

Harry Potter 351

Chapter 351: The Philosopher's Stone

"Although there were many differences, the Black family heirs did enter Hogwarts, which proved that our decision to establish a wizarding school was completely successful." Gryffindor walked back to his long table and said with complacency, "For nearly a thousand years, I have closely observed the changes of Hogwarts in the Centaurs' colony, and I have seen many talented wizards graduate from school and contribute to the development of the Wizarding world. This is completely in line with our original vision. Both the Sorting Hat and the Headmasters of all generations have done very well. They have developed and grown in full accordance with the ideas we left behind. I'm sure the other three are also satisfied with this."

"Do you mean Ravenclaw, Hufflepuff and Slytherin?" Evan asked. "They also left their consciousness like you?"

"Yes, it was Helga's proposal that we keep part of our consciousness in our own treasure keys, and observe the changes in Hogwarts with our own eyes." Gryffindor explained, "After leaving the Secret Treasure, we separated our consciousness, but I don't know where the three of them hid their keys. It was totally confidential, and it's up to you to find out. "

"I've got some clues." Evan nodded. According to previous analysis, the Key to Ravenclaw's Treasure should be kept with the Merfolk.

He also had speculation about the location of Slytherin's and Hufflepuff's Treasure Keys.

The question now was about what the Treasure keys left by the Four Founders were, and why they had such a powerful magic. He couldn't help but ask about that.

"The treasure keys are actually four Philosopher's Stones, the collection of our four families; the highest achievement of ancient Alchemy."

Gryffindor waved his hand, and a red gem appeared out of the void on the long table in front of him.

The stone was bright red, with golden light flashing through it from time to time.

"In our time, the pure-blood wizard families mostly had something inherited from the ancient wizards." Gryffindor said, "The Philosopher's Stone is a typical example. It's almost impossible to have enough magic theory and materials to make one today, but it was not that difficult for ancient alchemists."

Evan was stunned. He had no idea that the key to the treasure would be a Philosopher's Stone.

At present, the wizarding world acknowledged that the only remaining Philosopher's Stone was the one left by the famous alchemist Nicolas Flamel, who could make gold from the Stone and make the Elixir of Life.

Because of Voldemort, it was finally destroyed by Dumbledore and Nicolas.

Unexpectedly, the Four Founders had left four Philosopher's Stones as Keys to the Treasure.

It was really shocking. Let alone what was hidden in the Secret Treasure, these four Philosopher's Stones themselves were rare treasures beyond ordinary people's imagination.

Evan held his breath and carefully observed the red gem in front of him. The magic contained within it was amazing.

Undoubtedly, this Philosopher's Stone was an incredibly powerful magic item.

It was the dream of all wizards. In addition to powerful magic, it had many fantastic functions, such as making the Elixir of Life!

"Touch a stone and turn it into gold; live forever and never get old, the Philosopher's Stone always brings reverie..." Gryffindor stared at Evan, and seemed to see through his mind. He said with a smile, "Unfortunately, the four Stones we left do not have such effects. You need to know that the Philosopher's Stones have different uses depending on the method of alchemy and the materials used to make it."

"What's the use of this Philosopher's Stone?" Evan looked up.

"It's now just a Key Stone that can unlock the Secret Treasure we left behind, that's all." Gryffindor waved again, and the magic petrified on the table disappeared into smoke. "Obviously, under Rowena's design, the Treasure we left behind require powerful magic to open. Magic items that can provide such strong power are very rare. After some selection, we have modified the four Philosopher's Stones and canceled their original use. We let the magic contained in them become more pure, and provide the necessary magic to open the treasure."

It was hard to imagine what the Four Founders had left in the Treasure.

They actually destroyed four Philosopher's Stones for this purpose, canceled their original fantastic roles, and transformed them into only Powerful Magic Energy Stones.

Evan felt that this was almost a waste

"Of course, because of its great magic, this Philosopher's Stone can now help wizards enhance their magic." Gryffindor said while laughing, "Your Defence Against the Dark Arts Professor and his three partners did a good job. They made that Map out of the Philosopher's Stone's overflow energy, and it was very interesting."

"That's the Marauder's Map that shows all the secret passages of Hogwarts and the names of the people above." Evan nodded.

“A very genius idea! The knowledge of magic location and personal names involved in it is of great practical value.” Gryffindor admired, “This is the progress of the magic world. In our time, a few wizards studied it. Influenced by ancient wizards, we only studied powerful spells or tried to summon the souls, demons, evil spirits and so on.”

They also discussed the principle of making the Marauder’s Map for a while, and it could be seen that Gryffindor was very interested in this knowledge and he had a lot to ask about.

Evan said everything he knew. In addition, He also kept in mind what they had left in the Secret Treasure.

“What did you leave in the Treasure?” he asked curiously.

“It’s absolutely beyond your imagination, I think we should leave you some expectations, and not uncover all the mysteries.”

Gryffindor blinked and gave Evan a smug smile.

Then, before Evan could respond, his smile faded and his expression became serious. “Well, we’ve wasted too much time. Now we should talk about the test I left behind. Only through this test can you get the Philosopher’s Stone.”

“What do I need to do?” Evan touched his wand and he was ready.

“I meant to test your fighting ability and courage in the face of your deepest fear.” Gryffindor said, “But after you got into this illusion magic, I changed my mind. I don’t think that Slytherin’s Heir or a couple of fire dragons will hold you back. It doesn’t make any sense. Therefore, I specially prepared additional tests for you.”

“Additional tests?!” Evan suddenly had a bad feeling.

“Yes, I’m going to show you fear from the nightmare of the void, something you’ve never seen before, and that’s what you need to face in the future.” Gryffindor said.

Chapter 352: Gryffindor’s Request

Evan didn’t not understand what Gryffindor meant by the enemy he would have to face in the future.

It was hard for him to imagine why he had to face a nightmare from the void. The next enemy he knew was just Voldemort who was about to return, that’s all.

Seeing Evan’s doubts, Gryffindor waved his hand and the blood-red Philosopher’s Stone reappeared.

It was not as complete as it was just now, but it was split in the middle and broken into two halves.

The crack was not smooth, as if it had been crushed by something.

“You should have already known that the Treasure Key I left was split into two parts because of the Centaurs’ Civil Strife, and only one of them is left here.” Gryffindor picked up one piece of the Philosopher’s Stone swaying it before Evan, “If you want it,

you must be prepared to face the Centaurs who took away the other half of the Philosopher's Stone and the evil existence hiding behind them."

"I heard that they once believed in an evil god called the God of the Forest, who split the Philosopher's Stone you left behind by its power." Evan replied.

Was that indescribable evil spirit what Gryffindor called the nightmare of the void?

"The so-called evil god is actually a monster that the ancient warlocks inadvertently summoned from the void. It was sealed in the marsh deep in the Forbidden Forest." Gryffindor said solemnly, "In the Dark Ages, the warlocks who pursued great power had done a lot of mad things. They'd used countless human bodies and souls to summon the undead, demons and evil spirits. Many evils that existed in ancient times were summoned. But with the end of that mad era, the old Dark creatures returned to the void, or were sealed off and fell asleep."

Evan looked at Gryffindor with surprise. After seeing the evil creature left by Slytherin in the underground ruins, he read many ancient magic books.

Among them, Evan found some clues, but they were not complete.

This taboo-like history was rarely mentioned, or even completely forgotten by the world. Being told about it by a wizard who had experienced it firsthand was an extremely rare experience!

