

## Harry Potter 361

Chapter 361: An Indescribable Imagination?

Evan clenched his wand and stared as hard as he could at the dim tunnel ahead.

He wanted to see exactly what was coming out of the end, but he could find no words to describe accurately and concretely the three monsters that were approaching.

Evan could only describe them in a more intuitive way. In front of him, there were three red giant crustaceans five feet tall.

In species classification, they might be closer to fungi.

To be precise, they appeared to be a mixture of crustaceans and fungi.

They buzzed, their slender bodies divided into many knots like insects, and their exposed scales were all thin, uneven folds.

In front of their bodies were six pairs of claws covered with barbs, curled together, seemingly protecting something, intermittently creeping.

Behind them was a pair of huge crimson fleshy wings. The huge wing surfaces were rotten, and the meat on them was slowly falling off!

Soon, a large number of small beige worms crawled out from the inside of their wounds, adhered to the mucus, and pulled the falling meat back to its original position.

The whole process was too disgusting, and Evan couldn't help but gulp.

Fear was like a slender venomous snake, entangled in the dull air around, waving a scarlet tongue, about to suffocate him right there.

Okegiga and Evan did not move.

He raised his wand high ahead, and by its light he saw that the heads of the three monsters were exactly the same as the horrible statues he had seen before.

They had green whirlpool-shaped oval tumors attached to their heads, like a randomly trimmed bush covered with holes of varying sizes.

These creatures were the monsters that Evan saw in the murals along the way. They were not mere Centaurs' imagination as Evan had hoped. They were either summoned from the void or created by magic. In short, they were now existent in reality.

"The creations of the evil god!" Okegiga muttered softly, with obvious disdain in his voice.

Then, without any warning, the strong Centaur charged forward!

He raised his sharp spear high, with an unrivaled momentum and enough power to tear a Dragon apart.

Evan also hurried to follow up. He swayed his wand and sent out several spells to cooperate with Okegiga's attack.

The three monsters, with their huge wings fluttering fast, easily escaped Evan's attack.

They were buzzing, their terrible heads were shaking, and there were subtle changes on them.

Their muscles were squirming, and the holes of different sizes began to change.

Evan felt a faint magic, very strange, magic that he had never encountered before, which was too bizarre.

He wanted to warn Okegiga, but before he could shout out, he saw the Centaur, who was about to reach the monsters, stopping abruptly.

His hands fell weakly on both sides of his body, his eyes closed, and his behavior was very abnormal.

Evan did not know what had happened to this powerful Centaur warrior. Obviously, the magic of the enemy worked, and Okegiga fell under a hypnosis-like effect.

He was completely under their control. He lost his sense of resistance and no longer thought of attacking.

Evan shouted loudly, and the Centaur didn't seem to hear anything. He walked forward on his hooves, getting closer and closer to the three monsters.

Their claws squirmed and slowly opened outwards, revealing what they were protecting in the center.

This time, Evan saw clearly that at the center of their torsos, there were large round reddish-brown mouths with tusks and sharp teeth inside.

The three mouths were chewing and stretching constantly, and the mucosa, viscera, blood and flesh were all mixed together, opening, closing and opening constantly.

Under the control of the monsters, Okegiga bent down and pointed his head at the mouth closest to him, and walked over step by step...

If he was to stuff his head into that mouth full of sharp teeth, the scene would be horrifying. Evan could already picture what was about to happen, and just imagining the sound freaked him out to the extreme!

"Damn!" Evan hurriedly waved his wand and sent out several spells in succession.

The spells moved forward quickly, and when they came into contact with the monster's body, the air around them seemed to turn into a viscous oily substance in an instant. Correspondingly, the speed of the magic light emitted by Evan slowed down considerably.

The monsters easily avoided Evan's attack. He didn't know why the buzz emitted from their bodies was getting louder; were they expressing anger and discontent with Evan, or laughing at his cluelessness?

Okegiga stopped in his place and stared blankly ahead.

After a brief, unintelligible exchange, two monsters flew over to Evan, and the holes in their heads kept squirming.

The strange magic waves flashed by, and Evan's eyes were blurred. The surrounding area became more and more foggy. He didn't know how yellow mist came out of nowhere and covered him.

He was still in the Temple of the Centaurs, but he felt lost, away from his own body.

In the dim yellow fog, Evan couldn't see surroundings and was completely lost, slowly thinking about nothing, only hearing a voice talking to him in the front.

Evan couldn't perceive what the other person was saying. He walked slowly forward. Maybe if he would get close enough to listen carefully, he could know why he came here!

Although Evan felt bad about this in the depths of his heart, he could not stop his body. He moved uncontrollably and slowly bent down...

As he moved closer, the original blurred voice became clearer.

It seemed to be shouting Evan's name, and all the emotion he had felt like it was being taken away. Only endless fear and loneliness remained within him!

Memories of Evan's past flashed through his mind like a slide show....

He knew a black magic that acted on the soul, but at that moment, it was absent from his mind.

Evan remembered coming to Hogwarts, creating a newspaper, working with Harry to defeat the Basilisk, returning to the castle of a thousand years ago, helping Sirius Black catch Peter Pettigrew, his first date with Hermione, and studying magic alone in the middle of the night. The more he went forward, the more his memories became clearer.

Then he remembered his conversation with Gryffindor himself, and the massive eyes he saw outside the Temple which were also in the mist. But now, his feeling of loss was much stronger than it was then.

He remembered how he escaped. Without hesitation, Evan unconsciously raised his wand and shouted, "EXPECTO... PATRONUM!"

The sudden appearance of his Patronus chased away all illusions; and Evan found himself still in the Temple of the Centaurs, with all mist around him gone.

His shoulders were firmly grasped by the claws of a monster, and he was stuffing his head into the huge tusked mouth in the middle of its body.

Under the influence of Evan's Patronus, the mouth was kept from closing in on his head by a silvery white layer.

The actions of the three monsters became sluggish. They seemed to instinctively want to escape, but before they could move, they were violently hit by Okegiga.

The long spear in the hands of the warrior Centaur stabbed their bodies with great force, disrupting them, scattering a lot of their flesh and blood everywhere. The passage turned full of green blood stains.

"Thank you, human!" Okegiga finally stopped beside Evan and said loudly, "You saved me, I owe you my life!"

Chapter 362: Okegiga's Story

Hearing Okegiga's thanks, Evan did not respond.

What was the use of a promise of an ancient Centaur who lived eight hundred years ago? This was just an illusion created by Gryffindor. In the real world, Evan and Okegiga didn't even know each other. Not to mention that the Centaur himself had become a ghost without substance.

Evan's mind was still concerned with the yellow mist. He had a feeling that he had read about something similar to it in some ancient magic book.

He seemed to know what these monsters were, but he couldn't remember.

On the ground, the bodies of the shattered monsters were still making disgusting buzzes.

A large number of yellow maggots burst out from the debris of their bodies, scattered all over the ground, crawled forward desperately, and slowly dragged the fragmented flesh back to its original position.

They were scrambling for the flesh, disregarding which body it fell from, and gathering it back.

Evan became under the impression that these monsters were actually made up of countless numbers of these pale yellow worms, and that the horrible shape he had just seen was just an embodiment of their collective will.

The monster's buzzing continued, as if to give orders to the worms.

The nauseating scene once again interrupted Evan's thinking.

