

Harry Potter 201

Chapter 201: The Method of Making a Horcrux

Hogwarts's copy of the book was originally put in the library area.

The exact origin and timing of its addition to the Hogwarts library was unknown to Evan, but it was indeed the only known copy of the Secrets of the Darkest Art.

Evan didn't expect the Blacks to have the same book in their collection. This was his greatest gain after destroying Voldemort's Horcrux today.

He had long wanted to read this book, and hoped to learn more about the Horcruxes.

But the copy in Hogwarts had been removed from the library by Dumbledore and hidden away.

Even though the book used to be in the library along with many other precious magic books, Evan couldn't locate it now.

He once saw its name in the library catalogue, followed by a small red writing: "Warning, this book is extremely dangerous. If you need to borrow it, in addition to sufficient reasons, you also need the Headmaster's personal approval."

In Evan's opinion, getting the book used to be practically impossible.

The successive Headmasters of Hogwarts were knowledgeable and powerful wizards. He knew that they wouldn't agree to let a young wizard see the most evil book of the dark magic; unless they had lost their mind, or they were under the Imperius Curse.

The library borrowing record also proves this. Before Dumbledore hid it, the book was quietly placed there for centuries. Besides a few professors, no students had ever moved it. In fact, most of the young wizards didn't even know that there was such a dark magic book in the library.

This situation continued until a bit over 50 years ago, when student Voldemort, Tom Riddle successfully borrowed the book from the library.

Evan didn't know how he did it. He didn't know whether it was a coincidence that he borrowed the book, or if he had already got clues about Horcruxes.

But there is no doubt that Voldemort had obtained a detailed method of making a Horcrux from this book. He believed that this black magic can help him obtain the eternal life that he dreams of.

From the information that Evan had, after knowing how to make the Horcrux and confirming several key problems, Voldemort immediately began experimenting. He relied on killing to split his soul and became a monster that would never die.

This is also the main reason why Dumbledore has never been able to defeat Voldemort.

When he was at his peak, he might've been able to beat Voldemort, but he could never kill him.

Any effort is futile until all the Horcruxes are destroyed.

What's more, Dumbledore's strength is weakening because of age, while Voldemort's strength is growing day by day.

Dumbledore apparently also noticed signs of anomalies, and he certainly had some doubts in his heart, although he had not been able to be sure until he saw Tom Riddle's diary last year.

But after becoming the Headmaster, he still removed the book from the library.

Besides preventing the emergence of a second Voldemort, his decision was also driven by the fact that the contents of this book are really not suitable for the young wizards.

As one of the top dark magic books, the "Secrets of the Darkest Art" reveals a lot of extreme evil taboo magics. The Horcrux is just one of them, and may not even be the most evil.

Evan gently rubbed the book with his hand and made up his mind to open it. The yellow, crunchy pages made a sparse, unpleasant sound.

The first black magic introduced by the "Secrets of the Darkest Art" is the Horcrux. At the top of the page is a portrait of a sly, distorted figure of one whose soul is being separated. He seems to suffer great pain, but in the corner of his mouth, there is a cruel smile.

It could be seen that, compared with the other pages, the dozens of pages about the Horcrux were marked and read everywhere because of being flipped a lot more. Regulus must have opened this book many times. He was looking in it for clues, and thus deduced that Voldemort's locket hidden in the cave was a Horcrux.

Evan took a look at the contents and found that they were very detailed.

It introduced the Horcrux, the source, principle, and method of this black magic, as well as a lot of test records, and points to be noted each step.

The more Evan read, the more terrible it was. The content of this book has gone beyond the scope of "general evil."

The first step in making a Horcrux is to split the soul, and to split the soul relies on killing or other evil forces.

Then, through a series of very complicated steps, the split souls are separated from the main one.

According to the label below, Evan knew that although killing was the easiest way to split the soul, it did not mean that the soul would be split at once if a murder was carried out.

The power needed to split a soul is very strong, and it comes from evil and cruelty. The key is not to kill, but to be evil to that extent.

Therefore, one does not simply split his soul by carrying out a murder.

It depends on the way of murder's cruelty and on how evil the soul of the caster is. The whole process is very harsh. As the number of soul splits increases, the degree of evil and difficulty required are also increasing linearly.

Most Dark wizards are able to split the soul once, which is already the limit.

No wizard can split his soul into more than two halves and create more than one Horcrux. The pain is enough to shatter the spell-caster.

Moreover, splitting the soul will make the main soul unstable.

What Voldemort managed to do, splitting his own soul many times and successfully making multiple Horcruxes seemed to be almost impossible to Evan.

After the soul is separated, the next step is to choose the right Horcrux and inject the soul into it.

Any item can be made into a Horcrux, but with the transfer of the soul, you need an extremely powerful spell to protect your Horcrux, and enough magical power to support the completion of the entire transfer process. This means that even if a Dark wizard is evil enough to split his own soul, but is not strong enough to support the transfer process, he can't successfully create a Horcrux.

The book emphasizes that the Dark wizard must properly protect his own Horcrux.

Damaging the Horcrux will inevitably affect the soul of the Lord, and the main soul that has already become extremely unstable will be more fragmented.

The most immediate consequence is to make the Dark wizard lose his mind and go insane.

And his power will not be affected. On the contrary, his soul will become evil enough for him to use the darkest of magic more easily.

Eventually, a Dark wizard whose Horcrux is destroyed, would end up being devoured by the forces of darkness, and would become a monster who knows nothing but killing.

Chapter 202: Horcruxes and Confession

Evan's heart was thumping, this was not good news.

So far, he had destroyed two Horcruxes made by Voldemort, Tom Riddle's diary and Slytherin's locket.

In terms of quantity, he seemed to have gained an advantage, destroying Voldemort's Horcruxes and making him go closer to death, but in fact, this did not effectively weaken the power of Voldemort's body, but actually made him more dangerous.

According to the notes in the book, the essence of Horcruxes is soul fragments stored in specific containers. The Dark wizard relies on the evil power brought by cruel killing to force the pieces of the soul to be split and then strips them from his body, but they still keep a weak connection with the main soul.

It is because of this silk connection that no matter how much damage the body receives, it will not really die until all Horcruxes are destroyed.

The connection between Horcruxes and immortality is the main principle of this dark magic.

But also, because of this silk connection, once a Horcrux is destroyed, it is bound to affect the Lord's soul and make it more unstable.

As for Voldemort, no matter how many parts he divides his soul into, he still has a complete soul before Horcruxes are destroyed.

He just used the Horcruxes to keep his soul in different places.

Voldemort in this state may be ferocious enough, but he is still an evil Dark wizard, a man. Even if he has a very strong dark power, his heart would still be scrupulous, and still have the emotions that all humans have.

But with the destruction of the soul fragments stored in the Horcruxes, Voldemort's soul becomes incomplete, and the already unstable soul becomes more fragmented.

In this state, he will gradually lose all emotions and reason, and transform from a human into a monster, and will have no other thoughts besides bringing endless killing and insance destruction.

His soul has become fragmented, which means that he is also more evil.

This is one of the reasons why Voldemort will be stronger. One must know that in addition to the powerful magic of casting black magic, the power of the spell will also depend on evil the wizard's soul is.