"In our time, these powerful Dark creatures from the void, called gods by some, had become part of the mythology like the ancient warlocks for you now. No wizard had ever seen them. Me too, I didn't believe in the existence of those things before I saw them myself." Gryffindor went silent for a while and sighed. "But what happened later proved my ignorance and stubbornness. When Salazar studied this, I used to laugh at him for wasting his time."

"Not everyone knew that Slytherin left underground ruins on the outside of the Forbidden Forest, and there was a monster like you said..."

Evan repeated what he had seen in the underground ruins some time ago, as well as his inferences about Herpo the Foul.

Gryffindor did not speak; he was meditating and pacing back and forth in the room.

"The monster you talked about is very similar to the evil god I encountered, but it is not the same." He said slowly. "Obviously, that thing was created artificially. Perhaps as you have inferred, it is Herpo the Foul himself. That evil black Wizard did try to use unknown evil magic to transform himself into a god. "

"God?!" Evan took a cool breath and didn't know what to say.

He stared at Gryffindor and felt a slight tremor all over him.

If all this was true, then Herpo's ambition was far beyond everyone's imagination.

He not only wanted to escape the fate of death, but also wanted to be a dominant god!

Splitting one's soul to make the Horcruxes, which seemed to be beyond the general level of the top black magic, was only a trivial part of all his plans.

"Salazar did not tell us about it. He had been conducting his research secretly. In fact, his later state was very unstable. I thought that was due to the disagreement on the admission matter." There was a glimmer of worry on Gryffindor's face.

He walked quickly to Slytherin's long table, picked up the large scepter surrounded by the two snakes and examined it carefully for a while, and then the expression on his face gradually became calm.

"Evan, I urge you to find all the Keys and open the Treasure we left behind."
Gryffindor looked at Evan earnestly. "If what I fear really happened, then what remains in the Treasure will be your only chance."

Evan didn't understand what he meant, and what Gryffindor was worrying about.

Even Voldemort, to whom he had referred as Slytherin's wicked little fellow, he didn't seem worry him so much. But now...

Gryffindor's reaction cast a thick shadow on Evan's heart.

Things didn't look as simple as he had thought. He wanted to ask about details, but Gryffindor had no intention of explaining.

"All in all, my poor friends, the Centaurs, found the "evil god" in the deepest part of the marsh. They broke the seal left by the ancient warlocks, brought it back for worship and awakened it from sleep." Gryffindor waved to Evan to keep him quiet and continued to tell the story of the Centaurs. "They called it the God of the Forest, and offered him flesh and blood. As it slowly recovered its strength, the evil creature from the void transformed the Centaurs with Dark power."

Evan thought of the horrible statues he saw in the room of the Centaurs' Temple and imagined that they were created by the evil god.

"The Centaurs are powerful warriors and they don't have powerful magic. They only deal with stargazing and healing magic." Gryffindor continued, "But with the transformation of the evil god, they acquired the ability to cast spells. The Centaurs were ecstatic, and no one expected how much they would have to pay for it later. They were addicted to the power of darkness and gradually transformed into horrible monsters."

"Fortunately, not all the Centaurs believed in that evil god." Gryffindor went up to Evan and said, "With my help, the sober Centaurs waged war against the monster and its followers, and eventually were victorious, re-sealed it, and banished the fallen from the tribe."

Evan did not speak, but was thinking about the fierceness of the Centaurs' Civil War.

"Before being re-sealed, the evil spirit broke the Philosopher's Stone I left behind. It didn't seem to feel my existence, but just thought it was a powerful source of magic. Because all I left behind was a conscious mind, unable to use magic in reality, I was unable to stop it from doing anything." Gryffindor said, looking at Evan seriously.

"You have to be prepared. If you want to get the complete Key, you have to face the evil god and the evil Centaurs who support him."

"I know." Evan nodded, and his heart was beating violently.

He was also immersed in Gryffindor's stories, deeply shocked by these unknown mysteries.

"As I just said, there are additional challenges for you." Gryffindor went on to say, "I will use this illusion magic to teleport you to the Centaurs' War eight hundred years ago, so that you can see for yourself the enemy you are about to face..."

Chapter 353: Okegiga the Centaur

"In the illusion, you will be personally involved in the Centaurs' fierce Civil War." Gryffindor looked at Evan with his calm eyes. "Help the Centaurs to re-seal the evil spirit. Through the test, you will get the Key to my Treasure. If you fail, you will be disqualified."

"If I get that Philosopher's Stone, your consciousness..." Evan suddenly thought.

"With the help of the Philosopher's Stone and the power of the stars, my consciousness has existed for too long. I am getting tired of it!" Gryffindor said calmly, "In the past thousand years, I have witnessed too many vicissitudes, far exceeding anything that I expected to see. This is a special experience for me, but it is also a kind of torture. After you get the Treasure Key, I will disappear completely. Now, do you have any further questions?"

Evan shook his head, slightly sad.

Although this was only part of Gryffindor's consciousness, but the short communication still allowed him to gain a lot, he was a bit reluctant to leave him.

Beyond that, he felt more uncertain about the future. Evan was confident about facing Voldemort, but he wasn't sure if he could defeat the monsters transformed by the evil god and Herpo the Foul that even Gryffindor marveled at.

In the face of the unknown, he felt that his strength was still too weak. He needed a mentor. If only Gryffindor could stay and help him...

"I'm sure you can overcome all the difficulties and open the Treasure we left behind." Gryffindor said with relief, "This was true a thousand years ago, and it is true now. It is my pleasure to have a student like you be part of the Gryffindor House."

He made a standard noble farewell ceremony to Evan, waving his hand with a smile, and the next second, the world in front of Evan began to crumble.

Everything became fragmented, like broken glass.

The debris sparkled silver, falling down and disappearing, even Evan's body.

It was an extraordinary feeling, watching his body disappear.

When it turned dark again, only Gryffindor's muffled voice came intermittently from far away.

"By the way, that Slytherin's wicked young fellow had been here 50 years ago. He left a black magic on the Philosopher's Stone, which is very clever and may add a little trouble for you, but I believe that you will overcome these difficulties. Just put the two parts of the Philosopher's Stone together again..."

Hold on, Voldemort left behind his magic! Evan instantly thought of Professor Trelawney's prophecy about the one who was about to be selected by Voldemort in the Dark Temple.

He wanted to ask Gryffindor what magic it was, but he couldn't make a sound.

A strong sense of oppression spread from all sides, and Evan felt like the surrounding air disappeared in an instant.

In the dark vacuum, he felt out of breath, as if he was going to die.

When he returned to his senses, he found himself lying on grass gasping violently.

"So, you are what the elder calls aid?!" A strange voice rang by Evan's side. "A young foal, this is ridiculous."

Evan looked up, and in the afterglow of the setting sun, he found himself lying on a hillside.

He was surrounded by tall trees of which he could not see the top. A proud Centaur stood beside him.

Unlike the Centaurs he had seen before, he was wearing strange grey leather armor, carrying a bow and arrows on his back, and his body looked as strong as a mountain.

The Centaur spoke a language that Evan had never heard before, but he could understand.

"Who are you?" Evan asked, subconsciously touching his wand.

"Human, my name is Okegiga, a warrior from the Centaurs' tribe." In his left hand, Okegiga held a huge silver spear, flashing a palpitating light in the sunshine.

