

Harry Potter 321

Chapter 321: The Final Chapter in the Lair

Deep underground in the darkness, a silver band of tiny glittering planktons stretched hundreds of feet wide.

Like the Milky Way in the Summer Night Sky, attracted by magic, they poured in continuously from the void, without interruption, without stopping...

The silver light completely dispelled the darkness that had been shrouding the place for a thousand years.

Reacting with the Locket in Evan's hand, the magic left by Salazar Slytherin was successfully activated, and his shadow slowly appeared.

Evan could feel the powerful magic, the power of hundreds of millions of magic planktons, which all converged into the shadow of Salazar.

Sizzle...

He heard the sound of sparks burning quietly in the air. He looked around for the source of the sound and found that it was the result of powerful magic collisions inside the shadow of Salazar.

Fine magic particles met unexpectedly, emitting beautiful golden and silver rays of light.

It was like pyrotechnics that had shrunk countless times and scattered one by one. They looked very beautiful, but they contained a shocking amount of magical energy.

This was an unimaginable power for ordinary people, beyond the limits of human beings.

Salazar's shadow did not speak, nor did he look at Evan. He stood still in silence, with a solemn expression, and his wand in his hand pointed to the huge eyeball monster.

On his white wand, from time to time, a silver brilliance flashed from top to bottom.

"Salazar Slytherin, after a thousand years of waiting..."

The deep whisper re-sounded, and the huge eyes looked at Slytherin with hatred, as if they wanted to communicate with him.

Slytherin had no intention of communicating with it. He waved his wand, made a strange hissing sound, and countless colorful halos floated around him.

This was the magic that Evan had seen on the rock wall before, but he couldn't understand Slytherin's Spell. He was stunned for a moment, and then he understood.

This was Parseltongue; Salazar Slytherin used magic that's read in Parseltongue.

With Salazar's hissing, the silver planktons from the dark void came together to form a mass that emitted hazy colored halos.

Like floating hydrogen balloons, they floated slowly in the air.

These colorful halos might seem harmless to humans and animals, but Evan knew that they were all energy masses made up of the purest magic.

Underneath their gorgeous appearance, each one carried a powerful destructive power.

The number of light masses was increasing, and the horrible monster was becoming more and more restless.

It was afraid. Blood vessels and flesh fibers in the eyeballs were constantly squirming. A few seconds later, it seemed finally determined to overcome its fear of Salazar Slytherin. Centering on the slender pupils, once again, a huge blood-stained fissure was opened, and it rushed straight to Salazar's shadow.

Salazar suddenly disappeared as he saw it coming and turned into a myriad of silver planktons.

The next second, his figure reappeared behind the eyeball monster, unaffected by its effort, and the wand in his hand waved at a strange angle.

Under his command, all the colorful light masses that had wandered aimlessly in the air moved, and they surrounded the horrible monster in the center.

A sophisticated magic symbol rose from the ground, giving off a green light.

In the next second, without any warning, two dark green giant snakes emerged from the magic symbols.

"Hiss, hiss!" They showed their fangs and circled straight up, wrapping the eyeball monster tightly in the middle in a heartbeat.

Evan blinked; everything in front of him was like a dream.

In front of him, after being entangled by the giant snakes, the monster was restrained.

It returned to the shape of an eyeball. Under the influence of magic and the pressure of the snakes, the red in the center began to diffuse outward until it spread to the whole eyeball.

It trembled and resisted, but it was already at the end of its power.

Under the entanglement of the giant snakes, its body was subjected to infinite compression, and its outer layer began to break and crack.

"Slytherin's Heir, you think you have defeated me, but you don't know the tragic fate of your arrival." The painful whisper sounded intermittently, and the huge eyes used all their strength to slowly turn back to Evan. "We'll meet again soon. I'll be back..."

The whisper echoed and diffused in the stone room, echoing in bursts.

The next second, there was a loud bang and the huge eyeballs burst suddenly.

Lots of blood and creeping purple fibers were scattered all over the place, spraying to the ground in all directions.

Evan blinked. He couldn't believe that this horrible monster was so easily destroyed!

At the same moment, Malfoy who had been in a coma shouted out loud. His painful expression gradually calmed down, and the nightmare that had been plaguing him disappeared.

Everything happened so suddenly that Evan couldn't even react.

He breathed heavily and couldn't believe that the mighty monster was just dead, it just disappeared?!

Also, the magic that Salazar had just used just shocked him greatly.

Salazar's shadow turned to look at Evan. He was redistributed into a myriad of silver planktons, which flocked in front of Evan and poured into the Locket in mid-air.

The emerald's fluorescence faded, and the pale gold flashed along the emblem on the Locket.

Slytherin's Locket slowly fell into Evan's hand and returned to its former form.

The stone room was quiet and the darkness came back from all sides. All was like an absurd nightmare, whether it was the huge eyeball monster or the powerful magic of Salazar Slytherin, all was gone, as if it never existed.

Evan got up from the ground and was soaked in sweat. He wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"LUMOS MAXIMA!" The light at the end of his wand re-illuminated the surroundings.

He was impressed by what had just happened. He still had too many questions, but no one could explain to him what was going on.

What should he do now? Evan had not much strength; he did not want to climb out of the pit with a comatose Malfoy. That would be another nightmare.

Maybe the better choice was to stay there and wait for help. Dumbledore would certainly find them.

Taking advantage of this time, He could also reorient his thoughts.

Boom, boom, boom...

As Evan relaxed completely, the thunderous sound resounded, the surrounding rocks were shaking, and the tiny cracks in the wall were expanding at a visible speed.

Unable to withstand the powerful magic that Slytherin had just used, the underground ruins collapsed, and large chunks of rubble fell from above.

He had to get out of there quickly, or he would be buried alive in the depths of the earth...

Evan had to brace himself, and he hurried to the fainted Malfoy, and waved his wand quickly. Malfoy rose from the ground and floated around him.

They rushed to the gate and, then looked back in great surprise.

"Hey, what is this?"

Evan took Malfoy to the place where the huge eyeballs had just burst, and found a crimson listing on the ground with a strange emblem engraved on it.

He picked it up and looked at it briefly. The emblem was exactly the monster that was just there.

It looked more horrible and more massive than what Evan had seen before, as if it was capable of spreading fear throughout the world.

It floated in the air, and below were human figures with pain in their expressions, and their souls were being stripped from their bodies and pouring into the horrible monster.

This crimson listing should have appeared after the monster disappeared. What should the connection be between the two?

Evan didn't have time to look at it. He took it in his hand, willing to wait until he returned to the castle to study it carefully.

Chapter 322: Discussion in Dumbledore's Office

At sunset, everything on the ground was coated with a golden yellow.

The setting sun strove to shine the last ray of light on the huge castle of Hogwarts.

The same was true in Dumbledore's Office, where the sunlight shone through the rectangular windows, and the delicate silverware stood on the slender-legged table, quietly whirling and emitting puffs of smoke. Not far away, the glass container with Godric Gryffindor's sword gleamed faintly.

Fawkes, the phoenix, stood on a huge shelf and made a strange cry.

Apart from it, the office was quiet.