The more evil is is, the stronger the power of black magic is.

Splitting the soul is the purest evil. The greater the degree of fragmentation is, the more evil the soul becomes.

The destruction of the Horcruxes means that Voldemort will become more dangerous.

Fortunately, in this process, he gradually loses his reason and becomes a monster that is engulfed and controlled by the inner evil forces.

From this perspective, Voldemort is substantially weakened.

In Evan's view, Voldemort's horror is not the amount of black magic he holds, or how many unimaginable forces he has. It actually lies within his ability to figure out people's hearts.

From his childhood in the orphanage, to his student era in Hogwarts, all the way to when he the Dark Lord, from Voldemort's past experience, he was very good at confusing people, spreading fear among them and dividing them into weakened fronts.

One by one, the destroyed Horcruxes take his reason along with them, making him lose that great strength and resort more and more to brute force to conquer others. This made him doomed to fail.

Making Horcruxes seems to make Voldemort stronger, be giving him the power of immortality, but in essence it distracts his power and buries the foreshadowing of failure. It was all ironic to an extent.

Before making a Horcrux, one should be aware of that.

For the caster, using this evil black magic, will bring him more loses than gains.

Voldemort certainly knows this, but he still chooses to make the Horcruxes and divide his soul into multiple parts. Evan doesn't know why he chose to go that route, but he knew that he would never do such a thing.

He sighed and continued to flip the pages.

Behind the Horcrux's production method is the relevant experimental records, data and mentioning of information on how to destroy the Horcruxes.

First of all, through confession, the soul can be reintegrated.

According to the book, if you truly feel what you are doing and repent of it, you can re-integrate the split soul.

This method seems simple, but for the Dark wizard whose soul has split, it is extremely painful to do so, and this pain alone should be overwhelming enough to destroy the confessor.

What's more, Voldemort would never do such a thing.

Since Voldemort will not voluntarily fuse back his soul, the only way to destroy the Horcruxes is to destroy them directly, with something that is too destructive and powerful for the Horcrux to be repaired by magic.

The reason why one must do this is because the soul fragment in the Horcrux is different from the soul of the normal person.

How the soul fragments survive is entirely dependent on the protection magic used on the carrier. Otherwise, the soul fragment won't even survive.

Also, while the magical container is still intact, the bit of soul inside it can flit in and out of someone if they get too close to the object, and absorb their life force strengthen itself.

Of course, this proximity is unrelated to how long the Horcrux remains in your hand; it is not at all the sort of contact required. The key is emotional closeness. Last year, Ron poured all his feelings into Tom Riddle's Diary, which made him very vulnerable to being controlled.

If you like or rely on the Horcrux, you are in deep trouble.

The same was true of the Slytherin Locket, the soul fragment there hoped to lure Evan by hiding within the depths of his soul

Because the Horcrux itself is a fragment of the soul, it can inherit all the memories and ideas of the original owner. Every Horcrux could be as dangerous as Voldemort himself.

In the last page about Horcruxes, a lot of records were made. This should be the handwriting that Regulus had left in the past, most of which was about the name of the destructive items that could destroy a Horcrux.

Because such items are too rare, until the end, Regulus did not find a way to destroy the Horcrux, and could only tell Kreacher to take it with him.

Evan was very fortunate that he had brought along the fang of the Basilisk.

The Basilisk's fang can destroy the Horcrux, not because of how sharp it is, but because the poison of the basilisk has only one antidote, which is the extremely rare Phoenix tear.

There are very few things that are as destructive as snake fangs, and Regulus could not find one at the time.

Beyond the Horcruxes, the "Secrets of the Darkest Art" reveals a lot of other evil black magic. Evan simply took a look. If one word could describe what he was reading, it would be shocking.

For example, the evil curse behind the Horcrux is based on the study of the Dementor's kiss, directly targeting at a person's soul, pulling the soul out of the body, so that he can never be taken back. After, there are several other curses, Inferi production, control methods, detailed descriptions of the three Unforgivable Curses, how to summon demons and have contracts with them...

Chapter 203: Reducio and Departure

Although Evan himself would never use this black magic, this book was indeed very informative, and the black magic recorded in it inspired him a lot.

On top of the Horcruxes and the three unforgivable curses, there were other dark magic that Evan had never heard of before. Now, with this book, Evan knew exactly how to deal with them if Voldemort or one of his followers ever used any of them.

He read some more and then, he raised his head.

He suddenly remembered that it was not the time for leisurely reading. Dumbledore and Sirius should be back soon, so he didn't have much time.

They won't let him touch these black magic books, especially the "Secrets of Dark Art" in his hand that also contained the method of making Horcruxes.

He couldn't read it there, he had to take these black magic books in front of him away, and study them thoroughly when no one was there.

Evan frowned at the black magic books in front of him. They were too big and too thick to be carried easily.

Just hiding and carrying "Secrets of the Darkest Art" was hard enough. It should be impossible to carry off all the other books, but he had to find a way around it.

The best method would be the Undetectable Extension Charm that magnifies the space. Using it on a carry-on backpack or handbag allows one to put things that he need to carry with him, regardless of size or weight.

However, this spell was very complicated and extremely difficult to use. Evan had tried it several times before but he was not successful. It should be impossible for him to do it in a hurry.

He thought for a moment and pulled out his wand.

Since the Undetectable Extension Charm should not work, he was going to use the Shrinking Charm.

A few days ago, when he met Aragog in the Forbidden Forest, Evan originally intended to use this spell, but it was not successful at the time.

When he returned to the castle, he practiced it many times and mastered it completely.

"Reducio!"

With Evan's word, the wand glowed purple. The heavy and thick magic book on his knees quickly shrank to only half the size of his palm.

Evan nodded with satisfaction and looked at it. The current size of this book was very small, but its weight had not changed. If it was not because of Reducio, it would be difficult to believe that this kind of pocket magic book would have this weight.

He put the shrunken Secrets of the Darkest Art into his arm, and then selected a few magic books to shrink them down until he could no longer hold anymore.

Shortly after Evan had finished, Sirius came back with Dumbledore.

Dumbledore wore a long black travel cloak with Slytherin's locket in his hand, and his face was more serious than ever.

"Professor, we just heard Kreacher say..."

"Regulus is in that cave, and we have to..."

Seeing Dumbledore, Harry and Hermione rushed over, muttering.

Evan also walked slowly and stood beside Sirius. He was afraid to go too fast, and let the magic books hidden in his arms fall out.

"Harry, Hermione, I know, Sirius has told me everything on the road." Even though he was talking to Harry and Hermione, Dumbledore's eyes were fixed on Evan. His light blue eyes were full of scrutiny. He said slowly, "To tell the truth, I did not expect that you would actually discover and destroy this thing."

"It was just a coincidence. The Slytherin emblem on this Locket was so striking, I was curious to pick it up and look at it. I didn't expect it..."

"And then, you happened to wear the Basilisk's fang on you. It's an amazing coincidence, Evan!" Dumbledore gave the Locket back to Evan, "But I have to thank you, thanks to all your coincidences and efforts, the Locket has been destroyed thoroughly, and the things inside have disappeared completely."

Evan stepped back half a step and hang the Locket around his neck.

