

Harry Potter 231

Chapter 231: The Firebolt

By the time Evan returned to the Leaky Cauldron, Hermione had already come back. She was sitting at the bar, listening absently to Harry beside her.

In front of the two people were two large glasses of orange juice, constantly blowing bubbles.

It looked very delicious, but neither of them seemed to have a heart to drink juice.

Hermione was ruddy, unconsciously playing with her own cup, remembering over and over again how Evan kissed her under the mistletoe.

She did not expect that they would actually kiss on that night!!

It seemed like it felt good. Hermione still remembered Evan's scent.

Of course, despite the sweetness of that moment, she now had to calm down and think about it. This behavior was too embarrassing, too outrageous.

The more Hermione thought about it, the more blushed she was, and her head was a mess; completely unaware of what Harry was saying, sitting next to her.

She didn't know how to face Evan again, whether things would remain as they were, or ...

Because she was too shy, Hermione ran straight back to the Leaky Cauldron pub without thinking. She thought that Evan would be back soon, but now that she had been there for so long, and she did not see Evan's figure, she became restless again.

She was not sure if she should go out and look for Evan. He might be still waiting for her in that alley, or he was angry because she suddenly left.

Perhaps, she should explain herself...

Unlike Hermione, who was lost, Harry was in high spirits.

He looked around excitedly, laughing happily all the time. This was Harry's first Christmas party. He was surrounded by Lupin, Sirius, Evan, and Hermione. He was completely free with no scruples. There was no need to talk about so many rules.

In his past thirteen years, this kind of thing was simply unthinkable.

Every Christmas at the Dursleys, he sat sadly by Dudley's side, eating the terrible food that Aunt Petunia gave him, watching, with envy, Dudley showing off his Christmas gifts, or hiding in a cupboard under the stairs, alone.

Even if he had been at Christmas in Hogwarts for the past two years, there was no such feeling.

In Harry's opinion, this year's Christmas was the best. And to make everything even better, he just received a Christmas present from Sirius.

First, he thought that Sirius had forgotten about it, and he felt a little down.

He knew that Sirius was not to blame. There were so many things happening today, especially after Regulus's matter, Sirius must have been sad to death.

It never occurred to Harry that Sirius had not forgotten it, and that he had carefully prepared a Christmas present for him.

And this gift was a real Firebolt, the same as the one he used to look at and dream of every day when he was in Diagon Alley in the summer vacation.

This was really incredible, and Harry could not believe it until now.

He knew the price of the Firebolt, which was astronomical. As Evan said, a Firebolt might be more expensive than all Hogwarts students' broomsticks combined, and even Malfoy would not receive such a valuable Christmas gift.

The Firebolt had surpassed the general gift category, and this amazing world-class broomstick, which costs a staggering price, was by all meaning a piece of art

Only professional Quidditch players were eligible to own it.

And now, he himself had a Firebolt!

Harry had dreamt of it countless times, but in the end he woke up in a cruel reality. He thought he would be satisfied with his beloved Nimbus 2000!

When his Nimbus 2000 was smashed into wreckage by the Whomping Willow in the game against Hufflepuff two months ago, Harry thought that his Quidditch life had lost its meaning.

But now, Sirius had given him a Firebolt.

Harry would never forget the scene in his life, although Sirius had repeatedly explained that this Firebolt was the compensation for Harry's inadvertent slip down when Black appeared in the Quidditch pitch in his Animagus form, scaring him.

But Harry knew it wasn't his fault. He just wanted to see what he looked like at the game. It was the Dementors who eventually shattered his Nimbus 2000.

Looking at the restless Sirius, Harry had no idea what he should say.

He just held him, exhausted all his strength, and tears of joy and emotion flowed uncontrollably.

From Sirius, Harry felt the long-lost family affection.

He sat in front of the bar in excitement, staring at the passageway to Diagon Alley, waiting for Evan to come back. He would first lead him to look at his Firebolt.

Evan had just opened the door and entered the Leaky Cauldron when Harry and Hermione came running towards him, both of them rushing as if they had something to say.

He was standing there, wondering what was going on.

All he had currently in mind were things related to vampires. He was going to collect some magic books about those bloodsuckers, and learn more about their magic.

If ever he would meet again that girl named Elaine, he would not be so passive.

Evan's thoughts forcibly removed from the vampire and he looked at Harry and Hermione, who had strange expressions on their faces. He didn't know what was going on with them!

Harry smiled and it seemed that something pleasant had happened.

Hermione standing behind him was ruddy and looked at Evan very unnaturally. The girl must still be thinking about what had happened between them.

Evan just looked at her, and she hurriedly looked away.

As if aware of her misconduct, Hermione apparently took a deep breath and switched her fist-clenched hand through the air.

In the next second, her gaze moved back and she took the courage to look back at Evan.

Hermione's expression returned to normal, looking the same as usual except for her rosy face.

In fact, Hermione's face seemed to be calm, but deep down her heart was thumping.

When Evan finally stopped looking at her, she quietly breathed a sigh of relief.

Evan didn't know Hermione's actual state. Deep down inside, he was somewhat disappointed.

If it hadn't been for the vampire girl who came out from nowhere, he was going to confess to Hermione this evening.

This was a rare opportunity, but now he missed it!

Although it was a pity, Evan carefully thought it over. This was the usual Hermione.

There will be other days. He suddenly looked forward to the next Christmas....

Beside them, Harry did not notice anything unusual about them. He said happily, "Come on, Evan, I'll show you something..."

He ran upstairs with Evan, Hermione followed behind them.

"Show me what?" Evan said strangely. "What happened, why are you so happy?"

"I just received a gift from Sirius. It's incredible. Guess what Sirius gave me?" Harry turned to look at Evan.

"I know. It's a Firebolt!" Evan realized why Harry was so excited.

He already knew about it. If it wasn't because of so many things happening today, Sirius would have already taken this gift out, and wouldn't have waited until now.

"How do you know that?" Harry looked at Evan in surprise.

"You forgot, on the last day of the Christmas holiday, I secretly accompanied Hermione to Hogsmeade. I saw Sirius, who was on the run there, risking being caught. He went to the Owl Post Office to order the broom." Evan explained, "I thought you had already received it!" "

Harry heard Evan's explanation and thought that Sirius had gone so far for him. He became even more moved.

Chapter 232: Sleepless Christmas Night

It is one thing to know that Sirius sent a Firebolt to Harry, and it is another matter to see it with your own eyes.

Evan expressed deep shock at how much Sirius was capable to endure.

In the room, Harry showed Evan and Hermione the shining broomstick.

Unlike ordinary brooms, even if no one touched it, the Firebolt could be suspended in mid air. Without any support, its height from the ground was just right for people to ride.

The top of the broom was engraved with a golden registration number, showing that the broomstick was the twenty-second Firebolt produced in the world.

At the end of the broom was a perfectly smooth, streamlined curve that looked extremely perfect without any need for trimming.

Harry was already Hogwarts's best Seeker, and now with this international level broomstick, it would be impossible for anyone in school to be faster than him.

With his current level, he could even take part in a professional competition.

Evan could imagine that the future Quidditch match-ups between the various colleges would be Harry's time to shine, and he suddenly looked forward to Malfoy's reaction when he would see the Firebolt.

The mood in the room was pleasant, the fire was sizzling. Evan and Hermione were each holding a cup of hot cocoa and sitting on the comfortable sofa in front of the fireplace.

In front of them, Harry held the slightly trembling broomstick and kept talking to them in various technical terms to explain the superior performance of the Firebolt from a professional perspective.

He talked about everything he knew.

It could be seen that Harry had done his homework. Although it was his first contact, he knew everything about the Firebolt.

Unfortunately, neither Evan nor Hermione were too interested in broomsticks and Quidditch.

Besides the initial surprise, when knowing that this broomstick was very expensive, their reaction to the Firebolt gradually faded.

