

Harry Potter 341

Chapter 341: The Moon Temple and The Centaur Ghost

Because of the temple's proximity to flowing water, the nearby air was very humid.

Besides Magorian, all the other Centaurs remained opposite the lake. They did not follow to the stone platform in the water. Without permission, they could not approach the Temple at will...

Sirius whispered something to Harry, Ron and Hermione, but Evan did not give them an ear.

He was still thinking about Professor Trelawney's prophecy, and the surrounding scene made him very upset.

"The Centaurs are used to using the names of planets to name their temples." Sirius said, "There are Centaur tribes and temples for worship and star-gazing throughout the world. Although there is little communication between them because of distance, the names of these temples have never been repeated."

"What's the name of this black Temple?" Harry asked.

"They call it the Temple of the Moon!" Sirius pointed to the red moon hanging above the top of the head. "It's so-named because it's suitable for observing the moon's trajectory. As an early Temple, it is very famous among the Centaurs. If you meet any of them anywhere else, they would definitely recognize the name if you talk about it."

"It's not entirely unique. There are two Moon Temples in the World of the Centaurs." Magorian interrupted, with an irrepressible anger in his voice. "The traitors who were exiled by the tribes built another Moon Temple elsewhere. It's exactly the same as this one here, but the things they offer in it are totally different."

"So, it's the same black Temple as here?" asked Evan.

"Yes, those traitors stained the sacred place, and the Temple of the Moon they built is full of evil and taboos." Magorian paved the ground angrily with his front hoofs.

Evan was a little relieved to hear what he said.

If there was no evil or taboo in this dark Temple, it was not the place mentioned in Professor Trelawney's prophecy.

He stopped thinking about it. Anyway, no matter what the situation was, he had to go in by himself.

Through the dark narrow entrance, Evan followed Magorian and Sirius into the Temple. Harry, Ron and Hermione were right behind him, and everyone looked around curiously.

By the light of the torch, Evan saw the magnificent murals carved on the walls.

These murals were the continuation of the carvings on the outer walls, most of which were related to the Centaurs in the aspect of stargazing.

There were also many stars' trajectories.

Moving forward, the complex constellation pattern of stars occupied the whole space; it was even on the ceiling and on the floor marble panel. It was so complex, following it was actually nauseating.

Only real astrologers could understand the value of these complex patterns. Almost the trajectories all the planets had been recorded here for thousands of years. Many of them were important star maps that human wizards had never noticed or lost.

Evan couldn't understand this. The three people beside him, Harry, Ron, and Hermione, were even more lost, but this didn't keep any of them from showing their amazement.

The passage went straight ahead. Around the first corner, something milky suddenly came out of the wall and met Evan. It was a ghost, not one of the common wizard ghosts in the castle, but a ghost of an ancestor of the Centaurs.

He dressed differently from the current Centaurs. He was tall with a big stature, uncommonly wearing a scarred suit of leather. He was just like a soldier who had just returned from the battlefield.

Evan carefully observed the Centaur ghost. He looked like the strongest Centaur he had ever seen, almost as big as Magorian, which was simply incredible.

To put it bluntly, he was a mixture of a Centaur and a monster.

When Evan looked at him, the Centaur ghost looked back at him.

His eyes were full of suspicions, frowning and it seemed like he said something. His tone was very weird, certainly not English, and everyone did not understand what he was talking about.

Magorian took a quick step forward and talked to him.

"It's a specific language of the Centaurs. It's very old and complex, and it's seldom used now." Sirius explained, "But it was very popular in the Middle Ages."

"That leather suit does look medieval." Hermione said, "He must have lived here for nearly a thousand years like Nearly Headless Nick."

"Nick knows all the ghosts, but he never told us about the Centaur ghosts." Harry looked at him curiously, lowered his voice and said, "Do you remember the Halloween party last year? All the ghosts in Britain were there, but there was no such thing."

"I don't think they invited him because they couldn't communicate." Ron wrinkled his nose and whispered, "Nick certainly can't speak Centaur's language, can he?"

"The Centaurs generally do not associate with humans, even if they become ghosts." Sirius said, "This is the most sacred Temple of the Centaurs. Only the wisest elders and the bravest warriors in the tribe can enter it."

"So there are a lot Centaur ghosts here?" asked Evan.

“In fact, not so many.” When Magorian had finished talking to the Centaur ghost, he came back to hear Evan’s question and answered briefly, “Because of the betrayers, we have suffered great losses. Many ancestors’ souls disappeared forever, and only the most powerful Centaurs remained. The one who was just here is Okegiga, which means Lofty Mountain in the Centaur’s language. He is the greatest warrior in the history of our tribe.”

“The greatest warrior, what did he do?” Ron asked doubtfully, “Had he killed many Acromantulas?”

“He’d slaughtered an adult fire dragon and many other monsters beyond your imagination.” Magorian said gruffly, seemingly discontented with Ron’s offence. “Human, never underestimate the Centaurs. We have strength and civilization that is not weaker than yours.”

The fire Dragon is the most powerful and ferocious magical creature in existence. Everyone had seen the one under the ground of Gringotts and was deeply shocked by its strength.

It was hard to imagine that a Centaur could kill a fire dragon on his own. Even a powerful wizard could hardly do this.

The Centaur ghost Okegiga turned and left, and everyone looked at him in awe.

“Let’s go. Let’s not let the elder wait for too long.” Magorian turned and set off again.

They continued to move forward and entered a circular upward passage. On the outer side of the passage were round rooms of varying sizes, filled with strange things, some of which were ritual supplies, but some things didn’t look so pleasant.

Under the dim light of the torch, through the narrow gaps of the stone doors, Evan saw that there were many statues in the dark rooms.

The statues were varied, too far to be seen clearly, but the appearance of the statues by the door was enough to make everyone shocked.

Evan swallowed and stopped in the same place, and he was all shocked.

Following his gaze, Ron glanced curiously into the room. The next second, he made a scream of hoarseness and horror.

Chapter 342: Horrible Statues

“What’s going on?” Sirius asked aloud, pulling out his wand and rushing over.

Harry and Hermione, who were walking ahead, turned around and looked at Ron worriedly. They didn’t know what had happened, but Ron’s scream made them feel bad. They could not help thinking of Sirius’s warning that the Temple of the Centaurs was not safe. They pulled out their wands and raised their vigilance.

Magorian stood still, and looked eccentrically at Ron who had fallen to the ground.

He seemed hesitant, but he did not interfere.

“Inside... inside... those statues are all monsters!” said Ron tremblingly, pointing to the dark room half-hidden by the stone door ahead.

“Monsters?!” Sirius looked at him suspiciously, and then turned his eyes to Evan.

Evan nodded and signaled Sirius to be ready. Then, he swiftly waved his wand, and an egg-sized yellowish light flew out from its tip, and moved forward, knocking the stone door in front of him instantly into the dark room.

The next second, the light glare illuminated the whole room.

Everyone took a step forward. When they saw what was inside, they couldn't help but gasp. They looked extremely shocked and they couldn't help stepping back a few steps.

“This, what on earth is this?” Harry said in surprise.