Looking at Dumbledore's wrinkled face, he wasn't sure if he noticed anything. Under Dumbledore's gaze, Evan felt cornered, and all his secrets were known.

Without talking, he seemed to have seen the Dark magic books hidden in his arms.

"I don't understand, Professor." Harry's expression was confused. He and Hermione couldn't understand what Dumbledore was saying to Evan. "What is this Locket? Why does Voldemort want to hide it? And why did Regulus also secretly replace it?"

"Like last year's diary, this is a Dark Magic item made by Tom Riddle himself. It is very evil and very important. Tom probably never thought that Regulus would take it from the cave under his nose." There seemed to be a glimmer of disappointment in Dumbledore's tone. "In my opinion, he certainly had a blind confidence in his defensive magic. He didn't think that Kreacher would leave the cave. He had always been like this and never wanted to pay attention to such things."

"Professor, what is this Locket?"

"If I'm not mistaken, it should be a Horcrux."

"Horcrux!"

Harry's face was even more confused, and he turned his head to look at Hermione.

Hermione shook her head, and she didn't know what the Horcrux was. She hadn't even heard of it before.

Unlike them, Evan was really surprised. He did not expect Dumbledore to say it directly. He thought that he would keep it secret.

It seemed that after seeing Tom Riddle's Diary and Slytherin's Locket, Dumbledore had confirmed that Voldemort had made Horcruxes. If not, if he had a new plan, he would not tell them about it.

As for Sirius, after hearing Dumbledore's words, his face became pale. Although he had his own speculations about the Locket before, he never imagined that this thing would be a Horcrux.

Sirius had heard of this ancient, evil magic.

Even if the specific use of the Horcrux was not known, there was no doubt that it was very important.

No wonder Regulus would rather lose his life to steal it from Voldemort.

Thinking of what his brother had done, Sirius, who was originally in sorrow, felt infinite pride in his heart; he was proud of Regulus.

"Professor..." Harry continued to ask, he wanted to know what the Horcrux was.

But Dumbledore didn't seem to want to answer this question. He looked down at Kreacher and continued. "I just heard Sirius say that this Locket was originally hidden in a cave by Tom Riddle. I want to go to that cave and take a look; there may be clues left there. Would you like to help us, Kreacher?"

"Yes, sir," Kreacher replied hoarsely in a bullfrog voice. "Kreacher is willing to lead you to the cave. But Master Regulus..."

"We will bring Regulus back." Dumbledore looked at Kreacher. "No doubt, he is a hero and deserves to be honored like one."

"Hold on, Professor, we're going too," Harry said quickly, not continuing to ask about what the Horcrux was.

He was afraid that he said too much and lost the opportunity to accompany Dumbledore.

"I can take you three together." Dumbledore's eyes wandered between them and then finally were set on Evan. "But you must promise me to keep this secret before I agree. You can't tell anyone else, including Mr. Weasley, is that OK?"

Evan nodded; Hermione hesitated, and then nodded as well.

"We can't even tell Ron?" Harry looked a little hesitant.

"Certainly."

They looked at each other for a moment, and Harry nodded. "Okay, Professor."

"Very well, I think we can leave now." Dumbledore turned and pulled his wand out.

Chapter 204: Traces of Magic

“Kreacher, please let me hold your right hand. After I count to three, take us with Apparition to the cave.” Dumbledore looked around, muttering, “Now place your hand upon my arm, the four of you. There is no need to grip too hard, I am merely guiding you.”

There was a strange scene in the room. Sirius, Evan, Harry, and Hermione placed their hands on Dumbledore’s arms. On top of that, Dumbledore held Kreacher’s right hand.

“One...Two...Three...”

Dumbledore’s voice just fell, and Evan felt that he was spinning. He had the same uneasy, bad feeling that he had back when he time traveled into Salazar Slytherin’s room.

Evan could not draw breath, He felt as though he had just been forced through a very tight rubber tube, every part of him was being compressed almost past endurance.

And then, just when he thought he must suffocate, the invisible bands seemed to burst open, and he was standing in cool darkness, breathing in lungfuls of fresh, salty air.

Evan could smell salt and hear rushing waves. He looked up, he found himself standing upon a high outcrop of dark rock, water foaming and churning below him.

A light, chilly breeze ruffled his hair. In the distant sky, the winter sun, with its faint, warm temperatures was shining on him, making him feel comfortable all over his body.

Then he turned his head and looked backward. A towering cliff stood behind them, a sheer drop, black and faceless.

A few large chunks of rock, such as the one upon which they were standing, looked as though they had broken away from the cliff face at some point in the past.

It was a bleak, harsh view, the sea and the rock unrelieved by any tree or sweep of grass or sand.

“Hermione, are you all right?” Evan said with concern, supporting Hermione standing beside him. She had just Apparated for the first time in her life.

“I’m fine, Evan, have we just experienced Apparition?” Hermione rubbed her ear and said, “Well, it is like being suddenly stuffed into a tube and forced to compress into a liquid...”

“The sensation does take some getting used to. When you’re grown up, you can pass the Apparition Licence Exam.” Dumbledore said slowly, “We should be at the destination, what do you think of this place?” He asked, looking carefully at the cliff.

It seemed as if he was asking their opinion on whether it was a good site for a picnic.

“If it was summer, it would be a good site for a picnic.” Harry shook his head, his face mixed with emotions of tension, excitement, anxiety, and so on.

Then he noticed that Sirius standing next to him did not look very good.

“How do you feel, Sirius,” Harry hurriedly asked. “You look a little...”

“Very bad, isn’t it?” Sirius’s pale face was very ugly. He said disgustedly. “I just remembered some bad things. Azkaban also has such a cliff. It was the only sight that could be seen from the narrow window of my room.”

“Azkaban!” It was the first time that Evan heard Sirius mentioning the place.

“That’s right, it was almost exactly the same, the dark sea and the black rocks are endlessly desolate, and no one would go there, apart the Dementors who were ready to throw the dead from there...”

“Oh, Sirius!” After hearing him, Evan, Harry, and Hermione were worried. They went up to hug him.

“I’m fine, everything is over now!” The fragile side of Sirius got back into hiding. He instantly returned to normal. He said loudly, “Kreacher, is this where my brother died at the time? Where is the cave?”

“On the cliff over there, young Master!” Kreacher pointed at the steep cliff, and they hurriedly looked there, but they didn’t see anything.

“I don’t see anything. Why don’t you take us directly into the cave?”

“Kreacher can get in, but he can’t get you in. There is magic in there to stop Kreacher from doing that!” Kreacher stared anxiously and said, “Master Regulus climbed from here.”

“Yes, it’s Tom Riddle’s magic that prevents others from entering the cave through Apparition, but he neglected the magic of the house-elf, which is like his style. He always dismissed the house-elves.” Dumbledore said briefly, and asked again, “How do you feel about it, Evan?”

“I agree with Harry, this is a good camping place right here!”

“It’s really a good idea; it gives me a lot of inspiration, very magnificent!” Dumbledore pondered for a moment, and calmly said, “If I remember correctly, there should be a village nearby. In the summer, they usually bring the orphans here for a little sea air and a view of the waves. ”

Harry and Hermione looked at Dumbledore puzzled. Only Evan knew what he was talking about.