Dumbledore, with a rare frown, sat in the huge armchair, looking inquiringly at what was in front of him with pale blue eyes.

On the surrounding walls, the successive headmasters of Hogwarts, men and women, were all staring at the dark red nameplate in front of Dumbledore.

This nameplate was the one Evan found in the underground ruins, carved with the horrible monster pattern, as well as the human souls being sucked by it.

"Do you have any views on this?" Dumbledore asked softly.

"Horrible monster, incarnation of nightmare, the immortal existence, feeding on the souls of human beings and other living beings!" An old man replied lazily, his voice was full of banter, "Oh, it is terrible, this monster should only exist in mythology!"

He was Phineas Nigellus Black, the great-great-grandfather of Sirius, and Hogwarts's most unpopular Headmaster ever.

"But it appeared around Hogwarts, Phineas!" A shrewd witch shook her very thick wand and sternly said, "Albus has just told us everything, this monster appeared in the Forbidden Forest not far away, and the boy named Evan Mason found it."

"He is lying. The guys at Gryffindor House are untrustworthy, a group of snobs who love to be in the limelight." Phineas said disdainfully, "If he really met this monster, how could he get out of there? To my mind, he is a full-fledged liar!"

"You're shameless. Just a few months ago, that child saved your great-grandson's life and proved the Blacks' innocence." cried the portrait of Dexter Fortescue, a fat wizard with a red nose. "How can you insult him so much?"

"Now that you've mentioned my useless grandson, I have to..."

“All right, we should go back to the topic!” Dilys Derwent said slowly.

She was an old witch with long silver ringlets, and the most prestigious Headmistress in Hogwarts’s history. She had her portrait in many important institutions.

“This nameplate and the monster above are obviously the magical creations of ancient warlocks.” Dilys continued, “They are different from the current wizards. We all know how terrible those madmen were. For taboo magic, they could pay any price. It is not impossible for them to create such an abomination.”

“But with the changes of times, they have all disappeared. For a thousand years, this world hadn’t seen one of them, nor did it see one of their creations.” Phineas retorted, “Now we’re not in the foolish Middle Ages, the old antiques of a thousand years ago...”

“Not all, not all, they have not completely disappeared.” “A weak old wizard said slowly.

He was Quentin Trimble, the master of Defence against the Dark Arts, the author of the must-read textbook “The Dark Forces: A Guide to Self-Protection”.

“Those ancient warlocks have studied death, demons and the magic of life beyond ordinary people’s imagination, and some of them may have escaped the trial of death.” Quentin paused for a moment and went on to say, “There are many known methods, but there is only one method that was handed down. We have discussed this topic many times before.”

“Everything is just speculation. Don’t think I don’t know. You’ve always been biased against the outstanding students of Slytherin House.” “Phineas said discontentedly.

“It’s not speculation. Last semester’s Diary has proved everything, and Evan’s Locket with a powerful magic reaction should also be one.” Dumbledore crossed his fingers and said calmly. “Now the problem is the number of them left. He must have made a lot of them. This is beyond doubt. ”

There was a silence in the office, and no one spoke.

“Okay, okay, I don’t understand why I brought the topic up again. Now we’re talking about this damn nameplate.” Phineas said rudely.

“Indeed. In order to escape death, the ancient warlocks and black wizards had done a lot of research. No one can guarantee that there are other successful methods besides making the Horcruxes.” Quentin said slowly, “According to the description, the monster is more like a co-creation of Necromancy and Demon Magic. It basically conforms to all the characteristics. Perhaps it was some Dark wizard who made a direct evil transformation of his body...”

“Nonsense, this is ridiculous, I have never heard of such magic.” Phineas whispered.

There was murmuring in the Office, and the other headmasters and headmistresses doubted Quentin’s reasoning because it sounded horrible.

“I seem to have seen the pattern on this nameplate somewhere.” A dry voice suddenly sounded. The owner of the voice was a gloomy old man wearing a very old black wizard’s robe. “In our time, because of the protracted war in the Muggle world, black magic was once very popular, and many magic books have not been destroyed. I must have seen this pattern in some magic book. But it’s been too long, I can’t remember...”

“Is not this talking to say nothing?!” Phineas said disdainfully. He raised the volume and overshadowed other people’s voices. “Whether this monster really exists or not, whatever it is, I don’t think it’s necessary to worry, because it had been wiped out by the GREAT SALAZAR SLYTHERIN HIMSELF!”

He was elated and very proud of it.

Listening to him mentioning Salazar Slytherin, the other Headmasters and Headmistresses could not refute. They all highly regarded the Four Founders of the school.

Dumbledore looked calmly at the nameplate in front of him and no one knew what he was thinking.

Just then, the door of the office was suddenly opened, and Snape, in a black robe and gloomy face, strode in.

On the walls, the portraits of all the headmasters and headmistresses were restored to their usual postures, and they sat solemnly in their chairs as if they had never moved.

Chapter 323: Rapid Improvement

“Severus, what about the two children?”

“Draco was frightened. He was bitten by an Acromantula. The venom spread to his whole body. There is a trace of dark magic in his soul, not one that I’m familiar with. He’s in a very bad state, but he won’t die!” Snape said stiffly. “Lucius just took him away. He asked me to tell you that this is not going to end like this. He will complain to the Board of Governors and the Ministry of Magic about it.”

“It’s really bad, I feel sorry for Mr. Malfoy’s experience.” Dumbledore said calmly; his eyes did not shift from the red nameplate in front of him. “About this matter, I do have an inescapable responsibility. I should have discovered what was hidden in the spider’s Lair earlier, so it won’t...”

“What on earth is that monster?” Snape asked. “Why did Salazar Slytherin leave this thing around school?”

“I don’t know, we can only speculate now!” Dumbledore gently tapped the nameplate in front of him with his wand, and it didn’t seem to react, “Probably the same as last year’s Basilisk, Salazar was supposed to leave a legacy for his Heir.”

Snape’s face was heavy, and he apparently disagreed with Dumbledore’s assessment.

“The ruins in the deepest part of the underground have collapsed, and no one can go in anymore.” He said cunningly, “Only Mr. Know-It-All himself said that he had seen the monster, would he...?”

“The trace left on this is very evil, not something that a young wizard can make!” Dumbledore explained, “And why would he lie?”

“Obviously, it would be because...”

“All right, Severus!” Dumbledore said, with a hint of warning in his voice, “I believe in him, just as I believe in you completely. Instead of discussing such vague things, you should tell me how Mr. Mason is doing at the moment?”

“It’s a great honor to have your trust!” Snape said sarcastically, “He doesn’t seem to be in any serious trouble. He has no trace of black magic. On the contrary, his internal magic is very strong, much stronger than what I saw when he arrived this morning. His magic is increasing rapidly, far exceeding that of a young wizard. At this rate, it will soon be similar to mine. I wanted to examine him, but Black didn’t let me touch him, presumably because he thought I would take the opportunity to kill him.”

Dumbledore nodded and did not speak.

