

Harry Potter 191

Chapter 191: Kreacher the House-Elf

Leaving Mrs. Black's portrait, they went through the door at the end of the corridor and entered the basement.

The ground floor seemed to be the kitchen. It was scarcely less gloomy than the hall above, a cavernous room with rough stone walls.

Most of the light was coming from a large fire at the far end of the room. A haze of pipe smoke hung in the air like battle fumes, through which loomed the menacing shapes of heavy iron pots and pans hanging from the dark ceiling.

Close to the kitchen were a small dining room with a sink in the corner and two wooden cupboards with spider webs on both sides, filled with silver cutlery.

Beyond the mouldy carpet, you could see that the green marble floor was engraved with beautiful patterns. In the center of the house was a table that could accommodate many people sitting down and a lot of chairs. The temperature there was much lower than above, and the smell of mould and decay in the air was more powerful.

"Go this way!" Sirius pulled a green tapestry with the Black family emblem on the north side of the dining room, revealing a black brick wall.

He knocked on the wall with his wand and opened a hidden secret door.

Just like the wall that led to Diagon Alley through the Leaky Cauldron, the wall swirled away, revealing a narrow, steep staircase and continued down.

Evan noticed that there was a silver snake on the brick, but it was so obscure that he couldn't have noticed it if he hadn't looked carefully.

"In the ancient pure-blood wizard family, there are usually such secret rooms, hiding some unknown secrets of the family." Sirius said as he stooped and walked in. "This is the place where the Black family is collecting books, at the very least when I left this house, they were still preserved in it..."

He said half his words, and immediately stopped.

From above Sirius's shoulder, Evan saw a house-elf standing in the dark way.

It was not a decoration hanging on the wall, but a living house-elf.

He looked very old. His skin seemed to be several times too big for him and though he was bald like all house-elves, there was a quantity of white hair growing out of his large, bat-like ears.

His eyes were a bloodshot and watery gray, and his fleshy nose was large and rather snout-like.

Apart from the filthy rag tied like a loincloth around his middle, he was completely naked.

Evan was stunned; this guy should be the house-elf Kreacher. He was just wondering when he would see him.

Kreacher was like a statue, standing still on the corner of the dark way.

He bent over, his head up, and looked at Sirius Black with amazement, his face mixed with a strange expression that was unclear, and then he muttered under his breath all the while in a hoarse, deep voice like a bullfrog's.

"Poor old Kreacher saw something; the lost Master who had disappeared for over ten years came back, leading a bunch of young kids back to spoil my Mistress's house." Kreacher's voice was very slow, his eyes were full of disdain, and as he spoke, he bowed to Sirius, as if instinctively asking him to do so.

"Long time no see, Kreacher, I didn't expect you to be alive." Sirius said calmly.

Although he was meeting an acquaintance, his voice held no shred of happiness.

"Who is he?" Harry whispered.

"Kreacher, the house-elf serving the Black family." Sirius paused, and then added, "A crazy guy."

"The young master always likes to make some jokes, Kreacher is not crazy, Kreacher just didn't see the three young Masters." The elf bowed again to Evan, Harry, and Hermione, and then said in a very light but clear voice, "Kreacher smells the odor of the mud-blood, oh my poor Mistress, if she knew, if she knew the scum they've let in her house, what would she say to old Kreacher, oh the shame of it!"

"Shut up, Kreacher, Don't call them mud-bloods in the future." Sirius shouted angrily.

"It's okay! This house-elf doesn't seem to know what he is talking about." Hermione looked at Kreacher with fear. She stepped forward and tried to say, "Hello, Kreacher! I am Hermione Granger. This is Evan Mason, the one next to him is Harry Potter."

Seeing Hermione talking to him again, Kreacher's pale eyes widened and he muttered faster and more furiously than ever.

"The Mudblood brought back by the Master is talking to Kreacher as though she is my friend, if Kreacher's Mistress saw him in such company, oh what would she say..."

"I will say it again, shut up, Kreacher!" said Sirius, gnashing his teeth.

Upon hearing the command of Sirius, Kreacher immediately shut his mouth.

He stepped out of the darkway, his eyes sliding over Hermione, Evan, and Harry, and then his eyes widened, and he began to mutter again.

"Is it true? Is it Harry Potter? Kreacher can see the scar, it must be true, that's that boy who stopped the Dark Lord, Kreacher wonders how he did it..."

"We all know how it went," Sirius said loudly.

“Kreacher only knows that the young master has just returned from Azkaban.”

Kreacher’s gaze turned back to Sirius. “My poor Mistress, she vowed not to recognize his son, and now he is back. It is said that he is still a murderer...”

“Sirius proved to be innocent, he did not kill, he is now a hero!” Hermione hurriedly explained.

“You don’t need to tell him this!” Sirius stared at Kreacher very disgustedly. “He won’t listen. He used to be like this, a hateful house-elf.”

“How can the young Master say so to Kreacher, Kreacher has never done anything out of the ordinary, Kreacher just obeys the Master’s orders, and works for the noble Black family for the rest of his life!” said Kreacher, bowing again, and continuing in a low pitch, “Even if the young Master did not kill, he was a nasty ungrateful swine who broke his mother’s heart...”

“My mother didn’t have a heart, Kreacher,” Sirius snapped. “She kept herself alive out of pure spite.”

“Whatever Master says,” Kreacher muttered furiously. “Young Master is not fit to wipe slime from his mother’s boots, oh my poor Mistress, what would she say if she saw the young Master back, how she hated him!”

“Enough, what are you doing here?” Sirius said scornfully, “Don’t think I don’t know. As soon as we entered the house, you showed up.”

“Kreacher is guarding the last legacy of the Black family.” Kreacher turned around Sirius and picked up the tapestry that had had just been still on the ground. The young Master came back, and he’s wrecking havoc. Mistress would never forgive Kreacher if the tapestry was thrown out. For seven centuries it’s been in the family, Kreacher must save it. Kreacher will not let the young Master and these three cubs destroy it.”

Chapter 192: Slytherin’s Locket

“Don’t think Kreacher doesn’t know, the young master wants to take the tapestry...” “I won’t do anything, and no one wants to have anything to do with that mouldy tapestry.” Sirius shouted, “Enough Kreacher! Before I can’t help but kill you, go away, now!”

Kreacher dragged his feet and moved to the side. He did not dare to disobey a direct order.

Sirius, Harry, Hermione, and Evan passed by Kreacher one by one. It felt terrible. He stood there, staring at them with bloodshot eyes. His look was redolent of deepest loathing.

His stares felt like a curse being put upon them.

“Sirius, he’s not right in the head,” said Hermione pleadingly, “I don’t think he realizes we can hear him.”

“That guy understands everything, but he’s been alone too long. Since my mother died, he has never been in touch with anyone else.” Sirius said, “I suspect that he’s been taking mad orders from my mother’s portrait and talking to himself, but he was always a foul little...”

“If you just set him free!” Hermione said hopefully, “maybe...”

“The fright... the shock would kill him.” Black explained, “You don’t know house-elves, Hermione. They have to serve the wizard family for generations, and the history of Kreacher’s ancestors serving the Black family can be traced through the centuries. He cannot leave. If you don’t believe it, you can give it a try and suggest to him that he should leave this house, see how he takes it.”

