

Harry Potter 311

Chapter 311: The Tale of Aragog

“Believe me, Hagrid’s friend, this is the last request of a dying old spider. I sincerely ask for your help. Help me and my children.” Aragog said slowly, “at least in facing “that”, our interests are the same.”

“It depends on the value of the information you provide.” The wand in Evan’s hand was motionless, pointing steadily at Aragog. “Who is “that”?”

“I don’t know, I’ve only heard it, but I have never seen it.” Click, click, Aragog said, “For a long time, ever since I came to the deepest part of the cave, I could hear its whispers calling me. It told me that it was the God of death, in charge of death and eternal life...”

Hearing that, Evan almost laughed.

This evil creature hiding in the depths of the earth, actually calling itself the God of death, was really arrogant to the extreme.

When he heard this, he already knew that Aragog mentioned “it”, the guy who took Malfoy, the owner of the whispering voice that had been whispering in his mind before.

He didn’t know what “it” was, but he was sure that it was definitely not a god.

Although he had figured out its goal, Evan still had too many questions. He had no clues, no idea where he should start looking

He closed his eyes and couldn’t help but see the murals he had just seen carving on the rock walls, on which the evil to the utmost black magic appeared.

In the last one, countless souls were infused into mysterious globular creatures.

This guy hiding deep underground must have something to do with this magic, perhaps being the powerful dark creature that was finally created.

And the Dark wizard who cast this spell kept Evan distracted.

No matter how powerful this evil creature was, it was also made by man. The Dark wizard who made it was undoubtedly more evil. What was his purpose?!

“That voice has been whispering in my ear. It told me that it could help me and my descendents gain great strength.” Aragog continued to say slowly, “But I don’t believe it, I have always been wary of it.”

“Go on, how did you find it?” asked Evan.

“About fifty years ago, because the natural enemy of the Acromantulas appeared in the castle, I escaped from the cupboard of the castle and came to the woods.” Click, click.

Aragog recalled, "Although I was free, at that time, I was still very weak. Hagrid was wrongly imprisoned, he never came to me, I was scared, I could only wander on the edge of the woods. Until I came to this cave..."

"And then, it started talking to you?"

Evan squinted. What Aragog was describing was sounding true.

When he came to Aragog's Lair a few months ago, he was unconsciously targeted by the evil creature in the depths of the earth.

"No, at the beginning, everything was normal here." Aragog shook his pincers and said slowly, "I hid in this cave and used it as my Lair. We like the dark environment. As time went by, I grew stronger and stronger, and Hagrid came back. He settled down outside the Forbidden Forest and provided me with food regularly. Everything was back like the good old days. He even helped me find my first spouse. It was a beautiful female spider, physically..."

"Focus!" Evan hurriedly interrupted him, and a few sparks came out at the tip of his wand.

He was not interested in wasting his time listening to an Acromantula talking about its furry spouse and their first mating.

Just thinking about this scene was disgusting enough.

"My children and I lived in this cave. As our numbers increased, we began to dig deep underground." Click, click, Aragog continued. "I didn't know what was below, but I instinctively felt a magic attracting me. It was power that the Acromantulas like. We can't refuse it."

The magical power that the Dark creature Acromantula likes was obviously pure Dark power, the magic of that evil creature in the depths of the earth.

"In order to obtain the source of this power, we have been digging deep into the earth, after that, it took about twenty years or so, until we dug here." Click, click, and Aragog continued to tell his story slowly. "We were surprised to find that there were ruins left behind by human wizards, with statues and weird murals everywhere, and nothing related to that force..."

"What statues?!" Evan hurriedly asked, "I didn't see any statues when I first came in."

The information revealed on the evil murals was too vague. If there was a clear statue, Evan might deduce from it who had built the ruins near Hogwarts, and maybe all the mysteries would come to light.

"It was a crazy day, and we destroyed a lot of things, including statues, in search of great power." Aragog said to Evan, "The statues were all of human wizards, if you

want to see them, you can look down here. I remember a huge stone statue was left there.”

Evan glanced again at the deep pit in front of him, and the wind was blowing upwards making a whirring voice.

He couldn't help but step back and wonder how crazy it would be to get down there.

Besides, even if he wanted to go on, there was no way.

There was no broomstick here or a Hippogriff, and it was impossible for him to jump directly.

“Think carefully about what those statues look like. Do they have any marks on them?” Evan sighed, adding, “This is important, and may help us figure out what we are facing.”

“The appearance of human beings is almost the same to me. It's too long ago for me to remember.” Click, click, Aragog said slowly, “I only remember those statues with little green snakes on them. That's what our natural enemies look like when they shrink. I can't say that name. Yes, I remember that very well. That's why we destroyed the statues in our fury.”

“Little Green snakes!” Evan repeated it again, this should not be...

“Acromantulas hate snakes. They are natural enemies to us. Those statues and the stone gates and pillars in the hall below all had. “Aragog said testily, “There's also a strange curved serpentine sign that looks like... ”

“It looks like this, doesn't it?!”

Evan raised his wand and, with bright golden sparks, drew Slytherin's characteristic S-shaped emblem in the air.

When he finished, he remembered that he was too excited and actually forgot the fact that Aragog was blind. It could not see anything now.

The golden sparks glittered and soon withered into the air, just like Evan's excitement.

“I can't see what you're doing, but I once asked Hagrid with that sign.” Click, click, Aragog said, “He told me that it's not a snake, nor our natural enemy, but the letter S that you humans created to write and spell!”

Chapter 312: Sequence of Events

The curved capital letter S, the characteristic emblem of the Slytherin family. In the history of magic for thousands of years, this ancient family of pure blood wizards had a profound influence on the process and development of magic circles, among which Salazar Slytherin was the most famous.

Undoubtedly, he was a great wizard, but he was also the craziest.

“Damn, I should have thought of it. Only that old madman Salazar Slytherin would leave such a dangerous thing near Hogwarts.”

Evan suddenly thought about Salazar Slytherin’s past experience...

Since he could leave a basilisk in the Chamber of Secrets of the castle, it was not impossible for him to hide any other strange Dark creatures in the Forbidden Forest.

Although Evan believed that Salazar himself had no malice towards Hogwarts, his dark character, his obsession with black magic and his research, however, were extremely dangerous in themselves.

“Ten more years passed, we finally destroyed the statues in the cave!” Click, click, after describing the statues in detail, Aragog said slowly, “I still remember, the night after the last statue was destroyed, a big earthquake occurred in the Lair. It was like the end of the world. Everything was shaking, the rock walls began to crack, the ground sand and springs gushed out of the ground, and finally formed the deep pit in front of you...”

Evan placed his head in his hands with an exasperated sigh. Salazar Slytherin and the unknown Dark creature were enough to cause him a headache, and these Acromantulas could only make it worse. Those statues were apparently the magic arranged by Salazar, and their function was probably to seal the unknown evil creature deep underground and hide it from outsiders.

