for you to maintain the illusion that your up to using him to be useful to you in the future.”

James looked at Angus. Angus shrugged. James stared at him. “Really!”

“Son. Do you know what I do if I crossed path with this jackass that’s caused you and me this amount of trouble?”

“You would burn him to dust.” James paused in thought. “What would happened afterward.”

Angus smiled. “Well. That’s thing. I don’t know. This idiot would have been wiser to leave you alone and stay hidden but he started feeling him and getting greedy to sell information about us to his clients. Getting rid of them I suspect his clients would come looking for us afterward. Then that would make things very complicated for Nick.”

James turned to the President. “Why would it make things complicated for you?”

Nick held up a finger. “One Angus is like a brother to me indeed many of the gentlemen in this room are a friend to me. I am honor bound to protect every man in this room from the kind of danger that comes with this job. The thief as a vast number of power political clients now that would be upset to lose their asset. Still of course I am will to go to war for my owls however that can be avoided then I would like to avoid it.”

James stared at him. “Your saying the thief is untouchable?”

Nick waved a hand and made a face. “I’m saying we have a mandate to protect the wizards and magi of this country from foreign threats of dark wizards and other realm influences. We pick our fights carefully because things become unpredictable in cases of war or keeping the balance of peace between our nations and other communities. Anyone that knows your father knows how he will react to given situations and people that threaten the magi and his people and your father above all else is a reliable man in temperament. A person of keen intelligence, will and power can plan to set the world on fire to obtain power would use this situation to his advantage.” Nick said thoughtfully and lapsed into calm silence afterward staring at James.

James stared at him as he realized something was beginning to occur to him. "Sir. Are you saying this event someone set this up to get my father to react like he has."

Nick smiled. "Go further back."

James went back in his mind and using and seeing the strangeness of the events and saw a pattern. "It started, wait a minute. Has my father's actions or character been questioned before you sent him on the mission for Dementors?"

Nick grinned shaking his head. "Never. Not a single day until now. What reason would you wager that to be?"

James stared at him. "How is that possible?"

Nick nodded motioning with his hand. "You tell me. Come on James. Just look at the pieces what has happened. Think of this as a game of wizard chess or war."

James shook his head. "It would. Damn. If...if I wanted to go to war against a strong player. I would take out heavy hitters first. I learn about their natures and use whatever skills or Oracles of the future or back sights to line the events to." He paused and looked at Nick. "Another Dark Lord is rising. Isn't he?"

Nick grinned at him and nodded his head. "You will do well James. You will do well. Chip off the old block. Now. Seeing all these pieces and the keen mind behind all this what do you understand? Do you know what you need to do?"

James sighed nodding his head. “I have to get stronger for what’s coming because this is just the beginning.”

# Chapter 16

## Sacrifices

James and Angus appeared in their home dropping down on the living room floor. Angus groaned rolling to his side Ava came to his side and started helping him get his jacket off while James stared in confusion. “What’s going on?”

“James help me get your father’s jacket and shirt off.” She said.

James hurried to Angus’ jacket. Ava threw the jacket aside as someone came into the room with heavy boots on. James caught a glimpse of the man’s legs as he went to stand over them facing the door. He looked up at the man’s wide back and the wand in his hand and then looked away.

Ava got out of knife from Angus’ bag as she began to rip away Angus’ shirt and rolled him onto his chest gentle. James stared at the massive long ugly black scar going down his back.

“I put in new wards on the property and surrounding the house. James help your mother take your father to the down stairs bathroom. I’ll keep watch.” The man spoke calmly in a deep voice.

“Yes Sir.” James said without looking up at the man.

James kept his gaze on Angus as he and Ava helped him to his feet and they made the journey to the bathroom. Inside was large tub that was filled with pick water and the scent of sage and lavender in the air.

They helped Angus into the tub. Angus gritted his teeth on long hiss and stiffened up at the feel of the water before relaxing back into the tub. Ava took a wash cloth dipping it in the water and bathing his face and chest.