They continued to listen to Harry for a while, until both of them had finished their hot cocoa, and in the warm heat of the fire, a strong sense of drowsiness and fatigue came at the same time. They lost interest in the Firebolt and Harry's explanation, and did not want to hear it anymore.

Evan and Hermione exchanged a look, and they nodded at the same time with a tacit agreement.

Through eye contact, without even a word, they both knew what was going in other's mind.

"I'm very sorry Harry!" Hermione stood up and stretched out. "I am very glad that you have received a Firebolt, but there have been so many things happening today. It is a bit late now. I want to go back to bed..."

"Oh, yes, it is really too late." said Harry as if he had noticed the time that was approaching midnight. "Good night, Hermione!"

"Good night, Harry, sweet dreams!" Hermione said happily.

Evan just breathed a sigh of relief when he saw Harry turning his gaze to him.

“Evan, aren’t you sleepy? We can continue to discuss the possibility of using the Firebolt to do the Plumpton Pass, which, you know, is almost impossible to pull off with a normal broomstick.” Harry continued, “But with the record of the Firebolt, in theory...”

In fact, Evan was not lucid at all.

He was just listening to Harry only to know what he meant by “Plumpton Pass”. It is a term move in Quidditch where the Seeker casually scoops the Snitch up in their sleeve.

This action was named after the Tornados Quidditch team’s Seeker Roderick Plumpton, in 1921, used this technique in his famous game of breaking the Golden Snitch’s capture record.

While critics allege his ‘Plumpton Pass’ was an accident, and the Snitch had merely flown up his sleeve, Plumpton insisted until his death that it was intentional.

Anyone who knows a little bit about Quidditch knows that, for a Seeker, pulling off this move is miraculous.

Because the broom’s performance and reaction speed can’t be faster than the Golden Snitch, unless it is a coincidence, it would be impossible to complete this action.

In fact, the Plumpton Pass had been done only once in history.

But now with the Firebolt, in theory, this fantastic Quidditch movement, for the first time, would be possible for Harry.

It seemed that Harry would like to go on talking.

Evan had a headache and hurriedly stood up and said that he had to accompany Hermione back to her room first.

Harry nodded helplessly, and as such, they both left the room in a hurry.

There was no one in the dimly and narrow corridor on the second floor of the Leaky Cauldron pub. The doors on both sides were closed, and the carnival sounds from downstairs were faint.

Evan and Hermione walked slowly and neither of them spoke.

The mood was a bit awkward, and the tacit understanding of the two people disappeared instantly.

This was the first time they’d been alone together after kissing under the Christmas tree.

“Hermione...” Finally, Evan couldn’t help but break the silence.

It was currently an opportunity. He could try to finish what was left unresolved.

“Don’t talk, Evan, I know!” Hermione looked up sharply at Evan. Her face was lovely rosy. She said seriously, “I won’t refuse you, but I hope you can give me a little time. That thing hasn’t happened for the time being, okay?”

Looking at Hermione in front of him, Evan nodded helplessly, and once again, he blamed the vampire girl, Elaine.

If he didn't get caught up with her, then he would have caught up with Hermione, and things would not have been as complicated as they were at the moment.

Seeing Evan nodding, Hermione breathed a sigh of relief and looked a lot more at ease.

"Merry Christmas, Evan!" she said softly, "And, good night!"

As Hermione turned and walked into the room, the door closed gently, and the brass sign hanging on the door swayed. Evan sighed.

He kept telling himself that this was the normal thing to happen. If Hermione was to accept his confession and let him in to her room, this would be nothing but a dream.

When Evan swayed back to the room, he saw that Harry had not slept yet. He simply washed his face, rinsed his mouth and was waiting for him with his Firebolt.

He could see that he was too excited tonight.

In fact, not just Harry, everyone seemed to be like this.

There were so many things happening today, and he didn't know how many people were sleepless tonight.

Harry was still trying to say something about the Firebolt and Quidditch, and Evan was lying on his bed, not knowing how much he heard.

He could imagine that if Ron was there, he would sit with Harry in the room for a whole day, staring at the broom foolishly, praising it from all angles. He couldn't do that, but he didn't have to worry, because according to the plan, they should visit Ron at St Mungo's Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries after lunch at five o'clock the following day.

Harry could show off his broom at that time, and if all went well, Sirius would convince Mrs. Weasley to let Ron leave the hospital early.

With that, he could liberate himself.

Evan thought about that. His eyes were getting heavier, and his thoughts gradually blurred.

Chapter 233: Planning and Arrangement

Although there had been many accidents, this year's Christmas ending was undoubtedly pleasant.

Evan didn't know when he fell asleep. He vaguely remembered that after "Plumpton Pass", Harry seemed to tell him about the "Wronski Feint".

To put it simply, this tactic is one where a Seeker pretends to spot the Golden Snitch far below and races to catch it, rushing to the ground.

He deceives the opposing seeker and let him think he has found the Snitch, hoping he will copy.

But at the last second before reaching the ground, the feinting seeker pulls out of a dive, usually causing the opposing seeker to crash because he was not prepared.

This action is not as difficult as "Plumpton Pass ". The only requirement is that the seeker must be fast enough, as fast as the wind, and it was rarely seen in games before.

It is conceivable that after the advent of the Firebolt, the probability of Harry achieving the “Wronski Feint” will increase, and this action will become the best individual Seeker’s performance.

All these analyses were made by Harry and Evan before they went to bed last night.

Evan didn’t know if he remembered it accurately. Anyway, no matter what, he didn’t listen for these Quidditch terms at all.

Because of a day’s hard work and a late night’s sleep, Evan didn’t wake up until after nine o’clock the next morning.

He stretched out and climbed up from the bed.

The fire in the fireplace was extinguished, the room was slightly cold, and the window was covered with mist.

Evan walked over and wiped it. He was delighted to find that everything behind it was covered in white, and no passersby could be seen on the street.

The goose feathers-like snow was slowly falling from the sky, and the smell of Christmas was more fragrant.

Because the room was facing the Muggle Street, just when Evan turned away, an old city tram rattled past, making a loud noise.

The tram was very loud, but Harry was still not awake in the bed on the other side of the room.

His quilt fell to the ground, and a tin of high-precision polisher was placed on the bed beside him, while he himself was clinging tightly to the sparkling Firebolt.

Harry had a smile on his lips as if he had a sweet dream.

Evan did not disturb him, got himself dressed and walked down the stairs.

After Christmas, there were many things waiting for him to do, and he simply sorted out the things to do next.

First of all, the matter of improving his own strength must be put on the agenda.

Even though Evan was the strongest wizard among his peers or the fifth and sixth year students, he was a far cry from an evil Dark wizard, vampires, or other dark creatures. What he had already reached was nothing compared to what he had to attain.

A series of recent events had also made Evan aware of this gap in strength, which was his biggest shortcoming and could have fundamental constraints on the development of the event.

A lot of things, not that Evan did not want to do, but that he didn’t have the ability to finish.

He could only do his best to make use of the advantages of other aspects such as prophecy and try to make up for the disadvantages caused by the age and strength gap.

However, with the development of events, in the next few years, Evan’s own advantages should get smaller and smaller, and the difficulty of facing challenges would be greater and greater.

It was easy to understand that the more he changed the original story, the more blurred and unknown the future became, and any accidents could happen.

The unknown gives rise to fear, which is the main reason why so many powerful wizards especially believe in illusory prophecies.

Just like now, Evan saved Sirius and changed his fate.

On the contrary, Peter Pettigrew was caught by the Ministry of Magic and would soon be sentenced. His soul had not been suck by the Dementors, but was to be imprisoned for life in Azkaban.

The established destiny had changed, and Evan would not naively believe that if there was no Peter Pettigrew to help, Voldemort would be willing to stay in the forest of Albania and do nothing, hide in the shadows for a lifetime and would never come back.

This was impossible. He would definitely return. It was only a matter of time and way.

Professor Trelawney's prophecy also explicitly mentioned this matter, and in that dark unknown temple, the magic that Voldemort had left in the past would personally select a person to help him regain his unprecedented power.