“Headmaster, this is too abnormal. No one’s magic will increase without any reason. I think it is necessary to check Mr. Know-It-All’s wand and see what kind of spells he’s been using. If necessary, you can even use Veritaserum to test the validity of his words.” Snape hesitated for a moment, and said unbending. “You have been to that cave too. You should know what happened inside.”

“Magic is wonderful, Severus!” Dumbledore looked up and said, “The world is full of unknown secrets. No one can guarantee that he has mastered everything.”

“You’re shifting the topic. You know what magic he used in it. It is Fiendfyre.” Snape said angrily. “This is not a magic that a young wizard should master. We should take immediate action.”

“What do you think I should do?” “Dumbledore asked, “Get him expelled, or sent to Azkaban? If it wasn’t for him saving Mr. Malfoy, triggering Salazar’s magic in the ruins to defeat the unknown creature, the consequences would be unimaginable. ”

“But...” Snape was reluctant.

“What matters is the heart, not the magic itself.” “Dumbledore said gently, “You should understand this, Severus, after so many years...” (Editor Note: I’ve edited over 200 chapters of this novel, and this right here is my favorite phrase so far!)

“I don’t understand, I promised to help you, just for Lily and her son.” Snape turned and paused before he frowned and said, “I’ll keep an eye on him for you. If he makes any other mad dangerous move, I suggest that everything would be wiped out in the bud, while we can. ”

He finished and left Dumbledore’s Office without turning back.

Dumbledore sat in his chair, thinking of things that only he knew. The portraits on the wall moved again and continued the discussion on the topic that Snape had just mentioned.

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As Snape said, Evan felt his magic was growing rapidly.

For more than half a month after returning to Hogwarts, a lot of magic was being poured into him from Slytherin’s Locket hanging on his chest.

With the entrance of this magical power, Evan’s own magic level increased rapidly.

Most of the exotic magic eventually dissipated, but there was still a small part that was merged with Evan’s own magic, and that was permanently preserved.

Now, his body was full of strength, and there was no sign of any side effects.

It was clear what the specific principle was, and he knew what was going on.

After all, when through with using that powerful magic to kill the monster, Salazar’s shadow eventually turned into countless silver Planktons, all collecting in his Locket.

All of the Planktons possessed powerful magic; Evan had only inhaled a little of them before, and he recovered all the magic he had consumed.

The strong power accumulated over the past thousand years had been poured into Evan’s body from Slytherin’s Locket, and his body had been transformed.

And these magic powers could only be absorbed by Evan alone. He tried to hand over the Locket to Harry and Hermione who came to see him before, but there was no reaction.

Dumbledore, Professors McGonagall, Snape, and Sirius all knew about it. Although they were shocked, they all thought it was a good thing.

Snape cooked potions for Evan every day, which could help him absorb this magic as much as possible.

With Sirius checking the potions, Evan didn’t worry that Snape would put some strange things in it, even if Snape’s gazes becoming more and more strange.

The benefits of increased magic were obvious. Many spells that Evan could not master before could now be easily used. He felt that he had never been as strong as he was now. With his current combat ability, if he was to duel Snape again, he might manage to not lose.

Now, Dumbledore visited Evan in the school Hospital almost every night.

He inquired about Evan's health and taught him many tricks on how to use magic and some rare spells.

Of course, he talked more about his views on life, hoping that Evan would not be corrupted by powerful forces.

Thanks to Dumbledore's personal tutoring, Evan's recent gains had been enormous.

On every level, he was more confident about the future.

Chapter 324: Try to Unscramble

Even if it couldn't compete with the horrible monster and the strength of Salazar Slytherin in his youth, the sudden increase in power still boosted Evan's confidence.

He was immersed in joy and in a happy mood, just like Harry when he won the Quidditch Cup.

Now was not the horrific barbaric era of wars; black wizards and dangerous magical creatures no longer roamed the earth like they did a thousand years ago. Wizards no longer needed powerful magic and combat skills.

With the progress of civilization, the overall strength of the magic world was gradually weakening.

It wasn't just Black Magic and the complex process of casting spells such as the Patronus Charm and highly demanding White Magic like most would expect, even the most common dueling spells were not mastered by many people.

Perhaps it's unbelievable, but many employees of the Ministry of Magic couldn't even use the Shield Charm.

They only knew the common spells related to their work and everyday life.

It was undeniable that with the change of the times, these convenient curses had indeed made great progress, and after continuous experimentation and modification, they had reached a perfect state. With them, Wizards could accomplish almost anything they wanted to do.

The negative effect that came with this was that the ancient, esoteric, and unpopular magic was being gradually forgotten.

Wizards' need for their own magic was getting lower and lower. Besides boiling potions, they no longer needed sophisticated casting materials to assist them. Most wizards even thought that casting a spell was as simple as reading a spell and waving a wand.

Under such circumstances, Evan's magic level was now enough to rank among the first-class wizards.

Considering his age, he had an even more promising future.

As long as he did not barge up against Dumbledore, Voldemort or a monster hiding in a cave, in theory, he now had nothing to fear.

After trying to use several spells that he couldn't cast in the past, Evan, in ecstasy, thought so too, but he soon found himself wrong. He was still afraid of one person, Hermione!

Lying in the hospital bed, and looking at Hermione's frosty face, Evan had a headache, especially when he saw her stubborn little face and the tears in her eyes, he didn't know what to do.

As usual, Hermione first said a few words to Evan with a straight face.

He did not dare to refute. While Hermione was not paying attention, he made a funny face to Harry and Ron, hoping to get away with it.

But he apparently misjudged the seriousness of the situation. Hermione started crying, which was completely beyond Evan's understanding.

"YOU PROMISED ME BEFORE THAT YOU WOULD INFORM ME IF YOU VENTURED TO DO SOMETHING ELSE." Hermione rubbed her tears and choked. "DO YOU KNOW HOW WORRIED I WAS WHEN I HEARD YOU WENT ALONE TO ARAGOG'S LAIR TO SAVE MALFOY?"

"I'm sorry, Hermione, the circumstances were..." Evan explained with difficulty.

"Sirius has just told me that there were powerful dark forces, very evil, besides the flocks of Acromantulas!" Hermione sobbed. "That monster is not something that a young wizard of your age can face..."

"I'm fine, Hermione, I came out safely. Not only was I unhurt, but I also got a lot of gains." Evan comforted her, and turned to Harry and Ron for help.

But the two of them stood there foolishly and didn't know what to do.

"Evan, you're such a jerk!" Hermione hit him hard.

Then, as no one reacted, she suddenly leaned on Evan and put her arms around his neck. She collapsed completely and cried bitterly.

"Yes, I am a jerk indeed!" Evan gently said.

There was a blank space in his head, and he patted the top of her head in embarrassment to comfort her.

It took a long time for Hermione to sniff and stand up blushed and embarrassed. Harry and Ron hurried to pretend they hadn't seen anything.

After venting, she looked much better, at least able to communicate rationally.

Evan was able to tell the three of them about his experiences in Aragog's Lair, and he repeated what he had said to Dumbledore and the other professors.

"Salazar Slytherin's shadow has subdued the monster?!" Harry said doubtfully. "But why did he leave such a thing in the Forbidden Forest?"