He saw a lot of maggots beginning to creep up to him and Okegiga, with shiny mucus behind them, and the two quickly retreated and dodged.

"They are not dead yet!" Okegiga warned aloud, but did not know what to do.

This was completely beyond the Centaur's knowledge. He would rather fight a fierce fire dragon than face these abnormal disgusting worms.

Evan closed his eyes and focused on sensing the magic in the air. He then discovered all magic linked to these creatures was coming from inside of the monster's hollow head.

A light of inspiration flashed in his mind and he said in a hurry, "Attack their heads, there should be a bright pink core inside; that is their vital spot."

Evan remembered the statues of these monsters that he had seen in the temple before, the ones that had become Stone statues could actually represent the anatomy of these monsters more intuitively.

Inside their green hollow head, there was a pink, irregular elliptical core.

He read a spell and waved his wand.

A silvery white light flashed by, like a sharp arrow, hitting a monster's head which was riddled with holes.

It died, its body stopped moving, and no more buzzing sounds came out.

On the ground, many of the yellow worms that were dragging flesh and blood also died.

Seeing this, Okegiga hurried over and put his lance through the heads of the two remaining monsters, ending their evil lives.

In the dim tunnel, neither of them spoke.

It was an abnormal, thrilling and dangerous battle. Looking at the fragmented meat in front of them, they both tried to hold their breath.

Okegiga motioned to Evan to climb onto his back. He accelerated and ran forward. When the surrounding area returned to normal and he could not smell the blood, he gradually slowed down.

“Such disgusting creations of that evil god!” Okegiga said resentfully. “It had been working on creating these things before. I didn’t expect it to succeed!”

“How did those fallen Centaurs do it?” asked Evan.

“Flesh and blood, a lot of flesh and blood!” Okegiga said in disgust, “The evil god told them how to make it. They caught a lot of creatures in the woods and killed them cruelly. They mixed the flesh and blood together and summoned the monsters through a ritual.”

The top of the Temple of the Moon absorbed the power of stars and converted them into pure magic, which could help the fallen Centaurs to accomplish such evil magic.

Evan didn’t know what the ritual’s principle was, but it was definitely some of the darkest magic he knew.

With modern magic, even the most evil black magic did not involve such amounts of flesh and blood, which was more akin to the mysterious sorcery used by ancient Greek warlocks and some African Dark Magicians to summon demons.

In “Secrets of the Darkest Art“, such a magic could summon a low-ranking devil by sacrificing a corpse in a special ceremony.

However, the record of this magic was not very detailed. Evan had been studying it for a long time without finding many clues, and he had not figured out exactly where the demons came from.

His theoretical research was not advancing, and he couldn’t really get a corpse to summon a devil. So he never was able to thoroughly study this magic.

“Two years ago, I found the remaining of the evil god in the depths of the marsh. There is an ancient temple left by humans. It had been completely abandoned.” Okegiga said with remorse, “I ignored the warnings given by the elder and the planets, and in order to prove my foolish courage, I went in alone...”

Evan did not speak, and listened quietly to Okegiga recalling his own story.

“The ruins were very large and quiet, and they were full of plants that I had never seen before,” Okegiga said. “The upper part of it had been buried in the mud of the marsh and then through a blocked passage, I came to a very wide circular hall on the ground floor. The hall area was about the size of the entire Temple of the Moon.”

According to Okegiga’s description, Evan’s mind sketched such a large and classical temple, just like the amazing buildings of ancient Greece and ancient Egypt.

This was a landmark left by ancient warlocks. There should have been innumerable mysterious magic hidden in it, silently proving the glorious era that had passed away.

“What was in that hall?” Evan asked.

“Nothing; the white marble walls were engraved with quirky magic symbols and human words that I couldn’t understand. The floors were full of intricate patterns and magic lines, just like the top of the Temple of the Moon. Perhaps they could be used to absorb the power of the stars.” Okegiga continued, with a hint of agony in the voice. “That’s what I thought at the time. I galloped forward in the empty ruins for about twenty minutes before I arrived at the center, and then I saw...”

Evan concentrated, and he was not surprised by Okegiga’s reaction.

The Centaurs were not a race that excelled in magic. Unless it was clearly shown, he would certainly not find the magic hidden in the ruins.

After returning to the real world, he should consider going to the ruins in the depths of the marsh and take a look at what the ancient warlocks left there.

Perhaps, he could also know the identity of the evil god.

If he was lucky enough to find some magic spells specifically designed to deal with the powerful evil spirits, he might be able to solve all difficulties once and for all, and get rid of these increasingly challenging creatures he’d been bumping into!

Chapter 363: The Top of the Temple and Dragon’s Slaughter

In the dark Temple, Okegiga continued with Evan.

The strong and forceful stamping sound of the Centaur’s hooves on the ground intermingled with his agonized voice as he said: “In the middle of the empty rotunda, I found a small wooden statue wrapped in withered plants on a square stone pedestal.” Okegiga continued, “I cleaned up the plants and brought the statue back to the tribe as proof of my foolish adventure, but I didn’t expect it to be the beginning of the disaster. It was all my fault...”

“The statue?” Evan asked softly.

“Yes, it was the image of the evil god that was carved on it.” Okegiga waved the torch in his hand vigorously. “It was a cursed magic item. From that day on, as soon as the night would fall, we could hear a strange voice whispering to us in the colony, the bewilderment of the fellow who claimed to be the God of the forest. In the middle of the night, it promised us great power, the secret to immortality, and the ambition of conquering the Forest...”

Evan was silent. It sounded exactly the same as the guy he met in Aragog’s Lair. They relied on the same things to make others obey them. Maybe this was what the evil spirits had in common.

But they had different strengths and abilities, and each had its own characteristics.

Moreover, perhaps this was because Slytherin had split the self-proclaimed God of Death before, but it didn't seem to be as powerful as the evil god that the Centaurs encountered.

Of course, it might also be due to the fact that it was created by Herpo the Foul through black magic, while the evil god they were facing now was a powerful creature discovered by the ancient warlocks in the endless void.

"In the beginning, the Centaurs did not believe in that voice. Since ancient times, we have only believed in the power of the stars and the signs of the planets." Okegiga said with resentment. "After discussion, the elder decided to destroy the wooden statue that I brought back. They thought that it was an evil black magic item created by a human wizard, but we failed in every way."

The wooden statue was the seal of the ancient warlocks on the evil spirit. If it could be so easily destroyed, they would not have left it there.

"After countless failures, we decided to seek the help of the Temple of the Moon, and the Stargazers came out to take the statue away." Okegiga said, "We all thought that they had successfully destroyed the wooden statue of the evil god. The voice had disappeared for a long time."

Okegiga had previously explained that the stargazers in the Centaurs' colony were very sacred and of high status. By the power of the stars, they were very few Centaurs who could use magic.

They were proficient in healing and star magic, a bit similar to the existence of witch doctors.

Only the most talented foals were qualified to become stargazers. After discovering the talented foals, they would be individually taught in the Temple of the Moon.

This was the ancient tradition of the Centaurs, but Evan didn't know when it was going to die out.

In the modern world Evan was familiar with, there was no faction of stargazers in the Centaurs' colony of the Forbidden Forest. All the Centaurs could read the warnings given by the planets' movements.

But again, they couldn't feel magic or use it.

