

Harry Potter 301

Chapter 301: Whispers From the Dark

The Acromantulas that had just gathered fled everywhere. Evan had no time to deal with them. Instead, he urged Buckbeak to chase the spider that had taken Malfoy away.

It took Malfoy straight to Aragog's Lair, because there was no wind, the fog inside the slope was so thick that it blocked Evan's sight.

He did not hesitate. He knew that the Acromantula was going there. Just as it was about to drag Malfoy into the cave behind the domed spider web, Evan and Buckbeak spectacularly appeared in front of it through the dense fog.

"Help!" Malfoy cried weakly, reaching out to Evan.

Buckbeak rushed over, intending to scratch the cobweb full of corpses in front of him, but the domed spider web remained unscathed.

The sturdiness of this messy spider web was beyond everyone's imagination.

With the strength of the rebound, Evan leapt from Buckbeak.

He waved his wand sharply in mid-air. With a loud crash, several decayed corpses hanging on the cobweb flew down, blocking the way of the Acromantula.

Click, click!

The Acromantula that was forced to a dead end let go of Malfoy, turned around and rushed over to Evan, its sharp big pincers clicking with desperate madness, ready to fight him to death.

Evan pressed his wrist gently to the lower right, and the beautiful silver light flashed past, leaving a faint trace in the air. The body of the Acromantula was split in two and fell on the ground.

Evan had enough magic and skill for that spell to fly out fast enough. It made the green, sticky blood of the spider fly in one direction, splashing on Malfoy, who was paralyzed behind.

When Evan walked over, he fell face down on the ground, gasping, coughing, and retching repeatedly.

Buckbeak tried several more times and found that the huge domed spider web could not be damaged. After that, he gave up, landing on the ground.

Goyle and Crabbe, who had been speeding along with him, were lying there gasping for breath, still unconscious.

"Get up, we have to get out of here quickly." Evan said bluntly.

"It's dead, this spider has been killed by you, and the monsters are running away..." Malfoy choked with sobs, and dared not look into Evan's eyes.

"These Acromantulas are nothing at all. If we don't get out of here quickly, you will know what big trouble really is." Evan looked around with vigilance, and gathered magic in his wand quickly. He didn't put his wand away.

It was very abnormal that there wasn't much apparent movement in Aragog's lair.

Who knows what the cunning old spider was hiding in the depths of the earth? It didn't seem right to feel at ease.

That was on top of the large number of Acromantulas outside the slope, who were ready to move.

After all, when Evan first came here a few months ago, he saw that any Acromantula was several times larger than the one he had just killed.

With the increase in body size, the strength and danger of the Acromantulas increases as well.

Evan did not plan to waste time here, especially when he had those three burdensome fellows with him. Instead of giving Malfoy time to rest and recover, he turned around and asked Goyle and Crabbe to hold him on Buckbeak's back. He went behind the cobweb and looked deep into Aragog's Lair.

In front of him, there was a gentle downward slope, not too deep.

The cave was dark, and warm wind and mist were blowing out from below.

Although it was only the second time he came here and his first close observation, Evan couldn't tell why he always felt this was familiar, as if he had been to this cave many times, even down this gentle slope...

He shook his head and stood in this position. He could feel more clearly the strange trace of black magic.

It was certain that this was not any magic he knew.

The gusts of warm wind mixed with bloody and weird smell made one feel uncomfortable, like the murky air in the Divination classroom.

Evan was confused. He seemed to hear a voice speaking to him.

Vague memory fragments reappeared in his mind, and the forgotten illusion would show him a startling secret, the meaning of the ancient emblem...

He had just to follow this gentle slope, and all the truth would come to light.

"Come on, come on, I've been waiting for a long time!" A low voice, somewhere, sounded, "You are resisting tenaciously; you grasp your tiny life, as if you could really change everything. It's just an unrealistic illusion. All resistance is futile. You will understand..."

"Everything has a soul, all souls can be swallowed, and souls shall tremble in the darkness. This is your ultimate destiny." A voice whispered, "I have swallowed up their souls, now it's your turn!"

"Come on, come on, lost lamb in the dark forest, your soul has been marked by me. The endless fear has shrouded you, will you sleep to escape fear?" it whispered softly. "Do you dream when you are asleep? In your dreams, you will experience more terrifying fears than reality."

“No one knows this secret. In the deepest part of the earth, you can only be redeemed if you find the emblem I left behind...”

Evan stood there, feeling a voice talking in his mind. But he didn't understand what it meant.

This was really too strange. Where did this sound come from?!

It was not until Malfoy was calling him that he showed his surprise.

“Did you hear anything just now?” Evan hurriedly asked.

Malfoy, Goyle and Crabbe shook their heads in a sluggish manner and looked around in horror, not knowing what he meant.

Evan wanted to say something more, but stopped immediately. He could feel something coming up from below.

There were many of them, maybe Aragog and his descendants, or worse!

He hurriedly turned around and climbed to Buckbeak's back as quickly as he could.

Just as he sat up, Buckbeak waved his wings and flew up.

The misty slope was getting smaller and smaller under their feet. Ultimately, they managed to leave safely, and everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

Behind him, Malfoy was pale.

He looked at Evan's back and hesitated, as if he was going to thank him.

Nevertheless, giving up dignity to thank a mud blood was absolutely a very difficult thing for Malfoy.

Not to mention, this mud blood was usually one of the most annoying people to him.

Malfoy tangled, and then considered why he was in the Forbidden Forest today, why he was caught by the Acromantulas. The underlying reasons were all due to Evan and Harry. This thought made him even more reluctant to thank him.

He opened his mouth and said nothing. He made up his mind to find an opportunity to return this favor to Evan, or to repay it with Gold Galleons.

In short, he would never say those words!

Chapter 302: Abandoning Malfoy

Evan didn't have time to take care of Malfoy, nor did he care about his gratitude.

Today, he risked his life to save Malfoy, Goyle and Crabbe. That didn't mean he wanted to improve his relationship with them and become friends.

The motive behind his actions was very simple; he just did not want them to be killed by the Acromantulas, especially in front of him.

As it was said before, this had nothing to do with personal feelings; it was about his own nature and conscience.

He was still thinking about the whispers that had just appeared in his mind. He didn't understand the meaning of those words. There was a voice in the bottom of his heart, which kept luring him into the cave below.

"No one knows the secret. In the deepest part of the earth, if you find the emblem, you will know everything." Evan repeated it slowly.

In reality, he really wanted to explore the cave.

He didn't like feeling that there was something hiding in the unknown existence in Aragog's Lair, leaving him at loss, and things were getting out of his grasp.

The other side was not Voldemort, nor was Voldemort so evil and powerful.

But Evan didn't know anything about it. He couldn't prepare as he did step by step against Voldemort. He had no longer the greatest advantage of knowing the future.

Maybe he could go to the library to look up information or ask Dumbledore to get some clues.

But first of all, he had to know what the emblem that had been mentioned in the whisper was like.

Only then could he know who the other side was.

The sound of a rustle sounded in the cave, and Evan controlled Buckbeak down a little. He wanted to see what was going to get out from its bottom.

He thought it would be Aragog and its elite, but unexpectedly, about five seconds later, a large group of small dark blue spiders crawled out of the cave.

They looked very fragile, with light red stripes on their bodies.

These little spiders seemed to have just hatched out, and they were extremely afraid of the sun.

