

## Harry Potter 211

Chapter 211: The Liquid in the Stone Basin

What Evan most cared about was the strange lines on the Locket.

He kept feeling that a secret was hidden within them, although Dumbledore and Voldemort had contacted the Locket and found nothing.

But Evan couldn't know why he kept having that feeling.

Dumbledore looked at Evan and immediately returned to normal. His face was extremely calm, as if nothing had happened.

He waved his wand and dragged the boat with his own magic. Now, no one but him knows how much magic Evan has.

Sirius, Harry, and Hermione were also a little surprised, but didn't think much.

It seemed to them that it was a miracle that such a small boat could hold so many people. They thought that Evan coming up made the boat reach its maximum load, which explained its rapid sinking.

Under Dumbledore's tug, the boat set off immediately, and there was no sound other than the silken rustle of the boat's prow cleaving the water.

The boat was moving automatically, without their help, as though an invisible rope was pulling it onward toward the light in the center. Soon they could no longer see the walls of the cavern; they might have been at sea except that there were no waves.

As the boat progressed, the gold reflections of the wandlights were sparkling and glittering on the black water.

The boat was carving deep ripples upon the glassy surface, grooves in the dark mirror...

Just then, Harry suddenly screamed in horror. "I saw it, those Inferi are not far below the water."

Evan looked where Harry was pointing. His wandlight slid over a fresh patch of water and showed him, this time, a dead man lying face up inches beneath the surface, his open eyes misted as though with cobwebs, his hair and his robes swirling around him like smoke.

Obviously it was a dead body, but his cobweb-covered eyes followed them in a most bizarre way, and the eyes inside turned quietly.

The Inferius seemed to be able to jump out and attack them at any time, but it didn't move until the boat crossed.

"They didn't discover our identity, but I am sure that once we take the Horcrux, we shall find them less peaceable." Dumbledore whispered. "We're nearly there; Voldemort's purpose has been achieved. In order to keep this boat from sinking, a lot of my magic has been consumed."

Evan turned to Dumbledore, thinking about what he meant. The white mist he used to drag the boat was very magical; it should have drained much of his magical power to be able to life all the magical power on board.

He suddenly had some concerns. What would they do if Dumbledore had no magic power at the end of this?

Besides Dumbledore, no one there was an opponent of thousands of Inferi.

A few minutes later, the greenish light seemed to be growing larger at last, and the boat had come to a halt, bumping gently into something.

Evan could not see it at first, but when Harry raised his illuminated wand he saw that they had reached a small island of smooth rock in the center of the lake.

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“Here we are, Careful not to touch the water,” said Dumbledore again.

Everyone climbed out of the boat, and Evan was the first. He got off the boat and returned to his usual stance. He quickly pulled out his wand.

Behind him was Hermione, she looked relieved at last.

Then there was Harry, Sirius, and the last one, Dumbledore, who used his wand to retrieve the mist that floated under the boat.

Evan carefully looked at the island. It was no larger than Dumbledore’s office, an expanse of flat dark stone on which stood nothing but the source of that greenish light, which looked much brighter when viewed close to.

Evan squinted and looked at it. He saw that the light was coming from an old circular stone basin, which was set on top of a pedestal.

Dumbledore approached the basin and the others followed.

They came close to the stone basin and stood side by side around it. The basin was full of an emerald liquid emitting that phosphorescent glow.

According to the way Dumbledore had just handed it to him, Evan tried to feel the traces of magic left on the liquid.

The magic power was very strong, but it was not the magic he was familiar with. It was very strange; he couldn’t tell what it felt like.

In addition to this liquid, the stone basin and pedestal used to hold the liquid did not seem ordinary, and there was a strong defensive magic.

Evan carefully observed. The more he looked at it, the more frightened he felt.

This green liquid had strong magic hidden in it, and it was very evenly distributed. He didn’t know what kind of potion it was, and what kind of magic had been cast on the stone altar. He felt that none of what he had learned before could be applied here.

If he didn’t already know about it, and tried to figure out what to do on his own, he’d be absolutely clueless.

As for the ones standing on the side, Sirius, Harry, and Hermione, who were confused, they were even less likely to know.

It could be seen that Voldemort's strength and magic theory surpassed them, and exceeded that of ordinary wizards.

"Professor, what is this?" Harry couldn't help but ask.

"I'm not sure" Dumbledore carefully observed the stone basin and the liquid inside, and whispered, "However, it's something more worrisome than blood and bodies. I am glad that what was hidden in it was taken out."

Dumbledore observed it for a while, then pushed back the sleeve of his robe over his hand, and stretched out the tips of his fingers toward the surface of the potion.

"No, don't touch it," everyone shouted in unison.

"It's not that simple, I cannot touch," said Dumbledore, smiling faintly. "See? I cannot approach any nearer than this. You try."

Sirius, Evan, Harry and Hermione hesitated, and at the same time, their fingers reached the stone basin and tried to touch the potion.

However, they met an invisible barrier that prevented them coming within an inch of it.

No matter how hard they pushed, their fingers encountered nothing but what seemed to be solid and flexible air, and the liquid itself had not changed.

"Out of the way, please, I think I can try a spell, maybe it will work," said Dumbledore. He raised his wand and made complicated movements over the surface of the potion, murmuring soundlessly.

However, nothing happened.

The phosphorescence of the green liquid seemed to be brighter, and they watched Dumbledore silently until he withdrew his wand.

"Professor"

"Great, really great," Dumbledore said with appreciation. "If I'm not mistaken, this should be the potion that Voldemort himself invented. I have to say, he's really the best of all the graduates Hogwarts has ever had."

"But you can definitely get through it, right?" Harry said hopefully.

"No, I can't, Harry." Dumbledore shook his head. "This potion cannot be penetrated by hand, Vanished, parted, scooped up, or siphoned away, nor can it be Transfigured, Charmed, or otherwise made to change its nature. I can only conclude that this potion is supposed to be drunk."

"Drunk" Besides Evan, everyone looked at him in astonishment.

"Yes, at least I think so: Only by drinking it can I empty the basin and see what lies in its depths."

Dumbledore said calmly. "Knowing this, I have to admire Regulus, his sacrifice is very meaningful."

Chapter 212: Challenges to Be Faced

"Kreacher, Regulus, that year..." said Sirius sadly.

"Yes, Master Regulus was drinking this green liquid here." Kreacher wiped his tears and said, "This thing should have been done by Kreacher. That was what the Dark Lord asked Kreacher to do, but young Master Regulus did not agree. He let Kreacher go home alive. He drank the potion himself. How good and kind he was..."

Talking about it, Kreacher suddenly burst into tears.

Since he stepped on this island, tears had been spinning in his eyes. Now he heard Dumbledore's evaluation of Regulus, and remembered what had happened, he finally couldn't help but burst into tears. He punished himself and banged his head against the ground.

The scene was a mess, and Sirius and Hermione hurried to stop him.

"Professor!" Looking at the out of control of Kreacher, Harry was full of panic. He hesitated for a while and continued to ask, "But if, I mean, if some of us drank this liquid, what would happen? Will he be poisoned?"

"Oh, I doubt that it would work like that," said Dumbledore easily. "Lord Voldemort would not want to kill the person who reached this island."

Harry blinked. He couldn't believe it. Was this more of Dumbledore's insane determination to see good in everyone?

"Sir," said Harry, trying to keep his voice reasonable, "sir, this is Voldemort we're facing..."