"Ordinary Centaurs are not allowed to enter the Temple of the Moon without permission. We don't know what happened here. We just thought that the astrologers had succeeded. But the reality was, they were all corrupted by the evil god." Okegiga went on, his voice gradually calming down. "They secretly modified the interior of the sacred Temple of the Moon into what you see now. When this incident was discovered, it caused a lot of commotion, and the tribe split as a result. The supporters of the evil god and stargazers took the upper hand, and several elders and opponents like me were banished."

He stopped and patted lightly on the door engraved with the moon's shape, touched the shutter, and the black door slowly rose upwards, revealing an escalator behind.

“From then on, the fallen Centaurs began to spread out, hunting all the creatures they could see and destroying the balance of the forest.” Okegiga took Evan in, and the sound of flowing water rang from below, and they began to rise. Turning his head, Okegiga continued, “The planets’ harbingers are getting worse and worse, and the great evil is approaching us. We can’t wait any longer. We have to take action. As I said before, everything started because of my foolishness. I have to put an end to this farce myself...”

He shook his right hand back with great force and threw away his torch.

Okegiga took out the long spear behind him, his hands clenched with all his strength, his muscles tightened, his eyes wide open, waiting for the upcoming battle.

Evan also took a deep breath, pulled out his wand, looked down at the fast-moving stone wall, and mobilized all his magic.

His challenge had reached its most critical point, at which success or failure was at stake.

Waiting for them at the top of the temple would be the evil god being summoned, the Centaurs who believed in it, a large number of indescribable monsters, and...

Roar!!!

As Evan and Okegiga reached the top of the Temple, the roar of a dragon reached them, tingling their eardrums with blazing heat, for the sky was filled with golden flames.

Evan did not hesitate and hurriedly waved his wand. The next second, a magic shield appeared in front of them, blocking the flames of the dragon. The energy shield constructed by pure colorless magic was immediately baked into bright red.

“To victory; CHAAARGE!” Okegiga let out a loud cry.

As the Centaur’s hooves moved, he rushed out in front of the gushing flames and held up his long spear like a God of war.

In front of them was the black dragon that they met in front of the Temple.

It lay down on the ground, its fearful yellow eyes mingled with blood, staring at Evan and Okegiga. Its left wing had apparently been treated, but the scar left upon it was shocking and it could no longer be used for flight.

The dragon’s eyes were full of hatred. After spitting out fire, it rushed straight forward with its huge mouth full of fangs, roaring thunderously.

The intolerable heat grew stronger and stronger, and it was shaking the whole place.

After gliding forward and charging for a while, Okegiga made a sudden turn, facing the oncoming dragon, with all four legs working hard at the same time, and flew straight into the air.

Bang, boom, boom!

Evan didn’t care to pay attention to anything else; they were now right above the dragon.



He waved his wand as hard as he could and mobilized all his magic. A red curse as thick as an adult's thigh came out from the end of his wand.

Because of the accumulation of too much magic, Evan could even hear the slight whistle of magic collision, like a red lightning, rushing downward.

It was Stupefy! Evan did not expect to be able to knock down a fire dragon with such powerful magical defense just like that, but it was enough to make it dizzy and comatose.

#### Chapter 364: The Descending Evil God

Immediately following the Stunning Spell was the Conjunctivitis Curse. After a brief dizziness, the dragon had a deep pain in its eyes. It closed its eyes and tried to roll its body to relieve the pain.

But no, it had no strength at all.

The dragon roared reluctantly. Its huge body, weighing several tons, fell to the ground, crushing the slabs on the ground and spewing mushroom-like flames from its mouth.

The dark green scales sparkled, and the entire Temple of the Moon was shaking.

Although Evan's magic power was far beyond the imagination of ordinary people, the dragon's powerful magic resistance made his magic instantly ineffective. It quickly flapped its broken wing, struggling to stand up from the broken ground, and its inner anger grew even stronger.

It was absolutely unacceptable to be played by two tiny ants in succession.

"Attack its eyes; that's where the dragon's defense is weakest." Evan shouted to Okegiga in front of him, who was falling fast from mid-air.

Okegiga shouted loudly and his heels fell heavily on the back of the dragon, without any pause, disregarding the fact that his body was being scratched by the spikes on the body of the dragon.

He ran forward on the dragon's sharp barbed armor as if he were on a knife hill.

The Centaur charged forward, pointing his long spear to the right eye of the dragon that had just lifted its body; he stabbed it fiercely and a great deal of dragon blood gushed out.

Okegiga went ahead with all his strength, and then sprinted, his whole body was pressed on the spear in his hand, a large number of blood vessels protruded on his stout arms, and his blue veins swelled violently.

His long lance stabbed the right eye of the dragon and penetrated through its body from the center.

The fierce attack made the dragon roar again, louder than ever before.

It shook its huge head furiously and wanted to throw the Centaur away from its body.

before its great power, Okegiga was like a lonely boat in a raging storm.

But he did not loosen his grip, clenched his teeth, tried his best to hold his lance, and stuck it tightly, as the dragon's head swayed violently in the air.

The strong Centaur Warrior could persist, but under the influence of such momentum, Evan, who was sitting on Okegiga, couldn't keep his balance at all.

Again, in an upward swing, he finally lost his grip and let go of the Centaur's back.

His body was thrown away from height, below which was the fierce mouth of the dragon.

If he was to fall down like this, he would either be swallowed alive by the dragon or grinded into meat pie.

Evan had no time to think about such fate, as the battle was at its peak.

He held his breath, waved his wand, drawing a complicated pattern in the air, and a white light as thick as the Stunning Spell he had just used emerged from the end of his wand.

Like throwing a javelin, Evan threw the curse into the other eye of the dragon.

BOOM!!!

Under the impact of Evan's curse, the dragon fell down.

It also sent a heartbreaking roar, with a whine in its voice. Its wing and eyes had been severely damaged, and it had been forced to back down.

It was impossible for it to carry on, and its movements slowed down gradually.

Okegiga seized the opportunity, picked his long spear hard and forcefully pulled out the yellow eye of the fire dragon. He grasped the long spear in both hands, pointed down, with bloody eyes pierced on the black scales of the dragon, and slid straight down.

The dragon wailed, with both his eye sockets bleeding out. Its giant open mouth could not even spurt flames anymore, and its huge body was collapsing, looking like it was about to fall down completely at any moment.

This was definitely the bloodiest and most tragic dragon slaughter in history. A powerful dragon at the top of the food chain was dying by the hands of its supposed pray.

Throughout history, it was known that only the strongest of wizards could ever conquer and kill the fire dragon, but this rule was destined to be broken today. A 12-year-old wizard and a Centaur teamed up to achieve this miracle that would amaze the Wizarding World.

Evan fell from the sky, and Okegiga, who accomplished the feat of slaughtering the dragon, leaped to catch him.

The Centaur's body was scarred and bloody, and in some places it was even scorched by the flames, no intact inch on his body could be seen.

Before Evan could breathe a sigh of relief, he saw a large number of Centaurs crawling to pray for the statue of the evil god in the deep platform ahead, seemingly indifferent to the close battle.

As they moved, blue and black clouds were getting thicker and lower, moving in a spiral pattern to form vortex, one that looked as if something was about to crawl out of it.

Above the huge statue, the Philosopher's stone left by Gryffindor glowed red.

The magic waves visible to the naked eye floated out from the Philosopher's Stone, forming a red light path that slowly drifted downward and converged into the statue of the evil god.