Unexpectedly, in this old and narrow room, there were many statues of strange creatures.

They were all the same. They looked weird, and hard to describe. They were horrible creatures like deformed insects, five feet long.

Their bodies were of blue-grey rock, occasionally revealing pink tinges.

The most striking thing was the huge bodies resembling crustaceans with several pairs of giant dorsal fins or thin-winged organs on them, and six groups of arthropods.

What was horrifying was that there was a complex green ellipsoid covered with a large number of short tentacles where the head was supposed to be.

Underneath the tentacles were all the head and orbit holes. The muscle membranes above were like the eyes of a fly that had been magnified countless times; extremely repulsive.

Watching carefully, they could see through the cyan film that the inside of the monster's head was a gray fleshy core.

It was like a huge tumor that mutated out of nowhere.

With their breathing, the tumors seemed to be trembling, but when looking carefully, it was just an illusion.

These statues looked shocking. They didn't seem to have been moved for centuries. They were covered with thick dust, but they were still vivid.

In fact, they seemed too real, as if they were alive.

Evan thought of the people who had been petrified by the Basilisk last year. These statues looked just like them. He couldn't help but think: ‘they are all alive, just petrified’.

That was not a good thought, but obviously it was not Evan alone who thought so. The others' faces were equally gloomy, and Hermione even got involuntarily closer to Evan.

Holding her cold little hand, Evan felt her inner agitation and tension.

Imagine that in the ancient, mysterious, dark Centaurs' Temple, the small, dim, and unknown rooms were filled with statues of such evil monsters. What kind of feeling would it be if these nightmarish things suddenly appeared in front of you?

It was horrible to the extreme. It's no wonder that anyone would be so shocked.

After his extreme shock, Evan was glad that they were statues rather than living monsters. Otherwise, the consequences would have been absolutely unimaginable.

He gasped, wondering what they were. He had never seen such a thing in any magic book. Was it the magic creation of some evil Dark wizard?

Sirius was also extremely shocked, apparently learning about them for the first time. He turned around to hide Evan, Harry, Ron, and Hermione behind him as fast as he could, pointed his wand at Magorian in front of him and asked, "What are these statues in there?"

"You've already known that our ancestors once believed in an evil god, which drove powerful tribes toward madness and destruction. These monsters were left behind by those exiles who went astray at that time!" Magorian said slowly, and his voice was much slower than usual. "When it was at its peak, the Centaurs' colony was beyond your imagination. What you see now is only a small part of it."

"Only a small part?!" Evan looked down the ancient wall and saw dozens of such rooms in front of him. If they were full of such monsters..."

Then he thought again that what he saw was only a part of it.

This Temple was much larger than he had imagined. No one could guarantee how many hidden rooms there were or how many such monsters were left.

And since it was created by the so-called evil god, would there be only one kind of monster, or would there be other kinds?!

"I don't care if they are banished or not. Since you still have these things, you should be responsible." Sirius was determined and did not put down his wand, "I need an explanation; otherwise I will not let the children behind me continue to take risks."

"Unlike humans, we will never shirk our responsibilities!" Magorian shouted. "If any of you can pass the final test and get the magic item left by the Founder of the castle, then he's the one chosen by the stars. The elder will explain to you and tell you all the details."

"We won't move on until you've made everything clear..." Sirius roared and responded to him as loud as he could

His face was blue and his wand kept sparking outward.

"As you wish, Sirius, you're not the one chosen by stars and fate. You've been tested twenty years ago!" Magorian said without fear, his eyes sweeping slowly over Evan, Harry, Ron, and Hermione. "As for the four of you, either you go ahead and learn the truth through the test, or go back and reject the friendship of the Centaurs, and get out of our Forbidden Forest forever. It's your choice, humans!"

Evan, Harry, Ron, and Hermione looked at each other, wondering how to answer him.

Sirius, standing in front of them, gasped violently, seeming to want to rush and fight him.

Ignoring Sirius's eyes, Magorian came up and closed the open stone door, then took a few steps forward and stopped.

He turned around and looked at the four of them proudly, waiting for everyone's decision.

Chapter 343: What Did the Four Founders Leave their Items for?

"What should we do now?" Ron asked hesitantly.

After seeing the horrible nightmarish statues in the room, Ron's deep feelings of uneasiness grew stronger.

Reason told him that going deeper meant big trouble waiting ahead.

He wanted to leave, but he was reluctant to leave the magic item left by Gryffindor.

He looked at Sirius's gloomy face, and looked at the proud Magorian again, and finally looked at Evan standing beside him, wondering what he was thinking.

If they went forward together, there should be no danger.

With Sirius and Evan there, he didn't have to worry about anything he would encounter.

"Sirius, we..." Harry said worriedly. He was also frightened by the horrible monster statues he'd just seen in the room.

"Let's go back!" said Sirius, staring fiercely at Magorian.

"Hold on, Sirius!" Hermione suddenly interrupted. "Why are we going back? No matter what the monsters in this room used to be, they're just statues now. They can't attack us at all."

"The last time I came, I didn't see them. The stone doors of these rooms were closed at that time." Sirius looked at Hermione and explained, "It's very obvious; those things inside are obviously very evil and dangerous. They're beyond our capabilities. I don't want you to take risks."

"We have nothing to lose now," Evan said. "I don't think it's a risk. It's about getting the truth of what happened!"

"That's the Centaurs' own business. It's none of our business." Sirius frowned.

"It's not only the Centaur's business. Firenze just told us that the moon, which represents the Centaurs' devotion to evil gods, is intertwined with the trajectory of Mars, which represents the Wizarding War. Now it's already of our business." Evan looked at Sirius and said, "You know exactly what I'm talking about, we all know that Voldemort made Horcruxes. He's not dead. Sooner or later, he'll come back. If he calls the evil god back..."

“That has nothing to do with us, Dumbledore will handle it.” Sirius answered harshly. “I just want to protect you now.”

There was a sudden silence, and Evan didn’t know what to say.

“I know!” Harry hesitated for a moment.

He hugged Sirius tightly and whispered, “Sirius, you are the best godfather and professor of Defense Against the Dark Arts. But I think that Evan is right. Now we should go ahead and pass the Final Test, get the item left by Gryffindor, and unlock all its secrets.”

Sirius did not answer and looked at Harry in silence.

“If my father were here, he would definitely not back down.” Harry looked back at Sirius and said firmly, “Gryffindor may have left the object for the same purpose. He wanted us to help the Centaurs and test our courage and other qualities. You’ve been here before, trying to challenge the magic he had left, and here we are now...” At Harry’s words, Evan was immersed in thought.

It suddenly occurred to him that perhaps everything was as Harry said, and the current troubles were the challenges that the Four Founders had left deliberately, not by chance.

A thousand years ago, after telling the Four Founders about Hogwarts and Voldemort and the Horcruxes, and under the advice of Rowena Ravenclaw, they immediately prepared to leave a Secret Treasure to help future generations protect Hogwarts from the invasion of Dark wizards.

But this was only one aspect, not the whole reason why they did so.

As everyone knows, since the establishment of Hogwarts, the Four Founders had been arguing about their teaching philosophy and admission standards, and no one could convince the others.