“James take your father’s boots off after that I need you help guard the house in the back while Sir guards the front of the house.” Ava said.

“Mom-”

“No. No explanations right now. Please do what I say. I have to take care of your father. He’ll be alright. I need you to protect the family. Don’t go outside of the house just protect the back entrance.”

James took one look at Angus’ tightly closed eyes and heavy breathing then he got up taking up his wand and heading to the back of the house. He was careful in avoiding the other man or speaking to him. He focused on his mission.

Several hours past as James watched the back of the house with his wand ready. He heard the man in the front’s boots move against the floor boards but nothing else. The sunset after awhile then after what seemed like a life time of waiting the man cleared his throat.

“Your father wants to see you James. He’s looking good and he can explain something for now.”

James nodded but he didn’t move. “I don’t know who you are and I’m not supposed to see you yet Sir.”

“James. You know who I am.”

James shook his head. “No. I don’t. I have an idea. Your either my grandfather or your my great great grandfather. Either case is strange enough. Both are supposed to be dead.”

The man laughed. “It’s okay. I’m just an ordinary man. I was never that special or that great of wizard in my day. I did what I had to do. I did what I was supposed to do.”

James sighed and nervously turned around slowly. He froze staring at the scar. He had gray hair but he was still strangely well built. His glasses where square. They stared at each other. “Hello, James.”

“Hello, Grandpa Harry.” James said softly. “You look good for your age? You look kinda young in a way.”

Harry chuckled. “Yeah. Well it wasn’t intentional on my part but that’s another story for another time. Your father wants to speak with you.”

James nodded and hurried back to the bathroom. He came to the bathroom to see his father sitting up with Ava still close beside him on the floor.

Angus smiled and waved him inside. “Hey.”

“Hey. How is your back Dad?”

Angus snorted. “It hurts like a sum-ah-bitch. Besides that it’ll be alright. You meet Grandpa Harry?” He asked.

James nodded coming into the bathroom to sit on the floor by the tub. “So is the scar permanent?”

“Oh yeah. Very permanent. It’ll hurt for a bit and then I’ll be good. I might get me tattoo artist to cover it up. I’m thinking either a picture of your mother and you or lightning bolt like Grand Harry’s scar. I’m thinking on some ideas.”

Angus said.

James stared at him. “Are you really okay?”

Angus nodded. “Yes. I am. I’ll be right and ready for your wedding coming up. Do you want do know how I survived?”

James shook his head. “I’m a spell engineer. I figured it when I saw the scar and then when I saw Grandpa Harry I remembered the selfless love charm. How many people know he’s still alive?”

Angus shrugged. “Well only family. We’ve had our little moments here and there and things went to shit afterward but we managed it as best as we could. Now It’s different.”

“Because of me.” James said.

Angus shook his head. “No. It was only a matter time before people would find out he’s alive. So we deal with it.”



James rubbed a hand over his face. "This is all weird man." He said.

Angus nodded. "I know."

"I thought he died. It's in the history books at Hogwarts. Does Neville know?"

Both Ava and Angus gave him a look. James groaned shaking his head. "Stupid question. Of course he's knows. Why did he go into hiding all this time?"

Ava shook her head. "It wasn't his choice as his life became a series of duels and assassination attempts. He didn't have a choice when our enemies nearly assassinated his children and grandchildren. It's along story."

James shook his head. "What do I do now?"

Angus shook his head. "No. He's living his life. You live yours and do what you want to do with it. He just wants to talk to you occasionally. He's just Grandpa Harry."

James snorted. "Just Grandpa Harry."

"I am." Harry said from the doorway.

James grimaced and looked up to see him holding a tray of cups of tea and cookies.

"So enough about old man. Who is this young lady your about to marry?" Harry said coming into the bathroom and offering them cups of tea.

James sighing taking the cup and sipping it before setting it down in his lap. Harry waited watching him.