They crowded around the entrance of the cave, covered by milky white mist, and plunged into the corpses hanging from the huge spider web in front of the Lair.

Evan let Buckbeak get closer again, and could clearly see that with the entry of the small spiders, those who had not yet fully adapted to the weather were going under the skins of the corpses.

They struggled to tear flesh and blood with their newborn pincers, drilled down the blood vessels to the depths of the corpses, and soon disappeared.

The whole process was extremely cruel, causing scalp numbness.

It was scary enough just to think about this scene. No one knew how many young Acromantulas were hidden in the nearly 100 corpses.

In a short time, they would grow into the next generation fighting power.

Malfoy, who sat behind Evan for a while, was afraid that if Evan hadn't saved them, he would probably be the same as the corpses below, and be hung there to become the food of the Acromantulas larvae.

Looking at the scene in front of him, he felt very sick. A breeze blew, and Malfoy was confused, shaking on Buckbeak's back. He hurriedly grabbed the feathers of the Hippogriff, but could not make any effort.

On his arm, the spot that had just been bitten by the Acromantula had completely lost feeling, and crispness and numbness was spreading rapidly throughout his body.

Malfoy wanted to urge Evan to leave and go back to the castle. He was really scared now, for fear of any sequelae left by the treatment being too late.

And it was unclear why he seemed to have hallucinations in his brain.

With the invasion of venom, he felt that everything around him seemed to be unreal. A voice was ringing in his head, whispering and echoing.

Malfoy could not hear clearly what the other side was saying, nor did he want to hear it clearly.

His face was pale, not half-blooded, and he had no usual demeanor. Now he just wanted to get away from this ghost place and go back to the warm and comfortable castle.

Even if he had to ask Evan for it, even if he was asked to go back to see all Slytherins again, even if he was to see Harry's exuberant appearance, he would not want to stay here.

Malfoy just wanted to speak and stopped at once.

He felt something creeping on his skin. He slowly lowered his head and saw a small spider coming out of the wound, just like the Acromantulas larvae that were pouring madly into the corpses.

Malfoy was frightened, and as he prepared to take a closer look, the little spider disappeared, and everything was an illusion.

The pressure from fearing death almost made him breathless.

'I am going to die!' This was Malfoy's only thought.

The next second, all he saw was black, and his big head fell down.

Evan, Goyle, and Crabbe didn't think that Malfoy would suddenly faint, and they watched as he fell straight into Aragog's lair.

"Damn!" Evan hurriedly controlled Buckbeak to fly down.

Click, click, click.

An adult Acromantula suddenly emerged from the cave. It seemed to have anticipated that this would happen and had been waiting here for a long time.

It used its two forelegs to hold Malfoy tightly and dragged him to the depths of the cave with the fastest speed.

Evan wanted to stop it, but as soon as Buckbeak landed, the swarm of small spiders quickly crawled over.

In the blink of an eye, hundreds of spider larvae emerged from the corpses of the spider web, clicking continuously, and rapidly pinching their pincers.

Crabbe and Goyle screamed in horror, and the two of them clung to Buckbeak's feathers and squatted on it.

Their two fat bodies were huddled up and shrunk into a ball, looking very funny.

Buckbeak also fluttered his wings and dared not to land, his eyes sparkling with fear.

In a sense, these spider larvae were even more terrifying than the adult Acromantulas. They crowded together densely, and once they were close to the body, they would bite the skin and drill into the blood vessels, and then there was only death.

The scenes of their madness pouring into the corpses were still vivid, and no one dared to touch them.

Evan jumped to the ground and shouted, "INCENDIO!"

At the end of his wand, a golden-red flame came out, and the flame revolved. Under Evan's guidance, a fire wall was formed to block the rushing spiders and move slowly forward. Soon, the entrance to the cave was filled with the smell of scorched meat, and the spider larvae gave out contorted screams and were all killed.

It was enough time for Malfoy and the huge Acromantula to disappear.

"Draco was dragged in!" Goyle pointed to the cave and shouted loudly. "We must save him, or he will die."

Crabbe hurriedly pushed him, looked closely at Evan's face, and asked cautiously, "What should we do now?"

What else could be done? Who would have thought that Malfoy would fall from Buckbeak's back?

Everything was over. They had just to go back to Hogwarts to inform Dumbledore of what happened here, and he could safely and perfectly solve this problem.

But now there was a sudden accident. Waiting until Dumbledore and other professors would come, Malfoy would probably die.

Evan walked down the gentle slope two steps, and half of his body entered the cave.

In the dark, secluded cave, the strange feeling appeared again, and this time he was well prepared, not lost as he was last time.

Deep down, he had an impulse to go deeper, but reason kept Evan sober.

"Let's get out of here and hurry back to inform the professors!" Evan made up his mind, "If we do it quickly enough, it shouldn't be too late."

If Harry were here, he might not even think about it and just rush in directly.

That was his character, but Evan was different.

He could take the risk to save Malfoy, but the situation was clearly beyond his capabilities, and it would be foolish for him to rush in like that.

Chapter 303: The Wise Choice

He was not afraid of the Acromantulas, but worried about the strange unknown existence hidden in the depths of the cave.

"Let's go back!" Evan whispered to Goyle and Crabbe.

He tried not to think about Malfoy's fate because it made him feel bad. He asked himself, if Harry or Hermione were to be dragged down this cave by that Acromantula, would he hesitate to go straight in and bring them back even at the cost of his life?

That would be because they are his friends, and their presence was crucial in his life.

But this was Malfoy, and Evan hesitated!

He was not a god, not as powerful as Dumbledore, nor as fearless as Harry in the final war.

Admitting it or not, he was just an ordinary person.

Yes, he was just a lucky guy.

He knew the future of this world and all the characters, so he could bravely fight, fight against the established future, and even had the courage to resist Voldemort.

Because he knew, he tried to change and stop the tragedies that were to come.

But when the future was really changed by him, Evan began to be afraid.

At the moment when he caught Peter Pettigrew, he knew that the time has come. In the past six months, he had devoted himself to studying magic and improving his strength. He couldn't think of another way to confront the changed future.

But Evan found that he was wrong. As Dumbledore had been trying to tell him, whether a person was strong or not depended not on how much magic he possessed, but on his heart.

Voldemort had unimaginable power, but his heart was extremely fragile. Though evil and cruel, he was afraid of death, and used any means to escape it.

This was his weakness, so no matter how much magic he had or how much magic he mastered, Dumbledore would never be afraid of him.

"As for myself..."

Evan took a deep breath and tried not to think about these things.

He repeatedly told himself that giving up Malfoy and staying away from this strange cave was the wisest choice.

That's right, even if Malfoy was to die.

He turned around and came to Buckbeak, ready to go back to notify others as soon as possible.

Although many people thought that he was a genius; they even worshiped or envied him, and thought he was different, Evan himself knew that he was no different from other ordinary young wizards.

"Please, save him!" Seeing Evan's movement, Goyle sobbed and said, "Only you can save him, or Draco will be those spiders'..."

"We should rush back as soon as possible, only the professors can save Draco."

Crabbe retorted, "Don't waste time here, let's go."

“Those monsters can eat Draco in the blink of an eye!” Goyle said unwillingly, “We can’t go, otherwise...”

“Otherwise, what will happen?” Crabbe turned to Goyle with undisguised fierceness. “I just want to get out of here now, you are wasting our time.”

“But Draco ...”