They finally came to a compromise and merged part of their thinking into the Sorting Hat, hoping that it would pass on their respective ideas, no matter how long it took.

The main reason for leaving a Secret Treasure and setting tests was to test whether the students of later generations met their own requirements and inherited the qualities they were looking at.

Perhaps that was the case. All these troubles were deliberately left behind by the Four Founders.

However, with the magic power, vision of the Four Founders and the average level of the magic world a thousand years ago, the test they’ve left might have not been that difficult. But now it was way beyond the scope of the ability of today’s young wizards.

Evan gave a bitter laugh. He had thought too easily about the test the Four Founders had left behind.

From the current situation, Slytherin’s Treasure key was related to Herpo the Foul and the evil dark creature he had created with innumerable human souls, while Gryffindor’s treasure key was related to the Centaurs and the evil god they once worshiped.

It could be inferred that the tests left by Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff would not be simple.

However, what the Four Founders had left behind was not completely unsolved. Just like Slytherin’s powerful magic laid out in the underground relics, as long as the method was right, it

could inspire and help future generations to overcome difficulties at critical moments, and even enhance their magic power.

Slytherin had set the condition that the person entering the ruins must carry one of the four items he left, the ring, the Locket, the wand, and the scepter.

Only by satisfying this condition could the magic he left be activated.

In Slytherin's understanding, the young wizard who could carry the items he left behind, even if not his Heir, would certainly be a pure blood wizard.

To value bloodlines and origins, this was really in line with Slytherin's style.

So whatever the magic Gryffindor would have left in this Temple, perhaps unparalleled courage was the key to conquer it!

"Let's move on. It is the magical item and the test that Gryffindor himself left. All four of us are qualified to try."

After a long silence, Sirius said slowly, "You're right, Harry. I only considered your safety before, but I ignored your feelings. If James were here, he would not cower back."

When he finished his words, he went up and gave Harry a big hug, his face full of relief.

The team continued to move forward and everyone circled up the empty passage.

The unexpected event made the atmosphere obviously tense. Everyone was on guard. No one spoke, and only their footsteps echoed in the ancient Temple.

"Sirius, before you came in, you reminded us to be careful. Some of the customs of the Centaurs are very evil and dangerous." Hermione couldn't help but ask, "But you just said you've never seen those statues before, so what's the danger you're referring to?"

"You'll soon know the answer!" Sirius said, pointing to Magorian who had stopped. "Get ready, we are about to arrive at our destination."

Chapter 344: Stars, Illusions and Magic

"Ready?!" Hermione repeated, raising her eyebrows.

In front of them, there was a huge black stone door. The stone gate was carved with the pattern of changes in the moon phases. The black moon formed a circle around the entire stone gate, changing from the top full moon to the waning crescent.

Time was marked on the inner side, with a period of one month, corresponding respectively to the New moon, the Waxing Crescent, the First Quarter, the Waxing Gibbous, the Full moon, the Waning Gibbous, the Third Quarter, and finally Waxing Crescent, and the New Moon again. The outer side of the moon phases diagram was densely covered with words, and there were many bizarre patterns that showed various signs and warnings that were predicted by the different positions of the moon.

Excluding those that represented the illusory signs of astrology, Evan had to admire the Centaurs' meticulousness in observing and recording planetary changes.

In Astronomy and Astrology, the Centaurs achieved far more than what humans did.

Magorian went over and touched the full moon on the door, and the black stone gate rose slowly upward.

Because it was too heavy, the stone door made a squeaking sound.

Evan, Harry, Ron, and Hermione held their breath and looked nervously into the door.

Their right hands gripped their wands tightly, and they dared not relax their vigilance, as if there were many monsters behind the door ready to rush out at any time.

But nothing happened. There was a small circular space inside the door.

“Let’s go in!” Magorian said loudly, taking the lead in.

They did not move. They all turned their heads and looked doubtfully at Sirius.

“Go in, it’s an escalator, just like in Dumbledore’s office.” Sirius signaled that there was no danger. “The item left by Gryffindor is kept at the top of the temple, and it will take us up there.”

Everyone went in, and they all huddled together and looked around excitedly. Like the platform at the bottom of the escalator, the interior was also a circular space, with black paint on the top and planetary motions carved on the surrounding walls.

Magorian touched another planet on the wall. A loud noise came out from beneath his feet, and the platform began to rise slowly, and then picked up speed.

“It’s incredible. How did the Centaurs do that?” Hermione asked in amazement. “Is it magic?”

“It should not be magic. I don’t feel any traces of magic. ”

Evan was also very doubtful. The obsidian platform under his feet was obviously very heavy. To make it rise to such a high place, it needed a very powerful magic.

He knew that the Centaurs were not that proficient in magic.

They had unique research in astrological prophecy and healing magic, but little progress had been made in other fields.

Unless there were powerful wizards or other powerful races to help them design these mechanisms, it was hard for the Centaurs to do this with their own magical abilities.

“It’s not magic. The Centaurs use the lake’s water to move this escalator.”

Sirius signaled to everyone not to get close to the fast-retreating wall, explaining, “You must have seen the huge lake outside. In fact, the temple was built entirely on water. Ancient Centaurs designed various mechanisms to use the lake water below to help them accomplish all kinds of things.”

It was indeed a very clever mechanism, and they were all amazed.

It was hard to imagine that the path they had just passed through used to be occupied by the lake.

Magorian did not speak. He stood aside and looked at them coldly, listening to everyone's praise. His face was still haughty to the extreme.

The platform slowly ascended, and after about ten minutes, the ramp disappeared.

As they finally arrived at the destination, Evan felt the gentle evening breeze.

He stepped off the platform, took in a breath of fresh air, and felt his vision suddenly broadened.

At this very moment, they were in a vast sea of stars.

The night sky and the obsidian beneath their feet merged into one, and the sky and the earth felt as they were merged with them surrounded by the shining stars.

To them, everything became particularly clear and extraordinarily surreal.

Evan had never felt that way before. The distant stars were now very close to them, because they were too clear and illusive, as if they were right beside them. It felt like that if they were to raise their hands, they could touch the stars in the sky.

Evan was shocked by the wonders of the sky and deeply immersed in it.

He thought he had come to the void world of stars. Maybe here was the Outer Space!

With countless stars emanating weak energy, Evan felt that his magic became uneasy.

His magic was acting erratically and out of control, as it also wanted to go up and reach the stars. Evan was shocked and rushed to control the magic in his body, but the stars in front of him distracted him from thinking about anything else, and he was lost in them.

The magic acted up faster and faster, breaking away from the rhythm that Evan was familiar with.

Evan, stunned, stared at the stars, until he saw the dark red moon just above his head. Only then did he suddenly wake up from his daze.

He suddenly realized that he was standing on an open platform at the highest point of the temple.

As he regained consciousness, the motion of his magic ceased, and Evan felt as if he had just fallen into some kind of hallucination, a deep hallucination magic constructed by the platform at the top of the temple and the stars in the sky.

This magic was not harmful, but the sober Evan felt his magic had increased slightly, which was simply too incredible.