The air pressure at the top of the temple dropped further, just like a precursor to a storm that was about to break out. The ancient, powerful atmosphere was filled with pressure. It was overwhelming, and everyone was gasping for breath.

“NO, their magic is about to succeed, we have to...” Evan shouted.

Without hesitation, Okegiga charged forward again, dragging his scarred body. Evan issued several spells in succession, hoping to prevent the summoning ceremony from proceeding.

But the Centaurs stargazers in front of him seemed to have all been petrified. They did not evade the spells that attacked them, letting Evan and Okegiga attack.

Their faces were expressionless and their eyes flashed with a mad light.

Evan’s heart sank down immediately, his feeling of uneasiness became stronger and stronger, and the scene in front of him was too strange. These Centaurs had lost themselves to this creature!

“You are late, Okegiga!” After being knocked down, an old Centaur said slowly, “Be ready to surrender, the great existence has arrived...”

His voice just fell, and suddenly the huge statue of the evil god in front of him became alive!

Centered on the statue, a looming figure started being created out of nowhere.

A large amount of the flesh and blood piled up at the top of the temple began to rise, and floated towards it; even the body of the dragon that had just been killed by Evan and Okegiga was among them.

Evan looked at the evil that was taking shape in surprise. It was like a Gillyweed enlarged countless times, or like a tree root with countless branches.

It floated slowly in midair, and a lot of flesh and blood drifted toward it, gradually forming a huge, bulging black cloud-like mass of... flesh.

The flesh was getting covered with green, irregular, wrinkled skin that looked like bark and scales of some strange creature.

The big mouth in the center, which was covered with green mucus, was full of black fangs. Besides, there were many other mouths around its body, all being of different shapes.

Further up, two disproportionate eyes were at the most edges of the black meat. Red eyeballs rolled inside and looked at the front in a sluggish manner.

Bellow, countless tentacles spread out, with each having either a mouth with fangs, an eye or a blade-like claw on its edge!

#### Chapter 365: The Call of the Evil God

This evil spirit was like a mixture of all the monsters that Evan saw on the Temple murals before. It had features from all of those monsters on its huge round body.

It was not so much a god; it was purely a monster.

Those fallen Centaurs were simply mad to believe in such a creature!

Flesh and blood converged to it, but still could not fill it up. The figure of the evil spirit expanded outwards, to become almost as large as the huge cloud vortex above the Temple of the Moon.

Its body, which had been covered with flesh and blood, had a series of cracks and scars opened into it. These cracks seemed to be innumerable, endless, opening and closing...

Soon, everywhere above its dark green circular body, which was flooded with shadows, was covered by the dark clouds, and the two seemed to merge into one.

On the platform, the fallen Centaurs were prostrated on the ground, muttering incomprehensible words in their mouths, and they dared not even raise their heads. Only Evan and Okegiga were still standing there.

Okegiga took a step forward and stopped immediately.

The sky abruptly started raining, and the raindrops were getting bigger and bigger.

These raindrops were all dark red, like dried blood.

The rain fell on the Temple built of obsidian. The everlasting rocks were full of bloody bubbles, and they were fading away and losing their former luster.

A green film began to appear on the ground, like green moss that kept getting higher and higher. Bizarre plants began to emerge, growing rapidly in the rain.

The squirming tentacles of the evil god were like the roots of the trees. They were rooted in the huge stone statue and the Temple of the Moon. Cracks began to appear on the hard stones.

“What should we do now?” Okegiga muttered.

The powerful Centaur Warrior seemed to be in despair, as this evil creature looked invincible.

Evan did not answer. He was focusing on finding the source of magic. With the appearance of the evil spirit, the magic on the Philosopher’s Stone left by Gryffindor was speeding up its dissipation.

Now, the whole Temple platform was full of restless magic.

With this magic in reach of the creature, no matter how many fallen Centaurs there were to beat, they would never be able to stop it!

The remaining way was to find the wooden statue Okegiga talked about.

This was the root of everything. Destroying it would bring an end to the coming of this evil god, or seal it again through the magic used by ancient warlocks.

As for beating it head-on, that wasn’t about to happen!

If they could, the ancient warlocks would not have just sealed it, but they would have destroyed it once and for all.

Evan didn’t know where the fallen Centaurs had hidden the wooden statue. He pursued the trajectory of the magic, trying to locate it, but it was as if he was trying to locate a wave in a vast raging ocean!

Perhaps, all his efforts in the face of the coming evil spirit were in vain!

But Evan did not give up. There must be a way!

He did not know how Okegiga re-sealed the evil god in real history. Though brave, the trouble he was facing should’ve been beyond his capabilities.

Of course, this was not the real world after all. It could also be something made up by Gryffindor, to increase the difficulty of the challenge.

No matter what, everything in this illusion was too real. It was as if Evan really went back to the Centaurs civil war eight hundred years ago.

In the sky, the huge spherical body of the evil spirit slowly protruded forward, and its sluggish red eyes were all down, looking coldly at Evan and Okegiga.

A strange voice rang out somewhere, echoing in the Centaurs' colony.

“Human wizard, you are still trying to resist the great existence that is destined to remain unknown!” It slowly said, “This is absurd! With all men I’ve witnessed, the oldest and strongest emotion that human beings have is fear, and the oldest and strongest of fears is that of the unknown.”

Evan ignored it and tried to focus.

He had studied it carefully before, and like the fellow he met in the depths of the earth, the words that the other party was constantly echoing and whispering were actually magic that acted on the soul, which could lead to bringing birth to most negative of emotions in one’s heart.

In this regard, he was already prepared.

“EXPECTO PATRONUM!” He shouted and waved his wand to summon his Patronus.

The previous two experiences reminded him that the Patronus Charm that exuded positive energy and could resist all negative emotions was not only effective against the Dementors, but also against these evil gods and creations from the void.

It seemed that he had to study this magic again after the end of the challenge!

He focused his attention, thinking about what would make him the most happy and about Hermione and the guardianship of Hogwarts.

The cat, which was made of silver light, whirled around him and Okegiga, and finally rested on his shoulder.

A milky white energy shield appeared out of thin air, blocking the infiltration of evil forces.

“Weak human wizard, like your ancestors, you are making useless resistance. Me not destroying you immediately was the greatest kindness you could encounter.”

The immense body of the evil spirit continued to move forward, staring coldly at Evan.

“My companions and I come from the darkest corners of the world. Human Wizards that have seen it been before had gone mad!” It continued, “That is the present of our world, and it’s also the future of yours. Under the vast ocean, there are endless secrets...”

Evan increased the magic output, and the voice became intermittent.

With the infiltration of the evil spirit, the energy shield in front of him was covered with cracks, which could break at any time, and the Patronus on his shoulder seemed to slowly fall asleep.

Evan clenched his fists, and was sweating all over!

Ever since he acquired the powerful magic of Slytherin's Locket, he never felt in such need to more magical power!

"Do you want to discover the essence of fear?" The voice of the evil god came in again. "You seem to be fearless, but in the face of real fear, you would either be driven mad and become my follower like these Centaurs; or like your ancestors, run away from the light and flee to a new dark age to seek peace and safety."

"Found it, there it is!" Evan finally found the source of all the magic gathering.

He shouted to the Centaur under him, but Okegiga did not move.

The Centaur was standing there quietly, as if he was petrified, or just an image!

"Damn!" Evan waved his wand and jumped off the Centaur.