"I'm sorry, Harry; I should have said, he would not want to immediately kill the person who reached this island," Dumbledore corrected himself. "He would want to keep them alive long enough to find out how they managed to penetrate so far through his defenses and, most importantly of all, why they were so intent upon emptying the basin. Do not forget that Lord Voldemort believes that he alone knows about his Horcruxes."

Harry made to speak again, but this time Dumbledore raised his hand for silence, frowning slightly at the emerald liquid, evidently thinking hard.

"Undoubtedly," he said, finally, "this potion must act in a way that will prevent me from taking the Horcrux. And based on Kreacher's description, we can infer that it might paralyze the user, cause him to forget what he is here for, create so much pain that it makes him distracted, or render him incapacitated in some other way."

“He will feel that his internal organs are on fire, he would want to drink water, and the only place around with water is this Lake.” Evan added, “But the Lake is full of Inferi, and it is also under black magic...”

“What if magic changes the water?” Harry asked.

“It won’t work. Voldemort has planned it. There is only one way to get water on this island. If you don’t believe it, we can try it.” Evan took out his wand and said gently, “Aguamenti!”

Clear water came out from the end of his wand and fell to the ground. The water splashed, but it disappeared in an instant.

The water that fell to the ground was evaporated in an amazing speed. And, there seemed to be an invisible force from the bottom of the ground up to the top. The water at the end of the wand in Evan’s hand was pouring out, quickly returning at a speed visible to the naked eye.

“Aguamenti, Aguamenti!” He hurriedly shouted.

He increased his magic output, but it didn’t work much. The water at the end of his wand became smaller and smaller until it disappeared completely.

He could feel an invisible force preventing him from using this magic.

Harry looked surprisingly at what was happening in front of him. He also tried it with his own wand, and the final result was exactly the same as Evan’s.

“Good reasoning, good reasoning.” After seeing the experiments of Evan and Harry, Dumbledore admired, “The thoughts of both of you are very good. This is probably the essence of Voldemort’s design. To get the Horcrux, you have to drink the potion in the stone basin. After taking the potion, you will be extremely hot and thirsty, and want to drink water. But, we have just seen that spells such as Aguamenti have been banned here. There is only one way to get water and that is the lake. And people near the lake will be dragged into it by the Inferi, just like what happened to Regulus...”

Everyone listened to Dumbledore’s description, and the horrible images recurred in their minds. All their faces looked really gloomy.

Looking at this eerie, gloomy island, surrounded by the silence of the repressive black lake, and the floating bodies that emerged from the lake from time to time, the fear deep inside everyone was awakened.

They thought of Regulus, the handsome, 18-year-old young man. He drank the potion inside the stone basin, and was dragged into the lake by the Inferi. He suffocated in despair and became one of them.

For the past 13 years, his body had been immersed in the dark, cold lake water without rest. That was the truth of his death.

The feeling of infinite sadness gradually took over, and everyone was silent.

In the darkness, there was only a strange whimper coming out from Kreacher from time to time.

“In this lake, Regulus...” Sirius said sadly.

“We will find him. First of all, I want to bring out those guys in the lake.” Dumbledore pulled out his wand and turned his head to Kreacher, who had just calmed down.

“Kreacher, please tell me from where Regulus was Dragged into the lake.”

“Here, sir!” Kreacher wiped her tears and went to a place.

“Very good, when you’re ready. Take out your wands!” Dumbledore said, “Sirius, you and Kreacher are responsible for finding Regulus; Evan, Harry, Hermione, you three can stand behind me and help me deal with those Inferi.”

Everyone concentrated, clenched his wand and looked at the lake nervously.

They will have to confront the Inferi, which will definitely not be a pleasant experience.

Evan tightened his hand around his wand, and his heart was thumping like a drum. He saw Harry and Hermione standing next to him shaking slightly, with pale and bloodless faces.

For them, facing thousands of Inferi at the same time was just too much pressure.

Just thinking about it was suffocating.

This was definitely a scene that would not be seen in school. Except for the three of them, none of the young wizards would experience it.

It wasn’t just about their age. In fact, facing thousands of horrible, bloody Inferi at the same time was also a very difficult challenge for trained Aurors or operating wizards like Sirius, and Dumbledore shouldn’t be able to handle this on his own.

Chapter 213: Fighting the Inferi

Seeing Hermione’s legs trembling slightly, Evan approached her.

Hermione turned her head and looked back at Evan uneasily. Panic showed in her brown eyes, as if she was to say something, but she opened her mouth and nothing came out.

Evan knew that she should be nervous to the extreme.

Compared to the rest of them, she was the only girl present, facing monsters like the Inferi. The pressure put upon her must be immense.

Without hesitation, Evan gently held Hermione’s little hand, her palm was all sweaty.

Hermione, like a frightened fawn, subconsciously wanted to pull her hand back.

Evan didn’t let go, then she seemed to realize that it was him holding her hand and her face turned red.

“Evan...”

“Don’t be afraid, Hermione” Evan comforted her and said, “We’ll be all right, believe me, no matter what dangers may come, I will protect you.”

"I know, I believe you," Hermione nodded stiffly. With a reassuring smile, she took Evan's hand and said in a firm voice, "I said it before; I'll always believe in you."

Looking at Evan and Hermione whispering, Harry hesitated for a moment and quietly moved forward to Sirius.

He also had something to say to Sirius, his godfather.

"Harry, are you scared?" Sirius did not look back. He looked gloomy as he looked at the lake in front of him.

"I'm not scared," Harry shook his head, unsure, "But I'm a bit nervous. I never thought that things would turn out like this..."

"Yeah, I didn't think things would develop like this." Sirius was silent for a moment, and said with a complicated look: "I thought my brother Regulus was a stupid weak fool, but he was braver than I thought. In order to stop Voldemort's plot, he paid with his life. I thought that Pettigrew was trustworthy, and suggested that he should be James and Lily's Secret Keeper, but he was a despicable traitor. It was me who killed James and Lily."

Harry heard Sirius speaking about his parents, and didn't know what to say.

He didn't know how to comfort Sirius. In his opinion, Black didn't have to blame himself for the death of his parents.

"Sirius..."

"I have been looking at the wrong person, I didn't think about it, and I never thought of it..." Sirius's mouth showed a bitter smile, frustrated, "It's all my fault. I screwed up everything, that was the case with James, and the same goes with Regulus. If I could have talked to him that year, he probably wouldn't have died..."

"He is a hero, Sirius."

"Yes, he is." Sirius wiped his eyes and said with relief, "Harry, although I have been always misreading people, there's one thing I'm sure about: you're very much like your father, James. This is something that that I can't be wrong about. I am proud of you."

Harry looked at Sirius. Although he had always heard others say that about him, said by Sirius, it was especially meaningful.

"Well, this is not the right place for such a pleasant chat." Sirius regained his usual regard and continued. "Come on, you can stand in front and let me see your dueling skills."

When everyone signaled that they were ready, Dumbledore tapped the stone basin with his wand and made a faint echo.

In the stone basin, the center of the green liquid, which could not be touched by anyway, suddenly appeared a ripple, spreading from the inside to the outside.

It was like a signal. The surface of the lake was no longer mirror-smooth; it was churning.

Evan looked up and saw a large herd of Inferius appearing in the dark lake.

White heads and hands were emerging from the dark water, men and women and children with sunken, sightless eyes were moving toward the rock.

“Petrificus Totalus!” yelled Harry in panic.

He pointed his wand at the nearest Inferius, and a red light hit him. He fell backward into the water with a splash; but immediately scrambled to his feet.