James snorted. “Mara is the granddaughter of your friend Luna. She’s very attached to me and she has a whimsical personality.”

Harry laughed. “I would bet. She was always a true friend in school and afterward. If your Mara is half the lady of grandmother then it would an honor to meet her. What’s she do?”

James smiled. “She’s a scholar. She writes books, articles on historical events in magical history and works on consolations with political figures in the ministry and she also does some magical repair and spell engineering.”

Harry nodded. “Sounds like a smart young lady. She reminds me Hermione. She and Luna still put flowers on my Jinny’s place on her birthday.”

James stared at him. “What happened to you?” He asked.

Harry sighed with shrug. “Life. I had my good years bad years and everything else in between James. I don’t have anything to complain about. I’m just glad to be here and help where I can.” He said.

James looked at the wand at his hip that was attached to Harry’s belt. Harry noticed James gaze. “Oh no that’s not the wand. It’s just one I won from a school friend of mean.” He said. “The Elder wand is buried in history were it belongs. So what was your first year like?”

James blinked in surprise. “What?”

Harry nodded sipping his tea. “Your first year at Hogwarts. Though I have to admit I would like to hear about all your years at Hogwarts. I would enjoy hearing how was it like?”

James snorted shaking his head. “It was rather boring Grandpa Harry. Almost all my years at Hogwarts were like that. I spent all my years at Hogwarts trying to befriend who I could to establish myself and future alliances though I have to say it wasn’t easy with being put into house Slytherin. I got in a row with the big headed dummies in house Gryffindors for a couple of-”

Harry and Angus started laughing louder.

# Chapter 17

## Staff of the Magi

“Avada Kedavra!”

Mara went into an Apparition a second before the curse hit her back and appeared on a ranch running for her life only to be caught by dark wizard dressed in a full black mask and black robes. He held her by the throat and started strangling her. “We had a deal Mara. You’ve been slow in moving with our agreement.”

Angus appeared punching the stranger in the face. Mara fell to the ground. “Mara get the house. MOVE!” Angus ordered.

Mara struggled to her feet gasping for breath as Ava grabbed her around her waist and ran and half carried her leaving Angus alone with the stranger.

Angus and the dark wizard circled one another. “Who the hell are you?”

The Wizard shook his head aiming a wand at him. “You are an abomination to the pure-blood and all magic kind. You don’t-”

“Oh your another cry baby fan boy of Riddle huh?” Angus chuckled. “You pieces of trash are all the damn same. You always use women and children to do your dirty work.”

The stranger snarled in snake tongue cursing Angus with a strange of words. “You turned my servant against me huh? Don’t think you can trust her to stay-”

“Your a coward and a loser. You have no balls or guts, son. You wasn’t ever going to get that girl to do whatever the hell you tried to talk her into doing. Look at you. I’m standing right in front of me and you don’t have the balls to face me like a man. To busy hiding behind all this mystery horse shit to square up like a man and face me.” Angus said mucking the dark wizard.

The wizard laughed. “This is too easy!” He said before turning on his heel, aimed his wand at the backs of the retreating women heading for the house.

“Avada Kedavra!”

Angus disappeared and appeared behind the back of Ava and Mara as they ran. Angus raised his right hand two rings started to glow before the killing curse hit a shield of golden light and flames.

“Angus!” Harry called after him.

“Get your old ass back to the house, Grandpas. I got it.” Angus said and took a breath and draw his peacemaker and held it up as his body started to glow. The shield grew in more strength and then started push back at the killing spell sending it back toward the user at a slow but steady speed and then launched him backward toward the user.

The spell was cut off suddenly. Angus still held up his shield for a few more seconds watching around waiting for something more to happen and then he let down his shield.

Angus stared at the body on the ground. He frowned as Ava came to stand with him. “You should have gone back inside.” He said.

“This is a back sight event. I think James is watching us?” She said.

Angus frowned holding up his peacemaker. “James if your watching. I need you to take a look around as far as you can go take in the area and tell me what you see.” She said.