"Does it matter? As soon as I heard him start the story, I knew it was that old madman. He must be trying to kill all the students." Ron said in a clear tone, "First the Basilisk, then the eyeball monster, who knows how many more monsters he's hiding in school?!"

“Maybe I should show you these stones that can help solve this secret. We can try to unscramble them.” Evan took out a few pieces. “I promised Dumbledore that if there’s anything new, I will inform him at once.”

“What should we do?” Ron hurriedly asked.

He had been staring at the stones ever since he heard Evan say that there might be a powerful magic spell left behind by Salazar.

Although he did not like Slytherin, he did not reject a possible path to becoming stronger.

“Because the last spell Salazar cast was in Parseltongue,” Evan explained. “I suspect that the above text can only be identified by a Parselmouth as well!”

“Parseltongue?!” Harry was stunned.

“I don’t know Parseltongue writing.” Hermione approached a little and said uncertainly, “but at least, I’ve never seen such an ancient magic inscription before.”

“It’s definitely not magic writing. I’ve checked it before. It’s exactly the same as the text on Slytherin’s Locket.” Evan also took out the Locket.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione looked at the Locket again, with varied facial expressions.

Just when Sirius was still there, they had already tried the Locket one by one, knowing that Evan was getting powerful magic from it.

But no one could get an increase in power besides Evan.

Nevertheless, everyone dared not underestimate this humble Locket.

It was a private item of Salazar Slytherin. It was once selected by Voldemort as a Horcrux. This time, in the underground ruins, it helped Evan defeat the horrible monster.

This Locket was certainly not ordinary. In fact, it might be the most powerful magic item they had ever seen. It was probably a legendary magic item.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione stared at Slytherin’s Locket for a while, trying to sense the power from it.

But as before, they still felt nothing.

“What are we waiting for?!”

Ron shifted his gaze and pointed to the stones engraved with words urging. “Harry, give it a try, see if you can understand what is written on it.”

“What should I do?” Harry wondered, as he couldn’t understand what was written on the stones at all, and the words couldn’t be connected.

Chapter 325: Secrets from Antiquity

“It’s very simple. I’ll read the meaningless letters to you. If they are in Parseltongue, you should understand them.” Evan pointed to the ancient text curved on the stone, “In due course, you’ll translate them.”

“I’ll try!” Harry nodded.

“Ready, I’m starting...” Evan fumbled over the words on the stone, trying to spell out the incoherent letters, and uttered strange tones in his mouth.

It sounded like a low, hoarse hissing sound, almost like the words of a Parselmouth.

He read a passage, and Harry, Ron, and Hermione were all stunned.

They looked puzzled and didn’t know what Evan was saying. The words didn’t sound meaningful.

“Do you understand anything?” Hermione asked uncertainly.

“No!” Harry replied in frustration. “I don’t understand what Evan is talking about. I don’t feel anything at all. I’m not sure if it’s Parseltongue.”

“Don’t worry; let’s take our time. Maybe I can help you get the knack of it.”

Evan knew that Harry was not a real talented Parselmouth and could not use the Parseltongue at will. He could only react with the fragments of Voldemort’s Horcrux attached to him.

If he didn’t see a real snake, he might not understand the Parseltongue.

Harry needed a little inspiration. Evan lightly tapped the sky-blue ceramic cup next to him with his wand. The cup immediately began to distort and turned into a deep blue python with exquisite patterns, looking very beautiful.

With the increase in his magic, Evan’s mastery of Transfiguration also increased.

In the past, even if he could turn a cup into a snake, it would have never been so easy, and the snake would never have had such fine lines.

The blue Python slid lazily towards Harry. The two of them stared at each other with big eyes, while Evan, Ron, and Hermione stared nervously at them.

The scene was eccentric, and if Madam Pomfrey walked in, she would scream out in horror.

Although Evan’s health was not seriously affected, Dumbledore insisted that he stayed in the school hospital until the magic on the Locket was fully absorbed.

Given his current state of instability, Madam Pomfrey did not allow anyone else to come and visit him, which bored him to death.

Evan had been begging Madam Pomfrey for a long time before she reluctantly agreed to let Harry, Ron and Hermione in, provided that no strange and troublesome things were allowed.

The current situation, though not dangerous, was undoubtedly very strange.

If she saw it, Harry, Ron and Hermione would all be driven out.

Harry held his breath and stared at the Python's pale blue eyes. He shook his head slightly and got into a wonderful feeling.

"Hiss...back!" he said softly.

When it heard Harry's order, the blue Python hesitated for a moment and then began to move backwards.

"Very good, keep it that way. Let's try again!"

Seeing that Harry had succeeded, Evan hurriedly read out the words of the stone.

There was another grotesque hissing sound in his mouth. He read very slowly, pausing after every word for a moment. When he finished speaking a word, Harry repeated it.

In the room, Evan and Harry hissed strangely at each other.

Ron and Hermione looked at them. Ron's face turned red and he seemed to want to laugh.

Hermione nudged him with her elbow, but he ignored it and could look nowhere else. The scene in front of him was so interesting.

"Hiss, hiss..." said Evan.

Harry frowned and said slowly, "In the name of Salazar Slytherin..."

"Success!" Ron and Hermione looked at each other and shouted joyfully.

The four people were all excited when they saw that Harry could understand the words on the stone. The message left by Salazar Slytherin himself a thousand years ago would be deciphered. It might be an old secret, a powerful magic, or...

In short, everything was possible. It was absolutely a major discovery that would shock the whole Wizarding World.

"Keep going, Evan!" Ron said excitedly, "What did Slytherin do in his name? Did he mention ways to increase his strength quickly?"

"I don't think it will mention that. It's not a magic book. These stones should be about historical facts, recording the reasons why Slytherin built that huge underground relic." Hermione seriously analyzed, "I must have seen it in 'Hogwarts: A History'..."

"I want to know why he left that monster around the school." Harry said, "And what exactly that eyeball monster is."

"Everything is possible, everything is possible!" Evan repeated, and he was very excited. "Get ready, Harry, I'm going to read on."

Harry, Ron, and Hermione hurriedly focused, their little faces full of expectations. Hermione even found a parchment to record.

"I seal it here in the name of Salazar Slytherin, for everlasting years..." Harry said slowly.

Hermione was right. The stone Evan brought out detailed the reason why Salazar Slytherin built the underground ruins.

Little by little, they deciphered the words above, learning that Salazar had found the monster in the ruins of a temple in ancient Greece.

This monster was never one that naturally existed in the world, but was the magic creation of a Dark wizard. It was discovered by Salazar in the deepest chamber of the ruins. When his wizard companions were busy looking for powerful magic items and magic books, he secretly took the monster out.

A few months later, he brought it and the fruits of that expedition back to England, to his father's castle, now Hogwarts.

He built a space deep underground for research, and kept it secret.

Salazar believed that by studying this mysterious monster, he would learn the secrets of life and soul, and then escape death and become immortal.

The ancient temple where the monster was discovered worshiped one of the most powerful and influential black wizards in the history of magic, he was regarded as the last ancient wizard and the earliest Dark wizard in the history of magic. His many research results had laid the foundation for the development of black magic and were still exerting influence.