And these Acromantulas, in ten years, destroyed the foundation of that sealing magic in the most primitive and crude way...

If Salazar knew that his proud magic had been cracked in this way by a group of lower non-human magical creatures, he would be so angry and come to settle accounts with them.

“Since then, as long as I fell asleep here, I could hear a voice whispering to me. It told me that it was the God in charge of death and eternal life. Only by believing in it and dedicating one’s soul can one be redeemed.” Click, click, Aragog’s weird voice echoed in the dark cave. “I didn’t believe it. Unlike you humans, the Acromantulas don’t need redemption. But I was very old at that time. An Acromantula could die at any time when that age. I began to fall asleep more and more frequently. In my sleep, that voice promised to make me stronger and even escape death. This was a deal...”

“Since it was a deal, what did it need you to do?”Evan asked.

“It needed sacrifices, a lot of sacrifices, and it needed the soul of other creatures to restore its strength.” Aragog said, “I ordered my children to bring the lively prey back into this deep pit. They died alone in the darkness of despair, and their souls were devoured by it. In return, it instilled power into me in my sleep, the dark power that the Acromantula likes, to help me continue living. I don’t want to die. It helped me realize my wish. I never told anyone about this matter, not even Hagrid, who thought that I lived for so long under his care...”

Aragog seemed to be tired, and he kept silent for a long time.

Evan did not rush either. He could imagine such a scene.

Year after year, day after day, in order to extend Aragog's life, the Acromantulas dragged animals captured from the Forbidden Forest to the depths of the underground.

Prey thought they could escape the fate of being killed and eaten, but the reality was even more atrocious.

They were trapped in this place, gradually falling into despair in the endless darkness.

There was no food there, no light, no hope.

As soon as they fell asleep, the deep whispers would echo in their ears, pushing them to madness.

They woke up, panicked and wanted to escape, but there was nowhere to escape.

They resisted going to sleep, but their spirits became more depressed and distorted.

Like the murals painted on the rocks behind, they trembled in the dark with fear, and their souls were tormented silently.

Before they knew, they would begin to believe the voice whispering in their ears, believe its words, and slowly put down their guard and fell asleep.

In their sleep, their souls would be swallowed up by the monster little by little until they were destroyed...

No matter what, this was an extremely evil and terrible thing.

"As I just said, I didn't believe it. I could feel its malice." Click, click, Aragog started talking again, slowly as if he was out of breath, "I told you once that I rejected the request of the black wizard called Voldemort and refused to join his camp in the human war, even though he offered a very, very generous reward. Likewise, I don't need the power promised by the voice in my sleep, because it's of no use to me. I do what Hagrid taught me to do, to restrain my instincts, not to hurt humans, and to restrain my children. Over the past two decades, I controlled the number of prey and offered it the least sacrifices possible in exchange for my survival..."

The Acromantula is a dark creature, evil, bloody, cruel, and difficult to tame, but Aragog was really different.

It has to be admitted that Hagrid played a big role in this. If it weren't for Aragog's gratitude to Hagrid, that delayed the awakening of this ancient creature, what would have happened in the Forbidden Forest would really be unknown.

Of course, the Acromantulas also avoided their own death to some extent.

Evan could be sure that if Dumbledore's attention were to be drawn, he will certainly not sit idly by, and these Acromantulas might have gone extinct long ago.

“According to what you said, that monster should be very weak, and can only talk to you when you enter your sleep.” Evan wondered, “But what I just saw and what I’ve experienced is quite different from what you said.”

“Just a few months ago, everything changed, the night your fire burned my children.” Click, click, Aragog speeded up the dancing of his big pincers. There was a slight resentment in his voice. “They were burned to death by you, but their souls were swallowed up by that monster. Its power was strengthened, and things went out of my hand, and I no longer needed to provide sacrifices to it. Even if I didn’t fall asleep, I could hear its voice, it’s beginning to affect my children, and confuse them...”

Chapter 313: kill it Deep Underground

So it seemed that the origin of this matter was Evan’s fire.

Apparently, Aragog was full of resentment towards both the incident and Evan. It was waving its big pincers at an unprecedented speed, and its whole body was shaking.

If it could, it would now rush up and tear him apart...

Evan clenched his wand. It wasn’t until Aragog regained calm that he relaxed his guard.

He could understand Aragog’s thoughts. In its view, he set fire to hundreds of Acromantulas and made things worse and worse.

However, the root cause was that Aragog’s belief in the Dark forces, blood thirst, cruelty, and rebellion. He put himself on a path of self destruction.

At that time, if it could keep its promise and let Evan and Peter Pettigrew leave, none of this would have happened. Aragog and its descendants could live in the Forbidden Forest as before, and continue to rely on the way of offering sacrifices to the unknown creature deep underground to continue their wicked life.

Evan sighed coldly and looked at the old spider in disgust. It was really disgusting to survive by sacrificing others’ lives.

In a sense, Aragog in front of him was no different from the giant female spider outside, and had mutated into a monster.

However, he also knew that Aragog was not to blame for this.

It was a dark creature itself, it was difficult for him to bind with human moral standards, let alone deem what he did as wrong.

Few people can accept death, and what they have to say can only be described by the arrangement of fate.

And Evan could be sure that even without his own fire, the evil creature hidden in the depths of the earth would not be willing to give up.

In the original story, Aragog did keep living for too many more days.

After his death, his descendants soon joined Voldemort's camp to participate in the final battle, but did not know how Voldemort dealt with that creature.

Was it a direct extermination or some unknown secret?

Now that things had reached this point, it made no sense to think about it any longer.

Evan now only hoped that Aragog would do what it said, and not rush to settle with him the grudge of killing its descendants before eliminating their common foe.

Of course, if it really wanted to do that, Evan would not be afraid.

Looking at Aragog's current state, he was sure he could kill it with just one spell.

"Its existence has always been a secret. Only I knew, I don't let the children get close to here." Click, click, Aragog waved its big pincers, and said excitedly, "But from that day, it grew stronger and whispered throughout the Lair. It began to bypass me and take direct control of my children. I want to stop it, but nothing can be done. It stopped supplying me with energy. I've become extremely weak, aging, death being closer and closer to me. I can only lie here, alone."

A strong chilly wind blew from the deep pit, and Aragog huddled like an old man on the verge of death, completely stripped of his formervigor of the Spider King.

Evan was not confused by the sight before him. He quietly raised his wand and pointed it at Aragog in the middle of the spider web. "Before I came here, I was in the big cave outside. I saw your spouse with ten thousands of spider eggs..."

"My children!" Aragog replied weakly. "How are they? I haven't seen them for a long time since I was imprisoned here."