“What is it?” Ava asked.

“Somebody is out there watching us. James if your watching try and expand your vision. Take in all you can and see who is out her if you can.” He said.

The vision of Angus suddenly became smaller and smaller until both he and Ava were images at high distance away. Vision of the area began to show areas of the Potter ranch acres and skyline and then froze at the image of man standing in the clouds. His face was masked in a fog but he seemed in his mid-forties and he was dressed in a long leather black jacket.

He suddenly turned and flew away his jacket flapping in the wind as he flew away at a fast speed traveling at advancing speed with his arms out. He kept going until he was merely a speck in the distance.

Suddenly, the vision changed and River Song's face smiled as she stood outside in the pale moonlight on her land. Her staff was in her hand as both her sons stood sat on the ground at her feet.

The presence of other people being with them was felt but vision of them was murky and their faces couldn't be seen. "Thank you for your help. Though the trouble I've caused you and your family will not be forgotten by your father. I still thank you for seeing to it that I received my family's staff again. Now for your payment."

River Song shook her head. “No. You are generous not to accept payment. But, you must be given your due. You are right. A new dark Lord is rising. Your time to face him is coming but for now this is your father’s day. Your time has yet to come and his battles against the enemy are yet to come. You must learn from him and help him rise to his position. Zhao Chen. It is time.”

The vision of River Song faded as visions of the forgotten forest showed the people and ancient animals appeared. The sounds of laughter and and song were heard and sense of something wonderful was about to begin.

The vision started to fade but the melody of young woman singing began to be heard in the void of darkness and then the vision of Zhao Chen was seen sitting in a lotus position on the ground with his brothers in the center of the lost temple of the Wuxia.

“It is time.” Zhao said with smile on his lips as he came to his feet along with his brothers and the disciples.

There was an argument among some of the young brothers but Zhao along with the elder masters of the wuxia ignored the talk and rising voices among the youth and youngest masters.



Zhao focused his gaze forward. “Water Dragon. You have returned. It is right. You and your father have done well yet there is still much to be done. You both have grown stronger and more capable but remember your journey is continuous. It is time for you take the next steps in the way of wuxia and path of the magi. You are the recorder of these events. Remember and take your stance.”

Lightning flashed above their heads as the arguments among the disciples and young masters began. A young master stepped forward. Zhao stood motionless saying nothing.

The lightning flashed down in front of Zhao and started to change into the form of sword as the dust from the stone floor of lost temple turned around the lightning blade.

The young master attempted to reach for it and roared as pain raced up the palm and arm of the master. He fell away and the sword then launched up into the sky and flew away toward the west.

The young master turned and disappeared in a twister of golden fire. Zhao bowed. "It has begun. When you awaken call the Dragon of the West to his task. He must claim it in the skies in the domain of the dragons. To hold it however he must contend with the others in the duel of the dragons. You must witness this era. You must record these events with your own eyes and hand. You must learn to fly Water Dragon." Zhao said.

Zhao smiled. "No. I don't mean with inventions of the westerners. I mean in the old ways. The ancient ways your fathers learned a long ago. A new era of the magi has begun. You must follow your father into this era and lead your generation into the next height of your power into the skies lies your future. Go. Follow the sword."

The vision of the skies appeared and the sword of lightning raced away at the same time as the young Wuxia attempted to chase after it coming close to catching up to it but each time he came close to grasping it the sword eluded his hold. The sword avoided his hold like it had a mind of it's own. It was driven to a location to a place in mind. It was determined to reach that place and would not be stopped.

The wuxia master was just as determined. The sword tried to woo it and seduce it with a voice of magical force. The sword however would not be distracted or blocked from it's determination.

The master began to become angered and attempted to shoot lightning and fire at the sword to stall it from racing on at an awesome speed.

The sword cried out almost losing focus. The master took hold of the sword crying out as the sword lit it with pain. He maintained a hold on it however though the sword kept flying forward now to meet it's true master.

# ABOUT AUTHOR