Evan suddenly realized that it was him. No wonder he felt familiar! This Centaur was the ghost he had just seen in the Obsidian Temple.

According to Magorian, he was the greatest warrior in the history of the Centaurs.

Evan remembered that this guy named Okegiga killed an adult fire dragon and many other unimaginable monsters.

“Hello, my name is Evan, from Hogwarts, I was...” Evan hesitated and continued, “I was asked by Gryffindor to assist you.”

“I know, the elder has told me, so I stayed here waiting for you. I hope it wasn’t a waste of time.” Okegiga said with a rough voice, “Get up, we don’t have time to lie on the ground. My people are attacking the colony occupied by traitors. We must get there as soon as possible.”

He leaned down and pulled Evan roughly from the grass.

Okegiga rubbed his front hoofs on the ground, staring doubtfully at Evan.

Then he pointed to the depths of the Forbidden Forest, motioned Evan to keep up with him, and his mouth murmured that Evan was too thin and not strong enough.

“We must hurry, human!” Okegiga said.

Evan followed him to progress forward, but the Centaur moved so fast that he soon disappeared into the woods, leaving only the echoes of his hooves falling on the ground.

“Damn, wait for me! How am I supposed to keep up with a Centaur in the woods?!”

Looking at Okegiga’s back, Evan was secretly anxious.

Who could know what would happen if he didn’t get to the Centaurs’ colony in time?

He remembered that his mission was to help the Centaurs win the war and re-seal the cursed evil spirit. If he spent two or three hours running at normal speed and everything was over before his arrival, he would fail!

“If only there were Hippogriffs around.” Evan looked around and hoped to find something to help him get to the Centaurs’ colony as soon as possible.

But there was nothing around; the woods were quiet and silent.

Just when he didn’t know what to do, Okegiga ran back again, his huge figure like a hill flew out of the bushes.

“I wonder what a human foal like you can do to help us!” Okegiga said proudly, “If the elder hadn’t repeatedly said that you would be useful, I wouldn’t have cared about you. All right, just sit on my back.”

The Centaur brought his body slightly downward, and Evan climbed up in a hurry. He had been on Firenze before, and he took him and Peter Pettigrew through most of the Forbidden Forest in the middle of the night, but that was totally different from sitting on the back of Okegiga.

The body of this strong Centaur was too wide, and Evan had to lean forward to maintain his center of gravity. The rough leather armor in front of him was very uncomfortable.

Okegiga was advancing very fast. He rushed through the woods with Evan.

Like sitting in a train, the surrounding trees were quickly retreating backwards. Although not very comfortable, the trip went much smoother than Evan imagined.

While climbing a hill, the surrounding view suddenly became wider.

Evan saw Hogwarts Castle in the distance. Compared with the Hogwarts he was familiar with, the castle of 800 years ago was more like a military fortress with a rougher shape.

Besides the main building, many other buildings had not been built.

At this time, Hogwarts Castle was completely enclosed in a purple energy cover, flashing through the waves from time to time, which looked very bizarre.

Chapter 354: The Centaurs Civil War

“What’s going on in the castle?” Evan pointed to Hogwarts and asked aloud, “What is that purple energy layer?”

“You mean the protective measures of those cowardly humans??” Okegiga looked at Hogwarts and said disdainfully, “I went to the castle to ask for help before. The elder hoped to persuade them to help us resist the evil god, but those cowards refused. They said it was an internal dispute among the Centaurs and did not want to interfere.”

Okegiga angrily scratched the floor before him with his front hoofs, and landed the long spear in his hand heavily on the ground. He was very dissatisfied with Hogwarts’ refusal to help the Centaurs.

Evan didn’t know what to say. He didn’t think it was wrong to reject the Centaurs’ request.

Modern wizards might appreciate the seriousness of such a matter, considering that this Era was not like anything they were familiar with. In the 20th century, all wizards and magical creatures were managed by the Ministry of Magic and any large-scale war would be very unlikely to break out.

But this was the Middle Ages 800 years ago, the darkest and most insane time in Europe. In this era, the situation was turbulent and wars were frequent!

The Powerful magical creatures did not live in the areas mandated by human wizards, who mostly did not dare to walk out of their own areas.

As long as they were paid the right price, they would be hired by the Muggle aristocrats and Dark wizards to participate in war at will.

The idea of respecting the strong was deeply rooted in the hearts of people. The Ministry of Magic, which had just been established and was still very weak, had no heart or ability to manage such a chaotic situation.

In that in mind, it would be a very unwise choice to join a war.

Especially if it was a civil war among the Centaurs, in which wizards had no apparent interest.

If the Four Founders were still there, they could use their four powerful forces to mediate or directly participate in the war to help the Centaurs defeat the evil side.

But at this time, more than two hundred years had passed since the Four Founders lived; Hogwarts’ current Headmaster and professors did not have such power. They could only choose to huddle in the castle and protect the young wizards with their limited strength.

“They also have a hard time...” Evan subconsciously defended Hogwarts.

“Humph, that’s what humans have always been like. They have no idea what they’re facing!” Okegiga picked up his spear and set off again. “I didn’t expect their help. We Centaurs have our own allies and can solve all our problems.”

Soon, Evan knew who Okegiga’s so-called allies were.

After crossing the dense woods and climbing the steep hills, they finally came to the Centaurs’ colony, which was quite different from the peaceful scene Evan had seen before.

At this time, the Centaurs’ colony echoed with deafening fighting and shouting.

Hundreds of Centaurs gathered together and rushed into the colony, and on the opposite side were their foes.

These Centaurs built up defensive fortifications and hid behind them for stubborn resistance.

The battle was fierce, with countless arrows flying and blood splashing.

The whole earth trembled, as if shocked by what was happening.

Evan also looked at the scene before him completely stunned. He had only seen such bloody battles in books before, and had never imagined that he would be sent to witness such a thing.

Even though he knew that it was just an illusion, he was still deeply shocked.

In front of him, the Centaurs were all madly fighting everywhere. The scale and severity of the Civil War was far beyond Evan’s imagination.

As far as he could see, bloodied corpses were everywhere, with only a few of them not being torn to shreds.

Outside the huge gate of the colony, in addition to hundreds of Centaurs who were fighting fiercely, there were many powerful trolls, whose bodies were as strong as mountains.

Evan had seen trolls in the Defence Against the Dark Arts class, as Sirius found a way to get them for junior wizards’ practice sessions. It was a fact that the brains of the trolls were not... well functioning. Although they were strong, they had a single means of attack and were relatively low-level magical creatures.

But the monsters in front of him were completely different from what he knew. They were like a different species, with the momentum of giants, clumsily waving huge sticks in their hands and making rude howls.

A troll roared and rushed to the most densely populated area of the Centaurs.

A Centaur was carelessly swept by the stick in his hand, and his body instantly flew backwards. The flesh and blood were blurred where he was touched, revealing thick white bones.

Faced with such fierce trolls, no Centaur dared to rush closer.

They were best at long-range attacks, and arrows were flying toward the troll.

When these arrows were about to hit the monster, they suddenly stopped in mid-air, and Evan noticed that a green and ugly monster was hiding behind the troll and shaking his fingers.

It was a Goblin. He had a malicious smile on his face.

With a thick bony hand pointing forward, the arrows flew back rapidly, and the Centaurs who had just gathered dispersed in a hurry.

The battle seemed to have just begun, but it soon turned out to be one-sided.

Okegiga's side had the majority of Centaurs, but was unable to cope with such mixed attacks.