“Riddle certainly had been here before he went to Hogwarts,” Dumbledore carefully observed the bare cliffs. “It’s perfect that no Muggle could reach this rock unless they were uncommonly good mountaineers, and boats cannot approach the cliffs, as the waters around them are too dangerous. I imagine that Riddle climbed down; magic

would have served better than ropes. And he brought two small children with him, probably for the pleasure of terrorizing them. ”

They walked a few steps forward to the very edge of the rock.

Evan saw a series of jagged niches that made footholds leading down to boulders that lay half-submerged in water and closer to the cliff.

It was a treacherous descent. The lower rocks were slippery with seawater. Evan could feel flecks of cold salt spray hitting his face.

“Where is the cave?” Sirius asked Kreacher again.

Kreacher looked anxiously at them, muttering the entrance of the cave, but Evan saw nothing but the black rock and the rough waves.

“It must be right here, we must be close to it, we can...”

“That way, I already feel its position.” Dumbledore suddenly said.

He pulled out his wand. “Lumos,” he said, as he reached the boulder closest to the cliff face.

A thousand flecks of golden light sparkled upon the dark surface of the water a few feet below where he crouched; the black wall of rock beside him was illuminated too.

“You see?” said Dumbledore quietly, holding his wand a little higher to control the light.

Below the water surface, Evan and Harry saw a fissure in the cliff into which dark water was swirling.

It was so hidden behind the big rock, and with the reflection of the sea. If it wasn't for Dumbledore's guidance, it would have been impossible to notice it.

“Professor, have you been here before?” Harry wiped his eyes and asked in surprise.

“It's my first time, like you, “Dumbledore stood up.

“But how did you see the fissure?”

“Don't look at it with your eyes, Harry!” Dumbledore whispered. “With the heart, magic will always leave a trace, sometimes very obvious, I have been able to feel the magic of the fissure, but it was more obvious than a candlelight in the dark.”

Chapter 205: The Cave under the Cliff

Hearing Dumbledore, Evan tried to sense those traces left by the magic, but he just stood there blinking as he felt nothing.

By the expressions of Sirius, Harry, and Hermione, they should be like him, not getting what Dumbledore was talking about.

This showed the gap between them and Dumbledore.

“You three will not object to getting a little wet?”

“It doesn’t matter, we don’t mind.” Evan, Harry and Hermione hurriedly shook their heads.

“Very well, now the tide is rising, the entrance will get deeper and deeper, we must hurry up, let us take a chance and try it.” Dumbledore turned his head and continued, “I’ll go first, the three of you follow me, and Sirius behind. As for you Kreacher, you go to the cave and wait for us.”

After some preparations, they started to act.

And with the sudden agility of a much younger man, Dumbledore slid from the boulder, landed in the sea, put his wand in his mouth and began to swim with a perfect breaststroke toward the dark slit in the rock face.

Evan, Harry, and Hermione also rushed to follow, and Sirius was behind them.

The water was icy and biting, and everyone felt bad. Especially Evan, he had too many magic books in his arms. His waterlogged clothes billowed around him and weighed him down.

He took deep breaths that filled his nostrils with the tang of salt and seaweed.

Then he sank to the bottom of the water, struggling to find Dumbledore in front of him, and the narrow gap in the depths of the cliff.

But he didn’t see anything, not even Harry and Hermione, who were supposed to be next to him. There seemed to be a strong suction in the depths of the sea. Like a bottomless black whirlpool, he was going deep into it, dragged to the bottom.

In the dark, cold waters, Evan was lonely and helpless, and couldn’t even breathe.

Just as he could hardly keep up, someone pulled him up.

It was Sirius, his strength was great, pulling Evan to swim in the other direction.

Soon, they entered the gap in the depths of the cliff, and the fissure opened into a dark tunnel. They quickly moved up in the dark passage, and Evan was able to breathe again. So far, the seawater had not filled the whole dark tunnel, but it had reached his chest.

Now that the tide was rising, and while the tunnel would hold on for a while, it should definitely be filled with water at high tide.

“You’re all right, Evan” Sirius patted Evan’s shoulder and said with concern, “Don’t be too reluctant, I saw you falling behind...”

“I... I’m fine”

Evan, Harry and Hermione hurried up, because they were too cold, and all three of them were pale and shivering in the water to the chest.

Not far ahead, the end of Dumbledore’s wand was shining bright golden. He was looking around. The slimy walls were barely three feet apart and glimmered like wet tar.

He did not say anything, just waving his hand and signaling them to keep up.

Going a little further, there was a crossroads, and Kreacher was not there. They didn't know which way to go, but Dumbledore turned left without hesitation.

They continued to follow Dumbledore, and the temperature in the cave was much lower than the outside, for there was no sunshine and the biting water was even colder. Their numb fingers were rubbed against the rough, wet rocks as they stumbled forward in the sea.

At the end of the dark tunnel, Dumbledore rose out of the water, his silver hair and dark robes gleaming.

They swam there and found steps leading into a large cave.

Evan struggled to clamber up them, water streaming from his soaking clothes.

He finally emerged, shivering uncontrollably, into the still and freezing air.

He saw that Kreacher was already standing in the middle of the cave and was talking to Dumbledore next to him.

Dumbledore was standing in the middle of the cave, his wand held high, whispering as he turned slowly on the spot, examining the walls and ceiling.

"There is no doubt that this is the place." Dumbledore said briefly, "These walls have been enchanted, the traces that Riddle left..."

Evan watched as Dumbledore continued to revolve on the spot, apparently focusing on something Evan couldn't see, studying the traces left by Voldemort.

"Yes, Kreacher, I know that this is merely the antechamber, the entrance hall," Dumbledore whispered. "We need to penetrate the inner place... Now it is Lord Voldemort's obstacles that stand in our way, rather than those nature made..."

Dumbledore approached the wall of the cave and caressed it with his blackened fingertips.

The wand in his hand swayed slightly, and his mouth was murmuring in a strange tongue that Harry did not understand. It seemed to be a magic Spell, or perhaps it wasn't.

Because nothing happened, twice Dumbledore walked right around the cave, touching as much of the rough rock as he could, occasionally pausing, running his fingers backward and forward over a particular spot.

"Pro... Professor"

Evan took a few steps forward. Dumbledore was identifying the magic traces left by Voldemort. He wanted to know how Dumbledore did it. He had never seen a wizard work things out like this, simply by looking and touching, and using his mind to sense it.

It's the work of a master, devoid of bangs and smoke that were more often the marks of ineptitude than expertise...

Evan wanted to learn from Dumbledore how to distinguish the magic traces left on the object, but then found that he had no energy at all to do such things.

Because the cold invaded the bone marrow, he was shaking all over.

Sirius, Harry, and Hermione beside him were not much better either, and they were shaking uncontrollably.

Evan saw that Sirius pulled out his wand and wanted to use magic to warm them up, but it didn't work. Because of the cold, his teeth were clattering, and his magic failed.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, I forgot." Dumbledore noticed them. He pointed to the four of them with his wand.

With Dumbledore's gesture, Evan felt that his body became immediately dry and warm, and there was no trace of moisture in his clothes as if they had been hanging in front of a blazing fire. .

"Thank you," said Evan, Harry, and Hermione gratefully, but Dumbledore had already turned his attention back to the solid cave wall.