He invented and created many evil curses and dark creatures, the most notorious of which was the study of Necromancy and Horcruxes.

Through the study of the monster's body structure and the magic classics brought about from the temple, Salazar found that this monster could indeed escape death, but at the same time he had to pay a considerable price. He would never do that unless he was really mad.

Death might be more pleasant than getting such eternal life, because the soul would be cursed while escaping death.

On top of that, with the deepening of the research, Salazar also found a more striking secret, that was...

Chapter 326: The Earliest Dark Wizard

In the school hospital, Harry, Ron and Hermione gathered and stared at the blue stone in Evan's hand.

"What's the more amazing secret that Slytherin found?" Ron asked.

"I don't know, the stones are cracked here, the weathering and damage are very serious, and the words behind are all unrecognizable."

Evan squinted and tried hard to identify.

But no, he couldn't see the letters behind.

"Maybe this can go this way." Hermione adjusted the direction of a piece of debris.

Evan tried to say another passage in the new order, but Harry shook his head and motioned that he could not understand.

“Damn, we spent so much effort, and we don’t know anything except that the monster came from a temple in ancient Greece dedicated to the Dark wizard.” Ron said annoyed, “There is no powerful spell, no way to enhance strength, no valuable content.”

“These stones are valuable in themselves!” Hermione retorted.

“Yeah, maybe any magic historian or antique collector will need them. They record why the old madman Slytherin built a Secret Chamber in the depths of the school, leaving behind a terrible monster that wanted to devour the souls of others.” Ron wrinkled his nose and pointed to the broken stones. “These things are really valuable and further prove that Slytherin House is hopeless. But we already know this. The key points are not here. WHAT IS THAT MONSTER? WHAT AMAZING SECRETS ARE HIDDEN IN IT? AND WHERE ARE THE RESULTS OF SLYTHERIN’S RESEARCH?”

Harry and Hermione did not answer, apparently acquiescing in Ron’s words.

It was disappointing that the message on the stones came to an abrupt halt at the most critical point.

“These stones only record the reasons why Slytherin built the underground ruins,” said Evan. “The results of his research and the black magic of making that monster are all depicted on the rock walls. I saw it. Because I was in haste, I didn’t record it.”

“If so, we can go back to Aragog’s Lair..”

“No!” Evan shook his head. “After the powerful magic of Salazar’s shadow, the whole ruins began to collapse, and now they probably no longer exist.”

“Okay...” Ron who had just stood up sat down again.

Like him, Harry’s face was full of disappointment.

Evan continued to stare at the stones in his hand, turning them back and forth.

Hermione kept looking down at the notes she had just recorded, and from time to time picked up her quill pen and drew a line on them.

No one spoke; everyone was thinking about it and digesting the news they had got so far.

“What are we waiting for?”

After a long time, Ron said with dismay. “All the clues have led us to nothing. It is a waste of time to continue research. We might as well discuss...”

“Do no interrupt me!” Hermione interrupted him, shook her quill pen and carefully analyzed it. “The cracked message has given many hints.”

“Hermione, did you find anything?” Harry hurriedly asked.

“Take a look at this passage.” Hermione pointed to her record. “The temple in ancient Greece honors one of the most powerful and influential Dark wizards in the history of magic. He was regarded as the last ancient wizard and the earliest Dark wizard. Many of his research results laid the foundation for the development of dark magic, and still play an influence!”

“I don’t understand, what does this mean?” Ron wondered.

“This tells us who made the monster. We just need to check the origin of this Dark wizard, and maybe we will get some hints.” Hermione continued.

“But it doesn’t say who he is?”

“The last ancient wizard and one of the earliest Dark wizards, notorious, developed a lot of curses and black magic, which laid the foundation for the development of dark magic,” Hermione explained. “The wizard who meets these conditions is the one we are looking for, which is almost like telling us his identity.”

“I have no impression of this Dark wizard who lived a thousand years ago.” Harry shook his head. “You know, I’m not that good in magic history. To be honest, I have not even been able to distinguish between Emeric the Evil and Uric the Oddball.”

“So am I, what year was the date of the 17th century Goblin rebellion?” Ron frowned and said, “I remember that they used one of the inns in Hogsmeade as headquarters during this rebellion. It was likely the Hog’s Head Inn. I have never been there before.”

“Hagrid often goes there. It was there that he got the dragon’s egg and Fluffy, the giant three-headed dog. He told me that it was very interesting there, and that it could be...”

“GENTLEMEN, WE ARE NOW DISCUSSING EVIL DARK WIZARDS, NOT DIRTY PUBS!” Hermione raised her voice and said in a serious tone, “Remember the book I borrowed from the library when the three of us were looking for the Philosopher’s Stone and Nicholas Flamel in the first year?”

“Impressively, you said you wanted to read for fun.” Ron whispered to Evan, “That book is thicker than all the books I read last year combined.”

“Yes, that’s it.” Hermione nodded with satisfaction. “That book contains almost all the famous ancient wizards, including Dark wizards.”

“REALLY?” Harry and Ron said in unison, “WHO IS HE? ”

Evan also put down the stones and looked at Hermione. If he could find out the identity of the Dark wizard, it would be very helpful to understand the monster and make a breakthrough. He

remembered in the underground ruins, the ancient passageway before the big net leading to Aragog. On the rock walls on both sides of the passage, the Dark wizard who covered his face in the shadow, harvested innumerable human souls with only one evil black magic.

“I’m sure it’s him, but I can’t remember some details. You wait. I’ll get the book!” Hermione said excitedly, running out of the ward as fast as possible.

Looking at the direction she took, she seemed to be going to the library.

“I haven’t seen her as excited as she is now ever since she got 1st place.” said Harry. “She must have found some key clues.”

“In fact, I also made new discoveries on these stones while you were talking.” Evan turned all the stones in his hand upside down.

Harry and Ron looked at him puzzled, wondering what he was doing.

“Look at the dark golden pattern above, I thought it was just a decoration on the stone. I just looked at it and ignored it before.” Evan turned over the last fragment of stone, “but I just checked it again. This is obviously not the case. This is a map!”

Chapter 327: Herpo the Foul

“A map?!” Harry and Ron rushed together.

“Yes, although the specific location is still uncertain, it’s definitely a map.”

Evan combined the stones, which simply delineated mountains, rivers, oceans and canyons.

Although a large part of the stone was missing, the key position was still there.

Above the map was an endless cloud. At the center was a temple altar. The emblem on it was the pattern on the nameplate that Evan saw in the underground ruins.

The horrible monster floated on top of the altar, and its disproportionate red eyes and tentacle head were the most eye-catching.

Because of the cover of the altar, they couldn’t see its whole body.

The exposed part was like an octopus that expanded countless times at the top.

Underneath it were countless horrible and distorted human beings who struggled and pleaded in pain.

Souls split out from their bodies and were ruthlessly swallowed by the monster above.

“This monster is what you met under the ground?” Harry asked.

From this map, he felt unprecedented evil.

Evan nodded. The shape of the temple’s altar was almost identical to the one he had seen on the rock wall with the mysterious Dark wizard.