“I told you, we are going back to the castle to inform others to rescue him.” Crabbe said, “We cannot help him here, we’re just adding trouble.”

When he heard Crabbe’s words, Goyle went silent.

His foolish eyes looked uncertainly at his companion, and then turned to look expectantly at Evan, but there was no response from the latter.

Even if he was stupid, he knows what this meant.

For a long time, he hesitated then said, “If Draco is dead, his father and the Malfoy family will not let it go like this.”

Speaking of Lucius Malfoy, even Crabbe was silent.

“I believe he will understand us!” He whispered and raised the volume. “Moreover, what can the two of us do?!”

Evan understood what they both meant, deliberately speaking about Malfoy’s family.

That was both a threat and a reminder.

Once Malfoy died here, the three of them would have to face the wrath of Lucius Malfoy.

They are Malfoy’s followers, and their own people, so Lucius Malfoy probably wouldn’t do anything to them. But that was not the same with Evan, and Lucius was likely to vent his anger on him.

It seemed that Malfoy’s two attendants, especially Crabbe, were not as stupid as they looked.

Evan was not afraid of Lucius, nor of the Malfoy family’s retaliation. This was Hogwarts. With Dumbledore here, he could do nothing.

Today’s incident, in itself, was Malfoy’s own fault and had nothing to do with Evan. But the conversation between Goyle and Crabbe made Evan hesitate again. He finally found out that something was wrong. He kept telling himself repeatedly in his heart that it was the wisest choice to give up Malfoy and leave here as soon as possible.

Apparently, Crabbe thought the same way.

Was it really a wise choice for a Slytherin who did not have even the most basic sense of friendship and loyalty, and only considered his own safety?!

Yeah, this was not the same. The one to be saved was the abominable Malfoy.

A strange voice whispered in Evan’s heart, “He’s not even your friend. You don’t have to risk your life to save him.”

But when he thought so, he always felt that something was wrong, and this sensation was getting stronger and stronger. Didn't he save Peter Pettigrew at the same risk of his life before?

The voice resounded again: "It was just out of need. You needed him to prove Sirius's innocence. You didn't really want to save him.

Peter Pettigrew had a use value, Malfoy did not. On the contrary, he was still rather troublesome. There were many things in the future that were worse because of his existence.

It would be probably better if he died here... "

"No, it would not!" Evan suddenly shouted.

Goyle and Crabbe looked at him flustered, not knowing what was going on.

At this moment, Evan struggled with his strange voice in his heart. At last, he realized that all the suggestions given by this voice seemed correct, but it ignored the most important point, his own nature, and only looked at the issue from the perspective of gains and losses.

If he did what it said, what would make him differ from those Dark wizards, immersed in cold-blooded interests and powerful magic strength to deal with anything, the only wise choice being what was for their best?!

Evan could abandon Malfoy to face death, not only because it was dangerous, but also did not benefit him. If you want something, you can do everything possible to get it because you have your own reasons. You fear death? Then you can deprive others of their humble lives to make Horcruxes, so that you can live forever.

These choices seemed wise, but they were not what Evan needed. He had to resist and correct these wrong ideas.

Just as Evan had this thought, the Slytherin's Locket that had been hanging on his chest suddenly emitted a dark golden light.

The curved and weird lines on the top of the text lit up at the same time, then instantly returned to how they used be, as if nothing had happened.

But Evan's original chaotic will was renewed, and a strange magic was injected into his body from the inside out.

Deep in his heart, there was a sudden crisp sound, like the sound of glass falling to the ground and shattering, and the echoing whisper disappeared.

Evan, holding Buckbeak with both hands, gasped for breath.

Everything in front of him was clear and limpid, and he felt that his back was all soaked with sweat.

He had just realized that the strange voice that had just appeared in his heart was the existence that had been whispering to him at first.

It influenced him from behind curtains, hoping that Evan would fall.

Only in this way could it swallow his soul.

Chapter 304: Deep Into Aragog's Lair

Regardless of what it was, it had been influencing Evan through the use of Dark Magic affecting the mind.

As it had been said, this unknown creature was awakened when Evan last appeared in this slope and killed countless Acromantulas with fire.

It swallowed the souls of these dead Acromantulas, cast a black magic with just recovered power, and marked the soul of Evan. It hoped that Evan's soul would degenerate, because only then could it engulf and dominate him.

It was also a simple way to make Evan feel scared and strike fear into him.

Only in endless fear could the mind reveal a weakness and give it a chance.

Evan recalled the dream he saw last night, those terrible illusions that had vanished and were retrieved as his will completely defeated his opponent, and the memories that had previously vanished were immediately regained.

It was under the influence of those dreams that he had always been unconsciously afraid of this cave. He was afraid to go deep into it, afraid of those cold red emotionless eyes behind the stone door.

This ancient unknown being, hidden deep in the earth, whose evil purpose had prevailed, affected Evan through fear reaching the depths of his soul.

As long as his dark magic was not conquered, it would be imperceptible all the time and manage change Evan's character.

Just like now, Evan did not save Malfoy for fear of the Acromantulas. This seemingly beneficial and wise decision, in fact, was totally contrary to Evan's nature and heart. As a result, his soul had become unstable.

That voice seized the opportunity and continued to lure Evan.

It hoped that the gap between his heart and soul could grow wider and wider until he would become fully open to its manipulation.

Just like Tom Riddle's diary, as long as someone communicated with it, Voldemort's soul fragments lurking inside could affect the user through temptation and magic, and make him gradually gain trust in it until he devotes his life for him.

Although the method was different, the principles were the same. But the magic used by the voice was more subtle and bizarre, and no one could notice anything wrong besides Evan himself.

Even Dumbledore, without a thorough examination, would not be able to find out that Evan had actually fallen victim to the Dark Arts.

But all his actions were normal, and naturally there was no need for examination.

Evan's mind recalled the descriptions he had seen in several ancient magic books, and he had some conjectures about the identity of the existence hidden in the deep underground.

However, he was not sure.

The power of a creature using such black magic was far beyond his ability. Evan didn't know how he could break the magic of his opponent. Just now, the whisper still echoed in his mind, and he was about to give up completely.

But at the last moment, after something shattered within him, the voice suddenly disappeared inexplicably, and everything returned to normal.

Evan knew that he had completely defeated his opponent. Now, he could feel the weakness of this fellow hiding deep underground, the powerful black magic had consumed the strength it had just recovered, it was nothing now.

It couldn't even get out of this cave, let alone fight Evan.

Evan was entering with an entirely different mood. Right now, he was going to go deep into the cave to see what this being was, and save Malfoy while he was at it.

As for Aragog and the Acromantulas, they were now out of Evan's sight.

By solving this problem, the Acromantulas that had suffered heavy losses would turn normal again, and the Forbidden Forest would be able to restore its old balance, which could meet the requirements of the Centaurs.

"Mason, let's go, it's sinister around here." Crabbe urged anxiously. "Let's go back and tell the professors to come and save Draco."

"It's too late. You go back and tell the others that I'll go in and save Malfoy." Evan patted Buckbeak on the head and signaled him to go back to the castle ahead of him.

"What!" Goyle and Crabbe looked at Evan in surprise, their eyes wide open, their faces very strange, and there was a trace of incredulity in their sluggishness.

It was strange that Evan wanted to go deep into this cave to save Malfoy. He was just about to leave.

No matter how it looked, going deep into this cave was purely looking for death.