Sirius, Harry, and Hermione were talking, and their figures disappeared into the dark way.

Evan hesitated for a moment and stayed. He wanted to ask Kreacher about the Slytherin’s Locket.

He looked closely at him, and Kreacher was quietly looking back.

Kreacher didn’t talk. If it wasn’t for his chest that went up and down as he breathed, Evan wouldn’t have a way to know that he was alive.

“Kreacher, I have a question for you, about...”

“The nasty little brat wants to talk to Kreacher. It’s a shame. The young Master took the other two brats to see the Black family’s collection. Kreacher must tell the Mistress about it.”

Kreacher once again bowed to Evan, his face full of disdain and disgust.

Then he took the thick, dusty green tapestry and turned away from the basement as if to go to the portrait of Mrs. Black in the upper hall.

Evan’s eyes followed him until he left the basement.

He sighed. In the current situation, it was very hard to communicate with Kreacher. Even normal communication was out of the question, let alone asking him about the Slytherin’s Locket. This was impossible.

The house was so big, and Evan wanted to find it by himself.

In his mind, he tried to remember the details related to that Horcrux. After Slytherin’s Locket was made into a Horcrux by Voldemort, it was hidden in a cave on an isolated island far from Hogwarts, where he put the locket in the bottom of a bowl, and then used a spell to fill the bowl with potions that made who ever tried to drink them feel like hell. And it was made so that one could only get access to the Locket after drinking the bowl empty.

Voldemort borrowed Kreacher from Sirius’s younger brother, Regulus Black, and used the house-elf to test the Locket’s defences.

Through Kreacher, Regulus went to the cave to take the Locket.

He turned against Voldemort and prepared to stop his plans. He drank the potions and put a fake locket back into the container. Then, he ordered Kreacher to take the Locket and escape without him and find a way to destroy the Horcrux. When he tried to get water from the lake to quench his thirst, he was dragged to his death by the Inferi, and his corpse remained there forever.

The Locket was taken away by Kreacher, but he couldn't destroy it.

One could make a very ordinary item into a Horcrux. But once it is injected with a part of the user's soul and made into a one, that item becomes the most evil black magic item in the world. The incredible power of the evil magic used to make it renders the Horcrux almost indestructible.

Now, Slytherin's Locket is hidden in the house by the house-elf Kreacher.

Evan thought carefully and recalled other details.

Kreacher couldn't destroy this Horcrux, and then Mundungus Fletcher stole it from him and sold it to Umbridge. Harry sneaked into the Ministry of Magic and found Umbridge wearing the Locket. Ron finally destroyed it with Gryffindor's sword.

Further details, the most important ones, like the Locket's placement in the Black's place at that moment were unknown to Evan.

He thought about it carefully and never recalled anything else.

But he shouldn't be too eager. He needs to be careful. This matter is not too frustrating. He just needed to tell Dumbledore that the Locket in the cave was fake. With that, the Headmaster would no longer need to risk his life drinking those wicked potions.

Evan immersed from his trip in thoughts, and started preparing to go down with Sirius, Harry and Hermione. But right then, he stopped.

God, what did he see?!

He suddenly saw what he had been looking for, Voldemort's Horcrux, Slytherin's Locket. The gold pendant was quietly placed in the cupboard in front of him, one that was particularly ugly. Silverware and the Locket were placed all over it, less than two meters away from him.

It was absolutely the one. When Evan went back in time, he saw this locket on Slytherin's neck.

On top of the golden pendant was a serpentine S, inlaid with glittering, green stones. It was the characteristic emblem of the Slytherin House.

Evan couldn't hold himself from jumping on it. He couldn't help but clench his fists. He should have thought of where a house-elf would hide things!

He looked around, and found no one looking...

Evan gulped. It was as if he expected such a thing to happen, as he had always carried around the Basilisk's fang.

This was his opportunity to destroy this Horcrux once and for all.

He walked over, his hands sweating from the tension.

He slowly opened the cupboards rusty door and reached for the Locket.

Next to Slytherin's Locket was a spider-like tweezers with plenty of legs.

Right when Evan stepped over, it seemed like the tweezers had sensed something. It came to life all of a sudden and jumped on his arm, crawling on it like a spider and wanting to puncture his skin.

Chapter 193: Destroying the Second Horcrux

Evan took half a step back. Before the pair of tweezers punctured his skin, he grabbed it with the other hand, slamming it away and throwing it to the ground.

The instrument regained its silence, as if it had never lived.

Looking at the tweezers on the ground, Evan did not dare to be careless anymore. He panted for a while, pulled his wand out, held it in one hand, and went back into the cupboard with the other hand, slowly and carefully approaching the Locket, ready to defend against any possible danger.

However, this time he did not encounter any obstacles, and he smoothly held the Locket in his hand.

Just as his left hand touched the Locket, Evan's eyes widened.

He could not believe that he got one of Voldemort's Horcruxes so easily. Thinking about Tom Riddle's diary that he met last year, compared with it, the Slytherin's Locket's whole process was so easy that he started thinking that it was just a dream.

He did not encounter any obstacles except for a spider-like tweezers that had a very weak attack power.

Evan suspected that the multi-legged tweezers was also a protective magic cast by Kreacher, as it was like the style of a house-elf.

He looked up again and glanced at the entrance hall. Although there were thick walls blocking it, Mrs. Black's crazy screams still came in from time to time.

It seemed that Kreacher was not to come back there for a while.

The three Sirius, Harry, and Hermione who disappeared into the dark way seemed to be gone without a trace. They seemed to have gone down underground so deep that they could not even be heard.

Evan took a deep breath. He still had time.

He gently rubbed the dust off the surface of the pendant with his hand and carefully looked at the Horcrux.

Then, he took out the Basilisk's fang he had with him, and in order to avoid any incidents, he prepared to destroy it right there.

Evan had been in contact with Tom Riddle's diary last year. He knew that the Horcrux itself was magical, able to influence the minds of the people around it, and to draw vitality from those who touched it, to gradually live and to cast magic. It was not that different from the real Voldemort.

In this case, it was too dangerous for Evan to wear this thing on his body and then accidentally be controlled by it or have some other problems.

He didn't know the exact age at which Voldemort made this Horcrux.

But one thing was certain. At that time, he was definitely more dangerous than the sixteen years old Tom Riddle who made the diary. He was more evil inside and had more black magic.

Evan didn't want to come into contact with Voldemort once again, so destroying this Horcrux immediately was the wisest choice.

He squinted looking carefully at the Locket in his hand.

Needless to say, the most striking thing on the pendant was the capital letter S in glittering green stone inlay on the front, which was marked by Slytherin.

Anyone who knew a little about the history of magic or the pureblood wizard families' crests would know the true meaning of this letter. Salazar Slytherin was so famous that in addition to being the co-founder of Hogwarts with the other three founders, he had made a lot of great acts.

Around the capital letter, there was a very obvious circle.

Further outward, around the circle were a lot of hazy, yellow and black lines of strange and complex patterns, like some ancient text which conveyed a message.

Evan didn't know these words. To be more precise, he didn't even know whether the lines were writing or not. Maybe they just happened to be arranged together.

These quirky patterns seemed to be full of magic, and from time to time a dull golden light flashed over them, gathering from the eight corners of the pendant box to the emerald in the center.