Not surprisingly, this was where Salazar had found the monster.

“The Temple above and this monster make me feel bad.” Ron said with a trembling voice. “It’s like encountering Dementors, that feeling when all the happy memories get sucked away.”

“I feel the same way. The monster’s eyes seem to be staring at me all the time,” Harry said. “But it’s just a map. Of which place is it exactly?”

“It should be somewhere in ancient Greece, with the sea and the canyons, but there is no obvious reference around it.” Evan observed carefully and said, “When Hermione tells us about the identity of the Black wizard, maybe we can deduce it.”

Harry nodded and continued to stare palely at the monster in the middle of the map.

“I do not understand. Even if we know the identity of the Dark wizard and the specific location of the temple, what good is it for us?!” Ron suddenly said, looking at Harry and Evan in horror. “You two will not plan to go on a mad exploration trip to that place, will you?”

Evan didn’t know how to answer. Ron was right.

As things stood, the matter of Voldemort alone was enough to give him a headache, and there was no point in exploring such a more ancient and dangerous unknown existence.

He did not want to be involved in any strange trouble, especially one that might be far beyond his ability. Evan could not rival the monster’s eyes with whatever little power he had left, and that was just a part of this creature.

He also imagined Ron giving up like that, but he couldn’t tell why, he was almost certain that it was related to the vampire girl named Elaine.

Perhaps that was the trouble her family faced. Evan shook his head with a bitter smile at the thought of the confused, weak girl, her loose and shabby wizard’s robe and her bright burgundy eyes.

She already recognized Slytherin’s locket on him, and she said she would come back and find him.

What if she came up again and asked for help?

It seemed also to have something to do with Slytherin’s Secret Treasure Key.

If that were the case, then it would not be just a simple help, but collaboration. However, whether the powerful vampire family could accept Evan’s current strength was still a question.

All in all, it was always the same thing; Salazar Slytherin was the most troublesome.

“We should give up. It’s beyond our capabilities.” Ron continued to persuade, “Harry, that monster is not you know who, you and it...”

“If that evil monster really exists, we should find a way to destroy it.” Harry hesitated and said, “Whatever what Slytherin’s purpose is, perhaps the clues we have are the key to destroying it...”

There was no doubt that Harry always had extraordinary courage and responsibility in taking risks and fighting evil.

“Don’t be stupid, Harry!” said Ron retreating. “We don’t have to deal with this. It’s not good for us.”

“But we can’t let it go. We should tell Dumbledore and Sirius about it.” Harry said, “But first of all, we should investigate it.”

“But...” Ron said reluctantly.

“Harry is right, and I think the same. There is no harm in investigating. Maybe this is related to Slytherin’s Treasure Key.” Evan said, “And through this adventure, my magic grew so fast. You may as well; this is not a bad thing for us.”

Ron seemed to want to say something, but just then, Hermione rushed into the ward from the outside hall with a huge old book in her arms.

“Look, I found it, this is the book. I must have seen the Dark wizard on it.” She began to flip the pages quickly, while she was reading words in her mouth.

“Well, I should have guessed that the three of you would be like this. Let’s just check who this Dark wizard is and make a decision!” Ron sighed and said hopefully, “maybe we don’t have to do anything. The magic left by Salazar Slytherin has already wiped it out, so...”

“Quiet, Ron!” Hermione shouted.

Ron shut his mouth, watching Hermione flip through the old pages.

A few minutes later, she found it and said with joy, “Got it, got it!”

“Can we talk now?” Ron said annoyed.

Hermione ignored him, and pointed to the book in front of her. “Herpo the Foul, the ancient Greek black wizard, the most powerful and influential black wizard in the history of magic, one of the last ancient wizards and the earliest Dark wizards known at present. At the same time, he is also considered to be the first wizard to breed a Basilisk, and is therefore well-known.”

“The Basilisk?!” Harry said with amazement, thinking of the all-green snake, which ran into the Common Room from the pipeline and wreaked havoc.

In the Chamber of Secrets battle, he was also bitten by its fangs and almost died there.

“Everything ties together. We all know that Salazar had left a Basilisk to his Heir in the Chamber of Secrets room.” Evan said, “Remember what it’s said on the stone. He brought the monster and the harvest of that adventure back to Hogwarts. Obviously, the basilisk was one of the spoils of that adventure.”

The Dark wizard who created the horrible eyeball monster was just Herpo the Foul!

Chapter 328: Herpo's Horcrux and Evan's Hypothesis

"Another Parselmouth, sounds like Slytherin." Ron looked disgusted. "A Dark wizard such as this so-called Herpo the foul, I'm not surprised at what he had studied and created. Come on, besides that horrible monster and the Basilisk, what evil research does he have?"

"Herpo the Foul, known as the founder of modern black magic, had invented many evil curses in his life, most of which are thought to have been lost." Hermione went on to read, "It was determined that he handed down 186 curses of his invention..."

"God, this guy had created one hundred and eighty-six evil Curses, and probably had more that he did not hand down?!" Ron stared and couldn't believe it.

"Yes!" Hermione looked up at Ron and threw out much heavier information. "He was also recognized as the first wizard to invent the method of making a Horcrux and to succeed in making it. The Horcrux is considered to be extremely evil black magic which cannot be described in this book. No one could defeat or kill him in those days of his life."

"This, this guy sounds even more evil than You-Know-Who!" Because of shock, Ron's mouth was open wide enough for an egg to be stuffed into it.

Voldemort was seen by many as the most evil Dark wizard ever.

Anyone who knew well enough about him knew that the most evil thing he had ever done was to split his soul and make Horcruxes, and this black magic was invented by Herpo the Foul.

Being so shocked, Ron didn't know what to say.

Herpo the Foul had completely subverted his understanding of a Dark Wizard. It was hard for him to imagine how a man could be so evil and powerful.

"What about his ending?" Harry asked. "Who destroyed his Horcrux?"

"No one..." Hermione closed the thick book and lowered her voice. "He was the most powerful and evil Dark wizard in the world at that time. No one knew the cause of his death. This means that if his Horcrux had never been destroyed, he might still be alive now!"

"Alive... for thousands of years..." Ron muttered.

There ward went silent. Everyone was immersed in the shock brought by Herpo the Foul's description and deeds. It was hard for them to imagine the existence of a Dark wizard who has managed to live for thousands of years.

"Before that, I thought that the person with the longest life span was Nicholas Flamel, a friend of Dumbledore and a partner in alchemy," said Harry. "By this year, he will have lived 668 years. I always thought that he was the oldest wizard alive."

“If this Herpo the Foul is still alive, then he is not!”

“The Horcrux...” Ron repeated in a low voice, and there seemed to be a yearning in his tone. “Like the Philosopher’s Stone, this black magic can help the wizard gain immortality.”