He did not try any more magic, but simply stood there staring at it intently, as though something extremely interesting was written on it.

"Where is Regulus?" Sirius suddenly shouted, "Kreacher, tell us how to get in."

There was a hint of impatience in his voice. They had wasted too much time, and this dark, strange hole in front of him was beyond his grasp.

This was not something he was good at. He would rather fight the underworld than stay here...

Chapter 206: The Great Black Lake

"Tell me, Kreacher," Sirius clenched his fist and snarled loudly. "How can I get through here?"

"Need blood, young Master," said Kreacher intermittently, pointing to a large, smooth-faced rock in front of Dumbledore. "Kreacher saw the Dark Lord spread the blood on the rock, and Master Regulus did the same at the time. He cut his arm, and then..."

Sirius stared for a moment, and didn't seem to understand exactly what Kreacher meant.

Behind him, the expressions on Harry and Hermione's face were full of uneasiness, looking at the rock in horror, as if something was going to crawl out of it. They heard Kreacher mentioning the blood, and they couldn't help but imagine all sorts of bad images.

Unlike them, Evan stepped forward.

He stood behind Dumbledore and carefully observed the rock that Kreacher pointed at.

In fact, from the moment he entered the cave, he felt that there was a difference in that side, although the rock did not look any different from the surrounding rock wall.

However, Evan could feel something wrong. This feeling was ethereal. He didn't know how to describe it, not in the sense of sight or touch, but in the sense that magic was more abnormal there than anywhere else.

It was like a normal light that suddenly broke at a certain position.

“All magic will leave traces, and you should use your heart to sense.” Dumbledore whispered, and he stepped back a few steps, and watched to see if Evan had realized it.

“Use my heart...” Evan did not know what to do.

He just instinctively felt that the magical reaction on the rock in front of him was abnormal, but he couldn't say what the abnormality was.

Dumbledore did not just keep on watching, he used his wand to point to the rock in front of him.

For a moment, an arched outline appeared there, blazing white as though there was a powerful light behind the crack.

“You've done it!” Harry shouted cheerfully.

He had just fallen into uneasiness because of Kreacher's words, but Dumbledore's deed immediately raised a glimmer of hope within his heart.

Dumbledore was there, they didn't want to spill blood on the rock at all, and now they could get through it without that.

But before the words left his lips, the outline was gone, leaving the rock as bare and solid as ever, and there was nothing on it.

“Professor”

“Kreacher is right; we really need to give blood to get through here.” Dumbledore looked at him and said calmly, “He thought he was successful, but it is so crude.”

“I don't understand why we need blood to get through here,” Harry said doubtfully. “And, so crude, what does it mean?”

“Accurately, Riddle's magic is asking us to make a payment; we must weaken ourselves to enter, so I said it was so crude.”

Dumbledore sounded disdainful, even disappointed, as though Voldemort had fallen short of higher standards Dumbledore expected. “Once again, Lord Voldemort fails to grasp that there are much more terrible things than physical injury.”

“Yeah, but still, if you can avoid it...”

“Sometimes, however, it is unavoidable; we have to deal with the rules of magic,” said Dumbledore, putting his uninjured hand inside his robes and drawing out a short silver knife of the kind used to chop potion ingredients.

“No, Professor”

Seeing Dumbledore raising his short knife, Evan, Harry, and Hermione rushed to stop him.

Everyone knew what Dumbledore wanted to do, but they didn't know what to say. If someone had to bleed, they should choose one of them instead of letting Dumbledore do it.

“I’ll do it, I’m ...” Harry rushed.

But someone was quicker than he was. Just as they blocked Dumbledore, Sirius had made up his mind. He quickly rushed to the side of the rock. The end of the wand flashed through, his arm erupted red, and the rock face was peppered with dark, glistening drops.

“Sirius” Harry turned his head slowly and couldn’t believe it. His face turned pale, and he rushed to Sirius in panic.

Dumbledore, Evan, and Hermione also hurried up. They saw that the wound on Sirius’s arm was very large, and a lot of blood was flowing out of control.

“You should let me do it, Sirius; your blood is worth more than mine.”

Dumbledore passed the tip of his wand over the deep cut Sirius had made in his arm, and the wound healed instantly.

“No, it must be done by me. This is for Regulus...” Sirius looked up and replied weakly.

“Don’t worry about me, I’m fine. Is this blood enough? If you want, I can do it again.”

“I believe that’s enough.” Dumbledore looked at the changing wall and said softly, “The effect is very obvious.”

The blazing silver outline of an arch had appeared in the wall once more, and this time it did not fade away.

The blood-spattered rock within it simply vanished, leaving an opening into what seemed total darkness.

“Let’s go in, you’d better follow me and take out your wands,” Dumbledore said, passing the door.

Sirius, Evan, Harry, Hermione, and Kreacher followed him and walked in, hurriedly lighting up their wands.

In front of them, it was an eerie sight.

Although they heard about it before from Kreacher, the real scene they saw was more shocking than any words or imagination.

At that moment, they were standing on the edge of a great black lake.

The lake was so vast and endless that they could not make out the distant banks.

The cavern was so high that the ceiling too was out of sight.

A misty greenish light shone far away in what looked like the middle of the lake; it was reflected in the completely still water below.

The greenish glow and the light from the five wands were the only things that broke the otherwise velvety blackness, though their rays did not penetrate as far as they would have expected. The darkness was somehow denser than normal darkness.

It was hard to imagine that they were in the cavern inside the cliff.

Through that arch, Evan thought that they had come to a different space. He didn't know how Voldemort did it. He couldn't imagine how powerful it would be to transform an ordinary cave into what this looked like.

"Kreacher, Regulus's corpse..." Sirius suddenly said, in a strange voice, not the usual shouting, but rather with a hint of sadness, "Tell me where his body is."

"There is an island in the middle of the lake, young Master." The tears flowed out of Kreacher's big eyes uncontrollably. He whimpered as he wiped his tears. "Kreacher was there back then; Kreacher saw Master Regulus being dragged into the lake by the hands of the Inferi."

Chapter 207: Inferi in the Lake

When he heard Kreacher, Sirius rushed forward.

It was really clear how much he wanted to rush into the lake to find Regulus's body.

"No, Sirius!"

Looking at Sirius, Harry and Hermione screamed, fortunately Dumbledore stopped him at the last minute.

"Let me go!" Sirius gasped and said, "I am going to find Regulus."

"I can understand your feelings, Sirius, but we must be careful." Dumbledore whispered, "The Black Lake is very dangerous. You have heard Kreacher's description and you know what is hidden inside. In addition to the Inferi, this lake also..."

"I am not afraid of danger, I don't fear the Inferi!" "

"I know, but rushing directly into the lake, that doesn't help Regulus. What you were about to do is just more of a hindrance than a help."

Sirius was silent and gradually calmed down.

"Very well, let us walk. Kreacher just mentioned the island in the center of the lake, and the stone altar that was originally used to store the Horcrux. I want to go there and have a look." Dumbledore continued, "Be very careful not to step into the water. Stay close to me."

He set off around the edge of the lake, and Evan followed close behind him.

Their footsteps made echoing, slapping sounds on the narrow rim of rock that surrounded the water.