Evan observed the locket for a while and found nothing but these words.

Then he stopped hesitating!

He made up his mind to put the locket on the dusty table in front of him, holding the Basilisk's fang in his right hand.

In the dark, his posture was unusually strange.

It seemed to feel what Evan was going to do, and it seemed like there was something in the pendant at that moment, like cockroaches in a box.

"One...two..." Evan breathed heavily, and he counted in silence, trying to overcome the growing uneasiness of his heart.

"One...two...three...open!"

Evan counted the last number, and the wand gently flicked upward. As he moved, the golden doors of the locket swung wide open with a little click.

Like a music box, the ominous voice rang, and Evan found himself beginning to inexplicably become weak and drowsy.

Inside the locket was a glass door with something in it.

He looked carefully. Behind both of the glass windows within blinked a living eye, dark and handsome as Tom Riddle's eyes had been before he turned them scarlet and slit-pupiled.

As the music progressed, the two eyes began to change, and they gradually turned red, and the pupils began to become lines, becoming Voldemort's eyes.

In the music, there was a voice hissing from the Horcrux and it was talking to Evan.

“I have seen your heart, and it is mine.” Voldemort whispered, “I have seen your dreams, child, and I have seen your fears. All you desire is possible, but all that you dread is also possible...”

“Is it?” Evan whispered, his right hand holding the Basilisk’s fang trembled.

“Yes, I can help you, help you succeed, I can give you whatever you want, strength, power, glory, I can...”

The temptation of the voice was getting stronger and stronger. Evan’s head was in a mess. He knew that he couldn’t wait any longer. Voldemort was trying to control him. He had to do it.

From the Horcrux, Voldemort’s whispering continued.

But Evan took the Basilisk’s fang and his right hand was no longer trembling. He gasped a heavy breath, his eyes locked the Locket tightly, and his right hand stabbed from top to bottom.

There was a bang, the sound of glass shattering.

As the sound of the whispering stopped, the soul of Voldemort saved in the Horcrux sent a shrill scream, as if to penetrate the human soul. Riddle’s eyes were gone, and the stained silk lining of the locket was smoking slightly.

Evan’s body was shaking and he knew he was successful.

He gasped heavily, and his face was pale, his legs were constantly shaking, and he held the table in front of him down forcibly so that he would not fall.

He stooped and picked up the broken Horcrux.

He had pierced the glass in both windows, and there was nothing left. There was no trace of Voldemort’s soul, as if he had never existed there.

Like the glass window, the silk lining at the bottom of the pendant was also pierced by Evan, but the whole was not damaged.

“Hey!” Evan suddenly noticed that the bottom of the pendant seemed to be the same as the outer cover. There were many strange and complicated lines inside the silk lining.

He hurriedly tore all the silk down, and he was surprised to find that the inside of the pendant was exactly the same as the yellow and black and sly quirky text.

He couldn’t be sure that these were definitely not the lines that gold originally brought, but that they were engraved on purpose, just like a magical array.

Slytherin’s locket was not just a Horcrux.

Chapter 194: The Black Family Tree

Just as Evan destroyed the Horcrux, Sirius, Harry, and Hermione were hovering down the stairs in the dark way.

“Where did Evan go, he didn’t keep up?” Hermione asked worriedly, looking back and forth from time to time, there was nothing but darkness.

“He may want to say a few words with Kreacher, or visit the house. Don’t worry, there is no danger except for the portrait of my old mother. I will go to him later.” Sirius said lightly, “We will be there soon.”

Ten seconds later, they came to a wide room deep underground.

The scene in front of them was very spectacular. The room was like a huge library. The rows of bookshelves were full of books, all precious magic books.

On the surrounding walls, there were green tapestries with black family badges and ornamentation. Although many places on the tapestries were as if gnawed by doxies, the golden thread with which they were embroidered still glinted brightly.

The most striking thing was the tapestry facing the stairs, which was very large covering almost the entire wall.

Sirius walked over and Harry and Hermione hurried to follow.

The more they moved forward, the more they could discover the magnificence of this tapestry. Harry clearly saw a family tree with branches and tendrils, dating back to the Middle Ages.

And that wasn’t all, it went on and on till the top of the wall.

On the right side of the tapestry, from top to down, embroidered with a few big golden characters: THE NOBLE AND MOST ANCIENT HOUSE OF BLACK “TOUJOURS PUR”

“This is the Black family tree!” Sirius said softly. “In addition to this one, there is another piece stored in my mother’s room. She regards these two family trees as the most beloved baby. They are the most direct proof that the family is pure blood. When she was alive, nobody else but her could touch them!”

“You’re not on here!” said Harry, after scanning the bottom of the tree.

“I used to be there,” said Sirius, pointing at a small, round, charred hole in the tapestry, rather like a cigarette burn. “My sweet old mother blasted me off after I ran away from home. I guess that was the same thing in her room, no accident, with my understanding of her, she would definitely do this.”

“You ran away from home?” Harry said.

“Yes, “When I was about sixteen,” said Sirius in a plain tone. “I’d had enough.”

“Where did you go?” asked Harry, staring at him.

“Your dad’s place,” said Sirius. “Your grandparents were really good about it; they sort of adopted me as a second son. Yeah, I camped out at your dad’s during the school holidays, and then when I was seventeen I got a place of my own, my Uncle Alphard had left me a decent bit of gold, he’s been wiped off here too, that’s probably why.”

Sirius pointed to another small round hole on the tapestry and continued, "Anyway, after that I looked after myself. I was always welcome at Mr. and Mrs. Potter's for Sunday lunch, though. They were all good people."

"But ... why did you ...?"

"Leave?" Sirius smiled bitterly. "Because I hated the whole lot of them. You don't know them, Harry: my parents, with their pure-blood mania, convinced that to be a Black made you practically royal ... my idiot brother, soft enough to believe them ... that's him."

Sirius jabbed a finger at the very bottom of the tree, at the name REGULUS BLACK.

There was a date of death after the date of birth, about 13 years ago. That is one year prior to Voldemort's fall and Black's imprisonment.

"He was younger than me," said Sirius, with a trace of disdain in the corner of his mouth, "and a much better son, as I was constantly reminded."

"But he died," said Harry.

"Yeah, I don't feel a bit surprised about it." said Sirius. "Stupid idiot ... he joined the Death Eaters."

"You're kidding!" Harry and Hermione said in unison.

"Come on, haven't you seen enough of this house to tell what kind of wizards my family were?" said Sirius testily.

"Were... were your parents Death Eaters as well?" Harry hesitated.

"No, no, but believe me, they thought Voldemort had the right idea, they were all for the purification of the Wizarding race, getting rid of Muggle-borns and having purebloods in charge."

Hearing Sirius, Harry and Hermione's faces were even paler.

"They weren't alone either, there were quite a few people, before Voldemort showed his true colors, who thought he had the right idea about things... Some pure blood wizard families believed him and thought he could lead them back to the glory of the past. But they got cold feet when they saw what he was prepared to do to get power, though. But I bet my parents thought Regulus was a right little hero for joining up at first."

"Was he killed by an Auror?" Harry asked tentatively.

"Oh no," said Sirius, and the disdainful smile on the corner of his mouth grew stronger. "No, he was murdered by Voldemort. Or on Voldemort's orders, more likely, I doubt Regulus was ever important enough to be killed by Voldemort in person."