His withered hands crawled across the lake. His hollow, misty eyes stared at Harry. He was dragging his waterlogged rags behind him, and his sunken face looked grim and disdainful.

“Don’t worry, Harry, it shouldn’t be done like that,” Sirius said. “The Full Body-Bind Curse does not have such range. You have to wait until they get into the right range to attack.”

Harry nodded, held his wand in his hand and kept an eye on the Inferius.

Two seconds later, the Inferius climbed onto the rock, holding up his white hands by the lake and crawled forward as if to pounce on Harry.

“Petrificus Totalus!” Harry bellowed again, swiping his wand through the air.

The red light flashed, the Inferius stumbled and fell down to the ground without scrambling to his feet.

“A good attack, that’s what it’s like, aiming at their heads.” Sirius waved his wand and screamed a few spells. At the same time, he knocked down the three or four Inferi and shouted excitedly. “Good, Harry. Let’s try the Impedimenta and the Incarcerous Spells. You have learned these two spells I believe.”

On the other side, Evan and Hermione were also fighting.

It could be seen that Hermione’s theoretical knowledge was very strong. She knew a lot of curses, and she mastered the specific skills of their casting. However, she was weak in actual combat ability, and she always shot off or missed the critical hit.

Evan knew that this was mainly due to a psychological factor.

Although Hermione didn’t say anything, and she didn’t want Evan to worry about her, deep down she was afraid of those Inferi.

For this, the others had no way to help. Only Hermione could overcome it.

Evan looked at Hermione while knocking down a few Inferi.

He turned his head and looked at Dumbledore. The Headmaster held his wand and didn’t attack. He kept watching them all the time. There was no emotion in his blue eyes.



Evan thought about it and understood that Dumbledore was protecting them. He began to try stronger magic.

A white light flew out from the end of his wand. But though gashes appeared in their sodden rags and their icy skin, they had no blood to spill. They walked on, unfeeling, their shrunken hands outstretched toward him.

Evan nodded. As he had imagined, a spell like Sectumsempra, which had a greater damage to the body surface, was of little use against the Inferi.

They didn't feel pain, they were not afraid of such injuries. That didn't even slow them down.

With such enemies, this powerful magic wasn't as useful as the Full Body-Bind Curse, Impedimenta and other magic of that kind.

Evan tried to attack a few more times. Dumbledore had just said that the best way to deal with the Inferi was to use fire, but Regulus had not yet been found, and it couldn't be done. He was not in a hurry, but instead treated those Inferi as experimental subjects, ready to try Transfiguration and several other powerful spells.

A few days ago, he had a duel with Snape, which gave Evan a great inspiration. He had never thought that magic could be used in that way before.

He was going to practice with these Inferi, which was a rare opportunity, not only without danger but also to improve his spell-casting skills.

Chapter 214: Evan's Attack

"Impedimenta!" Evan shouted, and a red light appeared at the end of his wand.

He used the Impediment Jinx tripping up an Inferius that had just climbed the island.

On the rock behind, more Inferi emerged from the water, merely stepped over the fallen bodies and walked over again.

Evan kept issuing several curses to delay the progress of the Inferi.

Then he pointed his wand at the rock under their feet and focused on the stone. When he had his duel against Snape a few days ago, he saw the latter turn a round wooden table into a big black snake, and cast a continuous spell to turn the snake into small, dense cobras.

These powerful, seemingly wonderful spells belong to the category of Transfiguration.

The principle is exactly the same as that of turning a hedgehog into a teapot that Evan learned in Professor McGonagall's Transfiguration class.

But the more complex things are, and the shorter the completion time is, the higher the difficulty of casting becomes.

What Snape did, turning a round wooden table into a giant python, and then transforming the giant python into dozens of cobras, required a high degree of casting skills, theoretical knowledge of Transfiguration and a lot of magical power.

Evan was not yet able to do such a thing, but it gave him a hint.

In a situation where magic can't grow and improve rapidly and one can't use powerful black magic at will, mastering various spells and techniques such as Transfiguration is very helpful to enhance the combat strength and win a battle.

The Dueling club held by Lockhart last year, where two people held their wands and stood in place to spell at each other, showed a relatively low-level form of combat.

A real wizard duel, besides the spell competition, depends on whose reaction is quicker.

More flexible use of the surrounding terrain, as well as the ability to mix and match different spells can win duels.

As the basis of all magic, Transfiguration is an important part of this.

Of course, this concerns only battles between wizards in the general sense.

When talking about wizards as strong as Dumbledore and Voldemort, the battle between them would have a completely different style, beyond everyone's imagination.

Evan pointed his wand at a rock not far away, and quickly recited a spell in his mouth, focusing on his target.

He had never tried to make such a big stone change before.

He wasn't skilled to make it work, not before a lot of Inferi passed. But then the rock gradually began to change.

"Success!" Evan looked at the stones on the shore of the lake happily.

Under his control, this blue-black boulder rose slowly.

It seemed to become alive, and it began to change, growing arms and legs that, although extremely rough in outline, were visible, in a monstrous shape.

It is well known that the Troll is a notoriously fearsome creature that is 12 feet tall and weighs more than a ton. It is extremely aggressive, powerful, but stupid.

The rock was changing towards the shape of a troll and then suddenly stopped.

That was already Evan's limit. Although he did not succeed in making a monstrolster, but for a 12-year-old wizard like him, it is an achievement to turn a boulder that's over a dozen feet long into a living object.

Now, this boulder looks more like a stone giant.

It staggered and stood up, debris and dust flying, with a sultry momentum.

In front of it, those dark, terrifying Inferi were like children.

Crash, crash!

Between the rock and rock, there was a huge, heart-rending rubbing sound.

On the island, everyone stopped their attacks, surprised to see the giant who suddenly appeared. Even the thoughtless Inferi were stunned, staring expressionlessly with their blank spider web filled eyeholes.

No one could imagine that Evan had actually created such a big creature.

Looking at its appearance was enough to make everyone feel scared...

Only Evan himself knew that this stone giant was only really powerful on the outside. In fact, the attack power was nothing to rave about. Because of its massive size, it consumed a lot of magical power.

Feeling the magic draining inside him, Evan knew that he couldn't take much more time. He hurriedly controlled the stone giant to launch an attack.

The Inferi seemed to be scared and dumbfounded. With an amazing explosive force, the Stone Giant swept all the Inferi that had climbed up on the right side of the island back into the lake.

Bang! ! !

The violent impact of the collision, and the deafening sound continued.

In just a few seconds, after a storm of attacks, Evan gasped and let go of control of the stone giant. It fell heavily to the ground, crushing around six Inferi, causing the horrifying sound of their bones as they cracked.

Everyone was stunned by what happened in the blink of an eye, and even Dumbledore looked at the stone giant that fell to the ground and broke into pieces.

In his opinion, Evan's magic was somewhat flashy, there were a lot of flaws in his execution, his magic was not perfect enough, and...

But considering Evan's age, it was really good that he was able to do this. That was not easy at all.

Dumbledore could see that the kind of childish attack that Evan had just made was actually an exercise and a bold attempt.

Giving him enough time and training, this child's future holds limitless potential.

There was a glimmer of anxiety in Dumbledore's eyes, and he re-thought about the fact that when the boat arrived, it quickly sank after Evan came up.

No one knew that he had consumed nearly a quarter of his magical power to drag the boat down.

That showed that Evan had already a quarter of Dumbledore's magic.

