

Harry Potter 401

Chapter 401: Death and the Philosopher's Stone

Nicolas Flamel paused and carefully observed the expression on Evan's face before gently saying, "I saw death in it!"

"Death?!" Evan was surprised.

"Yes!" Seeing the startled look on Evan's face, Flamel could not help smiling. "This must be accurate, isn't it?! This stone basin made an effective divination and proved its accuracy. After talking to Albus two years ago, I've destroyed the Philosopher's Stone, so that I can keep off people ulterior motives. But it also means that I can't make the Elixir of Life anymore."

Even though Evan was still worried about the sneaky man he just saw in the stone basin, the mood became particularly grim when he heard Flamel's words.

He was not sure if he should comfort Flamel.

"All right, son! Don't show such an expression, it's no big deal." Flamel continued to speak in a relaxed tone, "Death is a relief for us. My wife Perenelle and I are ready to taste it."

"But..."

"For a young man like you, it seems a little unbelievable. But for us, death is actually like going to bed after a long day." Flamel waved to show Evan that he did not care. "And you must have heard Albus say that death is just another great adventure for a very sober wizard. Keep in mind that this is far from the end."

In the empty corridor, only Flamel's deep old voice echoed.

He seemed to be implying some thoughts, but Evan couldn't understand.

Although he had seen descriptions of death in many magic books before, they were all vague.

Among the ancient lost doctrines, many wizards believed that death did not simply mean the end of life, but the beginning of a new cycle, one that transcended life itself and opened up doors for another mysterious category of magic.

Only a truly powerful wizard was qualified to explore it.

Ordinary people, however, would only do everything possible to prolong their lives and avoid death.

Although not many agree with this, if it really belonged to magic, then there must be secrets that death opened up people to.

Evan wasn't certain that he'd just close his eyes and face death calmly if it arrived. Obviously, Flamel was more certain.

But before Evan could ask him about his views on the relationship between magic and death, Flamel blinked and continued. "I want you to ask, but now is not the time to tell you. My child, when your life is about to reach the end, you will understand what I said today."

Flamel looked at Evan carefully, with a smile on his lips, and looked at the confusion on his face.

"How long until that day? It all depends on your choice." Flamel's eyes slowly descended and fell on the Locket hanging on Evan's chest. "Unlike most, you have a choice. You also have a Philosopher's Stone, as I did before, which means that no matter how much wealth you want and how long you want to live, you can get what you want."

"I can't do this!" Evan said dejectedly, "It originally belonged to Godric Gryffindor. Gryffindor transformed this Philosopher's Stone a thousand years ago, and now it has no use but to provide magic."

He opened the Locket and took out the Philosopher's Stone.

The irregular red Stone glowed softly in his hand.

"I don't think so. If you have a little knowledge of alchemy, it's just a way of using magic in the Philosopher's stones to make gold from a stone and to make the Elixir of Life. The key is the Philosopher's Stone itself. It is the foundation. Everything is possible with this Philosopher's Stone." Flamel bent down and looked carefully at the Philosopher's Stone in Evan's hand. "This Philosopher's Stone has a lot of power, much stronger than the one I used to have."

Instead of removing the Philosopher's Stone from Evan's hand, he maintained the position and watched it for a few minutes before slowly raising his head.

"Although I don't know much about curses, there is no doubt that the power inside this Philosopher's Stone is very pure and powerful, far beyond imagination." Flamel looked at Evan and said softly, "Breaking the Curse on you is not a problem. In fact, as long as you master the use of this stone, no matter what you want, it will help you achieve it."

"What should I do?" Evan asked subconsciously.

"This involves very esoteric alchemy knowledge and related theories, it's still beyond your level." Flamel laughed. "What you need to do now is to restore this broken Philosopher's Stone and find the other half as soon as possible."

Evan put the Philosopher's Stone away. For the other half of the piece, it had only been taken away by the fallen Centaurs in the war 800 years ago.

He didn't know where it was hidden now, and he had no clue.

But from what Sirius said before, Dumbledore should already be doing the research, and nothing could be concealed from him.

“Although what I want to say next may not be appropriate, I have to. A Philosopher’s Stone is not really that wonderful.” Flamel’s expression suddenly became serious and he warned Evan, “With it, you seem to have everything, but you actually lose everything. This goes in line with the most basic principle of alchemy: equivalent exchange. It took me more than 600 years to understand this truth.”

Evan blinked. He did not fully understand what Flamel was saying.

Like Dumbledore, Flamel always liked to say half and keep half. All his warnings were to stop and let Evan think about the rest.

This might be an admirable way of teaching, but it was ambiguous enough to drive one mad!

“With the Philosopher’s Stone, you’ll get all your wealth and longevity, but at the same time you’ll have to be prepared to give up more.” Flamel looked at Evan and said slowly, “As a pioneer, if you ask for my advice, then I’ll tell you that these seemingly important things don’t actually do you any good.”

“I don’t understand!”

“When you understand, you can face death calmly!” Flamel gasped for a moment before continuing, “Today is the first time we’ve met. But no surprise, this should be our last meeting.”

Evan looked up at the old wizard. The light in his eyes was fading slowly.

At this moment, he was like a dying old man whose life was passing through his body at a speed visible to the naked eye.

Flamel waved his hand, interrupting Evan’s question, and signaled him to continue listening. “At the moment I destroyed the Philosopher’s Stone, I was ready to meet death. But because there was one thing I couldn’t rest assured of, I have never acted. Seeing you today, I finally can.”

Chapter 402: Prophet Abraham

Evan didn’t know what Flamel needed him for, nor did he know what he could rest assured of. If it was something difficult, perhaps Flamel would be better off relying on Dumbledore.