"Very bad. With the transformation of the dark forces, they can no longer be called Acromantulas. They have completely become monsters." Evan squinted and continued, "I can't let these monsters live in the Forbidden Forest, so I eliminated them. Swallowed by the Fiendfyre, they will not leave any ashes. I'm sorry, but I had to do that. Maybe Hagrid will find a way to help you find a new spouse."

Aragog didn't react when he heard Evan.

It did not speak, and lay there quietly. His thoughts were well hidden.

In the dark, Evan held his breath, straightened his arm and held his wand, waiting for Aragog's choice.

He was ready to use magic. If Aragog did anything wrong, he would kill it first, and then find a way to deal with the guy below and save Malfoy.

"As you said, they all mutated into monsters, not obeying my orders. They are no longer Acromantulas and should be eliminated..." Aragog said bitterly, "It's all because of the thing bellow that my children and I became what we are today, I swear to kill it, I want revenge!"

“Very well, I’m glad you can have this kind of awareness.” Evan released a sigh of relief and continued. “Tell me your plan. What do you want me to do?”

“It’s very simple, kill the thing below and help me get my revenge!” Aragog moved forward and its big pincers swayed fiercely. “It is right below here along with the human boy. I don’t know what happened. It is extremely weak and has little power now. If you go down, you should be able to kill it rather easily...”

“How can I get down there?” Evan took another look at the deep pit under his feet. He was more aware than Aragog of the current state of the guy hiding in the depths of the ground. After it failed to cast its spell on Evan, it suffered from severe consequences.

The question now was how could he get to the bottom of this pit?

“My child can help you.” Aragog’s big pincers clasped fast as if to summon something.

A few seconds later, Evan saw a blue-black Acromantula descending from above.

It slowly fell between him and Aragog, and as it approached, Evan noticed a spider silk thread hanging from its tail.

“It can help you get to the bottom of this deep pit, Hagrid’s friend.” Click, click, Aragog said slowly, “After killing that guy, it will bring you and your companion up from below, and I will give you an extra gift to thank you...”

Evan looked suspiciously at the two Acromantulas in front of him. He didn’t expect any gift from Aragog at all. He just hoped that it would not throw him down from mid-air.

Considering the nature of the Acromantula, such a thing was very likely to happen.

He hesitated. The Acromantula hanging in the air looked fiercely at him, and its eight black eyes glittered maliciously under the light of the wand.

“I can go down, but you must accompany me.” Evan took out a glass bottle filled with green liquid from his pocket.

He had learned a lesson since he missed taking many treasured magic books at the Black family’s old house at Christmas because he had no parcels.

Over the past few months, Evan had been researching and trying. In the end, he finally succeeded in casting an Undetectable Extension Charm on a small parcel.

Although this spell was not perfect, it was usable.

Now, this small space was filled with magic books that Evan was studying recently, commonly used potions and other everyday items.

Chapter 314: Underworld

Evan poured out the potion from the glass bottle. This potion could boost the spirit and was very helpful for reading books late at night.

He had intended to give Hermione some, so he made a lot of it.

This was the biggest bottle Evan carried with him. He pointed the bottle at Aragog.

“Although we have a common enemy, to be honest, I don’t believe you. You must be the same!” Evan said bluntly, “To avoid mutual suspicion, I have a suggestion. If you don’t have that Evil power in your body, then my magic should work. I’ll shrink you into this bottle with the Shrinking Charm. After killing that monster, I’ll release you and let you out again.”

In the darkness, Aragog was obviously hesitant and silent.

“That’s fair, isn’t it?” Evan shook his wand and asked again.

“Very fair indeed, Hagrid’s friend!” Click, click, Aragog said slowly, his voice full of doubts. “I can grant your request, but after killing it, how can you guarantee that you will let me go?”

“You have no choice but to cooperate or be killed by me here now.” Evan gave a cold smirk and said rudely, “I repeat, I don’t care about Malfoy’s life or death. I can wait for rescue and choose a more secure way to go below!”

They were deadlocked, and Evan’s last words clearly shook Aragog.

He was right. Aragog and the other Acromantula had no other choice. They had little bargaining space with Evan, and little capital.

After several serious losses, they had been badly damaged.

If it didn’t do what Evan said, it might die immediately, and if it didn’t kill the monster below, it was afraid that the entire Acromantula population would be extinct.

“You won!” Aragog slowly climbed to Evan’s side. “Do as you will. I hope that after everything is over, you will keep your promise.”

Looking at the old spider lying beside him, all over its body was grey and fluffy; Evan gently waved his wand and shouted, “REDUCIO!”

A burst of purple light flashed, and a few seconds later, Aragog’s body was rapidly shrinking.

Soon, it changed from the size of a baby elephant to that of a normal spider, probably no bigger than Evan’s palm.

“For Hagrid’s sake...” Evan heard Aragog’s voice.

“Rest assured, I’ve always been truthful to my words; at least, more than you.”

Aragog trembled and climbed down the spider web into the bottle.

Evan sealed the bottle and cast a spell on it to make it more resistant, to not afraid of any accidents. He stuffed the bottle back into his carry-on package, turned around and looked at the Acromantula floating in mid-air, took a deep breath and was ready.

“Come on, take me down, I can’t wait to see the true face of the guy below, I hope you won’t let me down.”

He opened his arms, like a captured prey, the Acromantula grabbed him tightly from behind with its two first stout spider legs.

Then, they slowly descended the crevice along the edge of the spider web...

This feeling was really bizarre; Evan was uncomfortable with the rubbed fur of the spider. He became even more disgusted at the thought of being held up by an ugly spider.

His back was now almost unprotected, and if it wished, the Acromantula behind him could open its big pincers and bite him to death.

Or, more simply, throw him down and smash him into pieces.

Fortunately, what Evan worried about did not happen. They swayed to the depths of the earth in a gust of cloudy wind, as if they were going to another world.

With every sway, Evan was nervous and anxious for quite a while.

It was not that he was timid, but the state he was in was so terrifying. The deep pit which end could not be seen because of darkness was like a big mouth of a beast that was devouring them slowly and mercilessly.

Evan tried not to think about the Acromantula behind him, or what to do if he fell from here. He forced himself to observe the surroundings.

He originally thought that the depths of the underground would be the same as what he saw above, all so dark that one could not see at the reach of his fingers, but that was not the case.

Even without the faint light at the tip of his wand, there were fluorescent underground plants growing on the rock wall.

Some of them gave off a beaming green light, and some emitted a dim yellow and white light.

Evan focused his attention and looked closely. He saw that most of these glowing plants were precious fungi he had never seen before.

Among them, there was a kind of mushroom “Lux Aeterna” which had been recorded only in the oldest version of “One Thousand Magical Herbs and Fungi”, and had now been deemed as extinct. It was one of the main materials used to boil magic potions.

If there were not more important things waiting him to do, he would’ve definitely stopped the spider behind him and collected all these precious plants.

Continuing downward, silver floating planktons began to appear around Evan.

They floated slowly in the air, like stars in the night sky, looking very beautiful.