He didn't know what tricks Gryffindor was playing again. Did he focus on animating this evil god and forget to control these Centaurs?!

The battle had reached its final stage. Any questions were to be left for later!

Chapter 366: Evan's Success!

Evan gasped and rushed through the crowds of the fallen Centaurs prostrated on the ground.

Like Okegiga, the fallen Centaurs were all motionless.

They laid there in silence. Their faces were also still, showing their last varied expressions of surprise, panic, joy, fear....

Aside from Evan and the evil god, the whole world seemed to be at a standstill at that moment.

Evan's Patronus kept spinning around his body, and the white energy shield protected him from the whispering and negative emotions of the evil god.

In the sky, with the gathering of monstrous amounts of flesh and blood, the huge spherical body of the evil god had expanded beyond imagination, starting to look like a moon of death falling on earth.

On its body, the swaying tentacles covered the sky.

At the foot of the statue of the Centaur in the middle of the Temple, Evan looked up, and saw nothing above his head but the body of the evil god, which was still growing.

It was dark, but Evan's target was very clear.

He had just sensed that all the magic that had dissipated from the Philosopher's Stone was converging in the head of the giant Centaur's statue, where the Wooden Statue of the evil god was hidden.

It seemed that the stone staircase specially prepared for him stood quietly there, extending straight from the bottom of the statue to the highest point of the cloud.

Along the stone ladder, Evan looked up and felt dizzy.

“Death here is not real!” He made up his mind to overcome his deep fear and ran to the stone ladder.

The next second, the change was sudden.

The bodies of the stalled Centaurs around him suddenly changed, their skin kept rolling, or bulging upwards, or sagged downwards, and their flesh and blood were torn apart.

Under the control of the evil god, the fallen Centaurs all became horrible monsters.

Some parts of their bodies still retained their characteristics, but others began to morph in horrible bizarre shapes. Their eyes bulged outwards and their bones began to deform.

Where they used to have faces, now they had huge mouths, like giant open clams, with fangs on the edges and tiny teeth on the inside.

In the center of these giant mouths, they had enormous blood-red tongues.

They were swaying disgustingly, licking the skin inside their mouths.

The fallen Centaurs that had become monsters quickly rushed towards Evan. He tried to run forward with all his strength. He gasped hard, and the monsters behind him were much faster than he was.

This was not the way to go on. He was not Okegiga. He couldn't fight these monsters head-on. He bit his lips hard, stopped, and turned quickly.

Evan wiped the sweat from his head, and the wand in his hand kept waving.

Golden flames erupted from the end of his wand. It was the Fiendfyre Curse!

Evan had used this evil curse once in Aragog's Lair, burning almost the entire cave, including gushing springs.

Like last time, all the flames seemed to be living, spinning and roaring, rushing to the nearest morphed Centaur.

The evil fire swallowed everything it touched. It confronted the evil god in the sky and the evil monsters it had created, as if both were competing to decide who was more most evil!

After casting the Fiendfyre Curse, Evan didn't look at it and ran straight to the stone ladder next to the statue.

With all his strength, he sprinted up and swept through the steps.

Below, the fire was mutating, forming a gigantic pack of fiery beasts: Flaming serpents, chimaeras, and dragons rose and fell and rose again.

The whole platform at the top of the Temple had become an ocean of flames.

Numerous fallen Centaurs were being juggled by the flames. They dodged around and seemed to be able to escape, but they were soon engulfed up by the fire from hell, turning into ashes and drifting in the wind.

The fierce fire raged, the flaming beasts were rolling in the flames. their claws, tentacles and tails were twitching, and even the obsidian ground was baked red.

With an unpleasant smell of scorch, the smoke was steaming upwards.

Strangely, the ground and building walls covered by the tentacles of the evil god remained unscathed. The fire stopped without harming the evil god.

“Stupid human wizard, you are trying to challenge my strength with your own weak spells, but you don’t know that you’re getting closer to death.” The evil spirit said slowly.

The spherical body slowly rolled, and the huge eyes turned to the bottom. It stared at Evan with terrible cold eyes.

“You think you can endure death?” it calmly asked, “This death is like no other, human! It makes you beg for it, beg for the pain to end!”

Evan ignored it, and he gasped hard. The stairs flashed in layers in front of him.

He didn’t know how long this was going to last, for the stone ladder seemed to never end.

He tried not to look or imagine what was under the statue, so that he would not be so dizzy. Inside his body was the huge, rough statue of the Centaur.

On the outside was the larger and clearer body of the evil spirit.

A lot of flesh and blood were gathered and swallowed up by it, but it was still unsatisfied. The shaking tentacles were still shadows, and the flesh-like body was covered with scars.

Every scar was so deep, and green mucus flew out of it.

It kept saying crazy words to Evan, disturbing his mind, but because it did not form a single tentacle, it did not possess any substantial attack ability.

Evan climbed faster and faster, sweating like rain, and liquid even began to come out of his eyes.

He felt that he should have been already tired, but his legs were still moving up.

It was an endless battle. Evan’s physical strength was exhausted. He only wanted to rest on the ground now, but under the pressure of the evil god, he was still pushing himself.

Maybe that was what Gryffindor wanted; to test Evan’s limits.

His phobia of heights and his fear of the evil spirit were both left behind by Evan.

He was fearless now, and there was only one thought in his mind; to climb up!

He wanted to climb to the top, destroy the statue of the evil god, and prevent it from becoming complete.

He didn’t know how much time had passed, the dim sky was getting darker and darker, the sun disappeared, and the stars hang through the night sky unwittingly.

Finally, Evan climbed to the top of the statue.

He passed straight through the thick clouds like a whirlpool, and the huge body of the evil god had disappeared. He was now standing on top of the clouds.

The scene before him became very open, and the bright moonlight shined on him.



Never had Evan seen such a blue night sky! It was like something from a fairy tale. There was nothing but him, countless clouds and mists surging under his feet.

On the circular platform in front of the clouds, Godric Gryffindor looked at him with a smile and said, "Congratulations, you've passed the challenge!"

Chapter 367: Fear Never Ends

Evan collapsed to the ground breathing, and Gryffindor looked at him with a smile.

"What about the evil spirit?" He looked around down and saw nothing.

Around the platform, countless clouds were rolling over, covering everything on the Temple of the Moon.

A dark cloud drifted through the bodies of Evan and Gryffindor, and their shadows loomed like dreams. The mist made everything surreal.

"It's gone, you beat it!" Gryffindor said softly.

"But I've done nothing. My magic had no effect on it. I haven't destroyed the wooden statue that summoned it." Evan said puzzled.

"There's no need to do anything. As long as you've come here, you have already passed the challenge." Gryffindor smiled and took a bright red stone and handed it to Evan. "You are the best greatest wizard I have ever seen. Catch this Philosopher's Stone, it's yours now!"

Looking at the soft light of the Philosopher's Stone, a trace of longing flashed across Evan's face.

He stretched out his hand forward and stopped suddenly when his fingertips were about to touch the Philosopher's Stone.

A sudden warning rose in his heart, making him restrain himself.

There seemed to be something wrong. He remembered that Gryffindor had told him before that Voldemort had left a magic on this Philosopher's Stone.

But he didn't even mention it now, and why would he give him the Philosopher's Stone in the illusion instead of sending him back to the real world?!

In front of him, Gryffindor's face was always smiling, and everything seemed extremely unnatural.