On and on they walked, but the view did not vary: on one side of them, the rough cavern wall, on the other, the boundless expanse of smooth, glassy blackness, in the very middle of which was that mysterious greenish glow...

No one spoke. The place and this silence were oppressive and unnerving.

Evan had been looking into the lake. The dark water was like a black glass. It was bright and smooth. Although nothing could be seen, he knew that under the calm lake, countless ferocious Inferi were watching them quietly.

“How long will we go this way?” Sirius said impatiently, his voice echoed in the silent darkness.

“There is a boat that can carry us to the center of the lake, but Kreacher can’t remember where the boat is.” Kreacher shuddered and said, licking his ears and punishing himself.

“Don’t worry, we will find it.” Dumbledore stopped Kreacher.

“I don’t understand why we must go to the island in the middle of the lake and not go straight into the lake to find Regulus...”

“Into the lake? Only if we are very unfortunate.” said Dumbledore, “ You can try it, Sirius, don’t touch the lake with your hands, use magic or throw something into it, and see what happens.”

Sirius picked up a stone from the ground and threw it into the lake.

Along with a loud noise, countless marble white Inferi hands stretched out from the calm surface of the lake.

They came out of nowhere, with no warning or sign, as if they came from hell.

A second later, the lake instantly boiled up, and the hands of the Inferi covered the entire lake.

They struggled and twisted as if they were going to catch something in the air.

Seeing this scene, Hermione screamed and held Evan’s right arm.

Evan also stepped back and looked at the crazy lake with a lingering fear. Although he was ready, his heart was still beating wildly.

Sirius and Harry looked at the lake in dismay, and the number of Inferi in front of them was completely beyond their imagination.

A few seconds later, the dead bodies and ripples disappeared completely, at an extraordinary speed, as if they had never existed. The stone that Sirius had thrown in the lake completely disappeared, not sinking into the bottom of the lake, but being decomposed and dissipated.

“Professor!” Harry yelled, his voice sounding much sharper than usual, hardly like his own.

“You see, this is not the right way to wake them up.” Dumbledore said calmly. “There are too many Inferi, and it is impossible to destroy them all. We must find the place where Regulus had been dragged into the water.”

“If they rush out, what should we do?”

“Like many creatures living in the cold and the dark, they are afraid of light and warmth. If necessary, we can use fire.” Dumbledore said calmly, “The light and warmth brought by the fire can effectively restrain them!”

“But ...” Harry’s face was still full with terror.

“You have to know that there is nothing to be feared from a body, Harry, any more than there is anything to be feared from the darkness.” Dumbledore stared at the dark lake. “Lord Voldemort, who of course secretly fears both, disagrees. But once again he reveals his own lack of wisdom. It is the unknown we fear when we look upon death and darkness, nothing more.”

No one said anything, no one wanted to argue.

However, it could be seen from everyone’s expressions that they did not agree with what Dumbledore said. They felt particularly scared when they thought about all the Inferi in the huge lake in front of them.

Perhaps only a powerful wizard like Dumbledore was qualified to say such a thing. He was not afraid of anything, even death.

Evan tried to recall the information related to the Inferi he had just got from the book “Secrets of the Darkest Art”: zombies are not part of British folklore, but associated with the myths of Haiti and parts of Africa. The sorcerer turns the “cursed resurrected corpse” into “a horrible servant” which can be manipulated.

In those tribal traditions, the Inferi was considered to be a warrior or a guardian with no regard for its own safety.

They have many uses and are easily recognized and respected by other tribal residents.

Only those bodies that had made great contributions to the Horde while alive are qualified to be made into Inferi, and continue to guard the Horde after death which is the supreme glory.

After this witchcraft came to Europe, after centuries of development and change, it was gradually transformed by the black wizards into what it is now, becoming a pure black magic.

Compared with African witchcraft, these Inferi made by black wizards may have a weaker individual strength, but the method of making them became simpler and less risky, and was considered to be one of the most evil black magic.

The creation of an Inferius requires the use of any dead body. From the huge lake area in front of them, the number of Inferi in should be extremely large.

Evan didn’t know how Voldemort found these bodies, and he could only speculate that they had been killed.

The clothes on these dead bodies were all ordinary Muggle styles. They were probably the ones killed by Voldemort and other Death Eaters during Voldemort’s rise.

Chapter 208: Strange Feelings

Thinking of this, Evan felt particularly uncomfortable.

He remembered the book “The Rise and Fall of the Dark Arts”, which describes Voldemort’s strongest decade: “The era of Voldemort’s rule was marked by destruction, and he and his suitors, the black wizards known as Death Eaters, used all kinds of coercion and seduction to strengthen themselves and spread violence and fear. Many Muggles were killed in the name of “amusement” as they tortured those who obstructed them with unforgivable spells.”

Evan thought that this was an exaggerated description of the brutal rule of Voldemort and the Death Eaters. They might have killed a lot of people, but most of them should be the wizards who resisted them, so he thought.

But now it seems that this was not the case at all.

They had already put their doctrines into practice and had actually killed a lot of innocent Muggles.

The great Black Lake in front of him was testament of their heinous crimes. There were thousands of corpses in it.

In front of such powerful Dark wizards, those ordinary people who had no magic power could not even resist, but Voldemort and Death Eaters still killed them, and cruelly made them into Inferi.

And even after death, their bodies and souls did not get peace.

This kind of actions was not warfare; it was genocide.

Evan didn’t know why Voldemort and the Death Eaters did this, maybe as said in the book, they just wanted to have fun; or Voldemort needed them to make Inferi, guarding his own Horcruxes; or...

Evan felt a puff of ice-cold all over his body, strange feelings rising from his heart.

Looking at the black lake in front of him, he felt exceptionally angry thinking of what Voldemort had done.

He thought about those things while silently following Dumbledore. Then, the latter suddenly stopped and Evan almost walked into him.

He lost his balance and toppled on the edge of the dark water. Dumbledore grabbed his arm and pulled him back.

“So sorry, Evan, I should have given warning. Stand back against the wall, please; I think I have found the place.” Dumbledore said, hinting that the others would follow.

Evan didn’t lean back, but instead approached one step.

This patch of dark bank was exactly like every other bit as far as he could tell, but Dumbledore seemed to have detected something special about it.

Evan knew that Dumbledore has discovered the location of the sailboat and he wanted to figure out how he did it.

He concentrated on seeing Dumbledore’s hand running not over the rocky wall, but through the thin air, as though expecting to find and grip something invisible.

A few seconds later, his hand closed in midair, as if he had caught something that no one else could see.

Along this thing, Dumbledore slowly moved closer to the lake and Evan followed.

The closer Evan was to the lake, the more awkward he felt.

It was an unusual reaction to magic, very similar to the feeling at the entrance of the big rock, but more intense.

Harry watched nervously as the tips of Dumbledore's buckled shoes found the utmost edge of the rock rim. Keeping his hand clenched in midair, Dumbledore raised his wand with the other and tapped his fist with the point.

Evan could feel something abnormal, but he didn't know what Dumbledore had found and how he found it.

He knew that he would have no chance to open his mouth again anytime soon, and hurriedly shouted, "Professor?!"

"I just reminded you to feel it with your heart!" Dumbledore looked back at Evan for a moment, saying calmly, "You've got the hang of it, you're only one step away. I can give you a little more help."