These planktons seemed to be spores of certain plants, floating out of the surrounding rock crevices, gathering together and floating throughout the deep pit.

As the depth continued to increase, there were more and more planktons, and Evan seemed to be in a silvery ocean.

The scene in front of him was like one out of a dream, beautiful to the extreme.

Evan couldn't help but think that he had to find a chance to bring Hermione here to have a look. She would love this fairytale world.

These tiny silver-white planktons all seemed magical. Because they were too dense, Evan accidentally breathed some of them in.

The next second, he was pleasantly surprised to find that the magic he had just consumed in combat was being recovered quickly.

It was really weird. What was this?!

Instead of looking around, he hurriedly took out a small bottle, loaded some planktons in midair, ready to return to Hogwarts for research.

He had a hunch that with these unknown spores, he was likely to develop a new potion.

This magic potion could help the wizard recover his magic quickly. If it succeeded, it would be a feat to change the history of magic. He would become the youngest Potions Master ever, and the Ministry of Magic would award him the Order of Merlin First Class as recognition.

Of course, this was all just a thought.

Just as Evan was distracted, they seemed to have reached the bottom of the pit, and a huge figure of a statue appeared in front of him.

As Aragog said before, the scarred statue, full of Acromantulas' damage marks, was carved with a serpentine logo and the Slytherin family's emblem.

This huge green stone statue was of Salazar Slytherin himself!

Chapter 315: Parseltongue and Hidden Secrets

Yes, this was the statue of Salazar Slytherin himself.

Surrounded by a silver band of light, he held a wand in his hand, and the end of the wand leaned down slightly, as if he were casting some magic. The expression on his face was extremely serious.

Unlike the statue of Slytherin that Evan had seen before, this statue was neither that old and clumsy man in the Chamber of Secrets, ancient and monkeyish, with a long, thin beard; nor the handsome, calm and reserved middle-aged man who was in charge of everything. It was Slytherin as a teenager.

He was even younger than Slytherin, whom Evan had met a thousand years ago. This statue should've been made back when Salazar was about the same age as Evan; or slightly older, around fifteen or sixteen.

The face at the top of the statue had a solemn expression besides its handsome appearance. It emitted a sense of vigor and vitality, as well as an indescribable temperament, a temperament that's like an unsheathed sword, shimmering and exceptionally sharp.

“The noble and immortal Slytherin, who valued blood and honor, judged the situation, defended himself wisely, and won supremacy...” Evan could not help whispering.

Although it was only a stone sculpture of Salazar in his youth, it perfectly reflected the qualities that Slytherin had long valued.

Even those who were biased against this House had to admit it.

Evan looked at the statue carefully. He looked like Tom Riddle in his school days. He had black jade-like hair and was thin and tall, but he was more confident and full of the peculiar sense of the medieval aristocracy.

The common denominator was that both of them had a cold smile on their lips.

Evan did not know what thoughts Voldemort would have seeing his ancestor. From the current situation, Evan estimated that he had never been to this cave. This was also very similar to Voldemort’s usual style. He thought he had mastered everything. He disdained to have a thorough understanding of the magical creatures he despised and the Muggle-born wizards.

But in fact, he missed out on a lot of valuable things.

Evan carefully observed the surroundings, and under the traction of the Acromantula behind him, he slowly landed at the foot of the giant statue of Slytherin.

Like the Chamber of secrets, the ground was paved with cyan marble.

Under the thick dust, the marble was carved with dark golden ornaments, silently telling the glory of the past.

Besides, there were various kinds of stone fragments on the ground.

Evan moved forward, raising his wand high.

He found himself standing in the middle of a wide circular basement hall, whose decorations had been damaged by the Acromantulas, and it was impossible to recognize their true features.

Silver-white planktons landed sporadically from the sky, like a little starlight, scattered on the statue of Slytherin and the surrounding huge stone pillars.

In the quiet, empty hall, he stood alone.

The faint fluorescence emitted by the end of Evan’s wand appeared so small in the darkness, and the stone carvings that had remained unchanged for nearly a thousand years seemed to have stagnated.

In the absolute silence, he could clearly feel the impact of time.

Under the light of his wand, not far from Slytherin’s feet, he saw a huge stone altar, engraved with words, and Evan walked over to see it.

Like the surrounding decorations and walls, the altar had also been destroyed by Acromantulas, and split into several pieces, leaving only a huge base.

He picked up a slightly larger wreck and took it in his hand to observe it. The text engraved on it was very weird.

“This is...” Evan seemed to think of something, and hurriedly flipped Slytherin’s Locket hanging on his chest, comparing the two.

All of them were symbols, twisted like snakes. They were all words. As for the text on Slytherin’s Locket, Evan studied it for a long time. He looked up many books related to ancient magic patterns, but did not find any information about it.

However, in ancient astrology books, he found some clues.

In the center of the Locket, the lines engraved around the green gemstones were all symbols and visual azimuths of ancient astrologers. These symbols related to the astrological knowledge of the relative angles of planets and their relationship to each other.

Because it was too esoteric, Evan was still working on solving it.

As for the other inscriptions on the Locket, he had not made any progress.

But when he saw the words on the broken stone altar and the surrounding scenes, Evan got a glimmer of inspiration. Salazar Slytherin’s most famous trait was Parseltongue, so these unknown words might have to be recognized by a Parselmouth, as long as they were in accordance with the ancient English grammar...

He tried to read it, and there was a strange hissing sound in his mouth. It didn’t make sense, but it sounded exactly the same as Harry when he was using the Parseltongue.

“Yes, that’s it, I should have thought of it!” Evan clenched his fist. “These weird words left by Salazar Slytherin must have something to do with the Parseltongue. I spent months looking for ancient magic handed down from all over the world.”

He hurriedly collected all the broken stones and put them in his pocket. He was ready to go back and restore them to their original state. He could let Harry look at them and maybe make a breakthrough and know why Slytherin left a legacy here and the old words on the Locket.

Evan remembered the vampire girl called Elaine Slytherin, and the prophecy she mentioned...

He waited until he collected all the stones and calmed down before moving on.

In the empty hall, only Evan’s footsteps echoed in the darkness, and he walked for about five minutes in the direction indicated by Slytherin’s statue wand.

In front of him was a huge stone gate. The decoration and cracks on it were exactly the same as the ones Evan had seen in his dreams. He remembered that behind the door was the monster, the secret hidden for nearly a thousand years, and the huge blood-red eyes...

Evan increased his vigilance. The stone door was not opened.

On the door were two intertwined snakes with large, shiny emeralds in their eyes.

They were very similar to the two snakes above the gate of the Chamber of Secrets in the castle, but the style of the two snakes looks plainer, just like that of a shrinking Basilisk.

If Harry was here, he could use Parseltongue to order the two snakes to open the stone door.