Unlike the enemies, who had powerful allies, they only had a few Unicorns, Hippogriffs, and many small and weak forest magic creatures on their side.

They could only act to harass the enemies, and they were not able to carry out strong attacks at all.

This was not a reciprocal battle at all. If it continued like this, failure was a matter of time.

"Damn, we are late!" Okegiga yelled, clutching his long spear and rushing forward, and Evan hurriedly grabbed his leather armor.

He wanted to persuade the Centaur to calm down and carefully form a tactic before rushing into the battle, but it was clear that Okegiga wouldn't stop to discuss it with him.

He even forgot that Evan was sitting on his back. With an unstoppable momentum, Okegiga rushed into the front line of the war with the fastest speed.

Looking at the wooden door getting closer and closer, Evan murmured and pulled out his wand.

"Charge! Attack!" Okegiga shouted. "By the name of Okegiga, the Centaurs are invincible!"

He rushed straight toward the troll, that looked at him doubtfully, and the huge wooden stick in his hand was lifted high.

Evan smelled a stench. He looked up and found himself completely covered by the shadow of the monster's body.

His brain stopped working, and he could only watch the monster show his yellow teeth, roaring to him.

Boom!!!

With the violent impact, Evan felt a strong shock, and he hurriedly clung to Okegiga.

In the next second, under the hard-hitting attack, the huge body of the monster in front of him was actually knocked back by Okegiga, and the long spear in his hand shot down sharply.

Bright red blood spurted out and immersed both Evan and the warrior Centaur beneath him.

The face of the goblin hiding behind the troll showed panic, shocked by the strength of this powerful Centaur. He shook his finger and wanted to cast spells.

Evan's wand pointed forward and emitted a red light. The goblin suddenly found that the magic he was casting failed. He looked up and saw a silver light coming.

The goblin opened wide his eyes and fell down. Before he realized what had happened, his head was severed from his body!

Chapter 355: The Next Target

Evan's and Okegiga's amazing performance made them both the center of focus of the war.

"Look, it is the god of war, Okegiga, he's back!"

"He is the monster, hasn't he been wiped out by the God of the Forest?!"

"RUN! We can't be Okegiga's opponent at all!"

On the battlefield, the main Centaur forces went completely on the offensive, and the initially scattered formations reunited.

On the opposite side, Okegiga's name was whispered with fear by the rebellious Centaurs, who watched in panic as he crushed the goblin's body under his hooves.

As the most powerful warrior in the history of the Centaurs, his long-standing prestige and Herculean achievements made all the Centaurs fear to be enemies of Okegiga.

They trembled and retreated, raising their bows and arrows to aim at Evan and Okegiga.

Almost instantly, the two became the enemy's priority targets. Strong penetrating arrows came from all directions, showering them as death rain from hell!

Okegiga ducked back like a gust of wind, but there were too many sharp arrows coming.

The two of them were at the center of the arrow rain and could not evade them at all.

The situation seemed desperate, but the only thing one could see on Okegiga's face was a hint of disdain.

"Hum, weaklings, what puny attacks!"

He made a loud War Cry, not to retreat, and with the heavy spear in his hand, he raised the huge body of the troll on the ground and threw it out fiercely in the face of countless sharp arrows.

The body of the monster was bleeding downward. In mid-air, he was shot into a sieve by sharp arrows.

"Let's rush over and let these cowards see what real power is!"

Evan heard Okegiga's shouting, and hurriedly hung on to him, looking nervously ahead.

Taking advantage of the short window brought about by the corpse of the troll, with his long spear in hand, Okegiga rushed with Evan toward the nearest fortification with irresistible horror and speed.

Out of fear, the opposite Centaurs fled and their defenses were opened.

At this moment, a goblin wearing a quirky grey robe showed half his head from the fortifications. He shook his fingers and the arrows that had already landed floated again.

Under the influence of his magic, numerous arrows, glittering faintly, and smeared with still-warm blood, were ripped from both ground and flesh and flew towards them.

"Abhorrent goblin, greedy coward! You only sneak in from behind with your wicked magic!" Okegiga resentfully looked at the goblin hiding behind the fortifications.

He wanted to keep going, but there were so many magic arrows coming his way.

Okegiga had to give upon the advantage he had gained and back away.

“Leave it to me, I have a way!” Evan said quickly.

He recited a spell and used the end of his wand to cut off some of the cyan rocks on the ground. The next second, huge stones were grouped together, spinning fast in front of Okegiga.

Bang, Bang, Bang!

The arrows that rushed from the sky caused obvious damage to the rock rushing defense, and a large number of stone fragments and debris flew and splashed out.

Despite their precarious state, as the frequency at which Evan waved his wand accelerated, the barrier formed by boulders in front of them became thicker and thicker and never broke.

The sharp arrows made a burst of sounds, digging on the rock wall, sounding eerie.

After the end of this round of arrows, not waiting for the goblin to continue casting spells, Evan moved his wand to send a few red curses forward, bursting into flames on the ground.

As his opponents scattered against the flames, Evan shook his right hand violently, and the rock barrier around them began to twist and deform.

Under the staring gaze of everyone, a tall Stone Giant swayed and stood up. It made a loud noise and rushed towards the fortifications where the goblins were hiding.

“Oh my God, look at that Stone Giant. There’s a human wizard in the war!”

“It is a powerful wizard from the castle; Okegiga brought help!”

The Giant rumbled forward, and the whole earth trembled.

With the tremor, whispers broke out on the battlefield, and all the Centaurs stopped, staring in astonishment at the Stone Giant that was demolishing the fortifications in front of the colony.

The goblin in the grey robe, caught off guard, was surrounded by the fire summoned by Evan, and was finally cruelly squished by the Stone Giant.

The Giant trampled him alive into minced meat, and his red blood soaked the soil beneath his corpse.

The Centaurs’ brains were blank, and before they could react, they heard Okegiga’s rough laughter; his voice was full of disdain, as if from hell.

They seemed to have just realized what had happened. Soon, besides a few silly trolls still trying to resist, the remaining enemies quickly regressed, abandoning all their defenses and retreating back to the colony.

“Well done, human, you are more useful than I thought!” Okegiga admired, without stopping to continue to move forward, “We seized control of the tribal gate. The next goal is the Temple of the Moon on the central island. We must get there as soon as possible to prevent the traitors from calling The Evil God.”

“What are they doing?” Evan asked curiously.

“According to the elder, he got warnings from the stars and the Founders of the castle. The fallen guys are hiding in the depths of the Temple, using evil magic to summon the evil spirit from the endless void, summoning its noumenon to descend upon the world. “Okegiga said, “We can’t let them succeed, otherwise everything will be late!”

“Summon the evil god’s body?!” Evan was stunned, and he remembered the test that Gryffindor handed over to him. He had to help the Centaur Okegiga re-seal the evil god.

“Yes, they are all mad, deceived and corrupted by the evil spirit. They believe all its myths!” Okegiga quickly nodded. “All the noble star-watchers in the Central Plains of the colony have become its most loyal followers, hoping to use the powerful magic contained in the gem left behind by the Founder of the castle as energy to summon the return of the evil god.”

Okegiga was talking about the Philosopher’s Stone, as one of the keys to unlock the Secret Treasure left by the Four Founders, which had powerful magic beyond ordinary people’s imagination.

Unexpectedly, the evil god used it as a source of energy for his return.