Voldemort was strong enough. He mastered a lot of evil black magic. The Horcruxes guaranteed his immortality. Evan could hardly imagine what would happen if he got more powerful strength.

At that time, even Dumbledore might not be able to stop him.

Evan did not dare to continue thinking about it anymore. Anyway, he had to upgrade his strength as soon as possible to cope with the uncertain future.

He was going to go over the dozens of Black family books that he brought out yesterday, which were very precious books on dark magic.

If he mastered all the magic in those books, the improvement would certainly not be small.

Besides, there were the Secret Treasure Keys left by the Big Four Founders, and Evan decided to start with the key pieces left by Gryffindor in the Centaur tribe.

Regardless of whether it had been split or not, from what he knew, that thing could help a wizard to improve his magic, which was Evan's most urgent need at the moment.

In addition to boosting his strength, according to the plan, Evan was also preparing to further enhance the influence of the "Hogwarts Magic" to gain control of public opinion.

Most wizards use newspapers to get to know about all kinds of news in the wizarding world because of the relatively closed channels of transmission. The opinions of mainstream newspapers have a great influence on people's views on certain things, which is very important.

Before the Christmas holidays end, Evan and Professor Lupin should look into renting a shop in Diagon Alley as the headquarters of the Hogwarts Magic.

He had all well planned to set up a stronghold in the most prosperous streets of the British magic world, officially open to the public, responsible for newspaper printing, sales and advertising contacts.

That was the first step in the expansion of the Hogwarts Magic newspaper, and at the same time, the most important point.

It was only by appearing in front of the public that he could gradually increase the influence of the newspaper.

Otherwise, in the eyes of other wizards, no matter how many explosive news it would give, the Hogwarts Magic would be just an in-house unknown school magazine for young wizards to amuse themselves and would never compete with the “Daily Prophet”.

Although he had to rent a place, Evan wasn't sure if he could find the right shop, given the limited funds and the high rent fees on Diagon Alley.

If it was too remote, he might not be able to promote it.

In addition to this, Evan would also take part in Sirius, Harry and Hermione's collective activities, starting with visiting Ron at St Mungo's Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries.

In the previous communication, Mr. Weasley and his wife also invited them to The Burrow, where they would stay for a few days until the end of the Christmas holidays.

Chapter 234: The Black Family's Wealth

Sirius received a gift from the store owner for all the Quidditch League Games next year, a full set of 10, all privileged seats, for the purchase of the Firebolt.

The Quidditch League is the abbreviation of the British and Irish Quidditch team's Super Contest, which is held by the 13 best teams in the magic world.

Unlike the simple confrontation between the four Hogwarts Houses, the Quidditch League is a professional competition.

They have a high level of competition and recruit players from all over the world.

Gryffindor Quidditch team's captain Oliver Wood's biggest dream was to join Puddlemere United after graduation and become a professional player.

In school, he always brought the latest news of the Puddlemere United team. He contributed to the Hogwarts Magic newspaper with articles all about this aspect, discussing the new tactical analysis used by the team and so on.

Because they usually listened to what Wood said, Evan, Harry and Hermione were also looking forward to see what the professional league looked like.

They checked the schedule of next year and found that on the first day of the New Year, there was a match between Puddlemere United and Wimbourne Wasps.

Because it was the first Quidditch match after Christmas, and both teams were in high demand for the championship, and next summer would be the Quidditch World Cup and many other reasons, the game was very popular and it was hard to find a ticket. Fortunately, Sirius got the tickets.

After discussion, they decided to watch the game before they returned to school and invited the Weasleys to join them.

Evan went down the stairs, and these were the things that he needed to accomplish during the rest of the Christmas holidays, the most important of which was to improve his own strength.

The first floor of the Leaky Cauldron was a mess, and didn't seem like yesterday was Christmas at all.

Almost overnight, the little pub returned from its bustling Christmas party to its once small, dirty appearance, as if it hadn't been cleaned for centuries.

However, there was no unpleasant odor in the air, but it was full of the aroma of food.

Bar owner Tom stood behind a dilapidated bar, grilling a string of sausages, and his face showed an ugly smile when he saw Evan.

“Good morning, Mr. Mason!”

“Good morning!” Evan made a greeting.

In the eccentric hall not far away, Lupin, Sirius, and Hermione were already up. They were sitting around a round table having breakfast, happily discussing something.

It seemed that they expected Evan to come and they had prepared a breakfast for him.

“Just in time, Evan, we were just talking about you!” Sirius waved as Evan walked in, motioned him to sit next to him, and spoke up coming straight to the point, “I just heard Remus and Hermione say it, are you planning to rent a house in Diagon Alley?”

“Yes!” Evan nodded, wondering why Sirius had mentioned it. He took the milk that Hermione handed over and explained. “I have carefully considered it. If I want to further expand Hogwarts magic’s sales and influence, I have to move the newspaper’s headquarters to Diagon Alley, like the “Daily Prophet”. It is also convenient for Professor Lupin to manage things... ”

“Have you chosen the right location yet?” Sirius asked, “Diagon Alley shops rent is not cheap; it costs a lot of galleons! ”

Evan shook his head. In fact, this was exactly his problem.

Although he had made a lot of money from the Hogwarts magic’s lucrative advertising fees over the past two years, he had also spent a lot.

Aside from the cost of sponsoring various magic research projects by Fred, George, Hermione, and other young wizards, the vast majority of his income was spent simply on the collection of valuable magic books at Flourish and Blotts Bookseller, and the bulk purchase of potion materials.

The money that Evan could afford to spend at the time was around two hundred gold galleons. This money could only allow him to select a shop in a remote place, just hoping that the location would not be too far away.

But to top it all, what was most frustrating was that he could not spend all this money.

He had to leave some of it as a daily newspaper turnover, as well as to buy the necessary magic test materials, and things that needed to be upgraded...

The amount of money that needed to be spent on the improvement of magic was a bottomless pit.

Two thousand galleons wouldn’t have been nearly enough, let alone two hundred.

Evan sighed; from all angles, he had to find a long-term, profitable project that could make a lot of money.

Although the operation of newspapers could be profitable, it was far from enough. The main purpose of operating newspapers is to enhance influence and control public opinion. Making money was an added perk.

Moreover, the income of the “Hogwarts Magic” had reached a plateau, and it was hard to get a big boost in a short time.

As for the viable profitable projects, Evan currently only knew one.

That is the Weasley prank product developed by Fred and George, and it was very popular with other young wizards. If nothing went wrong, it could even become the biggest prank product brand in the magic world, and making money was not a problem.

The problem now is that if they wanted to realize all the ideas in their heads and open up the market, they still needed a large amount of money to invest at the beginning.

Evan didn't have the money. Fred and George were even less likely to have it. All of their previous research and development expenses were almost sponsored by Evan.

Besides, if they wanted to open a joke shop, they also needed to rent a shop in Diagon Alley.

All the problems went back to the original point. They didn't have enough money to rent a suitable shop in Diagon Alley right at once.

The Weasley's joke shop was put back, but the newspaper headquarters issue was imminent and had to be resolved during the Christmas holidays. It couldn't be delayed until next summer.

Evan calculated that for a location not too remote, according to the surrounding situation and the flow of people, the annual rent was about three hundred up to five hundred gold galleons.

This meant that he should at least find a way to get two hundred gold galleons.

Evan was ready to determine the specific store first, and the money on hand could be used as rent. If there was really no way at the end, in his personal collection, there were many precious magic books and some refining potions that he could sell.

However, Evan would not do so, unless it was his last resort.

He was thinking of a quick way to get two hundred gold galleons. Even if he reached out and asked for it from his family, his parents would not give him so much money at once.

He just wanted to borrow money, which was almost impossible.

Whether it was the Weasleys or Lupin, Harry, Hermione, and the people around Evan, their financial level was relatively average, or even could be called difficult, unless...