Evan couldn’t do it, but there should be another entrance. He took the bottle containing Aragog out of the package.

“Aragog, I’ve come to the underground ruins, and I’m standing in front of a huge closed stone gate. How can I get in here?”

“Follow my children, Hagrid’s friend! As the voice commanded, we opened an entrance on the far wall.” Click, click, said Aragog weakly, “Right over there, we used to take the captured prey from that crack to it...”

Chapter 316: Monster on the Ceiling

What on earth was Aragog talking about, following its children?!

Evan thought that it was referring to the Acromantula that had just sent him down here, but the latter did not follow.

But he soon understood what it meant. By the light at the end of his wand, he saw rows of small spiders crawling through the cracks in the ground...

Evan followed the spiders and found a hidden cave in the dark corner on the left side of the hall. It was very narrow and could not be found at all without paying attention.

He gave a bitter smile. This was a passage used by the Acromantulas.

Fortunately, he was relatively small and thin and could barely pass through.

If older wizards or guys like Goyle and Crabbe were to come, going through would be out of the question.

Evan held his wand in front of him and bent down into a narrow tunnel covered with dust and spiders webs.

This passage did not directly pass through the wall; it was winding and rugged, with many roads, like a labyrinth. It was impossible to distinguish the specific direction.

When he got lost inside, Evan took out the bottle containing Aragog.

The old spider gave a clicking, and summoned its children.

In a short while, a few little spiders crawled in front of Evan and took him to the right path.

After climbing forward for about ten minutes, Evan suddenly found his way out.

He emerged out of the crack. It was dark at the moment, and nothing could be seen. The endless darkness was pressing from all sides, constantly compressing the light at the tip of his wand.

Evan felt that his magic had been suppressed and its effect had been much weakened. The invisible pressure came out from the front, and there seemed to be something there...

“Lumos Maxima!” He read the spell again and took a step back.

Evan stood close to the wall, his wand steadily across his chest. Holding this position, if there was anything to attack him, he wouldn’t worry about being attacked from behind.

But nothing happened. He increased the transmission of magic power, and the weak fluorescence at the end of the wand gradually became brighter and quickly became dazzling.

In the bright light, Evan first noticed the walls around him.

Like the top channel, they were painted with colorful murals.

These murals were relatively intact because they were not damaged by the Acromantulas.

He glanced at them, and the story on the murals seemed to be a continuation of the previous ones, with the evil creature created by the black wizard and Slytherin being himself on them!

On the wall to Evan's left, young Slytherin held his wand high and shot a thick green light. He was fighting the monster...

On the right wall, Slytherin seemed to have triumphed.

He was standing in front of the strange creature covered with tentacles seemingly performing a magic that Evan had never seen before, surrounded by strange lights.

Evan's mind was full of questions. What exactly was Slytherin doing?!

He also wanted to observe the other murals. He just turned around and saw Malfoy lying in the middle of the room.

He lay there pale, silent, like an abandoned doll.

Although he did not care much about Malfoy's life and death, Evan's heart was suddenly shaken. He ignored anything else and hurried over.

There was a voice telling him that Malfoy was dead...

However, after Evan walked over, he realized that he had just fainted, and although his breath was very weak, he was safe.

Malfoy's expression was calm and sometimes painful, as if he was having a nightmare.

Looking at him, he must have been frightened in his dreams, and he kept calling his parents' and Snape's name.

Through previous contacts, Evan realized that the soul-based monster could control other people's dreams, make them fall into fear in their sleep, and be at its mercy.

This effect was not fatal until the soul was devoured by the other side at the final collapse. As for whether Malfoy would have a psychological trauma as a result of this, Evan did not care.

After confirming that Malfoy's soul had not been swallowed, Evan no longer looked at him.

He raised his head and looked around in the empty room for the monster, the master of the voice that once whispered in his mind, but saw nothing.

The square room was empty, and there was nothing but dust on the ground.

This was so strange; Evan did not dare to relax his vigilance. His mind was highly focused, and his muscles were tightly tied together.

He further increased his magical transmission, and the glare from the wand illuminated every corner.

"Lost lamb, are you looking for me?" A low whisper suddenly sounded.

"Where are you?" Evan shouted. "What the hell are you? Show your true face!"

“The stars can dispel the chill through the bones, but the small light in your hands can’t dispel the darkness!” The whisper quietly said, “You’re resisting tenaciously, as if you could really change everything, but this is only futile struggle, you’ll know!”

With his voice, the light intensity on Evan’s wand was shrinking rapidly...

A powerful magic pressure came on him. For Evan, this was totally unfamiliar. He didn’t know how to resist it.

The bright light that was as dazzling as the sun quickly became a residual candle in the wind, flashing and fading from time to time. It was so dim that Evan’s face could not be seen clearly.

“You will understand that no one can escape, even the God of death would die!” The whisper that sounded nowhere continued to reverberate in Evan’s ear. “Only darkness and loneliness are eternal, and you will all end up alone, slowly falling asleep on this land...”

“Sorry, I am not sleepy, so I don’t want to sleep!” Evan narrowed his eyes and replied directly. “And I think that what you’ve been saying is worth nothing. You’re harping on the same string over and over. It is really annoying!”

The next second, he suddenly turned around and waved his wand quickly. With the fastest speed, he issued three silver-white charms directly above him, like lightning.

Dumbledore once had taught him that all the magic would leave traces. He could find it just by sensing it with his heart. Although he couldn’t distinguish the direction of the whisper and couldn’t recognize the strange magic used by the other side and crack it, he could sense the source of his magic.

Evan quickly stepped back and looked over his head.

Where it was supposed to be the ceiling, he saw a huge oval creature.

Most of its body penetrated into the ceiling, and the exposed part was weird beyond description. Its skin was dark purple and rough.

The monster’s body was extremely large, covered with soft tentacles. It was constantly creeping and looked very disgusting.

The most striking thing was its eyes, which were a pair of blood-red eyes, cold and ruthless, without a hint of warmth within them.

It looked closely at Evan, and the darkness in its huge pupil seemed to devour him mercilessly...

Chapter 317: The Wandering Madness

Evan heart pounded and he looked at the monster above his head with trepidation.

Its body was completely hidden in the stone wall above the ceiling, and it was covered up, revealing only half of its head and massive blood-red eyes.

There were no other organs on its head besides eyes, tentacles and rough skin.

It swayed its tentacles wantonly, and looked extremely nauseous, ragged all over. The weirdest thing about the monster was its huge blood-red eyes, in which there was no emotion. They were cold, indifferent and ruthless, and their long and slender pupils were almost in a straight line.

Inside the pupil was a deep darkness, as if connected to the universe, as if it were a small black hole, where even light was twisted.

‘Just go there and you wouldn’t escape, you’d be devoured mercilessly...’

What exactly was this monster?!

It was exactly what was created by the Dark wizard on the previous murals, but in reality it looked even more shocking.