Whatever Goyle and Crabbe thought, Evan did not talk to the two guys anymore.

He raised his wand and walked carefully along the gentle slope in front of him.

"Lumos Maxima!" His voice echoed in the cave.

Under the light from the end of his wand, he went deep into Aragog's Lair.

The cave is not as cold as he had imagined, and gusts of warm wind blowing from deep underground dispelled the chill and made it very dry.

In the endless darkness, only Evan's wand was shining faintly.

He moved forward cautiously down the gentle slope, which kept becoming gentler until it became flat. There was nothing around, no Acromantulas, no prey wreckage captured by them. The cave was quiet, quiet to a smothering level.

Evan looked closely around and didn't dare be even a little careless.

It seemed to be a naturally formed underground cave. Walking forward for about three minutes, and bifurcations and cracks began to appear in the surrounding walls. They were different in size.

Click, click, click...

The big clicking sounds of the Acromantulas began to ring in the darkness. They seemed to have finally discovered Evan, the intruder, and one spider began to climb out of the crack.

Without hesitation, it waved its pincers and rushed over.

Evan's wand sparkled. He didn't retreat to defend, but he stepped forward. He had to hurry to find Malfoy.

Fire is undoubtedly the best way to deal with a huge number of Acromantulas.

There was nothing to burn around, but Evan had his own way.

He used Transfiguration to change the boulders in the cave, and a stone man staggered to his feet. Then, with another Growth Charm, the Stone Giant quickly became bigger, and soon as high as the top of the cave, and the whole ground trembled.

Although this golem had no attack power, but because it was made out of hard rock, it had a strong defense. When it became bigger, it could block the passage and stop the Acromantulas that were constantly drilling out of the wall, keeping them from touching Evan.

The clickings were dense enough to make one's scalp numb, and the Acromantulas desperately attacked the Stone Giant, leaving no more than scratches on it.

Evan did not care about them and continued to walk deep into the cave.

He was getting more and more certain of his 1st hunch; Malfoy should have been taken to Aragog.

Although Evan did not know exactly where Aragog was, he would not go wrong if he followed the direction from which came the warm air.

Aragog was so massive; he wasn't going to miss it.

Chapter 305: Glad to Devour You!

Just as Evan got rid of the Acromantulas, Malfoy slowly regained consciousness.

He opened his eyes and looked weakly around, but there was nothing but endless darkness. He didn't know where he was or what it was.

The Acromantula that dragged him here had disappeared, and there was a sharp chill beneath Malfoy's body, as if he had been placed on a smooth stone.

He wanted to sit up, but as soon as he exerted himself, he felt a sharp pain. The bones of his whole body seemed to be falling apart.

Malfoy screamed in pain, and his voice was quickly swallowed up by the silence. He had never encountered such a situation before, and he had no idea what to do. His head stopped working completely, his tears flowed out subconsciously, and he soon burst into crying.

He thought of his parents and thought of death.

Fear and loneliness were enveloping him, and his mind was full of bad images.

“Lost lamb, you are disturbing my sleep!” A low voice suddenly sounded in the darkness.

Malfoy stopped immediately and didn’t dare to make a half-voice. He stared at the surroundings with his big eyes panicked. It was not clear where the sound came from.

Darkness still surrounded him, and he could see nothing.

The longer the silence lasted, the more terrified Malfoy was. He whimpered and shrank into a ball, not feeling the slightest warmth.

After a long time, he whispered, “You, who are you?”

“Poor lad, you are asking for my name, but you don’t know that everyone has abandoned you.” The low voice quietly said, “Look around you, they all betrayed you, screaming and fleeing into the dark forest.”

“I don’t understand what you mean.” Malfoy said tremblingly, “Are you talking about Goyle, Crabbe and Evan Mason? The three of them... abandoned me?”

Darkness seemed to grow stronger, and seeds of despair began to germinate.

If Goyle, Crabbe, and Evan gave up on him like that, they could tell others that they didn’t even see him, so there would be no one to save him. The professors and his father wouldn’t find him. Malfoy could hardly imagine that.

He would be left alone here and slowly die in despair!

That was to him the worst scenario. Malfoy sobbed, and his spirit was almost about to collapse.

“I... What should I do?” he murmured, as if speaking to himself.

“All light and hope are swallowed up; only despair and death linger here.” The voice began to speak in Malfoy’s mind. “The bitter chill makes you shudder in the darkness, because you know, you’ll end up here alone forever.”

“NO!” Malfoy cried out. “Please help me, I don’t want to die. Since you are here too, you can save me, can’t you?!”

“Only a deep sleep can bring peace. When you are asleep, you will find that there is no true line between reality and illusion, between fear and expectation.” The voice became lower and lower, and at last it seemed to whisper, “Well, I’m standing right beside you, don’t move, just breathe...”

Malfoy felt like he was going mad. How could the voice tell him to sleep in such a place?!

How could this be possible? He just wanted to get out of here as soon as possible.

Although his spirit was shattered, he had not completely lost his mind. Malfoy kept reminding himself that this abrupt voice was not to be trusted.

He wanted to be more vigilant, but he felt more and more scared.

“Everyone will abandon you, everything is your fault, and even your followers look down on you.” Non-paused whispers echoed in Malfoy’s ear. “Fear is like shadow, it is filling your heart. The void sucks your soul, and it slowly enjoys it with satisfaction.”

“No, don’t!” Malfoy gasped.

He wanted the other person to shut up, but it was no use. This whisper seemed to never stop.

He didn’t know what to do. For a moment, he felt that he had been driven mad by this voice. If not, it would be a matter of time. He was slowly losing all reason, and just like the voice said, in the end there was only fear left in his heart.

He couldn’t feel anything else. Since everyone gave up on him, why wouldn’t he try to believe this voice and do what it said?!

For an unknown time, Malfoy’s spirit was getting more and more blurred, and he just slept...

“You are in a dream, where you will learn the meaning of calm.” Seeing Malfoy gradually fall asleep, a trace of invisible weakness emerged in his relieved whisper.

“Good, very good, you believe me, give your soul, and I’ll be glad to devour you...”

.....

Evan’s wasn’t hearing anything once again, as the sound of the Acromantulas fighting the Stone Man gradually faded away.

As he explored his way through the cave, thick white spider webs began to appear on the rock walls.

They were like dust, covering the walls layer by layer.

Eventually, Evan realized what it was like to walk through a dark spider pit. He kept looking behind him as if he felt something was watching him in the dark.

But there was nothing, and he was alone in the empty space.

The size of the cave was completely beyond his imagination, and the passage was wide and narrow.

A few minutes later, the ground began to tilt again. Evan didn’t know how many meters he went underground, and he still did not see Aragog.

With the warm wind, milky white mist floated from below.

“Show me the way!” Evan put his wand flat on his palm and said softly to it.

The wand rotated a bit and pointed to the direction Evan was heading, indicating that he had not gone wrong.

He quickened his pace and calculated the time. Buckbeak should have already returned to the castle with Goyle and Crabbe, but he did not even see the shadow of Malfoy.

Splash...

Evan seemed to hear something, about 50 meters ahead. After turning a corner, the space in front of him was suddenly bright, and an underground space about the size of the Quidditch field appeared in front of him.

Near his left-hand side in front was an upward gushing underground hot spring, which ran outward and intermittently sprayed upward a column of water, more than fifty feet high, looking very spectacular.