That was of course impossible. Dumbledore was well aware of his own current magic status. At his age, although his actual combat power might be getting weaker due to physical reasons, etc... the magic within him was at the pinnacle of what a wizard could aspire to have.

It's not just Evan, even Sirius couldn't have so much magic.

Dumbledore had just quietly thought it over, and while Evan's current magic status was extremely good compared to his peers, it was incomparable a quarter of his own.

This wasn't Evan's own magic. That meant that Evan must have carried a powerful magic item on him. What could it be?!

Dumbledore looked at Evan carefully, and his pale blue eyes were full of curiosity.

Like Tom Riddle back in the day, this student brought too much surprise to him.

In all honesty, Dumbledore did not like the feeling of Evan being beyond his control.

However, he did not intend to take action. What happened to Tom Riddle had taught him enough.

Over the years, Dumbledore had been thinking about Riddle going further and further along the wrong path, and he had an escapable responsibility for what he did.

Gellert Grindelwald, his once intimate friend, left a deep impression on him.

Dumbledore had thought that he had forgotten those things, but many years later, when he saw the young Tom Riddle in the orphanage, it was like seeing Gellert again.

He knew he had to stop the young Riddle, preventing him from becoming the second Grindelwald and preventing him from going astray to become the second Dark Lord.

But he failed, and the end result was even worse.

Dumbledore sighed; the idea came to his mind that he was maybe doomed to fail.

Perhaps that was the root causing of all the unfortunate events that followed.

#### Chapter 215: Finding Regulus

Dumbledore knew that he had to be careful. Power's temptation was infinitely luring, and the more talented a wizard is on his path of magic, the more likely he was to go astray.

For most wizards, magic is just waving wands and casting a few spells.

Only a handful of wizards with superior talents know clearly what the essence of magic is and what power it could bring them.

Immense power and unconstrained ambitions can bring only disaster and destruction.

Voldemort is the most obvious example. His excellent magic talent and being one of the descendents of Salazar Slytherin himself made him think that he was unique.

He felt superior; arrogance was taking over his heart, till the point where he thought of himself as a god.

Everything he did was self-centered and non considering of others' feelings. In his dark path of growth, he didn't get to know what love is.

Going back on the things he did in the past, the wanton killing of others, and the advocacy of pure blood wizards over the mud and Muggles and so on, these things were not as ideal related as Voldemort and the Death Eaters made them sound.

For Dumbledore, the reason Tom did this was entirely because he wanted to do that. He wanted to prove that he was different.

He therefore misused his magic in disregard of life.

In order to obtain eternal life, he even split his soul to make the Horcruxes.

More than twenty years ago, Dumbledore was keenly aware of his soul's instability when Riddle, who had been missing for a long time, returned to Hogwarts with a new look and applied for the position of Professor of Defence Against the Dark Arts.

Dumbledore then suspected that Riddle was doing some sort of evil Dark magic research, and later there were indications that he was making Horcruxes.

The worst scenario occurred, and Dumbledore did not know how many times Voldemort had split his soul.

This evil dark magic made him into a monster that cannot be killed.

Dumbledore looked at Evan again. Up until now, he had destroyed two Horcruxes.

All these things revolving around this child, is it a coincidence or...

Besides these "coincidences", what surprised Dumbledore was that Evan had already found the path of strength, and it all happened in a short time.

Evan was as good as Tom Riddle in his school days, too far beyond his peers.

The only thing to be thankful for was that he was different from Riddle. He had a complete family, friends, knowing what love was, and understanding of the meaning of life.

Judging from what he had shown, Evan was unlikely to become the second Voldemort.

Dumbledore's mouth showed a smile. He knew about what happened in Hogwarts a few days ago, although he hadn't shown up until the end.

What gratified him most was Evan's decision concerning the life and death of Peter Pettigrew.

Even in the face of the Acromantulas' threat, Evan did not give up on Pettigrew to escape, but instead insisted on taking him along.

Dumbledore was very pleased with Evan's performance that night.

He thought, maybe he should give this child more help.

He was getting old, and in case he doesn't succeed in finding all Voldemort's Horcruxes, Evan would become an indispensable force.

In the middle of the island, Evan released his control over the Stone Giant and estimated his magic consumption. With his current ability, it was still impossible to turn this blue boulder into something more complex, but it had been a great success just being able to activate it.

He wanted to try other spells. If it wasn't for everyone being here, he would have tried the Demon Summoning Spell recorded in the book "Secrets of the Darkest Art". Reading that book was his first time encountering that spell.

On the island, more and more Ineri emerged from the lake in all directions.

Under their attack, everyone retreated and gathered around the stone basin.

The Ineri were hard to destroy, their magic had been exhausted, and Sirius, Evan, Harry, and Hermione used various spells to delay their pace.

The pressure was still mounting, and when everyone was about to collapse, Dumbledore took over, using the same spell as Evan.

He waved his wand, and four heavy black boulders floated up from the ground, and in a moment, with a great scratch, turned into four massive monsters.

It was not Evan's monster's incomplete state. They were exactly the same as real Trolls, barely showing any signs of pre-Transfiguration. The four monsters made brutal roars and held thick big clubs in their hands.

Evan looked at Dumbledore in surprise and found that he was also looking back at him calmly and signaling him to pay attention to his next move.

The wand in his hand swayed in a strange way, as if conducting an Orchestra.

Under Dumbledore's control, the monsters rushed from the center of the island in all four directions and ran rampant amongst the Inferi.

There were several loud bangs. The trolls were so powerful that many Inferi were directly hit back into the Black Lake.

The strong impact of the scene in front of their eyes gave everyone a feeling of joy from the bottom of their hearts.

The Trolls were covered with Inferi, but they did not take a step back. They were fighting hard with them.

Evan looked at Dumbledore with amazement. He could hardly imagine how much magic such a rampant would consume.

After Dumbledore took over, the pressure was much less intense. They focused on finding Regulus amongst the Inferi.

Evan's eyes swept over a pale, grim-faced Inferius, looking at them in an indescribable way.

Hard to find the word to say it, but it was absolutely awful.

At that moment, Kreacher suddenly shouted, "Young Master Regulus! Kreacher has found young Master Regulus!"

Evan hurriedly looked in the direction the house elf pointed at. He saw an 18-year-old young man's body just crawling out of the lake wearing a black wizard's robe different from the surrounding Muggles with a distinctive Black family emblem on his chest.

Regulus looked very much like Sirius in his younger years. Under the influence of magic, he remained almost unchanged from the moment before his death. He looked darker than Sirius but also healthier and less meager.

His body had been somewhat swollen because he had been in the water for a long time.

Like the other Inferi, he looked around in a daze and walked toward the stone basin in the middle of the island, not recognizing the people standing in front of him.

He was not the hero who bravely resisted Voldemort, but an Inferius who, under magic's control, guarded Voldemort's Horcrux.

"Regulus!" cried Sirius mournfully, and his heartbreaking voice echoed in the dark cave.

Before anyone else could react, he had already rushed over. He desperately rushed into the Inferi, trying to pull Regulus out.

## Chapter 216: Let's Go Home

Just a few seconds before Kreacher discovered Regulus, Dumbledore's four gigantic Trolls had pushed countless Inferi into the dark waters of the lake, setting off waves.

Dumbledore triumphed, and the monsters he made defeated the Inferi.

But there was no time for delight. Evan noticed a black smoke coming out of the Troll's body immersed in the lake. There was an expression of fear on its face.