After absorbing the powerful power contained in Slytherin's Locket, the speed of Evan's magic had reached a terrifying level.

Dumbledore even predicted that his magic would not increase significantly in the next few years.

But after just over a month, Evan's magic began to grow again through the subtle feeling of being immersed in the Star Sea, which was beyond belief.

He turned his head and saw Sirius and Magorian smiling at him.

Next to him, Harry and Ron were stretching out their hands as if they were really going to touch the stars in the sky.

Hermione also looked at a galaxy not far away, completely lost in it.

Evan could clearly feel that the magic of the three of them was also going strangely out of control, just like a young wizard who was aware of his powers for the first time.

But they hadn't recovered yet, and he didn't know how long they would be lost in the illusion.

Noticing Evan's clear eyes, Magorian nodded; seemingly satisfied that he could recover in such a short time.

He waved his hand and motioned Evan to follow him.

Evan looked at Sirius, who told him to go with Magorian. Black would stay here and wait for Harry, Ron and Hermione.

Chapter 345: Gryffindor's Magic

About fifteen minutes after Evan left, Harry, Ron, and Hermione successively recovered from the magical illusion of the stars and realized where they were.

They looked around in confusion, their faces full of doubts.

"Sirius, what just happened?" Harry said in amazement, unable to believe the increase of magic in his body. "The stars in the night sky give me a strange feeling, in which I feel like I have become a star, with strange fluctuations; my magic is growing..."

"Me too!" Ron shouted with delight, "Although it's not a lot of growth, it is very noticeable! What in the world is going on?"

Hermione didn't speak. She frowned and felt it for a while, with a slightly doubtful expression.

She also felt a slight increase in her magic, which was too incredible, even contrary to what she had learned before.

Hermione wanted to listen to Evan's opinion, and then she suddenly noticed that he was not here.

She hurried to Sirius standing next to her and asked, "Where's Evan?"

"Don't worry; I'll answer your questions one by one." Looking at the confused and anxious Harry, Ron and Hermione, Sirius smiled and said, "First of all, don't worry about Evan; he was the first to recover. He has followed Magorian to see the elder, not far ahead. We'll be there soon. Secondly, about the reasons for your magic growth..." Sirius pointed at the starry sky above his head and explained, "In fact, this is due to the powerful magic of the temple at your feet and the countless stars in the night sky. When I first came here, I was shocked by the scene in front of me and my magic increased slightly as well."

"Magic?" Harry, Ron and Hermione looked at Sirius in surprise, wondering what he meant by magic.

"Yes, it's magic!" Sirius said softly. "This magic is so powerful that it is far beyond your imagination."

Under the night sky, no one spoke, and everyone was waiting for Sirius to continue explaining.

“The Centaurs once told me that this magic had been arranged by Godric Gryffindor himself. Unlike our usual wand-wielding magic, the magic he had left behind involved knowledge of alchemy and magic array.” Sirius said softly, “Even today, after a thousand years, it still works.”

Hearing what he said, Harry and Ron unconsciously raised their heads and looked at the starry night sky again, as if they were trying their best to feel the powerful magic left by Gryffindor himself. But there was nothing. They couldn’t get into that feeling.

Now the sky was full of stars, just like the stars they saw every Wednesday night at the School Astronomical tower. Apart from a wider horizon, there was no difference.

“Only the wizard who comes here for the first time will naturally enter into the state you’ve just felt to adjust, because the magical rhythm in his body does not match the energy emitted by the stars.” Sirius laughed and said, “After adjustment, you can no longer enter that state.”

“The conjunction of magic rhythm and star energy?!” Hermione remembered that she seemed to have seen hints at this in some book, a very ancient magic book.

She had seen the book on Evan’s desk before, picked it up and read it when she was idle. It was so abstruse that she didn’t understand much of it in many places.

“The magic left by Gryffindor helps the wizard who comes here for the first time to adjust his magical rhythm. During the adjustment process, your own magic will also increase slightly.” Sirius continued, “The more talented and magical the wizard is, the shorter the adjustment time is. That’s why Evan was the first to wake up.”

“Well, we know why magic grows, but why did Gryffindor leave this magic here?” Hermione asked in confusion.

“Maybe to help us increase our magic.” Ron whispered.

“He obviously wouldn’t have so much free time on his hands! A powerful magic was laid out in the Centaurs’ colony, deep in the Forbidden Forest only to help three young wizards to enhance their magic power?” Hermione glared at Ron and was dissatisfied with his unfounded answer.

“On this issue, I have done in-depth research with James and Remus. The final conclusion was that this magical effect was to gather the power of the stars into the temple.” Sirius said, “Gryffindor used these powers to support his final test here.”

Hearing Sirius’s reasoning, they were once again deeply shocked. It was hard to imagine what the final test of Gryffindor would be like. It was incredible to use the power of the stars of the entire night sky as a support.

Since entering the Centaurs' colony, they had come into contact with too many things beyond their imagination, discovering that the magical world was not as simple as what they learned in Hogwarts.

“On our first trip to the Centaurs' colony a few months ago, I told you that the final test left by Gryffindor was a powerful illusion magic.” Sirius said, “That magic allows you to penetrate into a totally different world, a surreal World, in which everyone sees different things. Only through surpassing what challenges he laid down inside can we finally get what he left behind.”

“You seem to have just entered the endless starry sky, which is actually part of the illusion.” Sirius pointed to the lines above the black obsidian platform beneath his feet and continued, “Look at the lines on the ground. This is what Gryffindor had laid out. It can blend the temple of the Centaurs with the stars in the night sky.”

Everyone hurriedly looked down at the lines under their feet. They thought that they were the same as the ones on the walls; all being planets' trajectories. They did not expect them to be a magic left by Gryffindor.

These lines formed a complex pattern that extended to the depth of the platform.

Looking far ahead, they could see Evan and two Centaurs standing at the end of the lines.

Because of the distance, their figures looked very small.

Behind them was the outline of a giant, which seemed to be part of the Temple, and they couldn't see clearly its concrete shape.

Up along the giant, at the top, through the thick clouds, was a red light.

It glowed softly around like a star.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione originally thought so, but now it seemed that this thing was obviously not a star.

They looked up into the distance, and the red glow in the clouds echoed the dark red moon overhead, looking eerie.

Chapter 346: Gryffindor's Secret Treasure Key

“What's that red globe?” asked Hermione.

“There is no doubt that it is the magic item left by Gryffindor.” Sirius replied, “That's the Secret Treasure Key you've been talking about.”

“How is that possible?!” Ron opened his eyes wide and said incredulously, “That place is nearly a thousand feet from the ground. How can we get up there?”

Carried by the evening wind, a thick dark cloud approached slowly from the distance.

A few seconds later, the platform at the top of the temple was completely immersed in darkness, and the light of the stars was blocked by clouds, even the moon could not be seen.

In the darkness, only the soft red light above the Temple and the exceptionally bright Mars in the distant night sky could shed some light, bringing a ray of light to the world.

No one spoke; the atmosphere was tense and depressing.

Harry's heart was beating so hard. Looking at the red light, he suddenly thought of the monsters hidden in the Temple.