Evan gasped. His attack just now did not work.

The spell seemed to go straight through the Enemy’s body. Without too much thought, Evan subconsciously waved his wand, and a red light attacked it once again.

This time, he saw clearly his magic passing through the other monster, disappearing in the blink of an eye without a trace, like a light being swallowed up.

Strange, what was the matter? Was this monster immune to magic?!

“Futile resistance, your soul will eventually be swallowed up by me!” A deep whisper sounded directly in Evan’s mind.

“What in the world are you?” Evan asked subconsciously, clenching his wand.

“To you, I am God, in charge of death and eternal life. Only by believing in me can you know the meaning of calm!” It whispered, “Lost lamb, I will save you and help you escape death. Believe me! Believe me! Believe me!”

“I don’t need your salvation, and I don’t need any eternal life!” Evan shouted. “These temptations of yours mean nothing to me...”

“Is that so? You told me that you are not afraid of death, you look at me with suspicion, but you don’t know that in your dream, I know you like the palm of my hand!” The whisper continued to ring. I know your deepest secrets and your ambitions! Look around you, endless darkness is encircling you. In this sunken relic, you will fall into a dream. Will you have the same dream again? ”

“I JUST TOLD YOU THAT I’M NOT SLEEPY AT ALL AND I DON’T WANT TO SLEEP!” Evan shouted in the loudest voice, “I’m not going to dream, you’re not going to control me!”

He felt that the air around him was getting more and more smothering, and he couldn’t breathe. The thought that he was thousands of feet deep underground, facing the unknown monster, his mind was full of horrible, cruel thoughts one after the other...

The beast's whisper seemed to never stop, accompanied by the smothering air, and echoed in Evan's ear, saying some strange, insane words.

These words were not coherent at all, many of them even meaningless.

Evan told himself not to listen, but the voice uncontrollably drilled into his ears, and even sounded directly in his mind, and he was forced to instill it in himself.

Bloody eyes, cold gaze, crazy whispers, repressed wheezing...

All these things mingled together, overwhelming Evan.

He just listened for a while and felt like he was going to go mad.

"This ruin has witnessed countless ancient and evil crimes. These sins are completely beyond your imagination. Where you can't notice, despair is pervasive, madness is wandering!" It kept saying, "As you can see, lost lamb, life is disappearing from the boy in front of you, but you can't do anything, you can only watch him die. In the end, you will be alone forever."

"Ah, shut up!" Evan shouted.

He didn't even think about it. He just flicked his wand and threw a dark green light. This was the most evil black magic he could learn from "Secrets of the Darkest Art". It was powerful and had obvious side effects. Evan never actually intended to use this spell.

But he had to admit that he was about to be driven mad by this voice.

In order to shut it up, he didn't care if he was using evil black magic.

Now, there was only one thought in his mind, that was to kill the monster.

Evan gasped and looked up at his curse hitting it. His mouth showed a cruel smile. This time he should surely kill his foe...

In front of him, the dark green light went straight through the monster's body and disappeared.

Evan frowned; the power of this spell should not be so small.

He shook his wand restlessly, and about five seconds later, the curse seemed to have finally hit the wall, and the whole room was shaking.

A roaring sound was constant, and a great deal of rubble fell from the top.

Evan did not hide, and let the rubble fall on him. He raised his head like a madman to look at the monster above his head. It didn't seem to be affected at all.

No way, what in the world was going on here?!

As before, its ruthless blood-red eyes stared at him tightly, and the stones falling through its body did not even affect it.

"Your soul is suffering, but this is not the real you!" The whisper continued, "What can change a person's nature?"

Evan gasped violently, watching the monster, forcing himself to calm down.

He tried to ignore the constant voice in his mind and tried to analyze the current situation.

Undoubtedly, the current situation was very strange. His curse had lost its effect, and this seemingly powerful monster did not seem to be eager to kill him.

Was it that it didn't want to, or that it couldn't?!

From the very beginning to the present, it didn't move at all, just staying above the ceiling, shaking its disgusting tentacles, staring at him with those big scary eyes.

Besides constantly making crazy whispers, it had no other moves.

Thinking about it carefully, this was too abnormal.

Moreover, according to previous judgments and information provided by Aragog, the monster was now very weak, and it should not have much strength left in it.

Even if it was taking strength from Malfoy to recover itself, time was too short to recover much...

Chapter 318: Horcrux and Evan's Conjecture

At that moment, Evan seemed to think of something.

His thoughts were interrupted by the continuous whisper.

He stood dejectedly in the same place, staring blankly at his wand in his hand, his brain stopped working, he had no idea what he was going to do, and why was he standing here?!

Evan shook his wand, completely confused, and there was an urge in his heart to use Black Magic to kill something, but he didn't know who to kill.

Then he saw Malfoy lying in front of him.

Malfoy seemed so odious, and Evan found that his aversion to him was increasing rapidly.

A crazy idea came into his mind to kill Malfoy.

YES, THAT'S IT, KILL MALFOY!

Killing him will save him a lot of trouble, he could avenge himself, Harry and Hermione, and the monster could no longer absorb vitality from him to regain strength.

If he just killed Malfoy, he could defeat the monster above his head.

This was deep underground. Even if Malfoy died here, no one would know that it was made by Evan. People couldn't even find his body...

"Yes, I came here just to kill Malfoy."

Evan's mouth showed a cruel smile, and seemed to finally find his target. He clenched his wand and took two steps forward, stepping closer to Malfoy...

Above his head, the horrible unknown creature swayed its tentacles gently, and its huge, cold eyes stared at Evan ruthlessly, watching him step by step closer to Malfoy.

The slender pupils and the huge eyeballs bulged down to reveal nerves and blood vessels inside. Its purpose was about to be realized. Under the influence of his own will, this human boy had lost his

self. As long as he walked over to kill his companion, he would degenerate, and fall into the abyss of darkness forever more.

Although it had already planted his seed in Malfoy, this boy named Evan was obviously more suitable to become a parasitic object. He had been selected from the very beginning...

In the dark ruins, Evan moved forward step by step.

He gasped, tangled, and twisted, and his spirit was oppressed to the utmost.

He didn't know what he was doing. All he knew was that he was going to do something terrible.

He told himself that it was wrong to do so, but he could not control his body.

There should be a way to kill the monster above his head, but it definitely was not killing Malfoy!

Just as he reached right below the monster's huge, cold eyes, Slytherin's Locket hanging on his chest suddenly gave out a faint golden glow.

The light converged from all sides to the curved capital letter S in the center of the Locket, and the ancient magic was spontaneously activated by the external stimuli.

The green gems glowed faintly, and Slytherin's emblem reappeared.

The whisper that had been echoing in Evan's mind disappeared instantly. The monster above his head seemed to have been hit hard, and a cold look of fatigue flashed through its cold eyes.