Evan suddenly thought of Sirius. Although he had been in Azkaban for twelve years, he still had an incredible fortune being the sole heir to the noblest and oldest Black family.

From the fact that he casually bought a Firebolt for Harry as a Christmas gift, it could be seen that he was not in a bad financial state at all. A few hundred gold gallons were not to pose a problem for him.

Evan's eyes became bright. Sirius didn't wait for him to open his mouth and continued.

“I can help you with the locale. If I remember correctly, the Black family still has several shops in Diagon Alley. They’re an ancestral legacy. You can use them whenever you want.” Sirius said indifferently, “Otherwise they would be idle there. If I rent them out, I don’t have time to manage or collect rent.”

When he heard Sirius, Evan was stunned. The idea had just been raised, and Sirius had already put it forward. Obviously, he had already planned to do so. It turned out that he just said this to Lupin and Hermione.

Evan hurriedly thanked Sirius, but the latter said that he shouldn’t worry about such things.

In Sirius’s eyes, compared to what Evan had done to help him, it was nothing to offer him a few stores.

Because it had been a so long time, Sirius couldn’t remember the exact number and location of the stores.

When Harry arrived, they discussed it for a while and decided to go to the Black family’s vault in the Gringotts Wizarding Bank after breakfast and look for those deeds.

Evan was also curious about the Black family’s vault. He wanted to see how amazing was the wealth accumulated by this pure blood family in the past thousand years .

Chapter 235: A Dragon Deep Underground

Although Evan had been to Gringotts Wizarding Bank many times before, he had never been to the underground vaults, and he just took his Galleons back then on the go.

Hermione, like him, had never been to the depths of the old vault.

Only Harry, because his parents left him an inheritance, had to go to his vault every year to take some gold galleons as tuition before the school.

No matter they had been to the underground at Gringotts or not, they were all very interested in the Blacks’ vault.

Although, according to Sirius, there was nothing to look at, it was just full of boring gold.

But gold enough to fill a room was enough to bring shock to those thinking about it.

It was the first day after Christmas. Just like the Muggle Street outside, Diagon Alley was cold and clear, covered with white snow everywhere.

On the street, apart from them, there were no other people, and many shops had not opened.

Everyone was worried, fearing that the Gringotts was not open.

But when they reached the towering snow-white attic in the central square of Diagon Alley, the thick snow on the ground had been cleared, and the shiny bronze door had been opened. A goblin in a scarlet and gold uniform was standing there.

“The goblins are devoted to their work. They don’t take any rest all year round. During the Christmas holidays, only the Gringotts will open as usual.” Lupin whispered.

“Don’t mislead the children, Remus! We all know why the goblins don’t rest, not because they are dedicated, but because they are that greedy. To me, these goblins don’t care about Christmas.” Sirius said disdainfully. “For them, gold is more important than festivals.”

Sirius did not lower his voice. The goblin in front of the bronze door apparently heard the remark, and looked at them with eyes that were even less friendly than usual.

He still bowed to everyone, but his movements were stiff.

Evan saw that the goblin looked to be his own height, and had a smart, dark face and a sharp beard. His fingers and feet were particularly long.

“Gentlemen, this way, please!” He led them into the Gringotts.

Behind the bronze gate was a second silver gate.

When he first came to Gringotts, Evan just felt that the door was beautifully made.

Later, by reading the related literature, he knew that the door was the gate of the Gringotts when it was first established a thousand years ago. It was made of pure silver by the goblins, and the greatest alchemist of the time used a lot of magic on it.

Such ancient magic might not be functional anymore, but the door itself had historical value.

A row of words was engraved on the two doors. It was a warning sign left by the goblins. It seemed to be a curse. It was said in a verse that a thief shall suffer badly.

In Gringotts, behind the long counters, the goblins sat on high stools, receiving the first customers of the day, and the goblin who led them in led them to a very old goblin in the center.

“Sirius Black!” Seeing Sirius, the goblin was obviously very surprised. “What a rare guest, what can I do for you today?”

The goblin shivered; perhaps, at the thought of Sirius’s dark past in Azkaban, and the rumors outside that he was a frightening Death Eater.

“I want to go to the vault, not my own vault, but the black family’s vault.” Sirius added an accent on the Black family.

“The Black Family’s vault?!” The old goblin flinched and then leaned out of the counter. “Do you have the key?”

“I do!” Sirius took out a rusty key and threw it on the counter.

Evan noticed that the key was long and it was engraved with the emblem of the Black family.

“Fine, no problem.” The goblin kept frowning and continued. “We can let you in, but you know, the old vault of your family is in a special area, surrounded by strong protective measures, and you’d better be alone...”

“We have to go down together. I don’t care about this special area!” Sirius said impatiently, “Don’t waste time, there are still many things waiting for me to do.”

The two stared at each other for a moment before the goblin backed down.

Lupin stayed on top waiting for them, and Sirius went down with Evan, Harry, and Hermione. While the Goblin agreed with black proposal, he still looked at the three as children, who should not be careful enough.

Seeing the goblin being so cautious, Evan was more curious about the vault of the Black family in the special area, trying to imagine what might be there.

“Griphook, you take the four of them to the underground vault.” The old goblin beckoned, and said to the goblin that had just led them in.

Griphook seemed to be waiting for this, and his eyes flashed with malicious intent.

Behind the counter was a narrow side door that he ran to open it for them.

When Evan walked in, he didn't see the same architectural style as the tall marble hall outside, but before his eyes was a narrow stone corridor, illuminated by a burning torch, like an ancient cave.

The stone corridor formed a steep slope leading to a small railway underneath.

Griphook whistled and a small cart rushed toward them along the tracks.

Harry was the first to climb into the cart skillfully. Evan and Hermione followed and Harry introduced what they should pay attention to.

“This cart will run very fast for a while, you'd better grasp firmly,” Harry warned. “The road inside is twisted and tortuous like a maze.”

Hearing Harry's words, both Evan and Hermione got themselves mentally prepared.

But the speed of the cart far exceeded their imagination, and just when Sirius came up, Griphook pulled the lever.

The cart suddenly started moving, and it was getting faster and faster, and there seemed to be no limit to its acceleration.

It took them wriggling into a crack in the wall, twisting and turning through the labyrinthine passages, sloping downward all the time.

The dark, cold air in the deep underground hit their faces.

Evan could not hear anything over the rattling of the cart on the tracks. All he knew was that they kept swerving between the stalactites, flying ever deeper into the earth.

Beside Evan, Sirius, Harry, and Hermione's hair flitted backwards. The three of them didn't look too good, and they were looking nervously around.

Only the goblin, Griphook, was particularly happy. He turned his head and looked at them with a gloating joy.

Griphook waved his fingers from time to time, and the speed of the cart got quicker after each shaking.

Because of what Sirius had just said, he was retaliating against them.

In addition to being so greedy, goblins are definitely the most grudge-holding creatures in the world, seeking revenge for the smallest grievance.

If you accidentally offended a goblin, he might remember it his whole life.

Although he knew that they were in trouble, Griphook was still trying to scare them to death.

Evan clenched his teeth. In about twenty minutes, the four of them had already rushed to the deeper place under the ground.

They passed through an underground lake with huge stalactites and stalagmites hanging down to the ground.

“I haven’t been to such a deep place before!” Harry shouted, “I just went through those rocks and it seemed like I saw something blowing out...”

His cry suddenly stopped, they quickly turned a sharp bend, and the cart slowly stopped.

“Please get off, everyone! We have to change the cart. We have to use a cart that goes deeper to get to the Black family’s vault.” Griphook took the lead and jumped. “This way, please. We need to walk for a while.”

But no one besides him moved, and everyone stared at the front.

In front of them, Evan saw what Harry had just seen, a gigantic dragon tethered to the ground not far away, barring access to the deeper vaults.

The dragon’s scales had turned pale and flaky during its long incarceration under the ground, and its eyes were milkily pink, both rear legs bore heavy cuffs from which chains led to enormous pegs driven deep into the rocky floor.