From what I found out after he died, he got in so far, then panicked about what he was being asked to do and tried to back out. Well, you don't just hand in your resignation to Voldemort. It's a lifetime of service or death."

It could be seen that although Sirius's tone was full of mockery, there was still a trace of grief. He was very concerned about his brother's death.

Otherwise, Sirius would not bother to investigate his death.

Harry wanted to say something to comfort Sirius, but his scar suddenly hurt.

He couldn't help but scream and cover his forehead with his hand.

"What's wrong, Harry?" Sirius asked worriedly. "Are you..."

He did not finish his words, on the stairs, there was a sudden deafening scream, a scream of a dying man.

Sirius stared for a moment and hurried to the top. Harry and Hermione also followed, and Evan was still there. Did he encounter any accident?!

They didn't know what was going on, especially Harry, who had an unusual ominous hunch, as if something was approaching.

This feeling he had had twice, that was, when facing Voldemort in the first year and Tom Riddle in the second year, the voice just sounded like Voldemort's. As soon as he thought that Voldemort might be in this house, Harry was almost suffocated and was afraid to even imagine it.

With all the strength in their bodies, they rushed to the top of the stairs as fast as possible, and then bumped into something on the stairs.

They all fell, and Sirius jumped up with his wand.

Through the light of his wand, he saw that Evan was standing intact in front of him, he looked calm and not at all like someone in danger.

Chapter 195: Kreacher and Regulus

"What happened above?" Sirius pulled Evan up and asked in a hurry. "We just heard the scream, a dying man's scream."

"Yes, that horrible sound was terrible; it seemed to reach the deepest part of the soul, giving a chilling feeling." Hermione nodded, her eyes fixed on Evan, and then said with concern, "What happened to you Evan?"

"My scar hurts, I feel like ... "said Harry.

"Don't worry, I'm all right. That sound was made when I broke this thing." Evan passed Slytherin's Locket.

Although this Horcrux was no longer useful, he did not throw it away.

Not to mention its possible link to Slytherin's treasure, this pendant itself has great collection value.

The weird text lines above also made Evan very concerned.

Salazar Slytherin could not have left these things on the locket box for no reason. They couldn't be simple decoration; he should be conveying some kind of message.

Evan speculated that if those lines were not words, they should be a very rare magical array that even Voldemort himself had not found.

Although this possibility was very low, it could not be denied.

Evan was going to head back and study to see if he could make any new discoveries related to them.

"Is this?" Sirius stared at the locket in his hand, his eyes focused on the uppercase letter S, and he seemed to have seen a similar pattern somewhere.

"This is the Locket handed down by Salazar Slytherin himself. The uppercase S letter is a special emblem of the Slytherin family."

Sirius was so stunned, no wonder he felt he had seen this pattern before.

In the book "Nature's Nobility: A Wizarding Genealogy", the third series of pure blood wizards introduced is the Slytherin family. The most memorable thing about it is the snake-like family emblem.

"This Slytherin's Locket, I just found it in the dining room's window. Because of curiosity, I took it out, and then I found something wrong. This pendant was talking to me. It's a black magic item." Evan explained, "Harry, Hermione, do you remember Tom Riddle's Diary we met last year? If I'm not mistaken, this locket and the diary are the same kind of thing."

Hearing him, Harry and Hermione turned pale in an instant, and they understood what Evan wanted to say. This Locket was a magic item left by Voldemort.

Looking at Harry and Hermione's eyes, Evan nodded.

In fact, he had just thought the matter through and finally decided to say it, instead of continuing to conceal it.

Now that this Horcrux had been destroyed, it was natural to tell Dumbledore about it, and there was no more need to conceal the matter. Although it was a coincidence, it was good luck to discover and destroy this Horcrux.

Sirius, Harry, and Hermione were also there. Dumbledore would have no doubts and would not think too much.

What's more, through the capture of Peter Pettigrew, Evan suddenly realized that Dumbledore was not as he imagined. Since he was that tolerant, Evan could get more freedom with his actions.

The mood on the stairs was heavy, and Harry and Hermione were pale and bloodless. They were still immersed in the horrible news brought by Evan.

"Tom Riddle's diary, what are the three of you talking about?"

Only Sirius did not know what was going on. They hurriedly explained to him and told him about what happened last year.

"I don't understand. If this Locket is a black magic item made by Voldemort, why is it in this house?" Sirius's face became more serious.

"This question should be asked to Kreacher, he should know." Evan whispered.

They returned to the dining room and Sirius immediately summoned Kreacher.

Kreacher was still holding the old, dusty and wormhole filled green tapestry. He stood in front of the cold, empty fireplace and looked at them four contemptuously.

"Young Master, what do you call old Kreacher for?" Kreacher said hoarsely with his bullfrog voice, bowed low and whispered to his knees. "After destroying the Black family's collection, the young Master and the three nasty little brats he brought back still have more plans..."

"Don't say these words in front of me again." Sirius said, "I have a question to ask you, you must answer truthfully, understand?"

"Yes, Master!" Kreacher bowed low. .

Evan saw his lips squirming silently, undoubtedly meditating on the insulting words that he had just been forbidden to say.

"This Locket!" Sirius threw Slytherin's Locket over. "It's not something from the Black family. Where did you get it?"

"This, this is the Locket of young Master Regulus!" Holding the Locket, Kreacher shivered and shook.

"My brother's?" Sirius stared. He had just heard the explanations from the three of them, knowing that this was a magic item made by Voldemort.

It seemed to be similar to what he imagined; it should be Voldemort who made Regulus save this thing.

Although he didn't know what they planned to do, it was definitely not a good thing.

"The Locket of the young Master Regulus!" Kreacher gasped, and his dry chest was undulating. "Kreacher made a mistake and failed to execute the young Master's orders!"

Then he let out a scream to coagulate blood.

In the next second, Kreacher rushed to the fire stick at the fireside with extraordinary speed. Harry standing beside him instinctively reacted and rushed to catch him.

Kreacher was still resisting, and Evan rushed to help Harry.

Hermione's screams mixed with Kreacher's cry, but Sirius's snoring was louder than all of them.

"Enough, Kreacher, I order you not to move!"

Kreacher immediately stopped struggling, tears flowing down his long nose into his open mouth, into which a gray tooth could be seen.

Evan and Harry were panting on top of him, and Sirius came over to separate them. He held Kreacher in his hand and swayed him violently, as if the house-elf were a ragged dress.

“Tell me everything you know, where did this Locket come from? And what did my brother Regulus have to do with it?” Sirius shouted loudly. “I command you; tell me everything about the Locket!”

Kreacher’s reaction towards Sirius was abnormal. He told him that this Locket had a lot to do with the death of his brother, and what they had done in that year.

Chapter 196: The Story of Regulus

“Speak up; what did my brother do back then?”

Sirius threw Kreacher to the ground as if he was throwing a dirty rag.

The elf sat up, curled into a ball, placed his wet face between his knees, and began to rock backward and forward. When he spoke, his voice was muffled but quite distinct in the silent, echoing kitchen.