The water temperature was very high, and it collided with the cold rock wall to generate a thick mist.

This hot spring was the source of warm wind and milky fog, and there were countless dark passages at the edge of the wall, where the springs flowed.

Evan took two steps forward. Under the light of his wand, he clearly saw that the warm water did not flow out, but re-converged into a large pool in the middle of the cave.

This oval pool was very large, and its walls were covered with white spider silk.

The most surprising thing was the white spheres floating in it, which looked like...

Chapter 306: Spider Eggs and The Female Spider

Evan squinted, and in order to see clearly, he took two more steps forward.

In the warm water in the middle of the cave, there were thousands of spherical objects floating. They were as big as water balloons. They were soft and floated steadily in the direction of the current.

At the extreme end of the pool was a large spherical spider web.

It acted as a filter to allow the springs to flow out, but these white balloons were isolated.

It was a very delicate way to bring hot springs into the pool. If Evan was to design it, he thought he wouldn't do better. No wonder it was mentioned that the intelligence of the Acromantulas was close to that of human beings.

Hold on, why would there be water balloons in Aragog's Lair?!

A little doubt flashed through Evan's mind, and the scene before him was too suspicious.

He pushed his wand forward and increased the magic output. The faint fluorescence at the tip of his wand became brighter and brighter, and the incandescent light completely dispelled the darkness around him.

This time, he saw it clearly.

The white spheres floating in the pool were not water balloons at all. They were all eggs of Acromantulas. Under the strong light, it was clear that the soft thin-walled interior of the spider eggs were looming spider larvae.

Some were underdeveloped, and some were fully formed.

Formed spider larvae were covered with thick black hair, and occasionally moved inside, as if they could break out at any time. It looked very terrifying.

Evan took a cool breath and looked up to the edge of the opposite side of the pool. All of them were spider eggs, densely packed together, and many were pressed under the water. The number of spider eggs in front of him was completely beyond imagination. If all of them were hatched out, he was afraid the whole Forbidden Forest would become a world of Acromantulas.

Even though the individual combat power of the Acromantula was not the strongest, with the terror of their sheer quantitative advantage, these Dark creatures would be unrivalled in the Forbidden Forest.

Evan tried to recall the description of The Acromantulas' eggs he saw in the book "Fantastic Beasts And Where To Find Them ": The Acromantula is carnivorous and prefers large prey. It spins dome-shaped webs upon the ground. The female is bigger than the male and may lay up to one hundred eggs at a time.

Soft and white, these are as large as beach balls. The young hatch in six to eight weeks. Acromantula eggs are defined as Class A Non-Tradeable Goods by the Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures, meaning that severe penalties are attached to their importation or sale.

Trafficking in Acromantula eggs was not allowed, although it was expressly stipulated. But in the black market, among dragon and snake goods, these eggs stood out as the most popular item for Dark wizards, because precious and rare, so the price was very high, often reaching astronomical figures.

Evan casually converted the spider eggs in front of him into Gold Galleons, and concluded that he could get filthy rich if he took the eggs outside...

Of course, it was just a thought.

Selling them was not an option at all. The spider eggs in the pool had to be destroyed, and just as he was considering what magic to use, the ground suddenly vibrated.

A loud, rumbling bang sounded from far and near.

Evan was stunned, and soon realized that since there were spider eggs here, the female spider must be nearby, and the female octagonal giant spider was usually much larger than the male. The elephant-like Aragog was beyond imagination, the biggest spider he had ever seen. If his spouse was bigger than him, what would she be like...?

Looking at the pool full of white spider eggs, Evan unconsciously tightened his grip on his wand.

Normal Acromantulas don't lay so many eggs. They can lay no more than 100 eggs at a time, but there were nearly 10,000 in this pool. If this was the offspring of Aragog's spouse, it means that she had also mutated like Aragog.

It must have been the deed of the creature hiding in the dark. The mutation happened recently. Aragog was very old. He had lived in the Forbidden Forest for so many years. If he really had such a large number of descendants, he would have swallowed up the whole Forbidden Forest long ago.

The invasion of ancient and evil dark forces had turned the Acromantulas in the Forbidden Forest into another more bloodthirsty and terrible species.

If it were to regain its strength, the consequences would be unimaginable.

Boom, boom, boom...

Evan took a step back and looked closely at the source of the sound.

Just as he looked, a huge female spider crawled out of the shadows behind the pool, and it was almost three times as large as Aragog.

Its pincers closed together, and the whole space vibrated.

Click, click, click...

The most surprising thing was its shape. Its bulging belly was so big that it was disproportionate with the rest of its body. It seemed to be so heavy that the rocks on the ground behind were ground into powder. Eight furry spider legs, each as thick as Evan's thigh.

Compared with its huge body, its head was too small, with eight pairs of black lacquered eyes like black gems, constantly reflecting light maliciously.

At the forefront of its head, the peculiar, big pincers also looked different. The sharp spurs were green and cold, and had been completely soaked by the venom.

"Click, click, human!" The female spider's voice shocked Evan's ears.

"Where is Aragog? I want to meet him." Evan shouted, clutching his wand and steadily retreating.

Considering the other side's size, he was not fully sure that he could overcome it.

"You want to see Aragog?!" The female spider looked at Evan, and seemed to be considering it, its big pincers dancing. She slowly said, "The intruder must die, but I will be extra gracious, satisfy your last wish, and take your corpse to see him."

As soon as she finished her words, her whole body quickly swooped forward to Evan.

She swooped forward like an avalanche, and Evan could see her grim expression. He threw several magic spells and moved backward as fast as he could.

Almost immediately, the giant pincers of this female spider landed.

Boom!!! With a violent crash, there was a big pit in the place where Evan was just standing. If he had spent a second more there, his bones would have really been crushed.

Just like on that night a few months ago, Evan's Shrinking Charm didn't work at all on Aragog's spouse. All of his curses had just been bounced off by the other side.

Evan noticed that this huge female spider was covered with blue and black armor scales, and his curse was blocked by these armors, and did not hurt it.

An Acromantula with an armor immune to spells. Was it still the same species?!

Chapter 307: Unrealistic Fantasy

Acromantulas are extremely aggressive. One of their weaknesses is their poor defense. Even the magic spell of a young wizard can easily break through their defenses.

But this mutated giant female Acromantula had completely subverted Evan's past knowledge.

He tried a few spells in succession, and they didn't work.

Its hard blue-black crustacean shells were very resistant, which made Evan feel rather helpless.

Fortunately, this underground cave was spacious enough for him to dodge.

The female spider's huge size, disproportionate body and bulging belly also slowed down its speed.

While dodging her attacks, Evan gathered all his magic.

The wand in his hand shot a silver-white light, with a heart-rending arc of light, falling heavily on it.

Click, click, click.

The intense pain caused the female spider to make a crazy clicking.

Evan wiped his sweat. His attack was strong enough to slash an ordinary Acromantula in half, but only left a few deep scratches on this female's carapace.

Not even its defense had broken, on the contrary, it made her more mad.

The female spider was aiming at Evan, and its dark green pincers were being raised high, swaying fast, clicking quickly, and landing heavily to his position.

BOOM.... BOOM.... BOOM....

Large quantities of gravel and dust were flying, and every attack by a female spider left a deep pit on the ground. The whole cave was shaking.

The broken rock fragments splashed out and fell on Evan.

In spite of the pain, he gasped violently and ran and dodged with all his strength.