“What do we need to do?” Evan asked, taking a deep breath.

“Enter the Temple of the Moon, stop the magic going on or destroy the gem left behind by the Founder of the castle.” Okegiga said coldly, waving his spear hard.

Evan frowned. Okegiga’s plan was too simple and straightforward.

He thought it was necessary to talk to the elder of the Centaurs first, or to catch some of the higher-ranking Centaurs and find out what magic they were using, understand how it worked and adopt a more targeted response strategy.

Perhaps, they could also find out what kind of monster the so-called evil god was. Since the ancient warlocks summoned it out, they must have left behind a method of bringing it under control.

But Okegiga obviously didn’t intend to do this. He was a powerful warrior. Magic was never something he considered. He took Evan quickly to the Temple of the Moon.

Evan hesitated, then decided not to stop him.

Although reckless, in real history, Okegiga was clearly successful, and he prevented the body of the evil god from emerging from the void.

Of course, the outcome was the division of the tribe and the decline of the power of the Centaurs, and the Philosopher’s Stone left by Gryffindor was split into two halves, which was a terrible event.

Chapter 356: The Fire Dragon and the Temple of the Moon

After a brief halt, the battle continued.

Evan knew he had to seize the moment and not let the fallen Centaurs summon the evil god from the void; otherwise the battle would be more and more difficult.

Although it was just a magic illusion, everything was too real, and no one could guarantee the strength of the evil god that had surprised Gryffindor.

Evan didn't know how Okegiga had defeated it at the time, but the most obvious way was to destroy the magic that was calling it before the evil god came to earth.

Thinking of this, he waved his wand.

Under Evan's control, the huge Stone Giant bent over and reached out to grab him slowly and placed him on his right shoulder.

A gentle breeze blew, and his view became wider.

Evan was able to see the vast forest, and the towering old trees could not be seen at the margin.

In the vicinity, there were the dense wooden houses of the Centaurs. The battle was going on, and smoke billowed in many places. On the central island of the colony, the Temple of the Moon, built of obsidian stones, stood tall and looked extra ferocious.

Above the Temple, a strange vortex was forming in the sky, glowing red, as if something was about to be summoned from the clouds.

Unrepressed magic overflowed, and this magic was clearly about to succeed.

"I'll be waiting for you ahead!" Evan waved to Okegiga below.

He swayed his wand, and the stone giant stood up and speeded up into the Centaurs' colony.

Its vast, grey body of rock scared all living things, for it was so heavy, the whole earth rumbled with every one of its steps.

Under Evan's control, the Stone Giant destroyed all the obstacles in front of him in the most primitive way, crushing them with brute force.

The fallen Centaurs tried their best to shoot arrows at it, but it didn't work.

Evan kept waving his wand to repair the damaged body of the Stone Giant, and from time to time issued several powerful spells to the front to cooperate with its attack.

Okegiga was unwilling to be left behind. He led the Centaurs around the Stone Giant controlled by Evan, and defeated the enemy with their arrows.

Under the leadership of Okegiga, the Centaurs charged again and again, just like a black hurricane, they were unstoppable, wantonly trampling on the enemy's bones.

The colony was full of fighting and angry shouts. These Centaurs were natural warriors. They were fearless as long as there was a hero to lead them.

The cunning goblins saw that the situation was not in their favor and all disappeared on the spot.

They were hired to join the Centaurs' Civil War and came just for the gold promised by the fallen Centaurs, not to lose their lives here.

The foolish trolls, with their foul stench and horrible appearance, were still swinging their wooden bats that were as tall as two men, but without the goblins' cooperation, they were quickly killed.

In one attack, the fallen Centaurs suffered heavy losses.

They were losing ground and began to retreat to the Temple of the Moon on the central island.

Evan took advantage of the victory to chase them. The closer he approached the Temple of the Moon, the more he could feel the weirdness of the old sacred place of the Centaurs. The corrupted magic energy was changing the sacred Temple.

Outside the obsidian, there seemed to be a layer of blue mist. Through the mist, what could be seen on the back wall were not the complicated and mysterious star maps, but all the scary devil patterns that were beyond ordinary people's imagination.

On the murals were the monsters that Evan had seen before. They were like a mixture of fungi and insects. Their heads were all riddled with holes of different sizes.

Besides, there was a huge monster with terrible claws all over his body. Huge arms covered with black fur split into two at the front. Each hand had sharp claws on it, about the size of a giant's head protected by thick hair and bones.

The most frightening thing about the skull was its huge mouth, which grew vertically instead of horizontally, full of massive yellow teeth, straight from the top of the head to the bottom.

A burst of blue mist drifted by, and the line of sight was blurred. There seemed to be more such monsters on the murals, and in front of them, there were all kinds of flesh and blood sacrifices.

These degenerate Centaurs must've been completely mad to believe in that horrible evil god.

Evan could hardly imagine that anyone would actually try to summon these monsters from the void.

He controlled the Stone Giant beneath him and, at the top of the black Temple; Evan saw a large number of Centaurs standing on top of the platform, crawling on the ground for what ceremony was going on.

Moving on, in the place of the original statue of the Centaur, he saw...

The next second, Evan suddenly shivered. A pair of cold blood-red eyes appeared in his mind inexplicably. He felt an indescribable fear.

It was like encountering a Dementor. Everything around him, even his memories, began to fade and wither. All of his happy memories disappeared, leaving only fear behind.

Under the gaze of the blood-red eyes, Evan was in a trance.

Bang, bang, Boom!

In the haze, he seemed to see a huge black body flying from above the temple. He raised his wand and wanted to resist, but he was immersed in endless terror.

After a strong impact, Evan felt that the Stone Giant under him had been smashed.

After the loss of magic, it quickly collapsed. Evan was falling from the sky and was about to be buried alive.

He was going to die; maybe it was a relief...

No, it couldn't end like this! He tried his best to think about things that would make him happy. He thought of Hermione and of his purpose behind him coming here.

“EXPECTO PATRONUM!” Evan shouted, waving his wand.

He subconsciously used this magic, hoping it would work.

Along with his movements, a silver-white cat emerged from the tip of his wand and ran with a little white light on the top of the temple.

Evan's consciousness quickly returned, and it seemed that he could finally recover from an endless nightmare and came back to reality.

He found that his body was falling fast in midair, and the rocks he had summoned were crushed and destroyed. There were stones of different sizes around his body.

Evan raised his wand, but it was too late...

At the last moment, a vigorous figure flew by, catching Evan, and a heavy long spear swept away all the stones beside him.

“Human, what are you doing? Don't go there!” Okegiga said with a rough voice. “We must retreat. I didn't expect them to tame that thing.”

“What?!” Evan was stunned. He didn't understand what the Centaur was talking about.

What did he mean by ‘that thing?’ Was it the evil god?!

Soon, across Okegiga's haughty face, he saw what monster flew out of the temple and shattered the Stone Giant he had summoned.

Above the sky, there was actually a black fire dragon!

Chapter 357: Fighting the Dragon

According to Okegiga, this fire dragon had been living in the depths of the Forbidden Forest.

Evan couldn't help but secretly swallow. In the Dark Ages 800 years ago, the woods around Hogwarts were hiding a monster of this rank?!

He stared at the massive black dragon, wondering how the fallen Centaurs had tamed it. It was simply mind boggling!

The shadow of the dragon's huge body flickered through the air, and Evan had to admit that they were too small compared to this fierce-looking dragon.