That smile was not so much an old man's kind smile, but rather one of restrained mockery.

In the clouds and mists, the corners of his mouth rose exaggeratedly on both sides, becoming more and more uncoordinated; as if they just exceeded a human's ability to .... smile!

Evan felt a sudden chill; he gulped and swallowed, his right hand subconsciously clenching his wand.

"What are you waiting for? Catch this Philosopher's Stone, and you will gain unimaginable power. It will help you become the most powerful wizard. Trust me..."

though he was close to him, Gryffindor's voice seemed to come from a very remote place.

Evan listened clearly, and the voice echoed in his mind.

As soon as he brought up power, Evan became certain that this guy was a fake.

Gryffindor would never say that, he always stressed that power was not the most important thing to have.

The challenge was not over yet. He had to destroy the wooden statue of the evil spirit.

The evil spirit that had become Gryffindor was still laughing, but the mood was getting more and more depressed.

Its laughter was ringing in the deepest part of Evan's heart, getting louder and louder, along with the frequency of his heartbeat. Thump, thump, thump...

Evan felt that his heart was about to burst with this tormenting sound, and he couldn't help but tear up slightly.

His magic began to wander, and all his powers conflicted wildly.

Evan gasped, holding his wand hard and raising his right hand diagonally upwards. A pale green curse spurting out and passed through Gryffindor's body in front of him.

He had no substance; it was nothing but an illusion.

"Young human wizard, you rejected me and made the most foolish of decisions."

Gryffindor took a step forward, his face twisted and his mouth opened wider and wider.

Numerous green mucus and flesh fragments fell from the inside, his body was rapidly expanding, and rotten tentacles emerged, like the most terrifying nightmare.

The tentacles slowly moved forward, seemingly trying to touch Evan's skin.

"EXPECTO PATRONUM!" Evan shouted.

The silver Patronus circled out, and the bright white mist blocked them.

"Young human wizard; you still don't understand the true meaning of magic. You have never suffered the collapse of all walks of life. You are only the humblest existence in the world."

Gryffindor's face turned completely devilish, his tentacles shaking and clapping on the light screen, his mouth saying crazy, meaningless words, "Sad ant, you are just a puppet in the hands of a puppeteer; struggling uselessly in the face of what you cannot understand..."

Evan put more of his magic into the Patronus charm. Seconds, or perhaps centuries went by, before he realized that he should run!

Disregarding the evil spirit in front of him, he no longer cared about the surrounding environment, and continued along the narrow hollow stairs next to the platform, rushing ahead.

Through the thick mist and light, the sturdy tentacles of the evil spirit continued to clap, and with mad power, it became more and more ruthless and cruel, as if trying to split Evan's body in two!

Evan gasped. On the top of a small table, he saw a dull wooden statue, which was a multi-fold reduction of the evil god, looking more like the roots of a plant at that scale.

Without thinking, he waved his wand, and the red spell flashed by.

Unexpectedly, the wooden statue broke up and scattered in the air as dots of starlight.

The crazy voice of the evil spirit gradually drifted away, but it was still very clear and terrifying; "Sad lamb, you have defeated me in the illusion, but you don't know that you are entering another more frightening one! Fear is like a shadow; never disappears, never ends..."

The surroundings became gradually quiet, and when Evan looked up, he once again saw Gryffindor standing in front of him with a smile.

He took a step back in surprise and raised his wand with vigilance, but Gryffindor waved his hand carelessly, with a stronger smile on his face.

"Don't do that, Evan!" he said with a smile. "That thing had disappeared. Now there are only the two of us here."

"How can you prove that you are really Gryffindor, not the evil spirit?" Evan hesitated and asked, trembling to the extreme.

His heart beat so hard that he couldn't clearly distinguish between illusion and reality. He felt that he was about to be driven crazy.

"I can't prove anything, because I don't really exist, it's just a part of this magic illusion, the consciousness of my body staying here." Gryffindor said with a smile, "You just did a wonderful job and got my approval. Believe it or not, I want to tell you that you have passed the challenge!"

This sentence was a surprise for the first time, and now it sounded completely frightening.

Gryffindor seemed not surprised by Evan's performance. He waved. "I know you have a lot of doubts. In fact, the evil god you saw did not exist in real history. Okegiga had better luck than you. When he got to the top of the Temple, the evil ritual had not been completed, and he succeeded in stopping everything."

"What happened just now?" asked Evan, breathing.

"As you can see, that's what I imagined and reasoned about this creature, and that's what I used my magic to create." Gryffindor said with a smile, as if explaining a trivial matter, "In the real world, the so-called evil god did not come to the world in the end. At the last moment, just out of anger, it exhausted its power to break through the void, splitting the Philosopher's Stone that I left into two halves, and doing nothing more."

Chapter 368: Getting Gryffindor's Treasure Key

Evan was silent. Whether this guy was a demon or Gryffindor; he wanted to get up and beat him up!  
For a good while, this guy was definitely getting him through hell!

In the illusion, he was almost driven mad, while Gryffindor was enjoying himself on the sidelines, and all the Centaurs warriors, fire dragons, and the evil god were all being animated by him.

He was like a marionette, struggling in the world he created.

“Don’t be angry!” Gryffindor said with a smile. “In fact, the scene you just saw was not completely illusory. The fallen Centaurs did use magic to absorb the power that I have left, trying to summon the evil spirit from the void. At the time, I had a conversation with it. How to describe that experience? I can only say that it was very interesting...”

Communicating with the spherical monster, Evan couldn’t see what it meant.

“What I showed you, it was what it tried to instill in me.” Gryffindor’s expression became serious. “In fact, it is far more horrible than what you just saw. If you encounter it later, be careful not to be careless.”

“I know!” Evan said angrily, still not relaxing his vigilance.

“Ha-ha, you are right to have this momentum!” Gryffindor took a few steps forward and waved to Evan. “Since you understand, then I don’t have anything to worry about! Your Friends should be waiting anxiously outside, we’d better not waste time.”

“Wait a minute!” Evan cried out in a hurry.

Whatever he told him, in fact, he still had full of questions to ask him.

Gryffindor stood there smiling, as if waiting for Evan to ask his questions, but his body began to become transparent and he began to disappear.

As in the previous Hogwarts room, the entire space began to fragment.

Evan opened his mouth but made no sound.

“If you want to know the magic that Slytherin’s Heir left on the Philosopher’s Stone, the quickest way is to pick it up directly. Don’t run away from your destiny. This is another challenge I leave you to.” Gryffindor’s voice came intermittently, “Goodbye, Evan!”

The next second, with a bang, countless pieces of debris broke and dispersed.

Everything in front of Evan vanished.

The debris flashed silver and blue, and he returned to the real world.

As the cold night wind blew, Evan noticed that he was also standing at the top of the statue.

Below him, Sirius, Harry, Ron, Hermione, Magorian and the elder of the Centaurs all looked as small as toothpicks.

Because it was too high, he had a fit of dizziness and hurriedly got his eyes back up.

He felt like he was standing at the gates of the sky, with countless stars shining around him, as if he could reach out and touch them.

In the distance, the huge outline of Hogwarts Castle was looming.

He heard a shout, and Harry and the others were shouting his name.

Evan looked down again and saw Hermione waving to him.

Because it was too high, he couldn't hear what they were saying.