"SALAZAR SLYTHERIN..." It said reluctantly, with infinite hatred in its voice and it gradually disappeared into the darkness.

Evan woke up and looked at Malfoy and the monster above with lingering fear.

He sat on the ground panting, and now finally realized that this horrible monster was using psychic magic to influence him.

Since entering the room, he had fallen under the creature's magic.

It was not that it didn't want to kill him; it just had no physical attacks.

But its method was even more horrible. The monster was trying to lure him into degeneration by whispering, and then devour his soul!

"That was close..." Evan turned Slytherin's Locket out. He didn't know what magic was on it, but it had obvious restraining effect on his enemy.

A thousand years ago, since it was Salazar Slytherin who defeated the monster and imprisoned it here, he must have had a way of dealing with it.

Evan gradually settled down and held the Locket in his hand.

The magic of his body was naturally poured into it, and the green fluorescence glowed from the gemstones set in it, forming a cloud of light beside him.

Under the gloomy green mist, Evan could no longer hear the monster's whispers, his magic was no longer suppressed, and everything was back to normal.

Evan stood up and tried another magic trick on the monster above.

A red light passed straight through its shattered body and had no effect just like before.

The monster's body was like a hologram, and all Evan's magic was straight through it...

This was too abnormal. With the help of Slytherin's Locket, Evan could now think calmly. He seemed to have had a similar situation before.

In the Chamber of secrets last year, together with Harry, he fought against Tom Riddle's diary.

Riddle sucked Ginny's life, became a shadow and got out of the diary. He could use the wand to cast the spells, but he was immune to all magic.

From the current situation, this monster was in the same state as Riddle at that time!

Thinking of the whole process that the black wizard had shown on the murals to make this monster, the body of those magical creatures combined with the souls of countless humans.

All spells passed through its body, as if through a shadow that did not exist.

Maybe it was now just a Horcrux.

Evan even boldly assumed that the guy above the head, which was a mixture of mutated octopus and bat, was likely to be a Horcrux like Tom Riddle.

"Horcrux!" He was shocked by his conclusion.

Through the mist of light, Evan looked at the guy who shook his tentacles above. Although absurd, the more he thought about it, the more he realized it was possible that the monster above was a Horcrux, which explained the causes of various irrational phenomena.

Perhaps, the black magic that gave birth to it was more evil than the magic of making the Horcrux, and its existence itself was more advanced than the Horcrux, but it was the same in essence.

From the information obtained in the book "Secrets of the Darkest Art", Evan had already mastered the method of making the Horcrux. He compared it with the evil black magic on the murals he just saw, and found out more and more clues from it.

He thought of the possibility that the black wizard who appeared on the murals transformed himself into an immortal being with some evil black magic...

Evan shook his head. It was terrible. He didn't know if such magic really existed.

The question now was, if this monster was a ghost or something like a Horcrux, then where was its body?!

Chapter 319: The Trouble of Dealing With Slytherin

Whatever the monster was, there was no point in continuing to use magic to attack it.

Continuous attempts had made it clear to Evan that it was only a phantom that was immune to his attack, just being there to distract him.

Only by finding its origin could it be eradicated.

In his hand, Slytherin's Locket emitted a dark green light fog, which did not affect Evan, but substantially made the beast's tentacles wiggle.

Its massive eyeballs looked as if they were about to pop out of their sockets, blood-red and chaotic...

It looked at Evan fiercely and seemed to want to tear him apart, but its current body could not touch him, and its whisper was blocked by the mist.

They were both deadlocked. Evan knew he had to hurry to find the monster's body. He didn't know how long the magic on the Locket would last. If he couldn't defeat this monster before the magic expired, he had to plan ahead and quickly leave and take Malfoy far away from there. He didn't want to lose control of himself again.

Nevertheless, Evan was confident.

Since Salazar had defeated it, there should be some clues left behind.

Apart from the murals, there was nothing in the empty square stone room. Evan focused his attention on the surrounding walls and examined them one by one.

The strange murals were very abstract, but the meaning they wanted to convey was very clear.

In the bloody crimson altar, young Salazar Slytherin defeated the monster and, for some reason, did not destroy it.

Maybe like Voldemort, whose Horcrux was not completely destroyed, the monster itself could not be eradicated; or perhaps it was because Salazar Slytherin himself believed that this rare evil monster was of great value for his research.

Whatever it was, he brought it back to Hogwarts.

At the time, it was not a school of magic, but a castle left to him by his father.

In the woods outside the castle, Slytherin reformed the ruins.

On the murals, it was clear that Slytherin, as a teenager, began to study the monster there. Pictures of all kinds of research were about to fill the whole stone wall. He used different magic, potions and other strange things on its body.

What were the specific research outcomes, Evan didn't know.

Maybe they were collected before him, and the information would be left on the altar's fragments carved with that quirky writing, but he had to wait until he was back to let Harry decipher the message.

To tell the truth, Evan was a little startled.

In his opinion, every magic carved on the rock wall was so fantastic that it was completely beyond the scope of his knowledge.

Unfortunately, there was no spell and specific content; he could only feel how powerful Slytherin's magic was.

It was different from the black magic recorded in "Secrets of the Darkest Art". This magic carved on the rock wall should be white magic after all.

The white magic created by Slytherin was all lost magic that had not been passed down. It was exciting enough to think about it.

If it could come out, it would absolutely be a great discovery that would attract worldwide attention.

Evan restrained his excitement and looked back. It could be seen that for a certain period of time, this monster was the main subject of all kinds of magic experiments of Slytherin. Besides, he also studied its body structure.

To put it simply, young Salazar tortured this monster enough. He was like a true, evil black wizard, but all the magic he created and used was White Magic, which was also consistent with the character of Slytherin that Evan knew.

He did not care for seeking darkness, because there was light in his heart, which was enough for him to be as strong as he was.

In the last few murals, Salazar divided the monster into three parts: the brain, the eyes, and the body.

He seemed to have his own plan, leaving only his eyes here.

Facing the fainting Malfoy was the last mural on which Salazar placed the monster's huge eyes in the stone chamber and arranged the seal magic.

Needless to say, the seal magic he left behind had been completely destroyed by the Acromantulas.

Besides this information, there were two things that grabbed Evan's attention.

The first was the age of Salazar on the murals. In the previous murals, it could be seen that Slytherin was very young, just like the huge statue outside, and should be no more than a few years older than Evan.

But in the last mural, Slytherin was much older.

The beard was clearly visible on his face, which meant that it might be the last time he came here before he left school.

It is well known that Slytherin was increasingly at odds with the other three Founders over student enrollment.

After a fierce quarrel, he finally left the school.

Why did he come here before he left? What was his intention to take parts of the monster away?

The second thing that Evan cared about was the four corners around the rock wall, which depicted four items, namely Slytherin's Locket, ring, wand, and the cane surrounded by two big green snakes from bottom to top.