“It was fifteen years ago. Unlike Master Sirius who ran away, good riddance, for he was a bad boy and broke my Mistress’s heart with his lawless ways, Master Regulus had proper order; he knew what was due to the name of Black and the dignity of his pure blood. For years he talked of the Dark Lord, who was going to bring the wizards out of hiding to rule the Muggles and the Muggle-borns.” Kreacher sobbed, “And when he was sixteen years old, Master Regulus joined the Dark Lord. Master Regulus knew!” Kreacher argued, “He was so proud, so proud, so happy to serve...”

“Just cut to the chase, Kreacher! I don’t want to hear about my idiot young brother becoming a Death Eater!” Sirius brutally interrupted him, and it was as if the blue veins on his forehead were about to burst up.

The last time he looked like this, he was facing Peter Pettigrew.

Kreacher was afraid to look at Sirius, his head rocking faster. He said intermittently, “And one day, a year after he joined, Master Regulus came down to the kitchen to see Kreacher. Master Regulus always liked Kreacher. And Master Regulus said ... he said... ”

“What did he say?” Everyone was looking at the old house-elf.

“He said that the Dark Lord required an elf.”

“Voldemort needed an elf?” Sirius repeated, and Harry and Hermione looked just as puzzled as he did. It sounded absurd.

How could the mighty Voldemort need a house-elf? Everyone did not understand. Only Evan knew what was going on.

“Oh yes,” moaned Kreacher. “And Master Regulus had volunteered Kreacher. It was an honor, said Master Regulus, an honor for him and for Kreacher, who must be sure to do whatever the Dark Lord ordered him to do ... and then to c-come home.”

Kreacher rocked still faster, his breath coming in sobs.

“So Kreacher went to the Dark Lord. The Dark Lord did not tell Kreacher what he was to do, but took Kreacher with him to a cave beside the sea. And beyond the cave was a cavern, and in the cavern was a great black lake ... ”

Sirius did not speak.

Evan, Harry, and Hermione also listened to Kreacher’s narrative.

In the gloomy basement, Kreacher’s croaking voice was particularly terrifying. It seemed to come from across the dark water, and the hairs on the back of everybody’s neck stood up.

“There was a boat beside the Great Lake. The lake was full of dead bodies. There was a b-basin full of potion on the island. The D-Dark Lord made Kreacher drink it ...” The elf quaked from head to foot. “Kreacher drank, and as he drank he saw terrible things ... Kreacher’s insides burned ... Kreacher cried for Master Regulus to save him, he cried for his Mistress, but the Dark Lord only laughed ... He made Kreacher drink all the potion ... He dropped a locket into the empty basin ... He filled it with more potion.”

“And then?”

“And then the Dark Lord sailed away, leaving Kreacher on the island ... ”

Evan could see it happening, he could see Voldemort’s white, snakelike face vanishing into darkness, those red eyes fixed pitilessly on the agonized elf.

He probably thought that the elf’s death would occur within minutes, whenever he succumbed to the desperate thirst that the burning poison caused its victim.

However, Kreacher escaped and Evan didn’t know how he did it.

“Kreacher still remembers how it was at the time. Kreacher needed water, he crawled to the island’s edge and he drank from the black lake ... and hands, dead hands, came out of the water and dragged Kreacher under the surface ...”

“How did you get away?” Sirius asked, and found himself unusually whispering.

Kreacher raised his ugly head and looked at Harry with his great, bloodshot eyes. “Master Regulus told Kreacher to come back,” he said.

“But?!” No one knew how Kreacher came back. Voldemort could have never left him alive.

“Master Regulus told Kreacher to come back,” he repeated.

“I know – but how did you escape the Inferi?”

“Well, it’s obvious, he Apparated! Elf magic isn’t like wizard’s magic, Voldemort probably neglected this.” Evan explained, “Or, he would have considered the ways of house-elves so far beneath his notice... it would never have occurred to him that they might have magic that he didn’t.”

“Master Regulus told Kreacher to come back,” The house elf repeated it again and intoned, “The house-elf’s highest law is his Master’s command, Kreacher was told to return home, so Kreacher returned home ... “

“So what happened when you got back?” Sirius continued to ask. “What did Regulus say when you told him what happened?”

“Master Regulus was very worried, very worried,” croaked Kreacher. “Master Regulus told Kreacher to stay hidden and not to leave the house. And then ... it was a little while later ... Master Regulus came to find Kreacher in his cupboard one night, and Master Regulus was strange, not as he usually was, his mind was disturbed, Kreacher could tell ... and he asked Kreacher to take him to the cave, the cave where Kreacher had gone with the Dark Lord ... “

And so, under Regulus’s orders, they had set off. Evan could visualize them quite clearly; the frightened old elf and the thin Death Eater who had resembled Sirius, coming to the place where Voldemort hid the Horcrux.

Kreacher went there and he knew how to get in.

“Regulus?!” Sirius coldly asked with a hint of disgust in his voice, “He made you drink the potion again?”

Kreacher shook his head, crying and crying.

Everyone looked at him with surprise! If Kreacher didn’t drink the potions, they guessed what happened next.

“M-Master Regulus took from his pocket a locket like the one the Dark Lord had,” said Kreacher, tears pouring down either side of his snout-like nose. “And he told Kreacher to take it and, when the basin was empty, to switch the lockets ...”

Kreacher’s sobs came in great rasps now; Evan had to concentrate hard to understand what he was going to say next.

Chapter 197: The Black Family’s Devotion

“Master Regulus ordered Kreacher to leave... to leave him alone. No matter what happened to him, Kreacher couldn’t intervene.”

Kreacher's voice was sharp and twisted. He sobbed and said intermittently with a sorrowful tone: "He ordered... Kreacher to leave ... without him. And he told Kreacher... to go home... and never to tell my Mistress... what he had done... but to destroy ... the first locket. And he..."

Everyone looked at Kreacher, waiting for him to continue; even Evan was no exception.

Although he already knew that Regulus had finally drunk the potion and died in the cave, it was completely another feeling to listen to the house-elf retelling the scene at the time.

Evan was almost able to see it in the dark cave; surrounded by the Inferi, Sirius's younger brother looking hesitantly at the potion in the stone altar, with his heart constantly struggling.

He knew what he was going to do next. He also knew the consequences of doing it. If it was discovered by Voldemort, the Black family would be devastated. But he had to do it, even if he died.

Because of his pure blood ideals, Regulus was one of the first to support Voldemort. Black, the most ancient and noble house of wizards, made him "lucky" enough to become a Death Eater at the age of sixteen. Like other evil Death Eaters, he thought that serving the Dark Lord was the ultimate glory.

However, this teenager was not the same as the rest of the Death Eaters.

When Voldemort gradually revealed his true face, when he discovered that Voldemort was not pursuing wizarding blood purity, but using brutal means to rule others, when Voldemort tried to kill the innocent Kreacher, Regulus finally realized the difference between the real, cruel world and his fantasies.

The hot blood of youth finally cooled down, and his beautiful dreams were shattered.

From that moment on, although he still identified as a Death Eater, his innate sense of justice drifted him away from Voldemort.

Even in the end, he preferred giving his life to resist, and to get rid of Voldemort's dirty lies.

There is no doubt that Regulus was clever. If Evan remembered correctly, he was the first to discover that Voldemort was making a Horcrux, even earlier than Dumbledore, despite the fact that he did not get any help besides Kreacher's vague description. It was entirely through his own efforts that he made a thorough investigation of this matter.