He seemed to hear their voices; they were calling for flesh and blood...

When the dark cloud drifted by and the stars came back, everyone was secretly relieved.

"Gryffindor left the item this high..." Harry tried to calm his mood and stretched out his hand before he continued. "If I use a broomstick, I can fly up. There should be no problem."

"The premise is that the Centaurs allow us to do this." Hermione was still looking at Evan's location. "This is the Centaurs' colony, not Hogwarts."

"If I don't use a broomstick, how can I get up there?" Harry asked. "Or maybe, on the Hippogriff, Buckbeak, he can fly there..."

"All of this is out of question."

Sirius pointed to the red glow in the clouds, explaining, "No flying magic or flying creatures are allowed above this Temple. There are only two ways to get there. Either it could be transmitted through the Final Test left by Gryffindor, or climb up the stairs below."

Looking at the huge dim silhouette of the statue in the distance, Harry snarled.

Climbing up the exposed stairs to the clouds sounded absolutely horrifying. It couldn't be done at all.

Indeed, the only way to get the item was to pass the Final Test.

.....

Evan slowly followed Magorian forward. Under the starlight, he felt as if he had come to a fairytale world. Before that, he had never seen anything more beautiful than here.

Everything was like a dream. Under the numerous shining stars, the light from the torch in Magorian's hand paled in comparison, becoming insignificant.

Weak magic slipped by, and Evan was keen to catch the traces of magic. He focused and found that the energy emitted by the stars was being absorbed by the magic array carved on the platform of the Temple, and all converged to the central position through a complex pattern.

In front of Evan, there was a huge statue silhouette, soaring into the clouds.

Following the faint magic, Evan noticed that all of them converged into a red glowing entity at the top.

No doubt, that was the key to Gryffindor's Secret Treasure.

There, he felt an unprecedented power of magic.

Evan suddenly stopped. This power was too strong, and beyond anything he had ever imagined. He had only felt comparable magic from Dumbledore.

This was the Key to Gryffindor's Treasure, the Power of Legendary Magic Items!

Moving forward with excitement, the dim statue in the night became clearer and clearer. Evan thought that was originally part of the Temple, but it was not the case...

That was a statue of a Centaur warrior, whose tall body extended all the way to the clouds.

He had a bow and an arrow in his hand, and there were many weird ornaments on his body that looked like planets. He looked very strange.

Strange as it was, the statue was barely understandable.

The Centaurs valued the predictions from the stars. Perhaps they wanted to exaggerate the significance of the planets revolving around their kind by putting this statue in this spot.

What Evan could not accept was that the statue split in the middle, and seemed to be naturally weathered and cracked.

But the cracks were not smooth, and there seemed to be something else hidden inside, just about to crawl out of the Centaur's body.

There were other monsters in the body of the Centaur. Would he see those horrible monsters below?!

It was so frightening that Evan did not look at the Key to Gryffindor's Treasure, which glowed red at the top of the statue, but kept looking at the crack.

There, he dimly saw a huge purple tentacle...

"What is that?" Evan couldn't help asking, feeling more and more uneasy.

"A thousand years ago, it used to be the most sacred Temple of the Centaurs, enshrining the spirits of the wisest elders and the most powerful warriors in the colony."

As if answering Evan's question, an old voice sounded slowly, "Centuries ago, this place became an evil place for worshipping an evil god. The ancestors of the Centaurs and countless stars were acquired by the evil god. It claimed to be the God of the Forest and spoke to us in the void."

A very old Centaur came slowly out of the darkness beneath the statue, with a long beard that could be dragged to the ground and deep wrinkles on his face.

"Now, this statue is just a stone without a soul, and it has no significance."

He walked over to Evan with the help of Magorian and said softly, "That evil god defiled the most sacred place for the Centaurs. Although it and its followers were finally defeated by our ancestors, we couldn't destroy its statue by all means. We could only morph its shape..."

Hearing this, Evan knew why he had always felt that the statue looked so strange.

It turned out that they had rebuilt a statue of a Centaur outside the evil god's, but the essence remained unchanged.

“Human, you defeated the Acromantulas and gained the recognition and friendship of the Centaurs.” The elder slowly said, “According to the ancient agreement, you can try to face the ultimate challenge of the Founder of the castle. If you pass, you can take away what he left behind.”

Evan nodded. He knew about it long ago.

“Unlike humans, the Centaurs have their own unique principles and methods.”

The elder turned hardly and looked at the red halo above. “This magical item with powerful magic is actually not complete. It had been destroyed by the demon’s followers and they took away a part of it. If you are the chosen one shown in the stars, we will send the strongest warriors to help you regain that part...”

Evan had a bitter smile on his lips and he didn’t know how to answer him.

He should thank him for his help, but he could not be happy at the thought of facing the evil god.

As Sirius said, it was all the trouble of the Centaurs themselves.

Now because of Gryffindor’s Secret Treasure Key, it was completely passed on to him.

What was the use of a few strong Centaurs compared to a very dangerous and unknown evil god?!

But Evan had no way to refuse. To get the Key, he had to meet the challenge.

Perhaps this was the ultimate challenge that Gryffindor himself had left behind, not this illusory challenge!

Chapter 347: The Challenge Begins

Since he couldn’t escape, he could only choose to face the so-called evil god.

Evan made up his mind and decided to face it calmly. He thought that the elder of the Centaurs would disclose some information and tell him details about the evil god.

But unexpectedly, the elder did not speak any more.

The old Centaur and Magorian standing beside him both looked up at the night sky in silence.

Following their gaze, Evan noticed the unusually bright Mars and the bloody moon not far below.

After watching it for a while, he looked back at the crack in the statue...

About twenty minutes later, Sirius, Harry, Ron and Hermione rushed over and they were also shocked by the huge statue in front of them.

Sirius was okay, he had seen it before.

But this was the first time for Harry, Ron, and Hermione, and they couldn’t help but talk about it.

This time, the elder of the Centaurs did not try to explain any more. He looked particularly tired and didn’t even say a word. He just waved to Magorian.

“If you want to get that thing up there, you must pass the test.” Magorian said loudly, he stepped forward and pointed to a complex Obsidian table in front of the huge statue. “Anyone who wants to take the challenge needs to stand there.”

This seemed to be the core of Gryffindor’s magic. Besides the top item, Evan could feel the most powerful magic reaction there.

All the powers from the stars converged here and then transmitted to the top of the statue.

Magorian said it simply. Sirius explained the method in detail.

“It sounds very simple. Just stand on this table. Anyone can do it. Anyone can do it.” Ron wrinkled his nose and said. “I thought I was going to fight a monster to prove my courage...”

“It is a complex illusion magic, in which you have to show unparalleled courage to pass the test.”

“I know. No matter what you see, just don’t be afraid!” Ron nodded and said, “It’s not very difficult, is it?”

They all discussed it for a moment. Because Ron volunteered, they finally decided to let him go up and try first, and that Hermione and Harry were to follow him.

Evan was the last because he had the greatest hope.

Ron glanced at the red glow above the statue, and couldn’t wait to go to the front of the table as he stepped up.