Being chased by a huge monster spider was definitely a nightmare, worse than encountering the Basilisk in the Chamber of Secrets last semester.

He couldn't afford to just keep going like this; he had to find a way.

The next second, Evan waved his wand wildly, and the surrounding blue rocks began to deform rapidly.

Under his command, rocks took on a monster's shape.

Stone monsters appeared one after another, and with their rudimentary weapons in their hands, they roared at the female spider.

But soon, the monsters transfigured from these stones were ruthlessly crushed into powder and reformed into dust.

The only thing to be thankful for was that they further slowed down the speed of the female spider.

Evan knew that he had to look for the weakness of his enemy. By this opportunity, his eyes wandered back and forth over its ugly body.

Ignoring the blue-and-black carapace on its head and back, he finally locked his target in two positions, the relatively slender spider legs and the huge belly which contents were unknown to him.

He was ready to attack these two positions. If it still didn't work, then he could only consider using powerful black magic to eliminate the opponent.

"Click, welcome death, human!"

The female spider seemed impatient because she could not hit Evan.

Its gaze became fiercer; its eight hairy spider legs flipped rapidly, speeding up its attack, and its mouth began to secrete green liquid.

When these liquids fell on the ground, they quickly vaporized and spread within a certain range.

Looking at the eerie green smoke, and without being warning, Evan knew he couldn't touch it. These gases must be the venom secreted by the female Acromantula. He quickly went into hiding.

The secretion of venom was getting faster and faster, and the female spider did not seem to intend to use the venom directly to knock down Evan.

However, she turned making the smoke gradually form a circle that gradually surrounded him.

Her intentions were obvious; she was obstructing his mobility.

In the process, he tried to attack his opponent's eight hairy spider legs, but with little success, they were also covered by dark carapace that was not as easily perceived.

As for the female spider's large disproportionate belly, it kept it well behind its body, and it was terrible.

Every time Evan attacked there, it would rather stop the attack and quickly flick away, for fear of being hit by his powerful spells.

Unless he got behind it, he couldn't attack that spot.

So it seemed that its round belly was the weakness of the female spider.

As the spouse of Aragog, the king of spiders, before the mutation, the female octagonal Acromantula's main role was to breed offspring; the belly was used for ovulation.

For the female Acromantula, that's where the most important thing was.

At the same time, it was also the most vulnerable part of its body.

Looking at the huge female spider in front of him, Evan had a plan in mind.

Instead of dodging toward the entrance passage, he slowly retreated back to the side of the huge pool in the center of the cave behind him. In the battle just now, he discovered that whenever he approached the pool, the female spider would stop attacking.

The attack power of its big pincers was too great, and it was also aware of this. If it didn't care smashing it down like that, if it couldn't kill Evan first, it would definitely destroy thousands of white spider eggs in the pool. This was not the scene it wanted to see.

Sure enough, as soon as it saw Evan standing next to the pool, the huge female spider stopped.

It was not in a hurry to attack, and it seemed to it that Evan had now given up resistance. Around this human boy, the green mist produced by its venom had joined together and tightly surrounded him. no matter what, he was in a desperate situation.

The thunderous crash finally stopped, the female spider began to speed up the secretion of venom, and its eight small black eyes stared at Evan.

Seeing him standing there as if he had given up waiting for death, it was almost perfectly satisfied.

In its view, the human boy was already like a turtle in an urn. Considering that the pool behind Evan was full of hatching spider eggs, the female was prepared to kill Evan in a milder way and use her own venom to make him comatose.

After that, this human boy would become food for her and her children.

The overly proud Acromantula did not notice that the stone fragments that had just been crushed by it behind were slowly floating with the subtle movements of Evan's wand. They deformed in the air and gradually formed huge cones, which floated in the air behind the female spider and looked particularly shocking.

If it weren't for lack of magic, Evan even wanted to convert all of these stone cones into steel with a harder texture.

But for now, this should be enough.

The initially hot cave suddenly became extremely quiet, the strange mood was flowing in the air, and both sides were preparing. They both believed that their victory was in hand.

Evan forced himself to look at her disgusting eyes, diverting her attention and not letting her be suspicious.

As for the green poisonous fog that gradually came closer, he was totally unconcerned.

"One, two, three" Evan silently counted the number of stone cones floating behind the spider.

If it turned back now, it would be able to find these deadly weapons behind it.

But seeing that Evan had already accepted his destiny, the female spider had completely dropped its guard.

It was fantasizing the taste of human flesh. Even when secreting venom, it couldn't help but secrete saliva too.

Because of Aragog's constraints, it had never tasted human flesh before, but only discussed related topics in communication with other Acromantulas. Natural instinct told it that fresh human flesh was the most delicious food in the world.

Just now, its child brought a human boy in, but it was a great sacrifice in the depths of the underground. It did not dare to touch it.

Unexpectedly, a few minutes later, Evan followed in.

For this female spider, this was a godsend prey.

It couldn't wait, quickly waving its pincers.

This human boy was just the beginning. When the great existence would come up from the ground, it would lead them out of the cave and into the woods. They would attack the human castle filled with delicious food that was not too far away, then they could eat fresh human flesh every day.

If Evan knew what the Acromantula thought, he would tell it this was really an unrealistic fantasy!

Chapter 308: Dark Magic Fire Curse

Inside the cave, the green mist had become very dense.

Although there was no wind, some of it still reached Evan's nose.

It had a slightly bitter taste. After inhalation, the scene in front of Evan's eyes began to blur, and his head became dizzy.

He shook his head in a hurry, but fortunately the venom of the Acromantula was not powerful enough to cause coma at most.

Evan knew it was all right. There was no point in making more. He was ready for the final blow, and whatever magic he had left wasn't enough to summon and control more cones.

"Welcome your death, human!" The female spider swayed her pincers and said, "You will be my food, mine's and my children's..."

"Okay, goodbye!" Evan waved his hand, not intending to continue listening.

Seeing Evan's movements, she was obviously stunned.

Then it made the monstrous roar. It thought that Evan was teasing it.

Obviously it was the winner, but this human boy was completely unconcerned. It swore that it would tear his belly alive in a moment, and that it would...

Just as the giant female spider was imagining that, Evan raised his wand in his hand, swung it down, and numerous sharp stone cones spouted out.

Whoop, Whoop, Whoop! ! !

The sound of being pierced by boulders was unexpected, and the Acromantula turned back in horror and saw that its belly was almost smashed instantaneously.

Its inners and blood were blurred and a large number of non-hatched spider eggs were among them.

Green, viscous liquid splashed everywhere, almost covering half of the cave.

Click, click, click...

It wanted to move, but it just was in too much pain.

The giant female spider realized what had happened. She writhed madly, and her whole body was twitching and bending. She looked terrible.

"You win, human..." it said angrily.

She was not about to give up though. It was clear that she was about to kill Evan in no time. It was obvious that she was about to taste the fresh human flesh that she had not seen for a long time. Her huge dark green pincers ruthlessly went to Evan, with her final wrath, hoping to kill him before she died.

Evan quickly dodged, but she seemed determined to kill him.

The giant female spider attacked wildly in the cave, the whole space was shaking, the rumbling bangs continued, and the ground even began to crack.

Evan ducked aside in a hurry, rubbing his body to let his opponent's big pincers pass.

Its big pincers destroyed the wall of the pool behind Evan, hot spring water gushed out, and the floating spider eggs flowed out.