It was the first time he had seen the deformed creatures having a thing such as fear. He didn't know what they had encountered, but it must have been the dark magic Voldemort had left in the lake.

In a blink of an eye, they all turned into smoke and disappeared.

Just like nothing happened, the dense, endless herd of Inferi floated from the bottom of the lake and crept out.

Dumbledore calmly looked at the approaching Inferi, not too surprised, as if he had expected this to happen. He continued to sway his wand with his hand.

But before he succeeded in casting spells, Kreacher's shouts suddenly rang. "Young Master Regulus! Kreacher has found young Master Regulus!"

Hearing his shouts, everyone shook and looked in the direction he pointed.

Only Sirius, without hesitation, rushed out at the moment Kreacher screeched, and run toward Regulus.

"Watch out, Sirius, there are so many Inferi there, don't go!" Harry screamed, trying to stop Sirius.

But it didn't work, Sirius was faster than expected.

"Regulus", he shouted in a hoarse voice as he rushed forward. "Regulus, I've finally found you. I'm taking you home... Let's go home..."

Sirius repeated his sad cries, as tears flowed out of his red eyes.

He did not care about rushing into the group of Inferi, completely ignoring his own safety. The end of his wand emitted a reddish ray at a speed beyond imagination, sending away the Inferi that prevented him from moving forward.

Behind him, it was the same for the mad Kreacher.

"Fight for my Master, for young Master Sirius, for young Master Regulus, Kreacher wants to fight"

Even in such a bustle, his bullfrog-like voice was still clearly audible.

This old house elf broke out all the vitality in his body. He waved the stones he had just picked up from the ground and followed Sirius into the Inferi.

Harry followed closely, then Dumbledore, Evan, and Hermione. Their defensive lines were completely broken, and the Inferi almost instantly rushed up.

Evan's heart was beating so hard. He just stood on the high ground where the stone basin was placed in the center of the island. Looking at these grim-looking Inferi from far away was enough to make people feel scared.

Close contact now made him feel terror.

He couldn't help but shudder. All around him were the Inferi that kept sending out cold air. They had just climbed out of the lake. Their loose, pale skin was covered with cold water droplets. They were very uncomfortable and disgusting.

There were so many Inferi, and Evan couldn't see clearly the way forward.

Besides the nightmare-inducing Inferi, Evan couldn't see Dumbledore, Sirius, Harry, and Kreacher who were also caught in the same crowd.

The only thing he was thankful for was that Hermione was always by his side. When she was just about to be swallowed up by the Inferi, Evan held her right hand at the last moment and did not let go.

Hermione gasped and nestled up to his side.

Her small, pale face was almost bloodless. Because she was afraid, her face was as pale as the Inferi around her. Her beautiful, inspirational brown eyes were wide open at the moment, full of panic and uneasiness.

Tears were spinning in Hermione's eyes, but she refused to let them flow out.

Besides the scream she made when she first saw the Inferi, she had been forcing herself to make no other sound. She knew that she was fighting. Crying, screaming and weakness were of no use to distract herself and Evan.

Although very scared, Hermione forced herself not to let go of her emotions.

She didn't know why, but seeing Evan beside her, she had a familiar sense of peace. No matter how many Inferi there were, no matter what they faced, even if they were to die, as long as Evan was by her side, she could face it calmly and persevere until the end.

Both of them leaned together and sent various spells to the nearby Inferi.

"Use fire, Hermione, use fire magic," Evan shouted. "Dumbledore just said that the Inferi fear light and warmth. We can attack them with fire."

Hearing Evan's reminding, Hermione remembered what Dumbledore said.

"Incendio," she hurriedly shouted.

A faint red flame appeared in front of her, not far away, and a few Inferi ready to pounce on her obviously hesitated.

When they saw the fire, they instinctively wanted to escape.

But Hermione's flames were too weak. The Inferi were hesitating. The sense of threat they felt was not strong. It was as if they were hunting for a window to attack.

Hermione gasped for breath. After using this spell, all the magic in her body had been exhausted. She looked at all the Inferi that were about to rush to her. She knew that she could not dodge them.



She closed her eyes resigned to her fate, and her right hand held Evan's tightly.

But Hermione's eyes opened again. She was pleasantly surprised to see that Evan also successfully cast the spell of "Incendio". A red flame of half-human high circled on the ground and surrounded them with its blazing heat.

The Inferi retreated, and they were getting farther and farther away from them.

"Evan" Hermione turned and clung tightly to Evan. Her tears could not help but flow out.

Evan gently patted Hermione's shoulder and whispered comforting her.

At this moment, though surrounded by countless Inferi in the eerie cave, the atmosphere became extremely warm inside the circle of fire.

Outside the ring of fire, near the shore, Harry was not so comfortable, just a few seconds ago he followed Sirius and Kreacher amongst the Inferi.

Seeing Regulus, these two became totally mad.

They were like the giant monsters that Dumbledore had made, ramming themselves into the crowd of Inferi. Sirius burst with an incredible, powerful fighting force. Harry couldn't remember how many of them he took out, when the Inferi that tried to stop them.

Under heavy encirclement, they marched miraculously at an alarming speed, and in less than three seconds they rushed to the side of Regulus who had just climbed ashore.

"Come home, let's go home, Regulus" Sirius embraced him and burst into tears, making a heart shattering cry.

It was so sad that Harry couldn't help but cry as well. He never thought that Sirius would become like this. He told him before that he was tired of Regulus, just like he was bored of the rest of the Blacks.

It was only when he saw the scene that Harry knew that Sirius had a lot of worries about his brother; he finally understood their brotherhood.

"Back home, let's go home, I want to take you home, Regulus..." Sirius murmured.

He used all his strength to hug Regulus' body, in fear of losing him again.

#### Chapter 217: A Humble Funeral

Witnessing this touching scene, Harry couldn't help but cry.

In front of him, Sirius held Regulus's body in tears. He cried so sadly and kept muttering. "Home, Regulus, let us go home..."

In Sirius's arms, Regulus was oblivious to all of that.

His open eyes were misty, and there seemed to be a cobweb inside them. He stretched out his pale, dry hands and hugged Sirius tightly. Not a normal hug, but one full of malice, to drag Sirius into the lake and drown him.

"Be careful, Sirius..."

Harry hurriedly shouted, but his voice stopped abruptly.

He felt arms enclose him from behind, thin, fleshless arms, cold as death, and his feet left the ground as they lifted him and began to carry him, slowly and surely, back to the water.

Harry struggled to get away, but unsuccessfully. The Inferi were much stronger than he was, and he was dragged and slowly moved toward the lake.

The magic wand in his hand sent out a few spells in vain and relapsed into silence.

Harry was desperate. He knew there would be no escape, that he would be drowned, and become, like Regulus, one more dead guardian of a fragment of Voldemort's shattered soul...

But then, through the darkness, fire erupted, which was much stronger than the red flames of Evan and Hermione.

Crimson and gold, a ring of fire surrounded the rock so that the Inferi holding Harry so tightly stumbled and faltered.

They did not dare pass through the flames to get to the water. They dropped Harry.

He hit the ground, slipped on the rock, and fell, grazing his arms, then scrambled back up. He saw Dumbledore, Evan, and Hermione coming out of the flame. Evan and Hermione were pale, but they looked fine. In front of them, Dumbledore looked grave and the golden fire was dancing in his pale blue eyes.

His wand was raised like a torch and from its tip emanated the flames, like a vast lasso, encircling them all with warmth.