In the next second, the red light above flashed clearly.

Along the lines of the platform’s ground slab, numerous bright lights converged rapidly from all sides.

The intricate pattern shone and the ancient magic was activated.

Standing in the middle of the platform, Ron’s expression was dull and his eyes were full of confusion.

He seemed doubtful, and then became extremely frightened, as if he had seen something terrible.

His expression was twisted, struggling, and he seemed to be caught in extreme pain.

Everyone stared at Ron, nervous, wondering what he saw in the illusion and why he showed such an expression.

Out of fear, Hermione unconsciously leaned close to Evan.

On the stone platform, Ron had reached its edge. He seemed to want to run away.

The next second, a blue glow flashed, and he was ejected and landed outside the stone platform.

“Failed!” Magorian said expressionlessly.

“Ron, what did you see?” Everybody rushed over.

“Acromantulas, thousands of them, and they all came to me.” Ron gasped violently with a cry in his voice. “I told myself not to be afraid. These were just illusions, all fake. But they were really biting me, wanting to tear me apart. I wanted to run away, just...”

“This illusion magic is similar to the Boggart’s, which can see through a person’s deepest hidden fear and then visualize it concretely.” Sirius said, “Ron is afraid of spiders. All he sees inside are Acromantulas.”

“I, I thought they were Boggarts, I used magic, but it didn’t work.” Ron said, his body was still shaking.

“It’s not that simple. As I said before, everything in it is real and won’t be cracked by magic. Your experience just confirmed this once again.” Sirius repeated, “Whatever you see inside, they are all real illusions!”

Godric Gryffindor’s quality is courage. In the face of any difficulties, it’s only by going forward bravely that you can pass the test he left.

But it wasn’t just about being fear-free. Sirius said that everything in that illusion was real, and that reckless bravery was just a dead end.

“It’s really hard. Those Acromantulas wanted to tear me apart. I even felt the pain of their bites on my thigh. It’s exactly the same as true.” Ron said gloomily, touching his right leg involuntarily.

That was where he had been bitten by Acromantulas in the illusion.

“Well, the next challenger.” Magorian urged impatiently.

Evan, Harry and Hermione looked at each other, and Hermione moved forward cautiously.

She was thinking about what she feared most. On this occasion, it would not seem very worrying if Professor McGonagall came out and told her that she had failed all the exams.

However, it must not be that simple.

Standing in front of the black stone platform, Hermione seemed hesitant. She looked back at Evan.

“Come on, Hermione!” Evan quickly walked over and hugged Hermione tightly.

Feeling the warmth of Evan’s body, Hermione nodded and went up to the stone with a reddish face. Just like when Ron went up, there was a flash of light.

Besides a little surprise, Hermione’s expression did not change much.

Immediately, she frowned and her little face turned serious, like when analyzing a professor’s questions in class or reading a magic book.

“What do you say Hermione will encounter?” Harry asked uncertainly.

“I don’t know. I can’t imagine anything to frighten her except failing the exam.” Ron took a deep breath and commented objectively, “To be honest, she has almost no weaknesses.”

“I hope Hermione will succeed, otherwise I may have to face countless Dementors or...” Harry didn’t go on, he was cold all over.

What should he do if he met Voldemort in the illusion?!

As time went by, the expression on Hermione’s face remained unchanged. But the time of frowning grew longer and longer, as if she had encountered something difficult to solve.

Everyone looked at her nervously, and Ron was still there muttering about Acromantulas.

Hermione was standing on the stone platform, and about half an hour later, a blue glow finally flashed, and Hermione was bounced off the stone platform.

“Failed!” Hermione said calmly, not much surprised.

“What did you see inside?” everyone asked, “Was it an Acromantula, or Professor McGonagall?”

“Neither of them!” Hermione shook her head. “In the illusion, I went back to Hogwarts, back to the castle, and a male professor I’ve never seen before was lecturing me in class, and then asked me questions...”

Chapter 348: Hermione’s Experience

Hearing her words, everyone was stunned.

This was far from the scene that Ron had seen in the illusion. Hermione was not in danger, and no monsters attacked her, but she returned to Hogwarts’ classroom.

She saw a male professor in the illusion that she had never seen before. Who would it be?!

“In the illusion, I suddenly appeared in a classroom on the Third Floor of the school.” Hermione recalled, “It was a classroom I had never been to. It was decorated in a strange, medieval style, with thick curtains hanging on the walls and glittering armor and weapons on the side near the window.”

“There is no room like this on the Third Floor.” Ron interjected, “There is only the Charms Classroom and the Trophy Room on that floor. At the end of the dark corridor, is the trap door guarded by the three-headed dog, Fluffy. It leads to the secret chamber where Dumbledore hid the Philosopher’s Stone.”

“But I’m sure I went back to the Third Floor of the castle. I saw the One-Eyed Witch statue outside the door. I was in the big round classroom next to it.” Hermione said.

“That statue is surrounded by walls, Hermione!” Harry reminded.

Behind the One-Eyed Witch Statue, there was a secret tunnel leading to Honeydukes Sweetshop in Hogsmeade. Evan had used this passage this year because he was not old enough to be allowed to go to Hogsmeade.

Therefore, he was very familiar with the terrain near the secret passage.

As Harry and Ron said, there were no rooms but walls.

But Hermione couldn't have mistaken the One-Eyed Witch Statue. It was very peculiar. It was said to be that of an orphan that was handed down when the school was established a thousand years ago, probably by the original owner of the castle, being part of the collection of the Slytherin family.

Now that Hermione saw the statue, she must have returned to the castle in the illusion, but it should not be the actual Hogwarts.

Gryffindor's own test of illusion, the precious statue handed down from the establishment of the castle, the classroom decorated with medieval aristocratic style...

Evan suddenly thought that Hermione might have returned to Hogwarts a thousand years ago.

Seeing that everyone was still discussing the decoration of the classroom, he hurriedly interrupted. "Hermione, you just said that there was a wizard who gave you a lecture. How did he look?"

"I still remember. That wizard is very powerful, and it is hard to forget once you've seen him." Hermione closed her eyes and thought for a while, then slowly described, "He is about forty years old, handsome, with fiery red hair, with an indescribable temperament, wearing an old-fashioned Muggle aristocratic costume..."

"I don't see what's great about him!" Ron snorted and muttered. "It sounds like Lockhart, another liar!"

"He is not a liar, that wizard is very strong. All the magic he taught me is very profound and complex." Hermione retorted, "After I listened to his lecture, I had a sudden sense of openness. There was a lot of knowledge that could not be found in the library."

"That's what you said about Lockhart last year." Ron said stubbornly, "Although he can't actually even cast magic, there are still many girls who adore him. You are always liable to be deceived by the flashy appearance."

His eyes followed Hermione's and looked at Evan standing beside her.

Evan had been staring at Ron's hair. He was thinking of Hermione's evaluation of the wizard. A wizard with red hair was very rare. Among the people he had met, besides the Weasleys, only Godric Gryffindor himself had such hair.

Hermione also wanted to argue with Ron, but she heard Evan saying, "In addition to red hair and Muggle aristocratic costumes, the wizard had a slender scar on his left eye. He carried a long sword with him and put it with his wand."