At the same time, he is also brave.

Knowing Voldemort's true face, when he was determined to prepare to fight against him, that was in the era in which the Dark Lord was at his peak.

In the face of such a powerful and evil Voldemort, besides an elderly house-elf, Regulus did not even have a decent helper. But still, he chose to destroy the myth of the Dark Lord's immortality with his own life.

Undoubtedly, he was also kind.

As it could be seen from Kreacher's words, Regulus was very friendly to the house-elves, unlike most wizards.

Until the last moment, he did not have the idea of sacrificing Kreacher.

The man who once worshipped the Dark Lord fanatically, did not take the elf's death for granted. He chose to drink the deadly potions and told him to go home. That was the last order he issued before his death.

He preferred dying in obscurity over getting his family into trouble.

He was using his own ways to protect Kreacher and protect the Black family.

Evan suddenly realized that there seemed to be an innate sense of devotion in the blood of the Black family members.

This was probably the most distinctive quality of this most ancient and most noble family of pure blood wizards.

With this devotion, Sirius threw all he had away, just to chase freedom.

His cousin Nymphadora Tonks was devoted to following love, disregarding the world's judgments, and eventually ended up with the werewolf, Lupin.

Voldemort's most fanatical Death Eater, Bellatrix was devoted to getting power, becoming the most dangerous and the cruelest of Voldemort's followers.

Lucius Malfoy's wife, Narcissa, was devoted to protect her family. In the last battle, for Draco's sake, she preferred betraying Voldemort and made a huge risk by helping Harry to hide the fact that he was alive, thus determining the fate of the final battle.

As for Regulus Black, this devotion drove him to protect his entire family.

He chose to pay silently. Besides the house-elf, no one ever knew what he had done. No one knew that his thoughts had changed.

In Sirius's mind, his stupid brother became a Death Eater because of his worship of Voldemort and his upholding of pure blood ideals.

In his opinion, Regulus did not even know what this identity meant.

Then, because of his weakness and timidity, he died in the shadows, not even leaving a corpse behind. It was ironic to the extreme.

However, the truth couldn't be further from that.

Like Sirius, he was also a hero, an unknown hero.

He was different from Sirius. The devotion within the depths of his heart and the rebellion buried in his bones had not erupted until the last moments of his life.

Regulus grew up under the care of Sirius and the protection of his mother. When his brother fled the house to pursue freedom, in order not to worry his old mother, he accepted the family's arrangement and accepted to bear the fate he should not have undertaken.

He wanted to protect the Black family, guarding the pure wizarding ancestry of the millennia, and getting it to regain its former glory.

However, the unique traits of a Black made his final death an inevitable outcome, and everything was destined to happen as it did.

Although his methods were different and the events went differently, he ended up following the path of his brother.

Standing in the dim basement, looking at the decoration of the Black family surrounded by historical traces, Evan had a vague realization.

He finally understood that perhaps, this was the power brought by blood.

The experience of the two brothers Sirius and Regulus made Evan have a deeper understanding of Black's ancient surname.

"Then, the young Master Regulus...he..." Kreacher sobbed.

"Then what happened? What did Regulus do?" Sirius asked aloud.

"Then he drank ... all the potion ... and Kreacher swapped the locket ... and watched... as Master Regulus ... was dragged beneath the water, by the hands of the Inferi..."

"Oh, Kreacher!" wailed Hermione, who was crying.

She dropped to her knees beside the elf and tried to hug him.

At once he was on his feet, cringing away from her, quite obviously repulsed.

"The Mudblood touched Kreacher, he will not allow it! What would his Mistress say?"

"I told you not to call her 'Mudblood'!" snarled Sirius, but the voice was weak as never before.

It was not until this moment that he knew how his brother died.

He rubbed his eyes, and while Hermione cried, his tears flowed out of control, but he didn't want them to be seen.

Chapter 198: Kreacher's Friendship

The next second, unprecedented anger occupied Sirius's mind.

"Kreacher!" he growled. "You actually watched Regulus die, and did nothing. He, he was still a child..."

Although he already had a hunch, but now, Sirius couldn't believe it, that this was actually the truth behind Regulus's death.

He hadn't finished his rebuke yet, and the house-elf was already punishing himself.

When everyone did not respond, Kreacher fell to the ground and banged his forehead on the floor, exhausting all his strength.

"Stop him! Stop him!" Hermione cried. "Oh, don't you see now how sick it is, the way he's obliged to obey the Regulus' orders? He didn't move, so he could only stand there and watch the things happen..."

Hearing Hermione's words, Sirius was silent, and looked at the house-elf who was seeking for death, with hatred and anger in his eyes.

Seeing Sirius not moving, Harry hurriedly tried to stop Kreacher.

But it didn't work. The old house-elf was so powerful as he desperately slammed his head to the ground.

If no one stopped him, he'd beat himself until inevitable death.

In the end, Evan had to cast a spell on him, forcing him to stop.

The elf lay on the floor, panting and shivering, green mucus glistening around his snout, a bruise already blooming on his pallid forehead where he had struck himself, his eyes swollen and bloodshot and swimming in tears. Evan had never seen anything so pitiful.

"Sirius, we should be nice to him..." Hermione whispered, wiping her tears with the back of her hand.

"You ask me to be nice to him?!" Sirius's low voice had cruelty within it, "He killed my brother! He watched Regulus die, and he didn't do anything!"

It actually looked like Sirius wanted to kill Kreacher himself.

"No, he doesn't think like that." Hermione hurriedly argued, "Kreacher is a slave. He can only obey orders. Regulus ordered him to do so. He had no way to resist. It's unfair to push all responsibilities on him. Look at him now, the death of Regulus is, to him, crueler than it is to any of us, and it is extremely hard for him to accept. "

Sirius opened his mouth and seemed to want to argue, but Hermione did not give him a chance.

"Sirius, I know the truth about the death of Regulus is difficult for you to accept, but from the information we currently got, Regulus's thoughts changed, and that is the most important thing. Hermione looked at Sirius. "Just below, you told us what you think of him. But he is totally different from what you've had in mind. He is not weak at all. In order to protect Kreacher and the Black family, Regulus went against Voldemort. He is a hero, and even more courageous than any Gryffindor I know..."

Sirius had no retort, his brother made him proud.

He suddenly thought of Regulus when he was a child. At the time, he often followed him like a shadow and looked at him with adoring eyes. Their relationship was very good. They planned to go to Hogwarts and enter Slytherin together.

But everything changed when Sirius arrived first at Hogwarts, and ended up entering the Gryffindor House.

He remembered that day when he returned home on his first summer vacation, and Regulus had a fight with him.

After that, they never talked.

He always thought that Regulus was such a fool, becoming a Death Eater, and then dying out of weakness. But his thoughts could not be further from the truth

He was like him, standing against Voldemort.

Although he did not publicly resist him and join the Order of the Phoenix, he did more bravely and perseveringly than any of the Order's members.

Looking at Kreacher, who was lying on the floor, for the first time in Sirius's eyes, was a little feeling towards the house-elf. After all, he accompanied Regulus and took the pain of having to watch him die all by himself.

It also needed a lot of courage. Sirius looked at Kreacher with confused eyes, and seemed to finally see the house-elf as a creature emotionally equal to human beings...