The wand in his hand swayed slightly, and his mouth muttered something.

With the movement of Dumbledore, Evan suddenly had a strange feeling, and there was a deep click inside him, as if something was broken.

Then there was a cool feeling coming out of his heart.

Evan found that the light around him began to drift, everything was ethereal; his soul seemed to float out of his body, and the world became dark black and white.

He was somewhat curious, what kind of magic did Dumbledore use on him?

Evan suddenly found that he no longer looked at things with his eyes, but looked at everything around him with a different strange perspective.

It was like what Dumbledore said, heart feeling.

"Now, pay attention to the things in my left hand, Evan!"

Dumbledore's voice seemed to come from a distant place, very vague, but the meaning of his words was accurately transmitted to Evan's mind.

He hurriedly bowed his head and looked at Dumbledore's hand.

He saw what Dumbledore really caught in his hand, a black rope that was significantly darker than the surrounding.

It was held in Dumbledore's hands and extended into the lake in front of him.

Down, in the depths of the lake, where the rope was tied, the eerie black became more intense, and the contrast with the surroundings was more obvious.

The black appeared in a strange shape and looked like a boat.

Evan was amazed. He knew that there was a wooden boat there, but it was hidden by magic and he could not see it before.

Now in contrast, he suddenly realized that those black things, which were obviously much darker than the surrounding colors, should be the traces of what Dumbledore called Magic.

“Very well, remember this feeling, and then slowly raise your head.”

Dumbledore’s voice came again, and Evan did what he had ordered, and the surrounding light began to return to normal.

By the end, he saw the whole image of the lake in front of him.

The lake water was distinctly different from what it had just been. It was no longer dark and opaque, but an abnormal green color, darker and darker toward the center of the lake.

It looked like the juice of a slug, extremely revolting.

If this was also a trace of magic, then there should be something bad in the water. No wonder that Dumbledore insisted that they should never touch this water.

Under the green lake, there were countless gray spots.

No doubt, they should be Inferi.

Evan thought so, and everything gradually returned to its original appearance.

It was dark everywhere, and only a few wands gave out a faint glow.

Sirius, Harry, and Hermione were standing pale on the edge of the rock, staring anxiously at Dumbledore and his fist hanging tight.

“Come on, Evan!” Hermione whispered, and she gently grabbed Evan’s right arm and pulled him back. “Dumbledore told to stand back against the wall, and you’re stuck there.”

“It’s Dumbledore’s magic, he just...”

“What are you talking about?!” Hermione said in surprise, “Dumbledore has not cast a spell yet. Look, he seems to have found something.”

“I know, he found the boat, I just saw the traces of magic.” Evan explained, “Dumbledore has just cast a spell on me. I felt a cold gush in my heart. Everything in front of me was strange. It was totally different from what I see right now...”

Evan suddenly stopped, and he found Hermione’s face stunned, apparently not understanding what he was talking about.

Not far away, it was the same for Sirius and Harry. They didn’t notice any anomalies, and they didn’t see Dumbledore casting a spell on him, nor could they know what he had just seen.

Everything that happened just now was so ethereal, as if only Evan himself and Dumbledore knew about it.

In fact, the others just saw that Dumbledore seemed to find something on the ground. He told them to stand back, but Evan suddenly went over and stood behind Dumbledore for about two or three seconds, Hermione then pulled him back.

The whole process was like this, although strange, it was unseen.

Chapter 209: The Amount of Magic

Evan squinted and looked at Dumbledore in astonishment.

On the shore of the dark lake not far away, Dumbledore did not turn around. He turned his back to everyone, as if what had just happened had nothing to do with him.

Sirius, Harry, and Hermione had their eyes wide, waiting for his next move.

Everything was just the same as before, everything became unreal again, and Evan tried to recall the wonderful feeling and look for the traces of magic.

It wasn't as strong as it just was, but he still could clearly feel the location of the boat.

Even if his eyes couldn't see it, Voldemort's magic traces staying on the boat were still very clear.

Evan bowed his head and tried to remember this feeling.

Of course, it's one thing to be able to notice the traces left by magic. Identifying this magic and breaking it is another matter.

He focused to see what Dumbledore did.

In front of them, keeping his hand clenched in midair, Dumbledore raised his wand with the other and tapped his fist with the point.

Immediately a thick coppery green chain appeared out of thin air, extending from the depths of the water into Dumbledore's clenched hand.

Dumbledore tapped the chain, which began to slide through his fist like a snake, coiling itself on the ground with a clinking sound that echoed noisily off the rocky walls.

The chain pulled something from the depths of the black water. Everyone gasped as the ghostly prow of a tiny boat broke the surface, glowing as green as the chain, and floated, with barely a ripple, toward the place on the bank where they stood.

"How did you know that was there?" Harry asked in astonishment.

Sirius and Hermione also looked at Dumbledore curiously, and Evan tried to remember the strong feeling of the magical changes when the chain and the boat appeared.

"As I just said, magic always leaves traces," said Dumbledore, as the boat hit the bank with a gentle bump, "sometimes very distinctive traces. I taught Tom Riddle. I know his style."

"Is... is this boat safe?" Harry didn't understand Dumbledore's words. He scratched his head and continued to ask, "It won't..."

"Oh yes, I think so. Voldemort needed to create a means to cross the lake without attracting the wrath of those creatures he had placed within it, in case he ever wanted to visit or remove his Horcrux."

“So the things in the water won’t do anything to us if we cross in Voldemort’s boat, will they?”

Looking at Harry’s expression, he was obviously worried.

What should they do if the boat reached midway to the island and suddenly sunk?

In fact, not only Harry, but also Sirius, Evan and Hermione were equally worried, and a horrible image emerged in their minds: the moment they were out of sight of the bank, the hands that had just appeared would come out of the dark water.

“I think we must resign ourselves to the fact that they will, at some point, realize we are not Lord Voldemort...” Dumbledore said calmly, “We can’t escape. Don’t forget the purpose of our trip. We will definitely have to face them. This is almost inevitable. Thus far, however, we have done well. They have allowed us to raise the boat; we must be allowed to use it. ”

“But why did Voldemort let us?” asked Harry.

“Too proud, he only believes in his own strength, this is another weakness of his, Harry,” said Dumbledore. “Voldemort would have been reasonably confident that none but a very great wizard would have been able to find the boat. I think he would have been prepared to risk what was, to his mind, the most unlikely possibility that somebody else would find it, knowing that he had set other obstacles ahead that only he would be able to penetrate. If there is no accident, it should be the stone altar and the liquid inside to store the Horcrux. I can’t wait to see what is inside. ”

Everyone gathered around and looked down at the boat. It was really very small.

“I do not understand, Professor,” Hermione said softly, “this boat, “It doesn’t look like it was built for us. Will it hold all of us? Five people and Kreacher? Will we be too heavy together?”

Hermione’s fears were very justified. Though measured in terms of area, they could barely stand on it, It was common sense that the boat could only hold one or two people at most.

When he heard Hermione, Dumbledore chuckled.

“There’s no need to worry about it, “Voldemort will not have cared about the weight, but about the amount of magical power that crossed his lake. I rather think an enchantment will have been placed upon this boat so that only one wizard at a time will be able to sail in it.”