Its great spiked wings, folded close to its body, would have filled the chamber if it spread them. Sensing that someone was approaching, the Dragon turned its ugly head toward them and roared with a noise that made the rock tremble. It opened its mouth and spat a jet of fiery fire with an astonishing heat wave.

Chapter 236: Ukrainian Ironbelly

Under the threat of the dragon and the fire, everyone recoiled.

“Unbelievable, the outside rumors are true. There is actually a dragon in Gringotts!” Harry shouted in surprise, his eyes mixed with curiosity and panic.

“The Ukrainian Ironbelly, the largest dragon species in the world. Very dangerous.” Sirius cautiously said, “These goblins should have a way to subdue it. It looks like they’ve tormented it enough, but we should be careful. Evan, don’t be so close!!”

Evan stood next to Griphook and looked curiously at the dragon at the corner.

Although he had seen dragons in many magic books, this was the first time he saw a living one.

As the largest fire dragon known in the current magical world, the Ukrainian Ironbelly can weigh up to six tons. Its body is round and the scales on its belly are extremely hard. Compared with the Peruvian Vipertooth or the Romanian Longhorn, it flies slower, but it is more dangerous.

It is used to landing from high altitude and capable of crushing the dwellings on which it lands to power.

Normally, its scales are metallic grey, its eyes are deep red, its claws are particularly long, and it's particularly vicious.

Ironbellies have been subject to constant observation by the Ukrainian wizarding authorities, ever since a particular Ironbelly carried off a sailing ship from the Black Sea in 1799.

The dragon's blood and scales are extremely precious magical materials. The heartstrings and the nerves are used to make wand cores. In ancient times, only a handful of powerful wizards could get these things, because only they were able to slay dragons.

Although there are already places to raise dragons for profit, the price of dragon blood and scales still exceeds their weight in gold.

Different types of dragons have different dragon blood, scales, nerves and values.

Among the dragons, the magic of the Ukrainian Ironbelly belongs to the weaker kind. Its dragon blood is not the best magic potion material. Its heart strings and nerves are rarely chosen to make wands, but the hard scales on its belly have high magic power and are essential ingredients for many magic props.

Nevertheless, Evan doubted the value of the scales of the Ukrainian Ironbelly in front of him and whether anyone would need them because they looked extremely haggard and unhealthy.

"It's partially blind!" At the side of Evan, Griphook gasped and said, "It was brought here when it was a baby dragon. It has been over two hundred years now. Its power is declining, but its temper is more brutal than the dragons outside. But we have a way to control it. It has formed a conditioned reflex to the Clankers."

Griphook took out a number of small metal instruments that when shaken made a loud, ringing noise like miniature hammers on anvils.

He gave them to everyone and demonstrated how to use them.

"Well, you know what to do," Griphook continued. "It will expect pain when it hears the noise, it will retreat back. We will take the opportunity to run past him to the little room at the end."

"That's why I hate coming here!" Sirius mumbled, "Crazy dragon, and equally crazy goblins..."

They lined up, Griphook stood at the front, followed by Evan, Hermione, Harry, and Sirius. Everyone had a Clanker in his hand.

Evan's left hand clasped Hermione's tightly, and her palm was full of sweat.

They followed the goblin, and advanced around the corner again, shaking the Clankers, and the noise echoed off the rocky walls, grossly magnified, so that the inside of Evan's skull seemed to vibrate with the din.

The huge dragon let out another hoarse roar, then retreated.

Evan could see it trembling, and as they drew nearer he saw the scars made by vicious slashes across its face, and guessed that it had been taught to fear hot swords when it heard the sound of the Clankers.

Because he was close enough, Evan could feel the amazing heat from it.

A few seconds later, when everyone passed by the dragon and entered the small room at the end, they were pale, wiped off the sweat, and breathed a sigh of relief.

Close contact with a dragon was definitely a remarkable experience.

In front of them was a circular downward staircase, which looked very old, with a faint fluorescence of blue rock on the ground and a mysterious smell.

As they went down, the roars of the dragon gradually faded away.

Back into the calm, on both sides of the stairs were large and small coffers.

Besides the numbers used to identify the rocks, Evan could only see all kinds of odd-shaped gates.

Not surprisingly, the vault of the Death Eater Bellatrix was in it, with another Horcrux, Hufflepuff's Golden Cup, placed by Voldemort in her custody.

Evan didn't know which one it was. Fortunately, there weren't a lot of vaults there. He tried to remember the terrain nearby and carefully observed it in front of a suspicious door. He was wondering how to destroy this Horcrux...

"If you don't want to die, you'd better stay away from that door." Griphook suddenly turned back and said, "The doors of the vault are all enchanted with great defensive magic and curse, and only the goblins can open them in the right way, otherwise..."

"I'm just looking at it!" Evan explained. He really meant to have a look, memorize the surrounding terrain, and prepare for the rush to find the Horcrux later.

"I know, but I must remind you that greed, in the end, fails even the greedy."

Griphook grinned unkindly. "Remember, if you want to take something that is not yours from the Gringotts, death is waiting for you. All kinds of magic arranged here are completely beyond your imagination."

"Evan is just curious. No one will be interested in that scrap." Sirius said impatiently, "Come on, we'd better hurry up. I don't want to spend all day in the cave."

The circular staircase zigzagged downward, seemingly endless, and they went on for about ten minutes, to the edge of the staircase, and Griphook suddenly stopped.

Evan also hurriedly stopped, and the surrounding area was dark and there was no light.

They all pulled out their wands. Under the faint fluorescence of their tips, Evan saw something different from above. It should be a naturally formed cave.

Cracks were everywhere on the rock walls, and a whirring sound came out of the cracks.

Shout, shout, shout!!!

The sharp and harsh sound did not stop. It was extremely strange, as if it were the screams of countless banshees.

The atmosphere was getting tense. They had just seen the dragon. No one could tell what else was there. Did these crazy goblins use the banshees to guard the vaults deep underground?!

Evan felt Hermione leaning towards him, holding his hand tightly.

“What are these sounds, what’s underneath?” Harry whispered.

“It’s the wind!” Sirius’s voice, too, was a little repressed. “As for the following things, you will know immediately. It is definitely an unpleasant scene that’s beyond imagination. I was brought here once by my father 16 years ago and I never wanted to come back here again...”

Chapter 237: Vault Number One

Evan didn’t know what the unpleasant scene Sirius talked about would be, but it seemed a little strange to see the wind blowing through the seams in the surrounding rocks.

This was tens of thousands of feet deep underground, and it was reasonable to say that there should be no wind. Moreover, these winds were not the kind of cloudy gusts that would blow from the depths of the cave, but with a little warmth, like a warm midday wind.

In a place where there should be no wind, there was a strong wind with high temperature. Was there a legendary magic item underneath?! But then would it be too big?

At the edge of the stairs, Griphook clapped his hands, and a small cart rushed out from a dark, hidden gap in the rock wall. He signaled everyone to climb up.

Everyone climbed up in order, crammed together; nervously looking ahead, wondering what was awaiting them.

Griphook snapped his fingers and the cart started moving again. This time, it was not as fast as the 1st one.

As it slowly turned over the corner and rushed out of the cave, Evan felt a stronger warm wind blowing from below.

He hurriedly looked out, and in the endless darkness, he noticed that he was floating in the air.

In front of them, all the rocks disappeared, and a huge, bottomless hole suddenly appeared, and gusts of wind whistled up from below.

The hole was deep and straight down, as if extending to the earth’s core.

Everyone grabbed the edge of the cart tightly and looked out carefully.

If they accidentally fell from there, they would definitely shatter into pieces, and even their corpses would not be found.

Below the cart, a narrow track extended forward at a weird angle.

The old wooden brackets that were supported upwards on the rough rock walls were their only reliance. The rusty track routes were intricate, extending from the seams in the rock wall, not at the end, sometimes intertwined, and quickly separated.