Following Hermione's gesture, Evan turned his head and saw the Secret Treasure Key that Gryffindor had left. The fragment of the Philosopher's Stone glowed red not far away.

He hesitated for a moment and slowly stood up.

A gust of cold wind blew, and Evan felt his body shaking, and he half squatted down in a hurry to maintain his balance.

Between the platform where he stood and the Philosopher's Stone, there was a narrow stone passage.

so high above the ground, walking on this narrow passage was like walking across a single wooden bridge, but below was not a turbulent river, but a vast night sky.

Needless to say, this must be a hobby of Gryffindor again.

Evan held his breath and walked cautiously forward.

He arrived slowly to the Philosopher's Stone, which, like Gryffindor had shown him, was covered with gold markings and had irregular edges.

Evan could feel the powerful magic above, but he was still hesitant.

He was not sure what magic Voldemort had left behind, and he saw no difference besides the crack that had been cruelly made by the evil spirit, proving that the Stone had experienced the unimaginable!

The Philosopher's Stone glowed red, and there was no trace of magic left in it.

Evan hesitated, not sure if he should touch it.

He tried to use his wand to cast light on the Philosopher's Stone and cast his own detection and defense spells, but nothing happened.

He couldn't stand there forever. According to Gryffindor's words, no matter what, he had to accept the magic left by Voldemort and then seek for solutions.

Perhaps Professor Trelawney's prophecy was just meant to be!

Evan felt uncomfortable thinking that he might be the one chosen by Voldemort, who would help him gain power beyond ordinary people's imagination.

He felt a cold chill in his body, as if his innards were turned into ice!

Evan hesitated. Maybe this time it would take courage instead of reason. It was a crazy move to get the Philosopher's Stone knowing that there was obviously something wrong with it.

But in any case, it was something he couldn't escape.

The next second, Evan reached out and held the red Philosopher's Stone in his hand. It was cold.

Powerful magic entered his body along his palm, and Evan felt warmth. The magic he had just consumed in the illusion was instantly restored.

His magic continued to rise, quickly and frighteningly.

On the platform at the top of the Temple of the Moon, everyone was watching Evan's movements in the sky, and they were all cheering when they saw him holding the Philosopher's Stone.

"The human foal has succeeded!" Magorian's haughty face was filled with surprise.

"After a thousand years, someone could really pass that mighty test!"

"Well, you should know now, that's my student! He's naturally the best!!" Sirius looked proudly at the Centaur, with a smug smile on his face.

"Evan succeeded, I knew it!" Harry cheered loudly, shook his hands and was sincerely happy for his friend.

"He's the best, we all believe in him."

Hermione breathed a sudden sigh of relief and wiped her eyes. A moment ago, Evan suddenly disappeared from her sight. She did not know what had happened and burst into tears.

"Yes, he is the best!" Ron followed. His gaze was complicated, and he was still thinking about the powerful magic item left by Gryffindor.

He suddenly realized that the gap between him and Evan was widening.

Maybe he would never close this gap in his life.

Ron couldn't tell what he was thinking. He admitted that at the beginning, he really envied Evan, but as the gap grew wider, the envy was fading.

Perhaps that was what he had to do now; to be sincerely happy for his friend!

Chapter 369: The Dark Mark

Feeling the rapid ascension of magic in his body, Evan breathed a sigh of relief.

He had never been as powerful as he was now. Voldemort's magic was not triggered, and Professor Trelawney's prophecy was not fulfilled.

He was not chosen by Voldemort's magic. All he worried about was...

Suddenly, a black substance came out of the golden lines that flashed from time to time on the Philosopher's Stone!

Before Evan could react, the black magic fluctuated more and more, and the magic turned into faint black fumes, climbing up along his arm.

Like a python, the black mist grew itself, feeding off the magic that engulfed Evan's body. The latter felt an unprecedented drilling pain.

Under the pressure of the black magic, in the blink of an eye, all of his magical power became agitated. The black magic left by Voldemort far exceeded his imagination!

He tried to control his magic and resist these black fumes, but it was of no avail.

Under the impact of the violent magic, Evan fainted and fell straight from the sky.

After he fainted, the Philosopher's Stone suddenly shone bright. The red light grew brighter and brighter, pushing all the remaining black fumes away, and chasing them out of Evan's arm.

Three different magical forces wrestled in Evan's body, eventually returning to calm, leaving only a black fine line, quietly wrapped around his right wrist.

It was like he was tied up with a thin black thread. However, when looking closely, it was a little snake shining with cold light. It wrapped around in a circle, and its mouth was open, biting its tail.

As for the remaining black fumes driven by the Philosopher's Stone, they floated around Evan for a while, and then rose directly into the air, as if living among the stars.

The mist quickly began to deform and eventually turned into a black symbol.

On the platform below, everyone didn't know what was going on. They only saw Evan falling suddenly from the top, and Hermione screamed in horror.

Sirius ran ahead, and Harry and the others hurried to follow.

"Look, that, what is that..." Ron said nervously as he looked up at Evan and found the black pattern that had just appeared next to him!

Following closely, everyone also noticed this eye-catching sign.

It was a colossal skull, composed of what looked like emerald stars, with a serpent protruding from its mouth like a tongue.

As they watched, the skull rose higher and higher, blazing in a haze of greenish smoke, etched against the black sky like a new constellation.

"Damn, it's the Dark Mark!" Sirius shouted and turned back to Harry, Ron and Hermione and snarled. "Stay here and don't move!"

He continued to move forward, waving his wand.

A red ray of light spurted up and spread out like fireworks. Through the dark of night, it was so bright, enough for the castle to notice...

Under the influence of Sirius's magic, Evan's body was falling more and more slowly.

Seeing that Evan was rescued, Harry, Ron, and Hermione all sighed with relief. They looked up again at the Dark Mark above them, as did the two Centaurs beside them.

It had now risen high enough to illuminate the entire sky like some grisly neon sign, spreading fear wantonly in the Centaurs' colony.

“The war is about to begin, and the Centaurs can’t escape...” The voice of the elder of the Centaurs slowly sounded. He seemed to be trembling, and the wrinkles on his face were getting deeper and deeper.

“What on earth is going on?” said Harry, startled to see Hermione’s face so white and terrified, constantly wiping her crying red eyes.

“It’s the Dark Mark, Harry!” Hermione moaned, and couldn’t help but cry out. “Evan must have encountered something up there! This is You-Know-Who’s sign!”

“You mean, Voldemort’s ...”

Before he had finished his words, the Dark Mark in the sky suddenly began to change.

The big snake in the mouth of the skull suddenly came out, seemingly attracted to something, and like a meteor, it rushed straight to Harry, Ron and Hermione.

“DUCK!” Sirius shouted, waving his right hand vigorously.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione fled, but it was too late, and the Black Mist whistled through them, blowing their robes.

On the skin, the Dark Mark that had shrunk countless times was slowly taking a shape...

In this black temple that used to be filled with innumerable evil taboos, the Black Devil’s old magic marked the chosen one, and he would return again and gain the power that the world couldn’t imagine. This time, death would no longer be the end.

No one noticed this. Panic was still rife, and everyone thought it was another black magic, but nothing happened.

The platform was a mess, far less happy than when Evan had just passed the test to get Gryffindor’s Key to the Treasure, and everyone was staring at him.

.....

In Hogwarts’ spacious school hospital, everyone surrounded Evan’s bed.