“Yes, you’ve seen him too?!” Hermione said in surprise.

Everyone turned their heads and looked at Evan in surprise. It was not clear how he knew the mysterious wizard who appeared in Hermione’s illusion.

“If I’m not mistaken, the wizard you met is Godric Gryffindor!” Evan smiled bitterly. “Remember, I went back to Hogwarts a thousand years ago last year and saw the Four Founders of the school. Each of them had a very unique temperament, and it is hard to forget when you’ve seen them.”

There was a silence for a couple of seconds, and everyone accepted this fact with difficulty.

“This is incredible!” Harry exclaimed. “It’s hard to imagine that you actually saw Gryffindor in the illusion. He also taught you magic in person.”

“I don’t know...” Hermione looked at Evan and seemed to be scared.

“But all I met in the illusion were the Acromantulas!” Ron whispered. “Hermione, what did Gryffindor say to you, and why did you fail?”

“He taught me a lot about profound and esoteric magic. It was getting more and more difficult to learn, from the most common Transfiguration to the rare Alchemy.” Hermione said, “I feel that I have spent a long time in the illusion, every time he finished a magic, he asked me questions. In the end, he asked an Alchemy question. I didn’t answer it. A voice told me that I had failed, and then I went back here again.”

It didn’t sound much like a test to get Gryffindor himself to teach you magic.

Even if Hermione failed in the end, it was a rare experience. If she could master all the magic she had learned in the illusion, her strength would be greatly improved.

Anyway, it was better than Ron’s experience of being simply frightened.

Everyone was amazed, and Evan and Hermione whispered the last question she didn’t answer about Alchemy.

He had recently read many ancient magic books and had some understanding of this aspect.

Since Ancient Times, Alchemy had been the cornerstone of magic, as well as Transfiguration, Potions, Charms, etc. Because the knowledge involved was too esoteric and complicated, only students who passed the Ordinary Wizarding Level test could be involved. This was an optional course for the sixth and seventh years, and it also had the lowest pass rate.

It’s well known that Dumbledore was a famous alchemist.

His exposition of the twelve uses of Dragon Blood was considered to be an inter-era study of magic, and as a result, he received the Order of Merlin First Class.

“Remember, anything can happen in fantasy, and it is completely real.” Sirius said, “There are many different ways of testing. It is not impossible to encounter Gryffindor like Hermione. James had seen him there in that year.”

“My father had also seen Gryffindor?!” Harry asked in surprise. “Sirius, had he been taught magic by Gryffindor like Hermione?”

“Well, no!” Sirius shook his head and said, “He told me that he and Gryffindor had a duel in the illusion, but he failed in the end.”

Chapter 349: The Last Enemy

Hearing Sirius, Harry was very surprised.

He had no idea that his father had dueled Gryffindor in the illusion. Although he had lost, this was still remarkable.

The opponent was the mighty Gryffindor. Not any wizard had the qualification to challenge him, which in itself was a recognition of his father’s strength.

He walked a few steps forward to the black stone platform and felt his legs trembling.

Next to him, the Centaur Magorian looked at him expressionlessly, with a trace of impatience on his face.

The elder retreated completely into the shadows without a sound.

Harry took a deep breath and was ready for the challenge.

Instead of looking back at everyone’s encouraging eyes, he clenched his fists and kept telling himself in a low voice not to be afraid, no matter what he would see in the illusion, he could not shrink back.

Maybe he could come to a duel with Gryffindor as his father did, or face countless Acromantulas and Dementors like Ron. None of this was a problem. But if he had to be tested for magic theory like Hermione, that wouldn’t be what he was good at.

Harry was lost in various fancies and conjectures, and when he came back to his senses, he discovered that he had entered the illusion.

It was still late at night, and the stars in the night sky had not changed much.

A gust of cold wind blew through, and Harry couldn’t help shivering.

He pulled his robe and found himself standing on a dark street.

It was not Hogwarts or Privet Drive. He was sure he had never been to this place before, but he had an indescribable sense of familiarity.

“Lumos!” Harry pulled out his wand and looked around with vigilance.

He was standing in a small alley, with big, shabby houses on both sides of the narrow alley, all dark and unlighted, without even a sound.

Not far ahead was a small square, which was the center of the small village.

Harry stepped forward, the cold wind at night pinned down his cheeks, passing through more houses, all dark and inhabited.

Getting closer and closer to the square, Harry saw a giant statue of a wizard in the middle, holding his wand in front of him with his left hand and a silver sword in his right hand, which was very similar to the image of Gryffindor described by Evan and Hermione. Perhaps, this was him.

Just as he looked at the statue, there was a sudden sound of fighting and a woman's hoarse and exhaustive cry in a house in front of him.

Harry looked up in a hurry and saw that the door of the house was open, and a faint candlelight in a room on the first floor stood out in the darkness.

His heart was beating so hard that it almost jumped to his throat.

No doubt, the test that he would face was in this house. He didn't know what was awaiting him, and the darkness around him was oppressing to the extreme.

"Anybody here?" Harry ran to the door and shouted. "Who's in there?"

No one responded to him. The hall on the ground floor was a mess. It clearly had just experienced a fierce duel. Someone broke into the room from outside.

Harry took a few steps inside and suddenly stopped in front of the fireplace. He couldn't believe it. He looked at the picture on it. It was his parents. His mother was holding a baby in her arms, and her face was filled with a happy smile.

Harry finally knew where he was. It was his home.

"This is Godric's Hollow; this is my home, where I was born!" Harry's heart was almost at a standstill, and he could not believe what was going on in front of him.

He even forgot that this was an illusion created by Gryffindor. He had only one idea in his mind. He went home, back to the place that used to be his home.

If there were no Voldemort, he would have grown up here and spent every vacation.

He would invite friends over to play, and maybe even have a younger brother or sister. His mother would make him a birthday cake instead of him celebrating alone.

Harry wiped the tears that suddenly burst out of his eyes. When he looked at his parents' old photo before, he had imagined this kind of thing more than once. Just as he was about to look closely around, there was a scream and plea from a woman upstairs. It was the voice he heard when he met Dementors. It was his mother's cry!

Harry finally understood that this was the night Voldemort broke into his home, and the unfortunate events that would affect his life were about to happen.

Without hesitation, he rushed to the first floor.

Harry knew he had to hurry. He wanted to see his parents, and if he was fast enough, he could even save them from Voldemort.

He exerted all his strength and held the wand in his hand. Harry panted up the stairs, and then he saw a man with a black hood standing at the top of the stairs grinning coldly, laughing so cruelly.

At his feet, a man and a woman were lying.

Inside the corner of the room was a small crib, in which a child was making a weak cry.

“No!” Harry shouted. He knew that the two people on the ground were his parents. They were dead. They were killed by Voldemort!

In a minute, it was his turn.

“Expelliarmus!” Harry shouted, rushing over regardless.

Voldemort let Harry’s spell slightly pass. He waved his wand quickly, and a blue-green light hit Harry as he pounced on him.