The power of these flames was astonishing. The Inferi that encountered it were instantly turned into ashes. The remaining Inferi bumped into each other, attempting, blindly, to escape the fire in which they were enclosed...

"Professor," Evan, Hermione and Harry shouted with delight.

He ran forward two steps and stopped immediately.

He heard the cries of Sirius, and he hurried back to see that Sirius and Regulus were fighting at the edge of the flames, and Kreacher stood aside without a move.

Because of the fire, Regulus struggled fiercely and wanted to escape to the lake, but Sirius clung to him and did not let go. He flushed because of too much effort.

Harry hurried to help, and Evan and Hermione hurriedly followed.

The three of them worked together to help Sirius hold Regulus down, and Evan even conjured a few ropes to tie him.

But Regulus's strength was amazing, completely beyond the reach of humans, and they were no opponents to him.

Just as everyone was about to give up, Dumbledore came over.

Without gorgeous magic, he just tapped Regulus on the head with his wand in his hand, and Regulus immediately calmed down and turned back into a normal corpse.

In the dark cave, Evan gasped, watching the horrible, eerie sights around him, and the quiet Regulus. He knew that everything was over, and they finally freed Regulus from his endless torture. They fulfilled Regulus's wishes, destroyed the Locket, and found his body, relieving him of the evil Dark magic.

At this moment, his soul could finally rest in peace.

.....  
.....

By sunset, in an out-of-the-way graveyard near Grimmauld Square.

It was the Black family's cemetery, with a tall, imposing dark marble monument carved with the Black family's emblem and a remarkable sentence made of jadeite beside it: "The Noble and Most Ancient House of Black: Toujours Pur."

Around the monument, there were many tombstones of different ages, they had different shapes, but they had one thing in common that is the materials were extremely exquisite.

On the right side of the cemetery were the three tall yews and the black outline of a chapel; on the left side of the cemetery, you could see the exquisite old house at 12 Grimmauld Place.

Like 12 Grimmauld Square, everything here, due to negligence, could only vaguely show the glory of the past.

There were weeds in the cemetery, and from time to time crows fell on the tombstones, watching the intruders in front of them.

Under the ruthless destruction brought by the years, most of the tall and exquisite tombstones had been damaged. They stood there quietly, silently telling the story and the loneliness of the Blacks.

In the innermost corner of the cemetery, Dumbledore, Sirius, Lupin, Evan, Harry, Hermione, and Kreacher stood solemnly in front of a very narrow and ordinary tombstone, which was not very consistent with the surrounding style. They gathered there for the final farewell of Regulus.

Lupin arrived after receiving the news. He was waiting for everyone at the Leaky Cauldron pub, preparing to spend a perfect Christmas along with them. He did not expect to receive such news.

There was no one other than Lupin.

In fact, they had planned to invite some more people to Regulus's funeral, but Sirius thought and didn't know who to invite.

Regulus had madly worshiped Voldemort before his death. He wanted to be a Death Eater, and most of his former relatives and friends were such people. Almost all of them were students of Slytherin House, and eventually became Death Eaters, now either dead or locked up in Azkaban, and could not be invited at all.

So, in the end, there were only a few of them.

Kreacher's stern, dry cries sounded intermittently, like someone playing a violin that's out of tune.

Evan had never attended a funeral before, and he didn't know how the normal funeral should be, but the funeral of Regulus was undoubtedly humble, and everything had been prepared in a hurry.

On the tombstone, was shortly written: Regulus Arcturus Black, a kind-hearted Death Eater. He defended his dignity and justice with his own life. He sacrificed his life against Voldemort, he was a worthy hero, and the eternal source of pride for the Black family.

Before that, Evan never thought that the words kind and Death Eater could be linked together.

That might be greatly ironic for other Death Eaters, but it was indeed the most faithful evaluation for Regulus.

As mentioned later, Regulus defended justice with his own life and resisted Voldemort. He was a true hero.

Next to the tombstone, Sirius looks haggard, with no tears, just silently looking at his younger brother's coffin.

For a long time, Lupin patted Sirius shoulder, and then they slowly filled the grave and buried Regulus.

#### Chapter 218: Christmas Party

The brief funeral ended in a solemn silence. In the end, only the house-elf Kreacher was still screaming, and Sirius basically recovered.

In his opinion, this was already the best possible outcome.

The message of Regulus's death was confirmed thirteen years ago. This funeral was only a late ceremony.

All his wishes had been fulfilled, and his soul could now rest in peace.

To Sirius, Regulus was no longer a weak and evil Death Eater, no longer a fool who knew nothing at all and was eventually killed by the family's pure blood philosophy. His brother was a well-deserved hero. He was proud of Regulus.

Although the funeral was humble, everything was perfect.

The same was true for Evan. The only regret was that they did not get the Locket that Regulus used to replace Voldemort's Horcrux, and the letter that was used to record his last words.

He still remembered the words above, which should roughly be: To the Dark Lord, I know I will be dead long before you read this, but I want you to know that it was I who discovered your secret. I have stolen the real Horcrux and intend to destroy it as soon as I can. I face death in the hope that when you meet your match, you will be mortal once more. R.A.B

This note written to Voldemort, between its lines, fully reflected the heroic fearless character of Regulus, as well as the shattered dream of the young man.

It is to be known, Regulus was once the wildest worshiper of Voldemort.

It could also be seen from the words in this note that, that unlike all other wizards who were determined to resist Voldemort, until the last moment of his life, he still called Voldemort the Dark Lord, which was the Death Eater's honor for Voldemort.

This showed how Regulus regarded Voldemort.

However, for the sake of his inner justice, for his own faith and persistence, Regulus finally chose to steal and destroy Voldemort's Horcrux. He chose to pay his life as price.

From this point of view, Evan wanted to take a look at the note he wrote.

But Dumbledore said there was no way to go through green liquids Voldemort had placed in the stone basin besides drinking them.

Only when Voldemort checks on his own Horcrux in the future can Regulus's last words be seen again.

Although regretful, this was no doubt exactly the same as what Regulus had thought before he died. In that way, the last words of Regulus's life could be conveyed to Voldemort, letting him know that there were still many people who resisted him in obscurity, even among the Death Eaters.

Thinking of this dramatic scene, Evan could not wait to the time he would see Voldemort's expression.

He might be full of wrath, but he should not be surprised. After all, from the beginning to the end, Voldemort never trusted anyone but himself. The Death Eaters who thought they were trusted by him were just mere pawns, nothing more.

It was getting dark. After Regulus's funeral, Dumbledore rushed back to the Ministry of Magic, where he was to attend the Wizengamot's trial of Pettigrew.

Peter's trial had reached a critical stage, and the impact of this case was enormous, and countless people were waiting for the final verdict.

Even at Christmas, the Wizengamot had no time to rest.

After Dumbledore left, Lupin, Sirius, Evan, Harry, and Hermione did not return to 12 Grimmauld Square. Instead, they went to the Leaky Cauldron pub to participate in the Christmas party as planned.

Kreacher was also taken with them, although Sirius thought he should be left at home alone, just like before. But the others insisted that it might be good for him to let Kreacher live in Hogwarts and let him get in touch with other house-elves.

After Apparition, Evan came to the Leaky Cauldron.

He was incredulously looking at the shabby little pub in front of him, sweeping through the dark, dirty style of the past. The whole hall was dressed like a dream with green Christmas trees, mistletoe and glittering gold stars and other Christmas decorations were everywhere.