“That’s not the same, Ron!” Hermione raised her eyebrows and explained, “I read a lot of books about the Philosopher’s Stone in my first year. It was the subject of the highest level research in ancient alchemy. There are many different kinds of stones, depending on the type. Nicholas Flamel can make gold from his stone and make an elixir to help the body delay aging, but he is not really immortal. If he would receive a deadly blow, he will still die. ”

“Yeah, we all know that that stone was the last known magic stone, it has been destroyed by Dumbledore, and nobody can make a new one.” Ron followed and asked, “So what about the Horcrux, what’s its distinction in the history of magic?” ”

“The Horcrux is the most evil black magic!” Hermione turned to look at Evan.

After learning the method of making the Horcrux from the book “Secrets of the Darkest Art“, Evan had explained the operation principles of Horcruxes in detail to Hermione.

When she saw Evan nodding his head, Hermione went on to say, “Making a Horcrux requires splitting one’s soul and storing its separated fragment in a specific container. As long as that container is not destroyed, the owner of the Horcrux can live forever, no matter how much damage he takes.”

“It’s like Voldemort...” Harry said suddenly, feeling strange.

The thought of Voldemort splitting his soul and making Horcruxes, of Tom Riddle’s Diary and Slytherin’s Locket made him feel very bad.

Ron shivered and looked pale when he heard the name of You-Know-Who.

“Yes, it’s like Voldemort!” Hermione took a deep breath and continued. “As long as his Horcruxes are not completely destroyed, he is an immortal monster, no matter what form he is in now. That’s why the last time we saw him, he could only stick behind Quirrell’s head and rely on the blood of the unicorn to regain some strength. ”

“No matter what form he is in now...” Evan repeated Hermione’s words.

In his mind there was a scene of Voldemort clinging to a serpent and hiding in the shadow of Albania’s Forest. He was now a monster.

That’s what he was. What about Herpo the Foul?!

The temptation of immortality is too great. As the inventor of the Horcrux, Herpo had no reason not to make it.

Or even worse, he might have had other wicked methods to help him achieve immortality. Perhaps, like transforming his body into a monster that could devour souls...

Evan's heart sunk sharply as the terrible thought suddenly crossed his mind.

The monster that he met in the underground ruins might be Herpo the Foul himself!

In order to gain a powerful force, Voldemort had transformed his body. Herpo doing the same thing was not out of the question.

After seeing the monster's creation on the rock walls, Evan had a familiar feeling. There were several key magic steps that were so similar to the steps of making a Horcrux. Even the magic used was very similar. The Horcrux was like a simplified version of it.

The black magic involved in that monster was obviously much higher than the Horcrux, and it was also more evil. As it said, itself, it was a God of Death.

It controlled life, and relied on the power of the Horcrux to help Aragog delay death. If those human souls and magical creatures were the source and essence of that monster's power, then where would its own thoughts and soul stem from?!

Recent studies of the Horcrux taught Evan that the soul could not be produced out of nothing, and its sources were fixed.

One could either give a part of their own thinking to an object, like the Four Founders, or split a fragment of their own soul, like Voldemort.

In short, the birth of a new consciousness must come from an existing soul.

It was now almost a certainty that the monster was created by Herpo the Foul.

Undoubtedly, its Horcrux should also come from Herpo and continue to execute his will.

Or worse, it could be Herpo the Foul himself!

Chapter 329: Events That MUST Be Prevented

That horrible monster was Herpo himself...

This idea had been lingering in Evan's mind since it appeared.

He thought about it. If he were an evil Dark wizard, then he would certainly never speak out about his most powerful black magic.

Even if he would've written it down, he would certainly keep it secretly preserved.

It could be inferred from this that the Horcrux was certainly not the most powerful and evil magic that Herpo the Foul had possessed.

In every way imaginable, the steps involved in making the monster were very similar to the methods used in making the Horcrux.

It wouldn't be that much of a stretch to say that the monster creating black magic is an advanced version of a Horcrux.

The only difference was that one was based on splitting his own unstable soul through murder, and the other was to murdering many people and collecting their souls and pouring them into one's body.

Similar spells, radically different steps, how big would the difference be?!

Evan was not sure about his conjunctures, as there was no way to verify them.

However, the more he thought about it, the more he felt he was right.

In this way, Herpo the Foul transformed his body into that evil creature and became an immortal existence. This was the amazing secret that Slytherin had discovered!

That's why the Eyeball Monster controlled the Acromantulas to destroy all the key messages in the underground ruins for fear of revealing its identity...

While Evan came to this conclusion, Harry, Ron and Hermione were still discussing issues related to Horcruxes and speculating about what Voldemort's remaining Horcruxes were.

"First of all, we must first determine the number of Voldemort's Horcruxes."

Hermione said thoughtfully, "So far, we have destroyed two. There shouldn't be too much left. One does not simply split his soul too many times; he would go mad before he's through."

"That's if for normal wizards. Do you think that You-Know-Who is normal?!" Ron wrinkled his nose and said. "If I were him, I would only split my soul once and hide it instead of splitting it over and over again and leaving my soul behind everywhere."

"He's obviously not normal..." Harry couldn't help but touch his scar.

"Like I said, whether it's You-Know-Who or the Dark wizard called Herpo, THEY ARE ALL ALREADY MAD." Ron said, "To live forever..."

"Hold on, I suddenly thought of Herpo the Foul!" Hermione raised her voice and said, "If his Horcrux had not been destroyed, then he must be alive, so where is he now? He wouldn't stay idle, watching Slytherin and other wizards enter his Lair and take away all his beloved treasures. "

Evan nodded. Hermione's words confirmed his conjecture again.

But he couldn't speak his mind because he had no factual basis, and it was just too shocking.

"Maybe we can use this map." Harry stared at the stones in Evan's hand. "We can go and find the temple relics on it, all the mysteries..."

"Hold on, Harry!" Ron hurriedly interrupted him, saying uneasily. "The site on this map is in ancient Greece. You don't want to venture there, do you?"

"Yeah, you're right." Harry lowered his voice and said disappointedly. "Don't talk about going abroad. I just hope to be separated from the Dursleys during the summer vacation."

“Didn’t Sirius invite you to live with him?” Hermione wondered.

“That’s what he said, but Dumbledore disagreed. He asked me to keep living with the Dursleys every summer until I become an adult.” Harry waved his arm forcefully and said in frustration, “I don’t know how Dumbledore persuaded Sirius. Anyway, I’m going back to the Dursleys this summer vacation.”

Harry was in a low mood, and the topic changed directly from the discussion of Voldemort’s Horcruxes and the wicked Dark wizard Herpo to concerns about the upcoming summer vacation.

He was willing to pay any price just to get separated from the Dursleys.

He did not understand why Dumbledore insisted that he should answer the Dursleys. Now that he had a godfather, he could live with Sirius.

“Don’t worry too much, Harry, with my knowledge of Sirius, he won’t sit idle.” Evan comforted Harry. “Perhaps, he will live with you in your aunt’s house. In due course, I can also visit every day.”

“Yes, I’d so happily as well!” Ron followed. “You know, this summer is the Quidditch World Cup final. This is the most important sports ever in the wizarding world. This year’s cup will be held in England. My dad will definitely get tickets, you can come to my house in advance, and we can go to the game together.”

When it came to Quidditch, Harry’s interest was completely aroused.