A few seconds later, Evan found himself in a new dilemma. Although her belly was smashed, it would not die for a while. It was now dying and struggling. Regardless of the attack, it was impossible to resist, and the space for dodging was getting smaller and smaller.

He was surrounded by green poisonous haze, and it was impossible for Evan to go deep into it. He could only dodge along the edge of the pool.

He had intended to drag it out, and she was moving slower and slower, and the vitality of this huge female spider was getting weaker and weaker.

However, the actual situation did not develop in the direction of Evan's imagination.

The spider eggs that fell on the ground with the springs began to hatch. The spider larvae that had been formed all climbed out and approached Evan closely.

Click, click, click...

The intensive sounds could almost drive one mad. He did not dare to approach these spider larvae. It would be terrible if they got into his blood vessels.

"INCENDIO!" Evan reused his old skills and shouted.

He hoped to burn these spider larvae as he did at the entrance to the Lair.

The golden red flame sprang from the end of his wand, but it did not form a scale, and it disappeared completely, turning into thick water vapor.

Because of the spring, the surrounding air was too moist, and Evan's flame couldn't work at all.

The situation in front of him was really terrible. More and more spider larvae hatched out of the spider eggs, and there were hundreds of them. They were wet all over, encircled Evan and approached him together, eager to enjoy the taste of flesh and blood.

Above his head, the huge female spider went crazy; her sharp big pincers falling desperately. If he was accidentally touched, the price would be crushing his body and bones.

Because of the green poisonous haze, it was impossible to dodge and escape.

It could be said that Evan had been forced into a corner. What he needed to do now was to choose a relatively less painful way to die...

Getting crushed into minced meat? Or becoming the host of spider larvae that would suck up his flesh dry? Or get poisoned?

"Damn!" Evan gritted his teeth and made up his mind. He began to read an old and complicated spell, and his wand made complex movements with the fastest speed.

The raging flame began to emerge from the end of his wand, and the temperature was several times higher than the flames of the previous flame. Everything where the flame went was swallowed into ashes.

Needless to say spider larvae, even those springs were burning.

Evan's wand flicked outward, threw the last ray of flame out, and then, without looking, he gasped and crawled as fast as possible into the pool behind him.

Because a large area of the wall of the pool has been destroyed, the height of the spring inside was already very low. A large number of soft, unformed white spider eggs floated in it, and one foot on them was a belch. A lot of green mucus splashed out, slippery and nauseating.

Evan staggered to his feet. He dared not to waste time, and no matter what was going on behind him, he only knew that if he wanted to live, he had to rush out as fast as he could. His destination was opposite the pool, where the female spider first crawled into the hidden passage.

There should be an entrance to continue downward. Only by leaving the cave as soon as possible could he have a chance to live.

Behind him were the sound of the flames and the howling of the spiders?

Evan could imagine how horrible the scene was, because the spell he just used was the Dark Magic "Fiendfyre", the darkest and most evil fire curse.

Once unleashed, there was no way to control the flames, or say, with Evan's magic, they were still beyond control. He could only wait for them to extinguish themselves.

These flames seem to be life-like. They swallow everything, and they are capable of seeking out and burning all living targets. The giant female spider, which had just been too arrogant, was nothing in front of them. Its huge body and the blue-black, and hard shell on it soon turned into ashes.

Now, only Evan was still alive!

The fierce flames chased Evan through the spring, and they began to mutate, forming a gigantic pack of fiery beasts: flaming serpents, chimaeras, and dragons rose and fell and rose again, and the entire underground cave became a sea of fire.

Hundreds of white spider eggs were thrown up in the air into their fanged mouths, tossed high on clawed feet, before being consumed by the inferno.

Chapter 309: The Evil Magic on the Rock Walls

The fire raged and devoured everything it touched.

The fiery monsters billowed in the flames, their claws and horns and tails lashing, and the spider eggs of the Acromantula were all burned to ashes, and even the water gushing out of the springs was all evaporated.

Evan rushed to the entrance of the passage and looked back to see a shocking scene.

The whole place was full of red light, smoke and heat waves were suffocating, and the fierce fire monsters rushed to him.

Evan turned and continued to run, as he ran, with his wand, he smashed the rock walls behind him, blocking the passage by the falling boulders.

Through the cracks in the rocks, he could still feel the rolling heat wave. In the rugged and winding cave, he didn't know how far he ran forward. By the time the blazing heat disappeared and the cave was cool again, Evan was soaking in cold sweat.

He sat on the ground leaning against the wall, panting heavily.

After a few minutes of rest, he noticed the anomalies around him. With dim fluorescence, Evan saw what was on the wall opposite to him.

The ancient murals were very abstract, and many places had been weathered off. In the mottled and shattered image, there was a magnificent altar rising from the ground, a masked wizard standing on it. He held up his wand as if to cast a spell.

In front of the altar was a deep pit, which was densely filled.

Evan got up and leaned forward, then took a breath of air. In sight were all the human beings crowded in the deep pit. They were lying there with painful expressions, looking at the sky in despair and drawing a dashed line above their heads.

Evan knew that these dotted lines were their souls!

Their souls were being stripped from their bodies, sucked away by the Dark wizard on the altar, who was gathering to complete an unknown evil spell.

Evan couldn't help but shudder. This was too horrible. He couldn't imagine what kind of black magic would use so many people's souls.

Even when making a Horcrux, you only need to kill one person.

There was no gust of warm wind from hot springs in the dark passage, and the temperature was much lower than that of the cave outside, he could even see the mist that he breathed out. Evan realized that he was hundreds of feet deep underground.

He raised his wand forward. The light dispelled the darkness and illuminated the passage that no one had traveled for centuries.

The ground was covered with heavy dust, with cracked marble walls on both sides.

Like the one in front of Evan, the marble was carved with murals of cruelty and evil. After years of erosion, most of the murals had become incomplete, and several marble slabs had even been completely shattered to the ground, leaving only traces of destruction by the Acromantulas.

Looking at these ancient murals, Evan had an illusion.

He was not in the Lair of Aragog, the Acromantula, but in an ancient mysterious temple.

Fear pervaded the darkness, as if something bad was going to happen at any time.

Evan raised his vigilance and walked forward along the passage with his wand. Watching the surrounding rock walls while walking, of which contents were getting more cruel and evil.

Death was not the end, it was only the beginning. Before the same altar, a Dark wizard with hood performed different kinds of witchcraft. He tortured the living in different ways, splitting their souls, instilling them back, and splitting them up again.

Besides, his experiments included a variety of non-human magical creatures.

There were powerful fire dragons, unicorns, chimaeras, goblins, house elves, Centaurs, but more of them were ancient species that Evan had never seen.

The style of the painting was abstract and distorted. The content of each mural was exceptionally weird. The Dark wizard took different parts from them, the heart of the dragon, the blood of the unicorn...

Evan didn't know how many murals he saw, but he suddenly realized that these patterns depicted a complex process of casting black magic including the casting material to be prepared.

He quickened his pace and wanted to see what kind of magic it was.

At the end of the passage, the most critical few murals were destroyed, the broken stones were scattered all over the place. The blue marble had only the traces of the Acromantulas' big pincers. It was impossible to see what magic the Dark wizard had created.

Evan was close to the rock wall he touched with his hand, and could vaguely recognize that within the magnificent altar just now, all the souls collected by the black wizard slowly rotated in mid-air, forming a circular whirlpool with strange silver light.