Evan looked back and saw where they had just come out, and in the blink of an eye they were in a small seam, not different from the seams that were all over the rock.

He tried to memorize the route, but found it impossible to do.

The route of the track was too complicated, and the seams on the rock wall looked exactly the same .

Even if someone was to break in, find a treasure from the depths of the underground; if he didn't remember the road, it would be impossible for him to get out of it.

Evan was sure that what awaited an intruder going through the wrong seam should not be pleasing to encounter.

The track zigzagged downward, and as everyone approached the deepest part of the vault, the wind blowing from below became hotter and hotter, quickly turning into an ascending heat wave.

The whistling sound was getting stronger and stronger, as if there were countless dragons firing up below.

Evan looked out again and saw a round, red-glowing object right below them, like a gate to the depths of hell.

He blinked for a few seconds before he realized what it was...

It was the magma deep in the earth's crust!!!

Underneath them was a seemingly endless sea of magma, whistling and breathing, creaking and shining red all around them.

The temperature of the magma was amazing, and even the surrounding rocks were roasted red.

A few seconds later, the cart slowly stopped on an irregular island in the center of the red-black magma.

Everyone walked down, everyone was sweating, and their faces were red. They never thought that they would feel such a temperature in cold winter.

In fact, no one ever imagined that the deepest underground part of Gringotts would be such a scene, in sharp contrast to the prosperity above Diagon Alley.

Sirius was right. These goblins were simply mad. They have been digging down to the depths of the earth's crust. If something happened there, the lava would break out, and not only Diagon Alley, but even the entirety of London would be engulfed by flames.

On the island there were dozens of stone sculptures, all kinds of shapes, which seemed to be the entrance to the vaults.

Evan felt a bit strange, because the shape of these statues looked familiar, and he must have seen them somewhere before.

He looked carefully for a moment, and then it hit him that the statues were all emblems of ancient pure-blood wizards. Many of these wizard families were prominent in the history of magic thousands of years ago, but most of them are now extinct, remaining only in history books.

“These are the earliest vaults built at the time of Gringotts’ founding. There are a hundred of them, all owned by the strongest Wizards of their time or by the most powerful pure-blood wizard families.” Griphook explained, “As centuries passed, many wizard families have disappeared into the stream of history, and they haven’t been here for many years.”

The island carved with emblems looked like a graveyard of pure blood wizards.

These significant statues not only testify to the glory of the past of the pure-blood wizard families, but also tell endless loneliness in silence. No matter how powerful and illustrious they were, they no longer existed, and the treasures preserved in the Gringotts will remain here forever.

Regardless of all that, the ancient wizard family emblems show that this should absolutely be the holy land for magic historians and heraldry enthusiasts.

Evan carefully observed and compared with the wizard’s emblems in his mind.

After watching it for a while, he found that it was exactly the same as Griphook said. There were big numbers on the statues, all within one hundred. Below the statues were gates of various shapes, which should be the vaults of these pure-blood wizards.

On the magma not far away, there were several irregularly shaped islands.

Just like here, on some islands were also placed statues of varying sizes and shapes. Among them, Evan saw the Slytherin family’s emblem at a glance because it was too conspicuous. The huge statue inlaid with many emeralds was glowing softly green, forming a capital letter S.

It was located on a small island in the center of the lava, it was abnormally elevated.

Evan saw that the number above the S letter was the number one, which meant it was the first vault of Gringotts.

Underneath the statue was a black door with exquisite patterns. He didn’t know what metal it was made of. It looked very complicated.

Because it was too far away, Evan didn’t see it clearly.

The patterns on the gate seemed to be the same as the invisible lines on Slytherin’s Locket in his arm that he couldn’t understand. They seemed to be a whole...

Evan shook his head and wondered what that meant. Was it a special word left by the Slytherins?

He was going to go back and check out the relevant books. If it didn’t work, he could also ask the vampire girl named Elaine.

Next to the Slytherin’s vault, Evan also saw the sky-blue coat of arms of the Ravenclaw family, similar to the Ravenclaw House’s emblem, but somewhat different, not a giant raven waving its wings in the sky, but an eagle-shaped sculpture standing with an unknown plant in its mouth, wearing a crown symbolizing wisdom on its head.

At the center of the crown, a brilliant diamond sparkled, echoing a thick nebula at the top of the statue.

No one knew how many gems had been used on this seemingly ordinary stone statue.

The huge diamond in the center of the crown alone should be extremely valuable, and the family treasures hidden in it could be imagined how precious.

Unfortunately, the Ravenclaw family had no descendants, and whatever was inside, those things should basically belong to the goblins now.

Evan felt curious and looked around again.

For some unknown reason, he didn't see the signs of the Gryffindor and the Hufflepuff families. They didn't seem to have set up a vault here.

Chapter 238: Treasures Beyond Imagination

A thousand years ago, the magic world was different from what it is now. At that time, the British society was in chaos, the territory was not unified, and the whole European continent was in the wilderness and darkness.

Besides wizards, many magical creatures were also prosperous.

They didn't live in seclusion like they do now. On the contrary, they frequently appeared in the wizarding world, making frequent exchanges and transactions with wizards, and even being hired by them to participate directly in the Muggle war.

Among the many magical creatures, the goblins were absolutely unique.

Because of their natural greed and love of gold, they were most closely related to humans. They directly opened stores in wizarding societies, providing wizards with a large number of well-made magic props, weapons, armors and other services.

But the innate pride and deceit in their character kept them from believing in humans.

In the eyes of goblins, they and the human wizards were cooperating on equal terms and had the same status. Putting it in a more direct way, it was purely about money and how to use it in their relationship.

In case they were not satisfied, they could launch a riot and make a fuss.

In this environment, many powerful wizards and pure-blood wizard families did not believe in goblins, and they were skeptical about the Gringotts established by the goblins.

In their view, they preferred to bury family treasures in their castles or in hiding places, rather than in Gringotts which degree of security was questionable.

This prevailed in the Middle Ages and before that, and this was the main reason why many precious magic relics were discovered in later generations.

After centuries of excavation, the remains of these magical relics had become very rare, and the remains that had not been found or successfully excavated were the remains of very powerful wizards. For example, the Pyramids of Egypt, Gringotts and Egyptian wizarding authorities had long worked together to excavate and decipher the ancient magic monument, where Ron's brother Bill Weasley worked as a Curse-Breaker.

Thousands of years ago, Egypt's rulers, powerful elders and wizards, laid out countless powerful magic and curses in the pyramids, and cracking through them was progressing very slowly.

Like the pyramids, the once eminent Gryffindor and Hufflepuff families did not preserve their wealth in Gringotts, as Slytherin and Ravenclaw did, but in other places and had not been discovered so far.

How much wealth did Godric Gryffindor have? Evan was not sure.

But in the related history books of magic, Helga Hufflepuff's description was accurate: her hobby, besides cooking, was collecting gold.

With her strength, the property she left should definitely be an amazing astronomical number, but it was not known where she hid it, and the Hufflepuff family also had no descendants. Evan suddenly thought: "She would not hide her wealth in the Hogwarts common room! This is really.."

What if, after facing all the hardship he had to face in order to get to the Secret Treasures left by the founders, he would find a great amount of gold left by her?

Evan grinned bitterly and hurriedly removed the idea from his mind. Although gold was good, it had no use at all in defeating Voldemort. He could not kill Voldemort with gold.

After observing for a while, Evan discovered that in addition to these family emblems, there were many strange implements on the islands above the lava in the distance.

They were all made of metal, and they looked so grand and spectacular, like weapons left by some ancient civilization.

Evan knew that those things were not weapons, but instruments used by the goblins to forge and refine magical objects.

It's known that, in addition to greed, the goblins are also famous for being good at creating excellent magical equipment.

Historically, many legendary magic items had been made by them.

One of the most famous is Excalibur, made by Merlin and the goblins, which was the most famous magic sword in history. At that time it decided the ascendancy of the British throne and the future direction of the magic world.