Strange, why did Slytherin have to leave depictions of these four items on the wall?!

Looking at the green haze around him, Evan felt like he had found some key information. If it weren't for this Locket, his current end would have been absolutely unimaginable.

He would have been driven mad by this monster that would have swallowed up the soul in his sleep.

Since Slytherin's Locket can have such a big effect, the other three things obviously should also have special uses.

The ring should be in the ruins of the Gaunt Shack, and Evan did not know where it was exactly.

Slytherin's wand was handed down from generation to generation among his other powerful descendants, the vampire clan, and it should be difficult to get it.

As for where the cane surrounded by snakes was, it also needed to be investigated again.

He couldn't explain why, but Evan had a feeling that the huge troubles faced by Elaine's vampire family might be related to this horrible unknown monster.

No one knew where Salazar went after he left Hogwarts. A powerful wizard like him could not spend the rest of his life in obscurity.

However, none of the books on the history of magic had details on that.

And the body and brain of the monster that he took away, where were they finally sealed?! Now that its eyes had awakened and it devoured the souls of other creatures to strengthen itself, the two other parts were likely to be in the same situation.

After all, it's been too long. In more than a thousand years, anything could happen.

Evan sighed. On top of all of this, he still had the treasure key left by Slytherin to look for, and he still had no clue.

Compared with the other three decent Founders, dealing with Salazar Slytherin brought the most trouble.

Chapter 320: The Shadow of Salazar Slytherin

What was unveiled about the mystery from a thousand years ago was just the tip of the iceberg, but things were getting more and more complicated.

Through these ancient murals, Evan finally figured out what he was facing.

However, he found that the doubts in his mind did not decrease. In fact, he had even more questions.

In any case, Salazar Slytherin's last act was too suspicious. Evan tried to recall his life story, but found that in all known historical facts; only his involvement in the establishment of Hogwarts was given with detail.

There was hardly any record about Slytherin's experiences as a teenager and after leaving Hogwarts, which, like the darkness before him, was a complete mystery.

Evan looked at Slytherin's Locket with a faint green light in his hand. Besides being Voldemort's Horcrux, it also hid more amazing secrets.

In the darkness, Malfoy uttered a painful murmur, interrupting Evan's thoughts. Turning his head, he saw Malfoy lying on the ground in agony, his pale face covered with tiny drops of sweat, and his terrible nightmares seemed to have reached their peak.

Evan knew that he had to hurry up. With the help of Slytherin's Locket, he could continue to resist the monster, but Malfoy was almost unable to stand it.

If this continued, his soul would be swallowed up by the nightmare in his sleep.

Evan raised his head and looked at the monster above.

It was shaking its tentacles, with huge eyes fixed on him and the Locket in his hand.

Its eyes were cold and emotionless, like those of a dead person.

Judging by the message left on the rock wall, the monster's ugly, huge body and continually shaking purple tentacles were all non-existent shadows.

Above him, only those blood-red giant eyes were real.

Ever since entering the stone chamber, Evan had never looked at them.

Every time he did, he looked away in a hurry.

The disproportionately large eyeballs and the slender pupils above had their own creepy oppression, as if they could arouse fears hidden in the deepest part of the heart.

Evan knew that he couldn't afford to flinch. He had to force himself to look at its eyes, even with the green fog protection in front of him.

The "Horcrux" was still in a trance.

"Salazar Slytherin..." The whisper came in intermittently.

It could be perceived from its tone that it had unlimited grudge towards Slytherin.

Even if a thousand years of time had passed, this grudge had not abated at all.

"Lost lamb, you are struggling uselessly, you're resisting your destiny tightly, as if you can really change everything, but you don't know that you're already going astray..."

"Keep it down, you've said enough nonsense, and my destiny will be in my hands." Evan calmly replied, "I will not rely on others, let alone believe such a monster like you with only its eyes left."

He waved his wand fast, and a red light quickly flew upwards.

"NO!" The horrible monster released a harsh scream to reach the soul.

Evan held his breath and stepped back. The wand in his hand did not stop, and the spells were quickly read, and the curses were aimed at the monster's eyes.

Bang, bang, bang!!!

Under Evan's attack, its body was rapidly disintegrating.

The shadow became blurred, and the rough, smashed body eventually disappeared. Above Evan's head, only two huge white eyeballs were left exposed, and a pile of rotten meat mixed with red blood vessels and muscle fibers joined tightly to the ceiling.

On the big and disproportionate eyeballs, the red that Evan has always seen occupied only a small part, less than a tenth of the whole eyeball.

"Slytherin's descendant, you have to pay for what you've done!" It stared closely at Evan, and the voice of nothingness was not blurring, but growing stronger and stronger. "Since you don't want to give up your soul obediently, I shall devour it by force!"

Its voice just fell, and the whole space began to shake.

The ground was shaking; cracks appeared on the rock walls. The murals on them shattered and peeled off, and a loud roar came out from the deepest part of the earth.

The slender pupils were torn, and the huge eyeballs split in the middle.

Evan stepped back and looked at the monster in disbelief.

Being among the most ferocious of monsters, it had a terrible momentum. Two massive cracks formed in the middle of the eyeballs, covered with long sharp fangs. Inside was mucus, beyond which was endless darkness.

Evan could hardly imagine what the monster was becoming.

This was only the power of the eyes. If its body was here, Evan knew he wouldn't even stand a chance to fight back. Such a powerful and evil monster had been defeated by Salazar Slytherin in his youth a thousand years ago, back when it was at the peak of its power...

The two eyes swayed and fell off the wall of the ceiling.

They floated in the air and opened huge bloody cracks, and flew towards Evan.

Evan quickly retreated backwards, not sure what kind of magic to use to deal with them. The existence of this monster itself was beyond his understanding and all common sense.

He waved his wand and made a few spells, but they didn't work.

The ferocious monster was getting closer and closer to him. Just when Evan thought that everything was about to end, all his magic suddenly poured out and filled the Locket in his hand.

Slytherin's Locket floated slowly, and the emeralds inlaid on it shone intensely. Even the strange inscriptions around it glowed in dark gold.

That seemed to be a signal. A white halo was gradually emerging above the rock wall.

The closed stone door suddenly opened, and the statue of Slytherin in the outer hall also shone brightly.

The white planktons floating in the cave dropped rapidly, like a group of fish migrating in the deep blue sea. They spun downward rapidly and surrounded the statue of Salazar.

Silver, green, and gold light clusters gathered at Evan's location, fusing with the green haze around the Locket.

Eventually, it gradually merged into a shape, and a humanoid virtual figure appeared in front of Evan.

It was a handsome 15-year-old young man, in a medieval-style wizard's robe, with black jade-like hair and a pure white wand in his hand.

"Salazar Slytherin..."

As Evan recognized him, the monster in front of him also whispered.

It did not continue to attack Evan, but turned around to look at Salazar's shadow with resentment.