Dumbledore raised Evan’s right arm and carefully observed the dark green stripes of the snake. Snape, Sirius and Professor McGonagall stood beside him.

“Severus, this is your area of expertise.” Dumbledore said calmly, turning at the gloomy Snape. “You think this is...”

“No doubt, this is the curse that the man left behind!” Snape replied, with a sneer on his lips. “It’s a magic I have never seen before. It’s very powerful and ingenious. I actually cannot believe that Mr. Mason is not dead yet!”

Hearing his words, Hermione stood nervously waiting on the side, choked and tears flowed out of control again. Harry hurriedly patted her shoulder and tried to comfort her whispering.

“Don’t exaggerate there!” Sirius said in a low voice. “I just checked that Evan’s vital signs are very stable and there is no problem.”



“Black, is that what you think?” Snape turned to Sirius, his small eyes glittering with malice. “You think you know more, but in fact, you were at a loss and ran back to Hogwarts with Mr. Mason’s dying body from the Centaurs’...”

“Severus!” Dumbledore cautioned.

Snape snorted coldly, but did not keep on talking.

Sirius stared at him again for a moment, and then sat down with regret, watching Evan, who had not yet recovered from his bed.

“I can’t believe it. The Dark Mark reappeared in Hogwarts.” Professor McGonagall tightly wrestled her collar and her face was pale as never before. “Fortunately, not many people saw it, otherwise what would “The Daily Prophet!” say about it tomorrow?”

Chapter 370: End of the Centaurs’ Chapter

“Albus, since the Dark Mark is here, will that person...” Professor McGonagall said worriedly, her lips pressed together and her expression was particularly serious.

“I don’t think so, Minerva!” said Dumbledore calmly. “My sources show that he is still in the Albanian Forest. There’s been a lot of excitement and bustle around there recently, and so many things have happened. I don’t think he has the energy to think about Hogwarts for the time being, nor will he hide behind the scenes and plot anything.”

At Dumbledore’s words, Snape’s eyebrows were stirred up unnaturally.

Apart from him, no one knew what Dumbledore meant by the bustle about the Albanian forest.

Sirius hesitated for a moment and seemed to want to ask, but in the end he said nothing. He lowered his head and looked sadly at Evan in the hospital bed.

Voldemort did not return to Hogwarts, he had not regained his strength. The Dark Mark was only showing that he had once been there.

But this did not make the people in the ward happy. They were silent for a moment, and everyone was looking at Evan, who was unconscious.

Harry thought of Voldemort in the Albanian forest, and remembered what Sirius had said about the Dark Mark on their way back.

Thirteen years ago, it was the most horrific era of the Wizarding World.

Voldemort and his followers sent the Dark Mark in the air whenever they killed.

In a sense, this Mark represented Voldemort himself, he was death.

Now, the Dark Mark reappeared in Hogwarts. Evan had taken the black magic left by Voldemort, what would happen to him?!

Death, the word recurred in Harry’s mind.

He felt so bad that he shook his head to shake the idea out.

“What happened to Evan?” Hermione sobbed and wiped her tears.

“He’s not dead yet!” Snape said maliciously. “He’s lucky. He was holding the Philosopher’s Stone in his hand. The magic in it alleviated the power of the curse.”

“What about the little black snake around his wrist?” Harry asked.

“I don’t think your hollow head can take my detailed explanation of this curse magic.” Snape sneered and said, “You just need to know that as long as Mr. Mason has this Philosopher’s Stone with him, he can stop the power of the curse from spreading in him and keep his life.”

Hearing this, everyone’s nervous expression slightly eased.

As long as Evan had the Philosopher’s Stone with him, nothing would happen to him.

“When will he wake up?” Hermione hurriedly asked.

Snape snorted coldly, seemingly showing his disdain to answer such a silly question.

He re-observed the black snake on Evan’s wrist, and his eyes fell on the snake’s head.

There was an awkward silence in the ward. Hermione was not sure if she should ask, but she was afraid to disturb Snape who was observing Evan’s condition.

“At any time!” Dumbledore raised his head and said softly, “Miss Granger, Mr. Mason is likely to wake up at any time, and the magic of incitement has returned to calm.”

His calm light blue eyes slowly crossed the faces of everyone, giving them great confidence, and eventually fell on the red Philosopher’s Stone held tightly by Evan’s right hand.

Dumbledore seemed suddenly interested, pulled out his wand and knocked on it.

“Very wonderful, very wonderful!”

He couldn’t help exclaiming, his light blue eyes sparkling, “I have to say, this Philosopher’s Stone, from the perspective of alchemy ...”

“I’m sorry, Headmaster!” Snape interrupted him suddenly, and a cold smile reappeared in the corner of his mouth.

He looked at Sirius maliciously and said in a protracted voice, “I don’t think it’s time to admire a stone. The Dark Mark appeared in the school, a student has been subjected to a fatal curse. Someone must be held responsible for this.”

“Severus...” Dumbledore frowned.

“I don’t think it’s appropriate for someone to stay in school as a professor!” Snape stared at Sirius and said provocatively, “Without permission, he sneaked into the Forbidden Forest with a group of idiots who were not afraid of death and can’t even

distinguish the cursed black magic items. I can't think of any reason for him to stay here."

"Shut up!" Sirius clenched his fist and immediately loosened it. "This is because of me. I only wish that Evan wakes up and I am willing to take any punishment."

"Great, but I don't think you have..." Snape suddenly stopped.

In the bed next to him, Evan's head moved slightly and he was waking up.

A few seconds later, Evan opened his eyes and the first thing he saw was Dumbledore's calm, blue eyes.

His nerves finally relaxed completely. Behind Dumbledore, there were Sirius, Professor McGonagall, Harry, Ron and Hermione with caring faces.

Hermione's face was full of joy, but her nose and eyes were red. During this coma, the poor girl must have been crying so badly.

Evan looked up and he saw the sulky Snape trying to shrink himself into the shadows of the corner, as if he hoped he would not be noticed.

Outside the ward, Madam Pomfrey and Firenze the Centaur, were standing there.

"Professor, there is a curse on this piece of the Philosopher's Stone left by Gryffindor!" said Evan. "It's Voldemort who left it, I..."

"We already know, Mr. Mason!" Dumbledore said calmly and he gave Evan a brief explanation of his current physical condition.

"As long as I keep this magic stone with me, I'll be all right?!"

Evan looked at the red Stone in his hand, and he could feel the powerful magic coming out of it. Then his eyes fell on the tiny snake on his wrist.

"I don't feel anything unusual, but this curse?" He asked uncertainly, remembering Professor Trelawney's prediction.

This was the Mark left by Voldemort. Perhaps he was the chosen one.

"The Philosopher's Stone, the Curse and the power of your body have reached a delicate balance," Dumbledore whispered. "Mr. Mason, before we find a way to crack it, I hope you don't use your magic as much as before. It's very dangerous to break this balance rashly."

"So what should Evan do?" Sirius cried out, "We can't expect him to live with Voldemort's curse all the time and use magic carefully."

"Whose responsibility do you think it is?" Snape's voice, like a poisonous snake, continued to sting Sirius. "Think about how we can explain it to Mr. Mason's Muggle parents. They believe in Hogwarts. They sent their child here to a school they don't

know at all. But what happened now? Because of your recklessness and stupidity alone, we destroyed the future of a very promising young wizard.”

Sirius was silent. It was rare for him not to respond to Snape.