“But...”

“We need to take a chance.” Dumbledore took a step forward, the boat weighed down, deep in the water, and stopped a quarter further from the edge of the boat.

The boat swayed and looked as if it might sink to the bottom of the water at any time.

Harry and Hermione couldn't help but scream, and Sirius took a step forward and tried to hold Dumbledore.

But nothing happened. After the swing, the boat gradually stabilized.

"Very well, as I guess, you can come up. I think it unlikely that your powers will register compared to mine." Dumbledore said, "Be careful not to touch the water."

Dumbledore moved aside and Sirius walked up.

Everyone's heart was lifted, and they looked nervously ahead. The boat sank a little more, shook slightly and stopped at once.

This time, the depth of draught could not be compared with that of Dumbledore when he went up.

If the boat's "heft" was not measured by weight, but by the amount of magical power, then the difference between Sirius's magic and Dumbledore's was very striking.

To describe it, it was as the gap between a tank and a bottle of water.

Then came Harry and Hermione.

The two of them climbed into the boat cautiously, as what was left of it above the surface was so narrow that it looked like it could sink at any moment.

But nothing happened. The boat didn't even flutter, and it kept floating steadily, and the draught was almost unchanged.

It was incredible; Harry and Hermione seemed to have no weight.

This also meant that, in terms of magical power, the two of them together were not even equal to Sirius, let alone comparable with Dumbledore.

If Sirius's magical power was a bottle of water, the magic of Harry and Hermione was more like a glass.

Chapter 210: The Power of Evan

The four people on the boat were tightly gathered, and they didn't dare to move.

Because of the small space, Harry and Hermione could not even sit comfortably, they could only kneel down, knees on the boat.

"Professor" Harry said anxiously, looking at the lake that was close at hand.

"Don't worry, Harry, as I said earlier, this boat is measured by the power of magic. In my opinion, Voldemort would not count the three of you." Dumbledore explained, "You are underage and unqualified. Voldemort would never have expected three twelve or thirteen-year-old wizards to reach this place."

Harry heard Dumbledore's words, and looked both worried and dejected.

Dumbledore probably noticed that, he added, "Voldemort's mistake, Harry, Voldemort's mistake... Age is foolish and forgetful when it underestimates youth. You all have unlimited potential and possibilities... Well, Evan, you can come over, and be careful not to touch the water."

“But there is no place on the boat, Professor” Evan blinked, even if magically, this boat could hold several of them without the risk of sinking, there wasn’t enough space on board for him to sit.

“You can come up after metamorphosis.” Dumbledore said calmly. “If I remember correctly, your Animagus form is not a very large animal.”

Evan was surprised; he did not know how Dumbledore knew about his Animagus form.

Although it was a semi-public secret, Sirius, Harry, and Hermione all knew about it, Evan was very careful every time he transformed, and Dumbledore was absent. It stood to reason that he should not have known about this.

But that was Dumbledore. He could not hide anything from him. He knew everything. There was no such thing as a secret for him.

Evan didn’t know his specific source of intelligence, but it wasn’t just with him: even everything that Voldemort did was also as clear as daylight to Dumbledore.

It was amazing, admirable, but thinking about it, it was also terrifying.

Dumbledore was that kind of a person.

Evan whispered a word and turned into a black cat.

There was no place above the boat, he looked around, then gently jumped onto the boat landing right into Hermione’s arms.

Hermione’s little face turned red and she looked very embarrassed. She did not think that Evan would do this, especially in front of Dumbledore, Sirius, and Harry.

She turned her head and saw that the others were not looking at them. They were trying to pretend that they hadn’t noticed anything, but the faint smile on their lips exposed everything.

Hermione’s face became even redder, almost to the extreme.

Just as she hesitated, the boat suddenly swayed and sunk down fiercely.

Hermione screamed and subconsciously hugged Evan.

Evan didn’t have time to feel Hermione’s warmth. He was surprised to find that the boat was sinking quickly.

The boat reacted much more when he jumped aboard than when Harry and Hermione climbed aboard, even more than when Sirius came up. Originally, there was less than a quarter of the space left at the edge of the boat, it quickly sank more and more, and its sinking speed was getting faster and faster, showing no signs of stopping.

If they didn’t take any action, the boat would soon be overturned and sink.

Dumbledore looked at Evan in surprise. He quickly swayed his wand and muttered a spell with his mouth. A white mist came out of the end of the wand, passed around the crowd, and then gathered under the sinking boat and pushed it back up.

The boat swayed violently and gradually stabilized. It was almost at the level of the lake propped by Dumbledore's magic.

Now, everyone is floating on the water, and were under the danger of the boat being overturned at any time.

Everyone was in state of fear, and even their breathing became cautious.

They looked at Evan in Hermione's arms in disbelief. They didn't know how he did it. How could a young wizard have such magic power?

In fact, even Dumbledore was like them.

A look of astonishment flashed across his face, and it was the first time that Evan saw it on Dumbledore.

He didn't seem to have thought that Evan would have such a strong magic. For a 12-year-old wizard, this was almost impossible.

Perceiving the others' gaze, Evan didn't know what was going on.

Normally, he might have more magic than Harry and Hermione, but he should have a lot less than Sirius.

The four ways to increase magical power are the natural growth with increasing age, the increase after taking various potions, the enhancing effects of magic items, and the use of black magic to transform one's body.

Needless to say, when it came to natural growth, Evan was only 12 years old, he belonged to the stage where the magic of the body has just been developed, and didn't even reach the rapid growth stage.

As for magic potions, though the actual level of Evan's magic power has increased considerably since last summer's vacation, far exceeding that of the younger Wizards of his age, they shouldn't be able to cause such an effect. Even though he made various potions this year, many of them did help the magic increase, but their effect was very small, and it would take a long time to see a certain progress.

As for the use of black magic to transform the body, that shouldn't even be mentioned.

Evan had no knowledge of such advanced black magic, and there was no record of it even in the book "Secrets of the Darkest Art".

While Evan knew that such highly advanced Black Magic existed, he had no idea about how such magic was used.

Besides Voldemort, no wizard had mastered this black magic, not even Dumbledore.

Since none of those three was to consider, then only the magic items were left.

Dumbledore had just said that the depth of the boat's draft wasn't measured by weight, but by magical power.

While Evan did not feel that his magical power had increased significantly, he did not rule out the possibility of him carrying very powerful magic items.

Evan tried to remember what he had, and besides the college standard wizard's robe and wand, there should be a few pieces of candy that he had been carrying around since he bought them at the Honeydukes shop, like that bloody lollipop he couldn't eat.

Besides that, the things that were weighing him down the most should be those magic books.

Although Sirius offered his family's entire library as Christmas gifts, allowing them to take whatever they were interested in, Evan chose almost only books of the Dark Arts.

He shrunk them down and carried them on him.

Before he took them away, these black magic books had been inherited by the Blacks for centuries. Many of them had not even been opened at all, and perhaps there was a strong magical power or something hidden in the books.

Although this possibility was not that great, it couldn't be ruled out.

In addition, Evan kept thinking about Slytherin's Locket.

He recalled the Slytherin's emblem, which was inlaid with emeralds, a serpentine capital S.