With the school Quidditch Cup final held, Hogwarts Magic Newspaper recently increased the collection and reporting of Quidditch related news. Professor Lupin even hired reporters to give special interviews on the ongoing Quidditch World Cup under the delegation of Evan.

Because of this, the Quidditch World Cup final, which was to be held in the summer vacation, had become a hot topic in the castle as early as possible, and many boys were discussing it over and over.

Harry and Ron were discussing the possibility of Ireland’s National Team winning, which was the favorite to win the championship.

“I think the Irish National Team will win. Their players are all top performers in the professional league.” Harry said, “They fly very well. Every time they trained, Wood gave us a special account of the tactics they used.”

“It’s hard to say, Harry! Ireland is really strong, but from the latest news, the biggest upset this year is the Bulgarian National Team, they found a talented Seeker- Viktor Krum!” Ron said cheerfully. “It is said that he flies faster than a meteor. He always catches the Golden Snitch before anyone and even broke the world record. He is a legendary figure who suddenly emerged in the past two years...”

Hermione was not involved in the conversation. She was not interested in the Quidditch game or Krum.

Evan walked for a while, thinking about things related to Krum.

As a legendary Star that emerged in the past two years, Krum's reputation was much stronger than that of Evan. His magic power was also very strong, and he was very popular with girls.

He was to come to Hogwarts next semester for the Triwizard Tournament.

Evan remembered that at the Christmas ball, Hermione would be his partner...

This couldn't happen. He secretly made up his mind that something had to be done to stop that.

"What are you thinking about?" Hermione suddenly came over and stared at Evan.

"No, nothing, it's about Quidditch..." Evan looked back, and some words could not be said to Hermione. He hurriedly avoided Hermione's suspicious eyes and shifted the subject. "What do you think about the map on the Stone?"

Chapter 330: Thoughts and Intentions

Hermione seemed to have noticed Evan's abnormality, and she stared at him again for a while.

When Harry and Ron talked about the Bulgarian Seeker Krum, she clearly felt that Evan was distracted. Although he didn't say anything, but because she knew him well, Hermione sharply captured Evan's mood changes and general thoughts. He did not seem to want to let her know about Krum.

This was really suspicious, was that Seeker a girl?! And if so, why didn't Evan want her know that she existed?

As soon as the idea came to her mind, Hermione shook her head and almost laughed at her ridiculous thoughts.

Viktor Krum was clearly a male name, she immediately relieved herself. No matter how Evan knew him, and no matter what secrets there were between them that he couldn't let her know about, since Evan did not want to say it, then there was no need for her to continue questioning...

After all, she believed in Evan completely, unconditionally!

Hermione didn't think much about it. In fact, if she knew Evan's worries and plans, she would laugh at him for thinking too much.

Let alone dating, she didn't even know who Krum was now.

Hermione didn't know that the matter was related to her, nor did she know that there would be an indescribable resentment between her and Krum in the coming semester.

In Evan's plan, the Christmas ball should reach an unprecedented level and have an unprecedented impact in the history of Hogwarts.

"This map carved behind the stone is too strange. Since Slytherin intentionally left it in the underground ruins, it means it must be very important." Feeling Hermione's eyes, Evan said stiffly, "What message might he be trying to convey?"

“There might be something in this temple that Slytherin cared about very much.” Hermione also redirected her attention to the map, following Evan’s line of thought, “He didn’t take it away because he was too hasty or for other reasons.”

“Good thought, Hermione, that’s a great possibility. There’s something in the temple that Slytherin was bound to get.” Evan admired, “I don’t know what it is, but it should undoubtedly be very precious.”

If Slytherin was interested in it, then the item must be of great importance.

Considering the status of Herpo the Foul, Evan could imagine his most precious collection. He had many legendary magic items in his mind that he had seen in the history books of magic.

“Besides that, I think there is another possibility.” Evan kept his voice down and continued, “You know, what I told you before...”

“You mean?!” Hermione raised her eyebrows.

She thought of Evan telling her that he had brought back the black magic books from the Black family collection, including even books on the Horcrux.

Although she believed in Evan, this topic was too sensitive.

Hermione, in particular, had just had a quarrel with Ron about it a few months ago. Ron thought he should tell the professors to stop Evan from studying Dark magic, but he had no evidence.

At the persuasion of Harry and Hermione, Ron finally had to stop.

The incident was over, but then the truth came out, and Hermione knew that Ron’s guess was not just a fool’s errand. On the contrary, all he said was right.

As he said, Evan was studying evil black magic.

Hermione concentrated and told herself not to think nonsense.

Evan had promised her that he would not use black magic to do evil things and change his thinking.

He used these black magic books as a reference to study and create corresponding white magic.

And indeed, Hermione fully believed in Evan, but in order to avoid unnecessary disturbances, she still didn’t tell Harry and Ron for the time being.

It wouldn’t be too late to tell them when the time would be right.

“Yes, that’s it. In those books, I learned the steps and methods of making the Horcrux.” Under Hermione’s reluctant eyes, Evan looked at Harry and Ron sitting at the foot of the bed, still concentrating on the Quidditch game, then whispered, “At the same time, I’ve seen the monster and the black magic carved on the rock walls to make it. That magic is very similar to the way the Horcrux is made. Many Spells are exactly the same.”

“Oh, my God, how can this be possible? What are you saying?” Hermione stared.

“It’s still speculation that the monster is very likely to be immortal,” said Evan. “Maybe Slytherin left this map to tell us that it is only in this ancient temple could it be completely eliminated.”

“What exactly should we do?” Hermione asked subconsciously.

Because she was too agitated, her breathing was a little messy.

“I don’t know, this is all speculation. But I think it should have something to do with the dark red nameplate I finally picked up. It didn’t appear until the monster disappeared.” Evan thought and said, “I gave it to Dumbledore, and he might find out some clues.”

“In that case, we should find the location of the temple as soon as possible and tell Dumbledore about it!” Hermione nodded, looked at the stone carefully again and asked softly, “Do you know where it is?”

“I’ve just been looking at it. I don’t have any impression of the place marked upon it.” Evan shook his head.

For a moment, neither of them spoke again. They rearranged the broken stones, and the map above became more and more complete.

“I have an idea!” Hermione squinted. “Although a bit stupid, we can try to compare this map with the map of ancient Greece. There are oceans, forests and deep canyons. The terrain is also very peculiar. There are not many places to meet these conditions...”

“It’s really a good idea. You can try it.” Evan nodded. “Besides, we must continue to collect information about Herpo the Foul.”

If possible, he would also like to find out the specific location of the monster’s body and brain taken away by Slytherin, and be prepared for it. This matter might have something to do with vampires.

But now that Dumbledore knew, he would definitely be prepared.

Considering the gap between their intelligence resources, if Dumbledore wanted to investigate, he would definitely find the remaining hidden parts of the monster before him.

What Evan needed to do now was to record this map in his mind as soon as possible.

“The direction of this dotted line should lead to the right path. It seems to go through an underground passage in the middle.” His fingers groped forward on the back of the stone and he said softly, “Only this direction is positive, and no other direction is possible. Although it is not clear what is drawn in front of it, there must be risks.”