It was also since then that many non-human magical creatures had gradually withdrawn from the magical "public".

Of course, there is also the Sword of Gryffindor, which Godric Gryffindor purchased from the goblins while he was alive. He put magic on it, and only a true Gryffindor could find it. Last semester in the Chamber of Secrets, Harry used the sword to kill the Basilisk.

Evan regained his gaze, and by his side, Harry was still looking around and shouting, "It's incredible. How did they do it?"

"Goblins have strong magic power, and they have their own unique magic culture."

Hermione then exclaimed, "If you look closely, you'll find that all these islands are floating on lava, but not melted by magma, which requires extremely powerful

magic. To tell you the truth, I don't know how the goblins built such a huge institution. In my opinion, it should be impossible to accomplish all of ..."

"Nothing is impossible!" Griphook said proudly, "The goblins have their own special Magic, which is much more advanced than that of the human wizards."

He took the key from Sirius and walked up to the carving that marked 68, which was covered with the Black family's emblem. The most striking thing was the two leaping black dogs carved from obsidian.

There was a narrow gap above the bronze door below the statue, and Griphook went over and put the key in and turned it gently.

An organ like sound was made, and there was a loud rumbling on the ground.

The gate was slowly opened, and a stone staircase appeared in front of everyone. The vault of the Black family showed its true face, with a large rectangular room in front.

Evan, Harry, and Hermione rushed in excitedly. They all wanted to see what it looked like in the vault, and how shocking was the Blacks' wealth!

Just looking at the environment where the vault was located, the dangerous hot magma and the frightening emblem of the ancient pure-blood wizard family on the island, all this was enough to get everyone more intrigued.

They all wanted to know what was in the Black family vault, though Sirius had said it was boring and full of gold. But filling a whole room with gold was, in a sense, a remarkable achievement.

Evan, Harry and Hermione rushed in, thinking they would see mountains of gold, silver bars and other valuable antiques.

But there was nothing in front of them. The vault was very empty, as if it had just been robbed, and not a piece of gold could be seen.

It was shocking alright, but it was exactly the opposite of their expectations.

It was not so much a vault, but more like a storeroom for an evil black wizard.

The shelves on both sides were full of strange and eccentric black magic items, of which they did not know the specific use.

For example, on the shelf on the left side of Evan, there was a black skull with a crown.

That slightly sunken bone, with its ornate ornamentation, exuded an eerie air that looked horrible and disgusting.

In the corner of the room, a huge white skeleton of an unknown species of fire dragon was magically rearranged standing there. Every bone was engraved with the emblem of the Black family. It was not known which ancestor in the Blacks' history had left such an "amusing" collection.

What in the world was going on there? And what was really the wealth of the Black family?!

Everyone scratched their heads and turned to look at Sirius who had just walked in, waiting for his explanation.

Chapter 239: The Black Family Deeds

“Sirius, what in the world is this?” Harry asked in surprise.

“I don’t know, it’s not the same as when I came here 16 years ago!” Sirius looked around, and wondered, “From what I remember, mountains of gold coins and gold goods filled the whole room, till the point where we could not set foot inside...”

For the moment, the vault was empty. In addition to all sorts of bizarre treasures and black magic items that were very evil at a glance, even the shadow of gold could not be seen.

“Griphook?!”

“We can’t reveal the secrets of our customers, but this doesn’t seem like something that needs to be concealed.” Griphook sullenly said, “This vault was opened 13 years ago, and at the behest of its owner at the time, Mrs. Walburga Black, we sent our staff to transfer all the gold and goods here to the personal vaults of Ms. Bellatrix Lestrange and Mrs. Narcissa Malfoy. Because there was so much gold, the task took us two whole days.”

Hearing Griphook’s description, Evan could imagine the scene at the time.

The goblins lined up and walked in and out of the Black family’s vault, carrying gold in their arms and carrying them up to the personal vaults in carts.

“Not surprising, after Regulus’s death, my dear old mother redistributed the family’s wealth.” Sirius said sarcastically, “Each of my cousins has a share. One of them is married to a Death Eater, and the other is one of the craziest of them all. My mother must’ve been so proud! It’s no surprise. I should have guessed she’d do it. She certainly didn’t want to leave me anything.”

Sirius walked over to a skull and kicked it to the side with his foot.

The cracked old skull rolled on the ground, making an uncomfortable rough sound, rolling into the dark corner of the room.

Evan, Harry, and Hermione looked at each other and saw the fear in each other’s eyes.

As if noticing that the atmosphere was not quite right, Sirius immediately raised his head and said, “Well, you three don’t let this get you down. Nobody cares about the gold. We are here to find the deeds. Let me see, they should still be here. ”

He went to a cupboard and rummaged, and Evan hurried over to help.

Sirius was right, everything that looked dangerous, black magic items and things apparently bearing the Black family emblem were left here, unmoved.

The absence of gold wasn’t the only bizarre thing in the vault.

Many of them were simply weird ornamental accessories, belonging to the personal collection of former members of the Black family.

There were also many items that had magical power, and Evan even felt a powerful magical reaction from several items. Unfortunately, most of them were black magic items, and could not be used.

Before a big, dark red stone table, Evan saw a simple card.

The card showed that everything on the table belonged to Arcturus Black, and Evan remembered the Black family tree he had seen the day before. This guy was Sirius's Grandfather, a person who had remained alive until 3 or 4 years ago.

On the stone table, the most striking thing was bloodstained motionless eyeball, in a glass box.

It looked as if being ripped out directly from someone's head.

There were various bones placed on the inner side of the stone platform, most of which were the bones of magical creatures, but many of them were of the shape of the known that human bones.

There couldn't be a title deed on the top, and Evan went to the side to open another closet.

Under the cover of thick dust, he saw dozens of large glass bottles filled with unknown yellow and green liquids.

He narrowed his eyes, moved closer, and looked curiously.

The nearest glass bottle contained an Ashwinder, very slender, the size of a thick thread. It was bent in a strange way, very similar to the Ashwinder pattern in the book.

The Ashwinder is a rare magical creature. It's a serpent born with magic.

The Ashwinder is created when a magical fire is left burning for too long. A thin, pale-grey serpent with glowing red eyes, would rise from the embers of an unsupervised fire and slither away into the shadows of the dwelling in which it finds itself, leaving an ashy trail behind it.

The Ashwinder lives for only an hour and during that time seeks a dark and secluded spot in which to lay its eggs, after which it will collapse into dust.

Ashwinder eggs are bright red and give off intense heat.

They will ignite the dwelling within minutes if not found in time. These Ashwinder eggs have a strong magical power, and if they can be frozen with a Freezing Charm, they can be used in a Love Potion or eaten whole as a cure for ague.

Because of the high demand for fire, this kind of serpent is actually hard to come into being.

It is impossible to preserve an Ashwinder as a specimen, and Evan had never seen anything similar except this one in the bottle.

Just as he was about to get closer and look at what was interesting in the other bottles, Hermione's voice came from the side.

"Come here, I found the deeds!" she shouted.

Hermione took a lot of yellow paper from a file cabinet, which was full of text and was very hard to read. It was in old English. At the very back, there was the seal of the Black family and the seal of the Ministry of magic, proving that the title deeds were legal and valid.

“This is 6 Spider Tail Alley!” Hermione picked up the top deed and looked at it carefully. “I’ve never heard of this place, where is the Spider Tail Alley?”

“In the north side of Diagon Alley and Knockturn Alley, there is a large Muggle area in the middle.” Sirius came over and explained, “It’s an ancient wizard gathering area, about 500 years old. Because there were many black wizards who had gradually abandoned it in recent decades, this place doesn’t have any importance.”

Under this deed, was the 12 Grimmauld Place’s deed. It belonged to the Blacks for centuries. In addition to the house, it also included a large area of land. The deed had the emblem of the Presbyterian Church of the Ministry of Magic, and the emblem of the then Muggle King.

The fourth deed was for a shop in Knockturn Alley, and there was a long-term rental agreement in each of the two deeds.