This black dragon seemed to be a hybrid of the Hebridean Black and the Hungarian Horntail. It had characteristics from both.

Its body was about thirty feet long. Its black scales were rough and hard, covered with bronze spikes, with a row of deep but razor-sharp ridges on its back and an arrow-shaped spike at the tip of its tail.

It flapped its wings and swiftly passed over Evan's and Okegiga's heads.

The dragon roared and snorted at the Centaurs behind him, then swooped forward as no one did react, and a flame burst out of its open tusked mouth and shot down at a Centaur.

It opened its huge bloody mouth and bit the Centaur who was struggling to escape.

The Centaur's shattered body was thrown aside after being chewed up. The black dragon landed on the ground. Its weight of several tons caused the whole terrain to shake. It stood on its back feet, with its neck raised high, and its mouth fifteen feet above the ground.

With a roar, the Dragon lowered its head and sprayed mushroom-shaped clouds of fire around.

The Centaurs fled in all directions, and their arrows couldn't pierce the hard scales of the dragon. It wriggled and stamped its feet wildly, and its spiked tail fluttered madly on both sides, leaving a dozen feet of pits and hollows on the hard ground.

"We have to retreat into the forest, or we would have to suffer too many losses." Okegiga said angrily, holding the spear in his hand.

In front of them, a large number of fallen Centaurs huddled at the end of the only access to the Temple of the Moon. They seemed to make up their minds and rely on favorable terrain to hold to the Temple.

As for the outside, they left that for the mad dragon to handle.

Considering the horror he had just seen, Evan wanted to rush into the temple and stop the magic that was about to succeed before the evil god arrived.

But the current situation forced him to follow the Centaurs' troops to withdraw.

He was afraid that the dragon would tear them apart before they entered the temple.

Evan and Okegiga had just moved, and the dragon seemed to have an eye on both of them. It gave up chasing the Centaurs who had fled to the surroundings and fluttered its wings to fly back to them.

It spurted fire, turning everything around into a sea of flames.

The heat wave rolled in with golden blazing ripples, hot like torches.

Evan and Okegiga were surrounded in the center of the blaze and there was nowhere for them to escape. In front of them, the fierce dragon opened its huge mouth, and its threatening yellow eyes stared at both of them. Its Black, rough wings were waved at full power and it rushed forward like a fighter plane.

"Damn!" Okegiga gave a loud shout and launched a fierce attack, not evading. He rushed toward the dragon that swooped over, and raised his lance high in his hand.

The sharp long spear flashed a palpitating cold light, sending out pressure.

On Okegiga's back, Evan clenched his wand and tightened his body. He watched the dragon's outline getting clearer and clearer. Looking at its sharp fangs, his mind became blank.

He took a deep breath, ruled out distracting thoughts, concentrated his thoughts completely, pointed at the scary eyes of the dragon, and waved his wand.

The dragon's eyes were the weakest part of its body, and the two sides rushed over. In an instant, Evan's Conjunctivitis Curse hit the dragon, and it closed its eyes in pain.

The dragon stumbled forward and fell to the ground, rolling in agony, overwhelming a row of sturdy Centaurs' huts next to it like toys, shaking the whole area.

Evan was stunned. The power of the Conjunctivitis Curse was not that great.

The next second, he saw a shocking wound on the black dragon.

Okegiga's attack cut through its hard, rough black scales, extending from its torso to its left wing. The wound was deep, and in some places even bones could be seen.

Evan seized the opportunity to sway the wand at the fastest speed along the wound.

He issued five silver-white spells in succession, like lightning speeding by, and each one heavily chopped the bones of the dragon.

With Evan's attack, the dragon roared and a great deal of dragon blood spewed out.

It rolled painfully on the ground, madly spurting hot flames, and the golden flames occupied the whole area, and even hard rocks were melted by the scorching heat.

Under the joint attack of Okegiga and Evan, its left wing was completely scrapped, and even after treatment, it would be very difficult for this dragon to fly again.

"Well done, human!" Okegiga said weakly. "This stupid fellow learned a lesson this time. We must get out now."

In the confrontation just now, Okegiga's right arm was cut by the tusks of the dragon, and now he was drooping weakly on the ground.

His body was trembling because he exerted too much force.

Okegiga's power was really amazing, completely beyond the innate limitations of the race of Centaurs. It is no wonder that even after 800 years, his heroic deeds had been passed down by later generations.

As a matter of fact, only the most powerful humans could defeat a dragon. Prior to this, Evan had never heard of a Centaur killing a dragon.

The dragon's scales have a strong magic and defensive power. Even with the most powerful magic attacks, let alone physical attacks, it was hard to go through them.

What's more, the long spear in Okegiga's hand was not a magic weapon, but the most common weapon. It depended entirely on his own strength to achieve this effect.

Okegiga took Evan and other Centaurs to retreat into the woods outside the colony. Behind them, the mad dragon was still rolling there.

It destroyed everything it touched. With such a creature stuck there, it was going to be difficult to get into the Temple of the Moon.

Evan had some worries and didn't know what to do. Maybe he could fly in on a Hippogriff. He told Okegiga about this idea.

“Fly to the Temple of the Moon?!! Unless you want to be a target in midair.” Okegiga frowned and said, “This idea is not feasible. In addition to being an easy target, all flights are prohibited over the temple, where the Founder of the castle left a powerful defensive magic.”

Chapter 358: Sneaking into the Temple of the Moon

“So what should we do? We can’t stay here doing nothing!” Evan asked, worried about the evil magic that was about to succeed in the Temple of the Moon.

He did not know how Okegiga and the other Centaurs had overcome the evil god in the past to win this brutal war. He only knew that if he continued to lose time and let the fallen Centaurs successfully summon the evil god, the difficulty of the challenge would increase exponentially.

The destruction of summoning magic and the re-sealing of the evil spirit were a much easier path.

Evan was considering the possibility of a forceful attack. Though dangerous, it was not totally impossible.

At present, the most troublesome thing was the mad dragon. He happened to know a powerful black magic that might have an effect beyond imagination in dealing with dragons.

“You’re right, we have to hurry up. It’s going to be dark soon. This is very unfavorable to us. With the help of the Temple of the Moon, the fallen astrologers could use the power of the stars to defend themselves.” Okegiga asked other Centaurs to apply some herbal medicine to the wound on his arm and simply wrap it up.

“What should we do?” Evan tapped Okegiga’s arm with his wand. Although he was not proficient in healing magic, he could try his best to get him better.

“Since we can’t fly, swimming in is the quickest way.” Okegiga said, “I know a secret passage into the Temple of the Moon, which goes through the depths of the lake.”

Following where Okegiga pointed, Evan looked to the cold, deep blue lake water outside the Temple of the Moon. It seemed to connect to the lakeside outside the school castle.

He didn’t know if there were Merpeople there, but the idea of swimming in from the dark lake was crazy.

He turned his head to look at the proud Centaur and confirmed that he had not heard him wrong. The Centaurs were not aquatic animals. How would Okegiga pull this off?

“The elder thought about this before, and he prepared some herbs for me to help us breathe under water.” Okegiga took out something wrapped in a piece light grey leather from inside his leather armor and unfolded it in front of Evan.

Inside was a mass of green seaweed-like herbs, resembling a bundle of slimy, grey-green rat tails.

“Gillyweed!” Evan recognized this herb, and he never imagined that he would see it here.