Harry fell down. He didn’t know what magic Voldemort had cast on him. It seemed to be a Petrification curse. He couldn’t control his body, but his mind was exceptionally clear.

He saw his father in the pool of blood, and his eyes turned hollow, devoid of all willingness.

His father’s right hand forced forward, as if he wanted to hold his mother’s hand before he died, but it fell on the floor.

Harry wanted to scream, but he couldn’t make a sound.

He could only watch Voldemort approaching his crib step by step, his cold voice, and then a dark green flash of light.

Voldemort sent a burst of screams. His evil curse was rebounded to knock him down. He escaped through the window in a black smoke.

Harry cried so badly that he felt a deep pain from the scar on his forehead, and the world in front of him was rapidly shattering.

He knew that he was about to leave here and return to reality. He tried to look at his parents and hoped to see them again for a last time.

“You failed, courageous as you are, you can’t overcome yourself. Remember, the last enemy to be destroyed is death!”

A charismatic male voice sounded from the void. Harry’s last impression was that he did not understand the meaning of the sentence.

Harry was still immersed in the great grief of his parents’ death and his hatred for Voldemort.

By the time he regained consciousness, he had already returned to the Temple of the Centaurs. He was kneeling on the black platform, silently weeping.

Chapter 350: Gryffindor’s Illusion

It took a long time for Harry to recover.

He told everyone about what he saw in the illusion and what happened in his home in Godric’s Hollow on the night of Voldemort’s fall thirteen years ago.

The atmosphere was solemn, and Evan, Ron and Hermione all consoled Harry.

Hermione’s eyes were red, and even Sirius could not help wiping his tears when Harry spoke about the death of his parents.

Finally, Sirius promised Harry that he would take him back to Godric's Hollow this summer to see his former home and his parents' graves.

This made Harry feel better and less sad. He kept asking Sirius about Godric's Hollow and his parents.

At Magorian's urging, Evan walked to the stone platform in front of the huge statue.

He didn't know what he would encounter in the illusion. Harry, Ron and Hermione all failed their respective challenges, and all three challenges were completely different.

Ron faced the attack of Acromantulas, testing combat skills and courage; Hermione's test was intelligence, understanding and acceptance of new magic; Harry was the most vulnerable side of his heart, and the ability to calmly face death.

Gryffindor's powerful magic seemed to have its own consciousness. It must have seen something from the heart of the three of them to arrange it this way.

Ron and Hermione aside, Evan knew that Harry had a fragment of Voldemort's Horcrux. To destroy that Horcrux, Harry had to die once.

So the last enemy to be destroyed was death.

Gryffindor seemed to have done so as a hint that he used illusions to reproduce the situation and let Harry know the origin of everything and his final destiny.

But in his infinite grief, Harry only noticed what his parents looked like when they died.

Evan took a deep breath and stepped onto the black stone platform, not knowing what he would encounter.

Perhaps it was the deepest fear in his heart, or a harbinger of the future.

A burst of brilliance flashed, and he entered the magic of illusion.

Evan looked around and he seemed to have returned to Hogwarts like Hermione.

At this time, he was standing in front of a huge stone door, which was the door of the Headmaster's office.

He tapped on the door gently, and the sound of a deep crash echoed in the space.

There seemed to be no one inside. Evan hesitated and pushed the door in.

Unlike Dumbledore's office decoration, the moonlight slowly fell from the upper window, shining on the silver armor under the curtain.

The room was quiet, and on the cyan marble floor with intricate patterns, four long tables were placed, dividing the whole room into four parts.

This was the office of the Four Founders in Hogwarts a thousand years ago. Everything was exactly the same as when Evan last saw it. There was no change.

The host seemed to have left in a hurry, and there was even no time to pack up.

On the long table facing Evan, Hufflepuff's Golden Cup was filled with chocolate-like drinks, steaming slowly outwards. Next to Ravenclaw's long dark blue table, there were many magic books

and the Time-Turner that brought Evan back to the millennium. Under the shadow of the moonlight was Slytherin's long dark silver-green table.

Evan took a step forward and saw a dark golden scepter lying quietly on the left side of the table. The Scepter was oppressive, and two big green snakes surrounded it from bottom to top. The snakes' eyes and mouths were all closed. Evan had watched carefully the murals he had seen on the walls of the underground ruins and there the snakes' eyes and mouths were all open.

He didn't know what was going on. Maybe it was some magic.

The scepter exuded strange magic fluctuations and attracted Evan to walk over. He could see the complex inscriptions carved in ancient languages.

He couldn't help but go further and wanted to study it carefully again.

"If I were you, I wouldn't touch that thing. It's not a wise move!"

Just as Evan's hands were about to touch the scepter, a deep, husky male voice suddenly sounded behind him with a hint of warning in his tone, and Evan hurried back.

He saw a wizard with fiery red hair sitting behind Gryffindor's long golden table with a smile on his face. It was Godric Gryffindor himself.

"Long time no see, young fellow!" Gryffindor came over and smiled at Evan. "Your strength is much better than when we last met."

"You..." Evan had wide eyes and didn't know what to say.

Although he knew that he would meet Gryffindor in the illusion, Evan was surprised when the latter appeared in front of him like this.

"Don't be so surprised. What you see now is only a part of my consciousness that I left behind, just like the magic that was instilled into the Sorting Hat." Gryffindor said cheerfully, "Originally, I could only talk to you through the Treasure Key. With this illusion magic, I can appear here in full illusion."

Evan opened his mouth because he wanted to ask too many questions. For a moment, he didn't know where to start. He could only stare at Gryffindor in surprise.

"If you want to ask about it," Gryffindor said indifferently, pointing to the huge scepter in front of Evan, and explained, "It is called [The Right to Peace], and it's a Slytherin family heirloom. It is said that it was handed down from the ancient Greek gods. The ancient god threw his cane between two snakes that were biting, and the two snakes were reconciled. But in fact, it was the product of the most advanced Alchemy of ancient warlocks, with a very powerful magic. In my opinion, it's not too much to call it an artifact."

"What's the use of it?" Evan asked subconsciously, calming down for a while.

"There are many uses, far beyond the imagination of the world, but Salazar usually only uses it as an ordinary cane to prevent himself from falling down suddenly."

Gryffindor laughed and said, "Years of magic research have put a lot of strain on his body. He's not as strong and tough as he looks from the outside."

He looked very happy to slander his best friend like this in front of Evan.

"Well, boy, let's get back to the point!" After laughing for a long time, he continued. "Since you can come here, that means you should have found the Key to my Treasure in the Centaurs' colony."

"Yes, I saw your hints in the Chamber of Secrets." Evan nodded and said, "And from my Defence Against the Dark Arts Professor, Sirius Black. We knew that there was a magic item in the Centaurs' colony, and we found it here."

"You are talking about that little guy. I've seen him more than 20 years ago, the heir of the Black family. That's Salazar's favorite, a very strong, ancient pure-blood family. In our time, the descendants of their family did not enter Hogwarts at all, but hired powerful wizards to home-school their children." Gryffindor said with satisfaction, "Who would have thought that after a thousand years, he would not only go to Hogwarts, but also to Gryffindor House!"