In the basement, the mood was terrible.

After Hermione said those words, Sirius remained silent.

Kreacher was sobbing silently, and by his side, Harry gasped and his face was as heavy as ever.

Evan sighed and he said slowly, "Kreacher, after Regulus was dragged into the lake by the Inferi... you brought the Locket home and tried to destroy it, didn't you?"

"Yes, but Kreacher could not inflict a single scratch upon it." the house-elf moaned and wanted to punish himself, but could not move, "Kreacher tried everything, everything he knew, but nothing, nothing would work ... So many powerful spells upon the casing, Kreacher was sure the way to destroy it was to get inside it, but it would not open ... Kreacher punished himself, he tried again, he punished himself, he tried again. Kreacher failed to obey orders, Kreacher could not destroy the locket! And his mistress was mad with grief, because Master Regulus had disappeared and Kreacher could not tell her what had happened, no, because Master Regulus had forbidden him to tell any of the f-f-family what happened in the c-cave ..."

Kreacher began to sob so hard; he was totally devastated.

Tears flowed down Hermione's cheeks as she watched Kreacher, but she did not dare touch him again.

"I just destroyed the Locket and helped you complete Regulus's last wish. You won't have to blame yourself anymore." Evan opened the broken locket to Kreacher.

The elf's eyes were goggled, and he made a howl of surprise and pain. His eyes were as large as ever, looking at Evan incredulously, and looking at the locket in his hand.

After nearly half an hour, he gradually calmed down.

Kreacher was twitching weakly and seemed to have no more strength to cry.

Sirius, who had not spoken until that point, calmed down as well. He whispered to the house-elf, "Sit up, Kreacher, I have something to ask you."

“Now I will relieve you of your curse, and stop hurting yourself.” “Evan waved his wand and whispered, “Finite Incantatem.”

Kreacher sat up and rubbed his eyes with his fists like a child.

Then, he staggered to the front of Evan, reached out and touched the Locket in his hands, and immediately retreated.

“You, you helped Kreacher complete the command of Master Regulus! You destroyed this Locket!” Kreacher couldn’t believe it, his face showed an expression of relief for the first time.

He looked at Evan and Hermione’s eyes, not the previous look of disgust and disdain. He seemed to have forgotten their Muggle-born origin and bowed to Evan, Harry, and Hermione.

Although the action looked a bit awkward, it wasn’t perfunctory by any mean.

Evan knew that because he destroyed the Slytherin’s Locket and helped Kreacher complete the order of Regulus, he finally gained this house-elf’s friendship.

Like Dobby, Kreacher now respected him from the heart.

This was indeed a happy thing. It might have been the most positive and optimistic change brought by destroying this Horcrux.

Although Evan did not know what use he could have from the friendship of this house-elf , maybe at a critical moment, it would come in handy.

Chapter 199: Going to the Cave

The house elf was so excited about seeing the locket destroyed. He was too weak at the knees to stand properly. There were a few words of thanks to Evan in his mouth, but Sirius didn’t give him enough time.

“Kreacher, take me to that cave.” Sirius commanded, with a flicker of determination on his face. He intended on bringing back Regulus’s body.

He grabbed the house-elf and wanted to Apparate.

“Wait a minute, Sirius, we’ll go with you.” Harry hurriedly stopped him.

“No, you three stay here and wait for me.” Sirius refused.

From Kreacher’s narrative, he knew that the cave was very dangerous. There was evil magic left behind by Voldemort. He was going to find the body of Regulus, and there was no need for the three children to take the risk of coming along.

“I know what you are thinking, but the three of us are no longer children.” Harry looked at Sirius. “Over the past two years, we have beaten Voldemort many times. If there is any danger in that cave, we can help too.”

“Yes, let us go with you, Sirius.” Harry had just finished his words, and Hermione followed, “After listening to Kreacher, no one can remain indifferent. We all want to do something for Regulus, even if it’s just bringing back his body for proper burial.”

Listening to Hermione’s words, Kreacher made a loud mourning.

Evan saw easily from Sirius’s face that he was really hesitant. He knew that Harry and Hermione would convince him. It was only a matter of time.

When it came to such adventures, Sirius was never a man of reason.

In reality, Evan didn’t think about going to the cave.

From the known information, the cave was very dangerous. There were a lot of Inferi and other evil black magic left by Voldemort. Since Slytherin’s locket had been destroyed, it didn’t make any sense to go there.

Especially considering that it was Christmas day. This whole thing looked even more out of place.

But if Harry and Hermione were to go, he had to follow.

Hermione was right. After listening to Kreacher telling the story of Regulus, no one could be indifferent. They had to do something in his honor.

Since they had to go, it would be best to go with Dumbledore, he just had to talk to him...

“Well, I can take you three.” Sirius relaxed. He straightened and continued. “We’d better hurry, I think...”

“I think it’d be best to inform Dumbledore about this.” Evan suddenly said, “If I’m not wrong, Kreacher just said that Regulus had been dragged into the lake by the Inferi. No one knows how many of those monsters are in that cave.”

“The Inferi” Sirius, Harry and Hermione froze.

“To say it briefly, they’re the dead bodies controlled by the Dark Arts. They have no life, no souls or thoughts. They are practically fearless to all things except for fire and light. If there are a lot of corpses in the cave, we would not be able to face them, let alone finding Regulus’s body.” Evan turned his head and said to the elf, “Kreacher, do you remember the number of dead people you saw at that time?”

“The big black lake, Kreacher saw the hands of the dead people coming out of the whole lake.” Just talking about it, Kreacher’s big eyes were full of fear.

“It seems that the number of corpses is really large indeed.” Evan looked at Sirius.

“We must be careful, don’t forget, besides the Inferi, there should be other magic left by Voldemort.”

“But Dumbledore is still in the Ministry of Magic. He is very busy. The Wizengamot is now having the hearings of the case of Peter Pettigrew.” Judging from his appearance,

Sirius didn't seem to want to tell Dumbledore about this. He didn't want to waste any time.

He longed to go to the cave immediately and bring Regulus back.

As soon as he thought of his brother's body lying alone in the dark, damp cave, there was an unprecedented sorrow in Sirius's heart.

"I don't care what the Inferi are; I don't want to waste any more time..."

"No, we have to tell Dumbledore, this is very important." Evan insisted, shaking the locket in his hand. "Dumbledore must also know about this locket."

Perhaps it was out of consideration of the safety of the three, Evan, Harry, and Hermione; perhaps Evan saved him not long ago, perhaps...

No matter what it was, under Evan's insistence, Sirius reluctantly went to inform Dumbledore.

He Apparated to the Ministry of Magic, Evan and the others stayed there waiting for news. He was thinking of using this time to go down and see the collection of the Black family's library.

"Come this way, three little Masters!" Kreacher was much more enthusiastic than before, taking the initiative to lead the way and introducing the history of each decoration around.

The house elf knew a lot about the house.

He could tell exactly when and why each piece of ornament was placed, he could even clearly state the origin of each stone.

Just entering the underground library, Evan noticed the huge green tapestry on the middle wall and the family crest on which the gold thread was sewn: a mountain symbol, two five-pointed stars and a short sword shield. On both sides of the shield were two big dogs standing up.