On the murals, these souls howled, roared, twisted and screamed.

They were infused into a strange object from top to bottom.

He didn't know what it was. He could only see a blurred ball, with countless thin lines spinning around it as if something was going to come out of it.

In his impression, no magical creature would like this.

Besides, another strange thing was that the Dark wizard who had been appearing all the time had not been seen, and he didn't know from where he was presiding over the magic.

Evan didn't think much about it. He might be in a mural that he couldn't recognize.

The question now was, what exactly did the Dark wizard on the mural want to do, and did his evil black magic succeed in the end?

Also, why did these murals appear in the Forbidden Forest of Hogwarts?!

Evan took two steps forward and remembered the owner of the muffled voice who was hiding here, and what he had to do with these murals.

A gust of wind blew and interrupted Evan's thinking. At the end of the passage, the ancient murals and relics disappeared again. There was a huge deep pit in front of Evan.

He hurried to stop and saw Aragog floating in the center of the deep pit.

Hold on, how could he float in mid air?!

No matter how strong the power of black magic, it couldn't make his transformation go so far.

Evan increased the brightness of his wand to illuminate the whole space, which made it clear that there was a huge spider web ahead. Fine spider silk threads stuck firmly to the rough rock walls, coiled around and converged into a huge hemispherical cobweb. Aragog, like a small elephant, was lying in the center of the huge domed web.

Beneath the huge spider web, gusts of wind blew up from the bottomless pit, but the cobweb did not even shake.

Evan held his wand, and when he hesitated to go, he heard the aging and weak voice of Aragog.

“You are here at last, Hagrid’s friend!” he said slyly. “I have been waiting for you for a long time, ever since I last met you.”

Chapter 310: The Dying Aragog

“Where is Malfoy?” Evan shouted.

He raised his wand with vigilance and carefully observed Aragog.

He hadn’t seen it for a few months. It looked much weaker than before. It seemed to be seriously ill, and all the grey fluff on its body had dropped down.

It lay quietly in the middle of the cobweb, almost lifeless.

Above its ugly head, the sharp black pincers began to show unhealthy grayish white, matching the layer of white covering on each eye. Unlike the giant female spider that just saw the mutation, Not only Aragog had not become stronger now, but it was getting older and had a look of impending death.

“Are you afraid of me, Hagrid’s friend?” Aragog said slowly, with a hint of banter in his voice, “Afraid of an old, dying spider?!”

“Where’s Malfoy?” Evan Asked.

The light at the end of his wand was getting stronger and stronger. “Tell me, otherwise, I don’t mind letting you experience what dying truly is.”

Click, click, click...

“Useless threat, I am not afraid of death. I have lived for far too long. Death would be a relief.” Aragog said slowly, “Besides, kill me, and you can’t save your compan...”

“Then we can try it.” Evan’s wand emitted a red light, rubbing Aragog’s body and flying over. “Forgot to tell you, I don’t really care much about Malfoy’s life or death. I came here mainly to kill you, and save Malfoy while I am at it. So don’t think you can threaten me with him.”

Aragog retreated a little, with eight pairs of white eyes facing Evan.

They faced each other, and none of them spoke. They were testing each other’s resolve.

It seemed to feel Evan’s determination and the powerful magic that was gathering, and Aragog soon could not hold on.

“I’ll ask for the last time, WHERE IS MALFOY?” Evan shouted.

“That human boy is right below, there he is...” Aragog said weakly, “You are right, I can’t die, at least not now.”

“You said Malfoy is down there?!” Evan said doubtfully.

Through the spider web under his feet, he looked into the dark cave below.

Nothing could be seen besides endless darkness.

At the end of his wand, the next second, he sent out a light ball, which fell straight down through the gap in the cobweb. The light ball fell down for a long time, and finally disappeared into the darkness. This made Evan realize that the cave underneath was just too deep for light to be seen from its bottom, and he didn’t know where it ended.

He couldn’t help but think of the underground vaults of the Gringotts, a special area of underground molten groundwater and small islands, tens of thousands of feet deep below the ground.

If this cave was the same as there, how did Malfoy get down?

There were no tracks built by Goblins, and falling from here would definitely get him squished.

Was Aragog just lying? Was it deceiving him?!

Thinking of this, Evan looked up and carefully observed the surrounding walls, and found nothing. It was already the deepest part of the Lair and there was no way forward.

“What the hell is going on?” Evan clenched his wand. “I don’t have time to play games with you, Aragog. You know, my patience is limited.”

“Don’t worry about the human boy; he is still alive.” Click, click, click. Aragog slowly danced its big pincers. “It won’t kill him, I know. Believe me, we still have time. That human boy’s soul is of great importance to it. It has been waiting for this day for a long time...”

This sentence sounded really unpleasant.

Evan tried not to think about what Malfoy’s soul could be useful for.

What’s more, who was “it” that Aragog was talking about? Why does it need Malfoy’s soul?!

“Don’t be so mystifying, Aragog!” Evan pointed his wand at him. “Who is “it”? Why does it need Malfoy’s soul? What is it going to do?”

“I’ll tell you, Hagrid’s friend!” Aragog said slowly, “It’s a long story, and I’ll tell you everything I know...”

“Then you’d better hurry and not try any cheap games.” Evan interrupted it directly.

“As you can see, I’m so weak that I can’t move, and I can’t threaten you at all.” Click, click, Aragog continued, “But I can’t die. At least I can’t fall down before I finish that. Otherwise, my descendants will be enslaved forever. I need your help, Hagrid’s friend!

You're brave, you have great strength, and most importantly, you're as kind as Hagrid. I've never seen a human like you before. You'll certainly help me, won't you?"

"You've got something to ask of me?!" Evan squinted and looked at the old creature before him doubtfully.

He also thought that he had misheard. Aragog actually said that he was as kind as Hagrid. There was nothing wrong with that, but it depended on who said it.

It was very ironic that the one saying that was an Acromantula.

Afer all, the last time he met Aragog was definitely not a pleasure.

Aragog and the other Acromantulas regarded Evan as a fresh food, and it ended up with a fire that he induced turning innumerable Acromantulas to ashes.

Just now, he left Aragog's spouse and future offspring behind in a boiling pot of fire, further reducing the number of Acromantulas left in the Forbidden Forest.

It can be said that the Acromantula population suffered heavy losses because of Evan's own efforts, and now they were facing a crisis of imminent extinction.

In this case, it was already strange enough that Aragog wasn't doing his best to get him killed, and now he had a request from him?

Evan carefully looked at Aragog. Was this old spider getting delusional, or did it have a hidden plan?

However, both possibilities didn't seem to be true. Aragog seemed to be too weak now; it was on the verge of death.

"Yes, I have something to ask you, please believe me!" Click, click, Aragog moved forward a little closer to Evan. "What's more, if you want to take that human boy, you have to get my help as well."

Evan did not speak, shook his wand and signaled the other side to continue. To believe in Aragog, to believe in a Dark creature, an Acromantula, had already proven to be a foolish thing, and the outcome was being chased by hundreds of Acromantulas in the Forbidden Forest on that night.

If it weren't for Mr. Weasley's car, he wouldn't even be alive right now.

He won't be stupid enough to make this mistake for the second time, but before determining Malfoy's position, it didn't hurt to listen to what Aragog wanted to say.

What's more, Evan was very curious about what Aragog would say about "it".