He didn't know where the Centaurs got these cherished herbs from the depths of the Mediterranean. It took centuries before the human wizard Elladora Ketteridge discovered the effect of this magical herb for the first time in the history of magic. So, her portrait appeared on the famous wizard Chocolate Frog Cards.

It was said that she nearly suffocated to death when she cooked a lot of Gillyweed on a side dish. She stuck her head into a bucket of water for a week before recovering.

From then on, the Wizarding World knew the use of Gillyweed.

Later wizards and Potions Masters began to analyze its specific components, and developed a magic spell and a large number of precious magic potions to help wizards breathe underwater.

But at the end of the dark Middle Ages, the Centaurs, who had been thought to be in a state of ignorance and primitiveness, had already discovered and used Gillyweed, which was incredible.

"I've tried it before. Swallow it before going into the water, it will work immediately." Okegiga gave Evan some of the Gillyweed. "Because the quantity is limited, this infiltration could only be carried out by the two of us, with no assistance whatsoever."

Evan nodded and looked at the herbs that were still squirming in his palm.

"Listen, human!" Okegiga stooped and looked at Evan, his dark brown eyes sparkling. "What we'll do in a moment is very dangerous, and we're likely to die in the Temple of the Moon. I don't know why you came here to help us, and I am very grateful for this. You have earned the friendship of the Centaurs. But I hope you'll think it over carefully. After all, this Civil War is a matter of the Centaurs themselves. I don't want to..."

"Don't say it, I won't go back!" Evan interrupted him. "Facing that evil god is not just the Centaurs' matter!"

On top of what Evan said, this was only Gryffindor's illusion magic.

Evan's challenge was to help the Centaurs to re-seal the evil spirit known as the god of the forest. He had no reason to withdraw from it anyway.

Even if he died in the Temple of the Moon, it would only mean that he had failed the challenge.

Okegiga didn't speak. He patted Evan's shoulder firmly and then took a new lance and a bow from his clan and put them on his back.

"After a while, my people will re-attack the guys in the colony to grab their attention." Okegiga yelled, "We'll take this opportunity to dive in underwater, and you'll follow me."

They reached the rushing river, which stretched to the central lake of the colony.

"Very good, take the herbs, I'll count down from three and we'll swallow!" When the battle in the distant colony resumed, Okegiga made a gesture, "Three, two, one!"

Time seemed to stop as Evan stuffed the Gillyweed into his mouth.

He hurriedly took off his shoes and socks and followed Okegiga into the cold river.

Not surprisingly, the water was very cold!

Evan felt that the skin on his legs was being bitten as the water flowed into them.

The more he walked, the deeper the river was, and his soaked robe fell heavily.

Now the water had passed his knees; and his two loose, clumsy feet stepped on the sand and smooth, sticky stones, and kept slipping on them.

With all his strength, he chewed Gillyweed quickly and vigorously. It did not taste good. It was tough, slippery, like an octopus's tentacle.

Soon, his body began to change, and his lower body, soaked in the cold, biting water of the river, began to swell outwards. Suddenly, Evan felt as if an invisible pillow had pressed his mouth and nose.

When he inhaled, he only felt his mind spinning.

His lungs were empty, and there was a sharp knife-cut pain on both sides of his neck.

Evan quickly grabbed his throat with both hands and touched two long and narrow cracks under his ears, opening and closing in the cold air...

The Gillyweed worked. He had gills. He was stunned. He turned his head and looked at the Centaur beside him. The strong Centaur had now become a strange monster.

He too, had gills on his face, thin webbings between his fingers, and even his four hooves began to deform. He waved for Evan to follow him.

Without hesitation, Evan followed Okegiga and plunged into the water.

Chapter 359: Entering the Temple

Although he had collected some Gillyweed for emergencies, Evan had never tried it before. He sucked in the cold water of the lake as if his life relied on it.

He swam like a real merman; his head was no longer spinning in the water.

Evan took a sip of cold water again. It was a wonderful feeling. The water flowed smoothly through his gills and carried oxygen into his brain.

He put his hands in front of him and looked at them carefully.

They looked a little green underwater, strange and terrible. There were webbings between his fingers. He turned his head to look at his bare feet, which grew longer and webbed between his toes, as if his feet suddenly turned into swim-fins.

The evening river water was no longer cold and biting. On the contrary, he felt very refreshed, very comfortable and his body became very light.

Following the similarly bizarre Okegiga, Evan continued to paddle forward.

With the help of his two webbed feet, he could now move fast in the water.

Moreover, his eyesight became so good that he could see clearly ahead without blinking at all.

Along the narrow river, he soon swam far ahead, and he could hear the fighting of the Centaurs not far above his head and he smoothly entered the huge lake in the center of the colony.

There was no defense, no resistance, and the fallen Centaurs did not expect that someone would dive underwater.

Okegiga's strong figure loomed in front of him and eventually disappeared.

After entering the center lake, Evan was swimming alone in a dark, hazy and strange scenery, and all he could here was silence.

He could see within ten feet around. Every time he stroke his feet in the water, a new scene suddenly emerged from the darkness in front: a bush of undulating, tangled black aquatic plants; broad, flat silt scattered with shining pebbles.

Evan and Okegiga swam deeper and deeper, heading towards the deepest part of the lake.

Along the central island, the main building of the Temple of the Moon extended to the deepest part of the water, and the ancient, huge architectural outline emerged in front of Evan's eyes.

Once again, he was shocked by the miraculous feats of the Centaurs and immersed in the greatness before him.

Evan stared through the gray, sinuous lake, looking at the huge shadows in the distance, where the lake was dark and hazy.

Countless little fishes swam past him lightly, like silver darts.

The next second, Evan saw a big guy moving in front of him, but it was not Okegiga. When he picked up speed, he realized that it was a huge squid!

The squid brandished its claws and stared at Evan tightly, as if it wanted to attack him.

When Evan nervously grasped his wand, it suddenly lost interest in him, tracking the distant fish, and swam away quickly.

Evan breathed a sigh of relief, but he soon encountered new trouble.

He met a Grindyflow in the thick grass under the island. The long-legged monster suddenly poked out of the grass, and its long tentacles clung to Evan's legs, and its mouth revealed its long sharp teeth, as if to bite him.

Evan gently waved his wand, and a boiling water column emerged from its tip, hitting the green-skinned Grindyflow.

The monster immediately stiffened, turned grey, and motionless, slowly falling down.

Evan's Petrification worked, but more Grindyflows came out of the water grass. Without Merpeople and other natural enemies living in this lake, these monsters breed almost unstoppable.

Evan wasn't going to let them do as they want; he was ready to let them know how much of a bad target he was.

He quickly flicked his wand, and the Grindyflow, which was pouncing at him, was instantly split into two halves. The blood stained the large lake, and the monsters began to disperse.

Evan seized the opportunity to swim forward. A few minutes later, he slowed down, staring blankly around, looking for the hidden entrance to the Temple of the Moon that Okegiga had told him about. But he saw nothing, and he was alone in the dark lake.

He turned 360 degrees in the water, perceiving only silence pressing on his eardrum.

He knew that he must be at the bottom of the deep lake, but there was nothing around him except endless darkness. The great water pressure made him feel lonely as never before.

He and Okegiga had separated, and the latter might have entered the Temple. The effect of Gillyweed was gradually fading. Just to stay on the safe side, Evan added a Bubble-Head Charm to himself.

Then, the tip of his wand began to glow outward.