Evan did not know the meaning of this coat of arms; his attention was completely focused on the series of names at the top of the Black family tree.

Many of these names recurred in the history of magic and were of extremely famous wizards.

It could be seen that the Black family's past was glorious and honorable.

Evan was interested in comparing these names with the history of magic in his own mind. In addition to that, he also found that the Black family was related to almost all pure-blood wizard families, including many extinct wizarding families.

Even the families of the Four Founders of Hogwarts were linked to the Black family.

Looking at the names of these familiar and prominent wizards, and recalling the things they have done that affected the development of the magic world, Evan could feel the depth of this family tree full of history.

But the lower he went, the less pleasant the names that he found were.

For example, Kreacher's introduction of Phineas Nigellus, Sirius's great-grandfather, and Evan just saw him in Hogwarts' portrait a few days ago. A snide, sarcastic fellow, with a pointed beard, wearing the green and silver colours associated with Slytherin House.

Although Kreacher described him as a great man, it was known to all historians that this guy was probably the Hogwarts' least popular Headmaster in history.

Chapter 200: Secrets of the Darkest Art

For example, Araminta Melflua, the cousin of Sirius's mother, was mentioned as a dignified lady by Kreacher.

But in the novel, was she really as good as Kreacher said? If Evan remembered correctly, the most famous thing that this "Lady" did was to try to force through a Ministry Bill to make Muggle-hunting legal.

And under the influence of Galleons, this inhumane bill had almost passed. But it had been turned down, as its content was too horrible.

There was also Elladora, Sirius's aunt.

In the Black family, she started the family tradition of beheading house-elves when they got too old to carry tea trays, and that was quickly emulated and promoted among other pure-blood wizard families.

It was surprising that this behavior, which was extremely ridiculous to all normal people, had won the high praise of the Black family's last house-elf, Kreacher. He actually looked like he wanted to have his head hang along with his predecessors as well!

Besides, there were many others similar to them and praised by Kreacher.

In short, unlike Harry and Hermione, who were confused and bewildered, Evan saw the names appearing on the family of the Black family tree getting worse and worse.

Especially in this century, the Black family was almost all evil black wizards or disgusting pure-blood idealists. They have done a lot of evil and cruel things, and these evil ones were so many that almost not a decent person could be seen among them.

This did not mean that there were no decent figures in the Black family, but immediately after their appearance, like Sirius, they were quickly isolated by all family members and removed from the family tree as if they had never existed before. .

"Evan, Hermione, look at this place." Harry pointed to a name on the right side of the tapestry and said with curiosity, "It's Malfoy, he is also on this family tree."

In the direction of Harry's finger, Evan saw a double line of gold embroidery linking Narcissa Black with Lucius Malfoy, and a single vertical gold line from their names leading to the name Draco.

"Miss Narcissa, Draco's mother, she is the cousin of Young Master Sirius." Kreacher hurriedly explained, "When my Mistress was still here, Kreacher has seen her many times, Miss Narcissa came to visit the Mistress every week. Unlike the unspoken and unruly Sirius Master, she is a respectable wizard. She had a good relationship with the young Master Regulus. She is also very, very fond of Kreacher..."

Evan understood what Kreacher meant. It could be seen that this house-elf was very fond of Narcissa.

No need to guess, Narcissa was friendlier to him than Sirius.

That was also one of the main reasons why Kreacher eventually revealed information to Malfoy, leading to the death of Sirius.

It seemed that in the future, he had to be careful.

“I can’t believe it. Sirius is actually related to the Malfoys!” Listening to Kreacher’s explanation, Harry was shocked. “How is this possible?”

“Nothing is impossible. A pure blood wizard family can only be connected by marriage to a pure blood wizard. Needless to say, a Muggle, even a half-blood wizard cannot be accepted. According to this standard, the choice of marriage partners is very limited.”

Next to Narcissa, Evan sees Bellatrix Black, a double-stranded gold line connected her to the name of Rodolphus Lestrangle.

At the thought of the most insane Death Eater under Voldemort’s hands, Evan had a strange, gloomy feeling in the depths of his heart. He was not willing to continue watching this unpleasant genealogy. He wanted to see the Black family book collection.

In front of them, the entire room was divided into four collection areas, of which the area near the northwest side wall stored the history of magic and the Black family’s archives; on the east side of these books, there was the history study notes of the Black family members. That section was the largest with more than 30 bookshelves.

On the south side near the exit, there were a lot of white magic books such as metamorphosis and potions, many of which had duplicates in the Hogwarts Library.

The most striking one was the collection of books in the southwest corner, separated by ropes and other areas. The bookshelves there were different from the brown bookshelves in the other three areas. They were all unpleasantly black, and the collection of books was very small. Only four bookshelves were there, and they weren’t fully filled.

If Evan didn’t guess wrong, all the black magic books should be placed there.

He hesitated and saw Hermione in the section of the magic history books, there were many internal Black family members’ internal notes, all of which were secret and not open to the outside world. She was very interested in this information.

Accompanied by Kreacher, Harry went to the other side of the bookshelf, and Evan heard him asking about the defense against the Dark Arts books.

Seeing that no one was watching him, Evan quickly went to the area where the black magic books were placed.

He walked to a huge shelf full of magic books. These old bookshelves were covered with thick dust and tiny cracks.

The thick magic books placed above were also covered with dust, and the scalded, faded hot stamping letters on the spines were no longer able to accurately show the titles.

Evan looked very hard, and most of the words and grammars in the books were very esoteric and difficult to understand. They all used grammatical vocabulary from centuries ago, or an ancient magical text, and even some books had no text on the cover.

Evan didn't know if it was hallucination, but he could feel a wave of whispers coming out of the book in front of him.

Under the gloomy, dim candlelight, all his body's hair stood up.

Fortunately, Sirius was not there, as Evan was sure that Sirius would not allow him to come over to see this section. He must have intended to give the normal magic books to him and Hermione as a Christmas gift.

Evan looked at it for a while, and excluded several books that he had seen before, along with those that had no names and were written in ancient magic.

Unlike a normal magic book, a black magic book is very dangerous and he had to be careful.

Also, most of these black magic books were manuscripts. The authors themselves were often very evil. Many were extremely fierce dark wizards. They were likely to leave evil on them while copying the magic book. Such black magic, if one's not careful, could be very life-threatening.

The language itself, the ancient magical text itself had magic power. If it's arranged and combined correctly, it means that magic has come into effect.

In history, there were many people who wanted to become Dark wizards. When they just opened their first black magic book, they sadly lost their lives.

Evan didn't want to end up like that. He hesitated, and then picked up the black and silver book that was closest to him, and put it out on his knees. This book had a few centuries old paper, its title had been peeled off, and it was covered with several dark prints, much like blood, which looked very scary.

Evan did not rush to open it, he gently groped it with his fingers.

Just by touching it with his fingers, he recognized the name of the book in his arms, and it was Secrets of the Darkest Art.

What, how could this be possible?

He looked at the magic book on his knee with horror, and it was actually a book on the secrets of the sophisticated black magic, recording the way the Horcrux was made.

From the information that Evan had found before, this magic is extremely rare. As the top black magic book, the Secrets of the Darkest Art is even known to have been lost by the magic world. Except for one copy in Hogwarts, it can't be seen anywhere else.