The rich food scent came out of the kitchen, and Tom, the bar owner, stood behind the bar in a funny red Christmas costume, cracking his mouth and showing an ugly smile, welcoming everyone who came to the party.

Although the Christmas decoration there was not as spectacular as Hogwarts, it was more of a festive atmosphere.

Inside the bar, cheerful wizards could be seen everywhere, many of whom were Evan's classmates at Hogwarts.

People sitting in the bar with their glasses scattered, gathered together and talked cheerfully, laughing happily from time to time.

In the middle of the bar, a grotesquely dressed band was playing a relaxing Christmas tune. From time to time, magic was used to create a couple of colorful bubbles and golden fireworks. There were many young people around the band jumping and dancing merrily.

Evan rubbed his eyes. It was incredible. He couldn't imagine that a few hours ago, they were still fighting thousands of Inferi in a grotesque, gloomy cave, and now they are caught in a sea of festivals.

It was Christmas, and that was a real Christmas party.

When they went in, the atmosphere in the bar was at its peak.

Sirius and Harry were recognized almost instantaneously, and there was silence in the Leaky Cauldron pub, and then a sudden burst of warm applause almost toppling the roof. They all crowded over, shook hands with them over and over again, and sent the most sincere holiday greetings.

Evan was much less famous there than Harry, who had the reputation of being a savior. And he enjoyed his leisure by going to the bar with Hermione to pick up a drink.

Not far away, Lupin went to the bar owner and booked several rooms for the night.

Evan leaned back on the bar and looked at Sirius and Harry, who couldn't get away from the crowd for a while. He thought for a moment, pulled Hermione's little hand and prepared to go to Diagon Alley to look around.

He had just heard from Lupin that there were celebrations throughout Diagon Alley tonight, not just in the Leaky Cauldron. According to previous years, people would always celebrate until the early hours of the morning.

Evan and Hermione passed through the bar and went to the small walled patio outside.

It was completely dark, and the festive atmosphere in the bar was isolated by the door, and only a faint sound could be heard.

The two of them were huddled in the narrow patio, and they were very close to each other.

Hermione's heartbeat was getting faster and faster as she felt Evan's breath drawing near, and her face turned red.

Hermione, who had just faced the Inferi in the cave, had been so tightly strained. But now, she had relaxed.

She was thoughtless, when foolishly letting herself be pulled out by Evan out of trust. She had no idea what he wanted to do. But sweet joys, nervousness, and strange feelings mixed up in the depths of her heart.

Is this what a date is?

Chapter 219: Christmas Carnival in Diagon Alley

A date... it was another date!

Hermione's face was red, and she remembered the last time she was alone with Evan. The two of them went to Hogsmeade on the last day of the last semester, spent a whole day there, and even went to Madam Puddifoot's Tea Shop...

Hermione's heart beat increased slightly, and her thoughts returned to the lovers' Tea Shop, which was all pink with its air filled with lovely aromas.

She thought of what Evan was going to do to her under the big Christmas tree, he was about to kiss her, and almost succeeded.

When it came to Evan's actions, Hermione couldn't tell whether she was surprised, expecting them or...

Anyway, her heart was beating stronger and stronger, and her face was getting redder.

In fact, she didn't expect Evan to be so bold at the time as to kiss her, and if he did, she didn't know what to do.

Fortunately, he wasn't successful at that time, and reason told Hermione that it was the right thing.

It was undeniable that she really liked Evan. But Hermione was not sure if Evan liked her, or if he was just influenced by the atmosphere in the Tea Shop.

She was overwhelmed at the time, and there were so many couples doing that.

In that atmosphere, anyone couldn't help but do something stupid.

In Hermione's view, Evan was so good, so magical, always the focus of people's chats, and there were many girls in the school who liked him.

For example, Ravenclaw's Cho Chang, she was much more beautiful than her.

Hermione was a bit frustrated. She was just a bookworm who only knew how to read. She was not very good-tempered, nor was she very good looking.

She was nothing like Cho, boys should all like girls like her.

Every time Cho passed by them, Evan, Harry, and Ron, the three of them looked up at her.

Therefore, Hermione had always been unsure whether Evan really liked her.

But after that, they had experienced this series of events together.

Whether it was the horrible werewolf attack, or next when Professor Lupin was accused by Ron, the plot of Peter Pettigrew, the rescue of Sirius, the search for Regulus in a dangerous cave, etc. The things that kept happening in the past few days felt like they lasted centuries to Hermione.

Many times, they had been near death.

While maintaining a high degree of mental stress, Hermione and Evan became more and more intimate.

At any time, Evan kept protecting her, disregarding his own life.

While Hermione was moved, she trusted Evan in the depths of her heart, and other unclear emotions were getting stronger and stronger.

She suddenly regretted that she had not taken the opportunity to clarify their relationship at Madam Puddifoot's Tea Shop last time, perhaps she should have been more outgoing...

It was really a pity to miss that chance, and one thing was certain, that she had absolutely no courage to go there again with Evan.

But she still had the chance to have a Christmas party tonight.

They were all in the festive Diagon Alley, where the atmosphere was even better than Hogsmeade, and there should never be disturbances from monsters like werewolves and Inferi.

Hermione was increasingly expecting this evening to be a real date with Evan.

She peeked at Evan, and if there was a chance like the last time at Madam Puddifoot's Tea Shop, she would take it.

The atmosphere in the narrow little patio behind the Leaky Cauldron was somewhat different.

Neither of them knew how it started, but Evan and Hermione suddenly quieted down. They were talking about Regulus, and then neither of them spoke.

Evan was scratching his head, his heart pounding.

Through the bar's neon lights, he saw that Hermione's face showed an attractive pink color, like a ripe apple, ready to be bitten.

He subconsciously took a half step forward and was getting closer and closer to Hermione.

Their palms were all sweaty, and the strange atmosphere was getting more and more intense.

Evan looked carelessly into Hermione's eyes, and he found that the girl's fascinating gaze had a hint of fanaticism that looked particularly appealing.

He and Hermione looked at each other and the two of them hurriedly looked away.

Evan couldn't explain why he just felt Hermione's special beauty tonight.

Just as he summoned up his courage and was about to say something, the stone wall in front of him suddenly began to move, scaring them.

Evan and Hermione hurriedly turned their heads. In front of them, a small hole appeared in the middle of the stone wall leading to Diagon Alley. The hole grew bigger and bigger, and in a short while, a wide archway appeared in front of them, enough to let them pass through, leading to a winding, invisible cobblestone street.

"Merry Christmas, Children" A group of wizards dressed in red and green festive costumes stepped out and cheerfully greeted Evan and Hermione.

They hurried through the two people, ready to have a drink in Diagon Alley.

Evan and Hermione looked at each other, slightly embarrassed, and Evan was so clumsy that he didn't know what to do or where to put his hands.

Seeing his nervous appearance, Hermione suddenly smiled. The corners of her mouth rose slightly, her smiling eyes bent into a beautiful crescent shape.

She bit her lip, took Evan's right hand and stepped forward into Diagon Alley.



This evening, Diagon Alley had a special charm, almost all the shops were brightly lit.

The streets were filled with cheerful Christmas songs. There were rows of Christmas trees on both sides, which were covered with various decorations and Christmas gifts. Some of them had small icicles with sparkling crystals, and some trees were littering with hundreds of candles. Through the Christmas trees, you could see that behind the brick wall there was also a special magic, hanging with holly and mistletoe flower ribbons, color changing.

There were also those grotesque mascots, each of which looked extraordinarily odd, some dressed up as wizards, and some transformed by Transfiguration.