The darkness was dispelled, and Evan saw the lonely grass. In front of him, a huge blue-black rock wall was engraved with pictures of ancient Centaurs watching the stars.

There were several stone carvings of Centaurs scattered in the depths of the lake. He didn't know if they had been there for centuries. Some were holding bows and arrows in their hands, and the others held strange-looking scepters high above their heads.

Evan followed the rock mass of the Temple of the Moon and crossed it down a distance. Just when he was quietly worried, a powerful arm popped out of the middle of the wall.

He hurriedly raised his wand, just to find out that it was Okegiga.

They went up the narrow, slippery tunnel, surrounded by thick green moss and water weeds. Through the role of light and shadow, Evan found that the entrance to the secret passage was cleverly hidden in a mural. Anyone not knowing about it precisely shouldn't be able to find it.

"I just turned around and found that you were gone!" Okegiga said with a rough voice. "The effect of Gillyweed was disappearing. I couldn't swim too far to find you."

"I met a group of Grindylovs and had to fight them." As he explained, Evan lightly clicked on his robe with his wand and a large amount of steam came out.

This was a very effective little spell, and his body instantly became dry.

"Those ugly water monsters have been lurking in the lake, causing us a great deal of trouble. They suddenly attack those who come to fetch water, take them into the lake and drown them." Okegiga shook hard and dried up himself like a wild animal. "You were lucky. You came to the entrance. Otherwise, I don't know if I could've fetched you!"

"What's the trick?" Evan asked, "I saw the murals on the wall in the lake; they were almost the same. How did you find the entrance?"

"It's very simple for us Centaurs. We just follow the track of the stars." Okegiga walked to the top of the narrow tunnel and continued. "Here is the Temple of the Moon. You have to follow the stars to find the moon. That's where the entrance is."

While he talked, he patted gently on a pattern that looked like a crescent moon, and the thick stone door in front of him slowly raised open.

Chapter 360: Full of Evil Taboos

“Get ready for battle!” Okegiga muttered, taking his spear out.

Looking at the slowly opening stone door, Evan focused preparing for an all out battle.

The next second, he panted and put down his wand. There was nothing in the other side of the stone gate.

At this time, the fallen Centaurs were all fighting outside, and did not expect someone to sneak in from the depths of the lake; the whole Temple of the Moon was empty.

“Very well, our plan was successful. No one noticed that we have entered the Temple.” Without hesitation, Okegiga turned straight to the left side of the passage. “This way, human! We don’t have much time to waste. We have to get to the top of the Temple before they discover us. It’s our destination, where the evil rituals are going on.”

Under the dim light of the torches, the ancient temple was full of mystery.

The mottled walls left only traces of years of erosion. Many Centaurs’ unique hieroglyphic ornaments and giant stone carvings stood quietly in the corners, covered with dust.

In the empty passage, only two people’s hurried footsteps echoed.

It was just like what Evan saw when he entered the Temple for the first time. Even after 800 years, the quiet temple had not changed.

However, he soon discovered a difference. As he passed through a huge round arched stone room, Evan noticed that the ground and the surrounding walls were covered with dark red paint.

Questions arose in his mind: ‘What on earth are these fallen Centaurs doing?’

‘Why did they smear their sacred Temple with red paint? This is quite unusual.’ He said to himself

Then, he realized he was wrong. These dark red liquids were not any pigments at all. They were all clotted blood stains. There had been a massacre here!

There were no corpses, no wreckage; only dry blood clots were left behind, quietly telling of the crimes that had occurred in this room.

Evan followed Okegiga in, his feet sticking slightly to the ground, making a slight tearing sound as he lift them.

Hiss, hiss, hiss...

It sounded very disturbing, and the pungent smell of blood reached his face.

Evan felt nauseous, and he forbore himself from vomiting.

“The fallen Centaurs are completely mad. They believe that the evil god can lead them to glory!” Okegiga was also very uncomfortable. “Following its requirements, they captured a large number of creatures and carried out massacres here. The evil god and its followers needed a lot of flesh and blood as tributes”

“It’s crazy, let’s move from here!” Evan waved.

He tried to hold his breath and tighten his rib-cage, to keep himself from reacting to what he was seeing. He never expected to witness such a scene in the Centaurs’ Temple.

As Professor Trelawney said, the Dark Temple was full of taboos.

They moved forward quickly, across the room. The stone door opened slowly, and Evan took the lead. Then he stopped abruptly, staring at the corridor in front of him in disbelief.

On the ground not far away was the corpse of a water monster, the Grindyflow.

It seemed to have been forgotten there by the fallen Centaurs. Its highly decomposed face was facing Evan. That face looked like that of a human being, and its expression was painfully twisted. The missing muscles seemed to have been eaten away by unknown creatures. Its bare eyes looked ahead with hatred!

Evan did indeed just kill one of these creatures, but this was way too brutal for him.

It was just to satisfy the killer’s momentary pleasure, or possibly more evil, to torture this Grindyflow’s soul, so that it could never rest in peace.

This was the key to making Horcruces. Through the torture before death, the soul becomes extremely unstable and easier to split, or absorbed.

Evan’s feeling of nausea grew stronger, and he unconsciously tightened his grip on his wand.

A golden flame emerged from his wand, burning the Grindyflow’s body, in the hope that it would be able to rest in peace.

“That’s only part of it. The crime you’re about to witness is far beyond your imagination!” Okegiga said coldly, with a repressed anger in his voice. “The evil spirit has made the noble Centaurs degenerate into committing evil heresy, which can never be forgiven!”

Evan nodded, and his mouth was full of bitterness.

He tried to calm himself down, as if it was not a big deal. He was determined to stop the evil god that was being summoned.

The circular room, all clotted with blood, seemed to be a signal. As Okegiga said, on the way back, Evan saw many unimaginable scenes.

The walls at both ends of the passage were painted with horrible monsters, swallowing flesh and blood with their tusks open.

As far as Evan knew, these devilish creatures never appeared in any magic book, as if they were of the Centaurs’ imagination and never existed in the world.

He actually hoped that it would be true, that these monsters were all non-existent. Otherwise he could not even imagine how to fight them. This was far beyond his knowledge and expectations.

What he saw and heard along the way gave him a new understanding of the Centaurs' species.

In the words of the house-elf Dobby, if a house-elf was to become evil, then he would be bad and nonredeemable. This sentence was equally applicable to the Centaurs.

Centaurs didn't only love stargazing, Divination and archery.

These seemingly ruff magical creatures were full of unimaginable fanaticism.

Evan and Okegiga moved forward. Although they did not communicate, they both accelerated their pace unconsciously.

"Hold on, that's really strange!" Okegiga frowned suddenly and said. "The Temple is too quiet. They would never leave it without a guard."

Although it was a secret assault, it would be a great joke if they were able to just rush to the top of the Temple and destroy the ongoing calling ceremony.

The fallen Centaurs would not be so stupid, and the extra challenge that Gryffindor posed to Evan would not be so simple. There must be something else waiting for them.

"The fallen Centaurs are all fighting outside, if they can't just be here, they must have other defensive measures left behind." Evan analyzed.

He thought of the horrible statues he had seen in that room before, worm-like monsters with holes all over their heads.

"Maybe we can..." Okegiga suddenly stopped.

He clenched his long lance and looked nervously ahead, as if something was coming.

Buzz, buzz, buzz...

Evan was stunned, and wondered how there could be bees here, but he soon saw what it was. What he saw, was the furthest thing possible from bees...