One of them, No. 21 was rented to an old witch, for a period of 40 years to sell things like poison apples and poison candles. As for the 83rd, it was rented to McGonagall family for a period of one hundred years to sell the fur and skulls of various magical creatures.

After that, the fifth deed was finally a shop on Diagon Alley, No. 36 Diagon Alley.

“36 Diagon Alley!” Hermione recalled carefully. “It seems to be between the Eeylops Owl Emporium and Ollivander’s Wand Shop, there...”

In Evan’s memory, there was indeed a big place, there, that has been idle for a long time.

That place should be 36 Diagon Alley. This location was not the best, but there were many people around. Especially at the beginning of school every year, many young wizards would buy magic wands or an owl as a pet.

It was a good fit for the newspaper headquarters. If the place was large enough, the first floor location could be fully utilized to sell things like Weasley joke products.

Inside the file cabinet, the last deed was the Blacks’ Manor in the countryside. It was very large and seemed to have a deserted castle on it.

Chapter 240: Sirius’s Wand

They successfully found the deeds, the purpose of this trip had been accomplished, and no one touched the apparently dangerous Dark Arts items and the other curious collections.

They went back to where they came from led by Griphook.

More than half an hour later, the cart finally reached the surface after another wild ride.

Breathing the fresh air, and looking at the familiar buildings in Diagon Alley and Professor Lupin, who smiled and greeted them, Evan, Harry and Hermione all had a sense of rebirth. The location of the vault and the innumerable secrets beneath Gringotts were really exciting, though they did not get to see the wealth of the Black family as they had anticipated.

The three of them discussed with Lupin what they saw and heard deep underground, the chained Ironbelly, the small islands in the melting lava, the vaults of the pure blood wizard families of thousands of years ago, and so on.

The vault number one, with the Slytherin family emblem was the most interesting.

Evan was absolutely convinced that there was a connection between the ornament on the vault door and the weird ornament on the Slytherin's Locket he had on him.

There was another point about the secret treasure keys left by the Four Founders.

Evan had speculated about the hints of the keys location.

In literal sense, since Gryffindor's treasure key was preserved among the Centaur tribe, the key to Slytherin's treasure was likely to be hidden by the goblins in Gringotts, right in the mysterious vault that he had just seen.

The question then was: how to make sure of that and get the key out?!

It was impossible to ask a goblin about that, and entering directly into Gringotts meant nothing but death.

Evan thought for a moment that if Slytherin's treasure key was really in Gringotts, he would have to start looking it up with the vampire girl called Elaine and her family.

Even though vampires, they were also descendants of the Slytherin family.

Like Voldemort, they were the legitimate heirs of the vault.

While Evan was thinking about this, Lupin talked with Harry and Hermione about the magic that the goblins placed in Gringotts and the weakness that everyone had just seen on the Ironbelly.

Sirius followed behind and did not participate in the conversation.

He didn't look very happy and they didn't know if it was because of the crazy bumpy cart or the empty vault.

He stared blankly to the front, and nobody knew what he was thinking of.

Harry and Hermione quickly noticed that. They exchanged an uneasy look with each other, their faces were full of worry, and the atmosphere was silent.

Hermione poked Evan gently and signaled him to look back at Sirius.

Evan looked back, and he could understand Sirius's feelings at the moment.

Although he didn't care about those treasures and gold, it was the wealth accumulated by the Blacks over the centuries, passed down from generation to generation, and now it was all the property of other families.

No matter who would be encountering such a thing, he would be unhappy.

In particular, Sirius's mother, who allocated the property, preferred to trust his two cousins rather than leave something for her own son.

If Evan himself encountered such a thing, he would be sad to death.

"Sirius..." Harry shouted anxiously.

"I'm okay, just recalling some unpleasant memories!" Sirius took a deep breath of cold air, cheered up and joined them in the conversation. "Remus was right, the

Ironbelly's weakness lies in its eyes, you can use Obscuro or other spells to attack that part and make it retreat out of pain. In addition, each dragon has a particularly fragile scale. If you want to kill the dragon, then..."

As they walked along, Sirius looked completely recovered.

Before returning to the Leaky Cauldron for lunch, they decided to go to 36 Diagon Alley to have a look.

They left the main road and turned into a narrow, backlit street, where the snow had not been cleared for a long time and the deepest point was enough to reach the knees.

The streets were very depressed and all the shops were not open for business.

Only a small shop opened its door. An old wizard with two big, pale silvery eyes was sweeping the snow in front of the store. Peeling gold letters over the door read Ollivanders: Makers of Fine Wands since 382 B.C.

Seeing Mr. Ollivander, Evan was very surprised that he did not change a bit from the time he last saw him.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Ollivander!" Everyone hurried forward to greet.

"Good afternoon, everyone, nice to meet you!" Ollivander looked up, his pale pupils slid across the five faces, stayed the longest on Evan and Harry, and eventually fell on Sirius, "Sirius Black, It's a great pleasure to see you again. It's been more than twenty years since I last saw you, and I didn't think there would be such a chance..."

"Oh, yes, I thought I had no chance to come back to Diagon Alley." Sirius said cheerfully, "You've seen the latest reports! With the help of these three children, I've been proved innocent."

"Of course, of course!" Ollivander happily said "Ebony, twelve inches long, good at Transfiguration, right?"

"Yes, but that wand had been broken when I was caught by the Ministry twelve years ago." Sirius pulled out a wand and said sadly, "That's a good wand, but it doesn't feel as right as the other one."

"Of course it's not easy; it's resisting your power!" Ollivander came over and whispered softly, "This wand does not belong to you. I don't know where you got it. It is my grandfather's work, very ancient craftsmanship, elm and dragon nerves, a bit tough. In those days, dragon materials were very rare, and only the richest families of pure blood wizards could afford to buy..."

Ollivander took the wand from Sirius and observed it carefully, talking about how good and how old it was, as if he were appreciating a work of art.

"Mr. Ollivander?!"

“Oh, yes!” Ollivander handed the wand back to Sirius. “This wand is great, but it doesn’t fit you! If you can, I suggest that you choose a wand from my shop. ”

“I don’t think it’s necessary. I’m no longer a young wizard. I can handle any wand skillfully.” Sirius said with pride.

“That’s a pity!” Ollivander continued. “You know, it’s the wand that chooses the wizard, and using someone else’s wand affects your strength.”

“Mr. Ollivander is right. You really should change your wand.” Evan followed and persuaded him; he knew the importance of the wand for the wizard.

For wizards, using someone else’s wand could be extremely difficult, affecting the power of their spells and the transmission of magic. Powerful wands can even resist the will of the user, going against it completely.

In the original book, for this reason, the Elder Wand in Voldemort’s hand resisted the use of the killing curse against its real owner Harry, and he finally died unknowing of that.

So did Sirius, who, in the original book, had been running away, and could possibly not pick a wand of his own. He had to use this wand belonging to one of his ancestors.

When he dueled Bellatrix, he lost his life, perhaps as he couldn’t use his true strength with that wand.

Yes, in order to deal with the dangers to be encountered in the future, changing this wand was very necessary.

“Sirius, Since Mr. Ollivander and Evan said this, just go and change your wand...” Harry said with concern.

“No need, I can control this wand!” Sirius answered stubbornly.

“That’s only temporary. As time goes on, it will affect you more and more.” Ollivander whispered, “The core of this wand is the dragon’s nerves. You know, dragons are powerful creatures, and they don’t obey at will...”

Hearing Ollivander’s words, Harry hastened to shout, “Sirius!”

“Okay, okay, I can come back later when I have time!” Sirius patted Harry’s shoulder and said softly, “Don’t you remember guys? We are going to the store now, and we’re going to the hospital to see the Weasley boy after that. We can’t afford to waste time here.”

“It won’t take much time. We can wait for you in the shop.” Evan pointed to a very shabby house near the wand shop and said, “I saw the sign. It’s 36 Diagon Alley!”