The scent of sweet food perfumed the streets, and the whole street was filled with revellers, dancing and celebrating the arrival of Christmas.

“Look over there, Evan,” said Hermione happily, with a sweet smile on her face and a look of high spirits.

Along the direction of her finger, Evan saw a small square at Gringotts on the front, with a red Christmas hat, more than 20 inch Paper Dragon flew over the head of the crowd, over which was a goblin that continued to throw Christmas gifts into the crowd below.

Those gifts were glittering golden galleons; many wizards were grabbing these gold coins below, bursting into loud laughter from time to time.

Evan knew that those gold coins should be fake, or else the Goblins would not have done such a thing with their stinginess and greed.

Instead of joining the carnival crowd, they strolled aimlessly on the lively streets and chatted happily.

Every shop had a celebration and free Christmas gifts.

The sound of magical fireworks rang from time to time above their heads, and was not muffled like ordinary firecrackers, but made explosions like artillery bombardments, engulfing the crowd in smoke of various colors.

Inside the fireworks' smoke, there were various kinds of egg gifts.

Evan picked up an Admiral's hat and put it on the top of his head, it was especially funny.

Hermione wanted a straw hat that looked particularly cute in pink, and they ran around in Diagon Alley with other wizards.

They followed the direction of firecrackers landing and collected gifts everywhere on the ground.

At the door of Gambol and Japes Wizarding Joke Shop, a gift box burst open with a bang, a burst of green smoke drifted by. Evan saw the pink hat fall into the alley not far away, and he hurriedly pulled Hermione and ran over.

In front of them, there was a lonely and quiet alley, and there was no one walking in. Like the outside, there was a towering Christmas tree in the alley with mistletoe and dozens of candles hanging out, emitting a faint, hazy light that looked very romantic.

Chapter 220: Sweetness Under the Mistletoe

Mistletoe, as the name suggests, is a parasitic plant that grows on other trees.

It is evergreen, representing hope and fertility.

There is a popular saying in the United Kingdom, that is: No mistletoe, no happy!

Even in the magic world, it is regarded as a traditional evil repellent, with great magic power, often hung by wizards in doorways to prevent bad luck or evil black magic invasion. On top of that, it had many other uses.

For example, in divination, the green branches of mistletoe are used for divination.

The white or red berry juice that it produces in winter is one of the essential ingredients for making Felix Felicis potion, which can bring good luck to the user.

Mistletoe is also known as the “Golden Bough of Life” in Muggle traditional history and culture.

It is said that on Christmas Day, as long as the girl passes by or stands where the mistletoe hangs, the man next to her can walk up and kiss her.

Looking at the Christmas tree shining in front of her eyes, and the mistletoe hanging from it, somehow, Hermione suddenly remembered this old custom.

She looked at Evan slyly, her eyes both expecting and a little scared.

She seemed to want Evan to take the initiative. But if Evan really came over, she had no idea what to do.

“Let’s find it, Hermione, I saw that hat drop here...” Evan gasped, not noticing Hermione’s strange reaction.

He held up his wand and whispered Lumos Spell, and began to look for it in the dark alley. There was nothing on the ground. Evan thought for a moment that when the hat fell, it might hang on the huge Christmas tree in front of him.

He looked up and looked at the branches of the Christmas tree from top to bottom.

“Evan” Hermione shouted softly, her heart beating fiercely.

She remembered the determination she had just made in the patio that she should take the initiative tonight and seize the opportunity. It was an excellent opportunity.

“Did you find that hat?” Hermione called, and Evan hurriedly lowered his head and suddenly stopped when she spoke.

Hermione was very close to him, and they looked at each other in the eyes.

When their eyes met instantly, he even stopped breathing.

At that moment, Evan was completely conquered by Hermione’s beauty.

His heart was full of strange feelings. Perhaps this was the feeling of love. He made up his mind that the girl in front of him was the one he liked, and he was willing to give everything to protect her, even his life.

Hermione’s face was reddish, and her glowing eyes looked back at Evan.

“Don’t worry about that hat, do you know that custom?”

“What custom!” Evan tried to concentrate.

“Yes, that’s about the mistletoe. You know, on Christmas Day, if only a girl stood under it, the mistletoe, then...” Hermione couldn’t say it, her face blushed to the extreme, she bit her lip gently, her face full of shyness.

She felt that she was very hot up and down all over her body.

She could hardly believe what he had just said.

In this way, it was like she was asking Evan to do the same to her.

The candles on the Christmas tree shone and the atmosphere became beautiful.

Along with Hermione’s gaze, Evan saw the large mistletoe over their heads. He instantly thought of the custom that Hermione talked about: On Christmas Day, as long as the boy and the girl were standing under the mistletoe, the boy could kiss her, and the girl has no right to refuse.

Hermione just talked about this custom, did she want herself...

Evan was lost in various fancies, under the dim candlelight on the Christmas tree; he felt Hermione was particularly beautiful, much more beautiful than usual.

Deep in his heart, he felt a sudden urge to kiss Hermione.

An invisible air field attracted Evan. He took a deep breath and couldn’t help but step forward and try to hold Hermione’s little hand.

A feeling like that of a slight electric shock came from the tips of his fingers. Hermione trembled and did not resist.

Evan felt her breath, the peculiar sweet scent of the girl.

His brain stopped working, and all his thoughts were converted into blank spaces.

He gulped and leaned forward.

The distance between the two was like an un-crossable gully. He felt so tense that even his breathing stopped.

Evan’s right hand bottom-up surrounded Hermione tightly.

In his arms, Hermione dodged as far back as she could, looking a little scared, and then, as if remembering something, stopped abruptly and closed her eyes tightly.

The long eyelashes on her eyelids trembled in the winter night wind, and the merry Christmas melody slowly came from far away. Hermione’s heart trembled as it loomed.

Her body was tight, and she was full of both anticipation and nervousness.

The distance between the two was getting closer and closer. Looking at Hermione in his arms, Evan gave command to his heart and made up his mind, and then closed his eyes, and his lips gently touched Hermione down.

The girl’s body trembled again and, in panic, she pushed him away hard.

Evan did not flinch this time. He felt that he had kissed Hermione, a sweet, cold feeling, very soft, just like eating sugar.

Her lips were pure and refreshingly cold.

Soon, he was immersed in this enchanting feeling.

For a moment after pushing Evan, Hermione also had the strange feeling between her lips, she closed her eyes tightly and dared not open them. She felt the coolness coming from her mouth and the taste of Evan's lips.

The two remained standing and didn't move.

It was for just a second, but for both of them, it seemed to be a century.

If, in the eyes of others, their movement was not so much a kiss as a gentle touch between their lips, for Evan and Hermione, that was already an extremely difficult challenge.

Evan could feel Hermione's tension. She bit her teeth and did not loosen.

He knew that at this time, the boy must take the initiative, and Evan was ready to take further action, but at that moment, Hermione jerked him away.

She was short of breath, avoiding Evan's eyes, bowing her head, and her little face was red...

"No, no, Evan, we can't do this..." Hermione gasped, her eyes involuntarily moved to another place, panicked and said, "I just saw the hat fall in, I... I'll go and find it."

When she finished, she turned her head and ran deep into the alley.

Evan paused, Hermione must be nervous now, and he is the same. He didn't know if he should chase her or what to say.

He began to think again. Since this started, it should happen properly.

This kind of half-done behavior, for lack of better words, could only be described by being really awkward.