But looking at Flamel’s expression, it seemed that only Evan could accomplish it.

“It’s true that I am the only maker of the Philosopher’s Stone known to the wizarding world.” Flamel said slowly, “But I am not its inventor; at best, I’ve made minor improvements to it. In fact, this advanced alchemy was originally the work of ancient magicians, who used Philosopher’s Stones as a continuous Magical Power source for the exploration of the greater unknown existence, not for the Elixir of Life or making gold.”

Evan nodded, and he already knew about this. Each of Hogwarts’s Four Founders left a Philosopher’s Stone, which they made into keys to unlock the secret treasures according to the old methods of using it.

This was what he knew for a fact, but Evan had his speculation. He thought that perhaps, ancient warlocks created the Philosopher's Stone to conjure evil spirits.

Maybe that's what Flamel meant by 'the greater unknown existence'.

This inference also explained why the evil god discovered by the Centaurs would teach the fallen ones the power of the Philosopher's Stone to summon his magic of the world. Not only that, but through further research on the underground relics of Aragog's Lair, Evan had the decisive evidence.

He believed that in the process of creating or transforming himself into an evil god, Herpo the Foul had also used a Philosopher's Stone.

Not surprisingly, in the most critical steps, he must have used the power of a Philosopher's Stone to fuse his soul with the body of the evil god he created.

"With the demise of ancient warlocks, the craft of making the Philosopher's stone had also been lost." Flamel closed his eyes and showed a reminiscent expression. "But by chance, I got that semi-finished Philosopher's Stone and a book..."

Evan's heart was moved. He had read Nicolas Flamel's biography, which mentioned a mysterious magic book that was also considered the foundation of modern alchemy.

It was said that Flamel made the Philosopher's Stone according to the records in that book.

"The book was handed down by a man called Abraham," Flamel said softly. "You may not be unfamiliar with this name. In the Muggle world, he is considered to be a prophet of Judaism, Christianity and Islam, a person chosen and blessed by God from all living beings on earth, a messenger of God to the world, and a common ancestor of both the Hebrews and Arabs."

Flamel paused for a moment, leaving time for Evan to digest this shocking news.

"Of course, besides the prophet, he has many other identities. In the wizarding world, he is one of the most powerful ancient warlocks in history, with very strong power." Flamel said slowly, "Abraham is a man who lives in legend. I used to think he was fictional, not an existing man, but I did not expect that I would get the magic book he left behind."

Flamel gasped and continued to speak slowly in an old voice, "I remember graduating from Beauxbatons. At home, I found a stable job in the Ministry of Magic. But my mind was full of restless ideas, and driven by them, I finally followed a group of people from Paris to Egypt on a reckless expedition, despite the advice of my family."

"No one could think that my ordinary life would change dramatically during that expedition." Flamel continued, "There was nothing commendable about the expedition itself. After a few months of traveling, we found a relic left by an ancient Egyptian wizard according to a Treasure Map I don't know where we got it. Everything seemed to be going well, but waiting for us behind the door was not a treasure, but

four hungry, angry Manticores. After a hasty battle, the few of us who were still alive dispersed and fled.”

Evan could imagine the situation at the time. In the face of this extremely dangerous monster, one shouldn't even think about fighting. Turning around and fleeing was the most correct choice.

“I lost my way in the desert alone, with no food, no fresh water, no hope... I thought I would die there.” Flamel tightened his robe. “I still remember that night. After the blazing day had passed, the desert quickly went to the other extreme. There was no warmth in the endless, cold sand, and the whole desert reeked of death.”

“I was dying alone in the cold sand; my wand was destroyed in battle; I had no way to use Apparition. In fact, even if I had a wand, I couldn't do anything. The desert seemed to have a powerful magic. Under its interference, all my magic and magic items didn't work.” More than 600 years had passed, but mentioning this incident, Flamel's tone had a touch of despair within it. “After exhausting the last thread of physical strength, I collapsed and fell in the yellow sand.”

Pursuing the despair in Flamel's tone, Evan tried to imagine the scene.

In the endless desert, a person was lonely and helpless, only death was slowly approaching him, and the image of death was becoming clearer and clearer in his mind.

“That night, I had a dream!” Flamel frowned. “Until now, I can't tell what that magical dream was like. Maybe I have a prophetic lineage. All in all, in that dream, I met a man with a strange scepter. He said that he was Abraham. He told me that I would get a magic book. As long as I studied hard and understood it thoroughly, I could gain extraordinary power from it.”

Evan thought along too. Would Flamel's dream be just a prophecy?!

Or in other words, wouldn't this be more of a powerful force that acted on his mind while he was asleep?

Perhaps it was the magic left by an ancient warlock called Abraham who was sending him a message. It was not impossible for ancient warlocks to do this.

“The next morning, I woke up miraculously. Although my body was abnormally weak, I survived!” Flamel said, picking up speed as he spoke. “And that dream came true. Under the Divine guidance, I was rescued by an Arab caravan of Muggles. To thank them, I gave them all my Gold Galleons, and in return, they gave me an ancient, massive book, and a stone.”

Chapter 403: The Book of Abraham

Needless to say, that stone must've been Flamel's Philosopher's Stone.

But Evan was now very interested in the huge old book he mentioned. A book left by the most powerful ancient warlock, prophet, sacrificing, master astrologer, and wise saint Abraham was something beyond imagination.

Evan had previously speculated about the source of Alchemy that Flamel had mastered.

But he never thought that the truth of the matter would be so legendary. At this very moment, he discovered that his imagination was so wan.

Besides shock, Evan could not find any other words to describe his emotions at this moment.

Even when he first saw the unknown evil spirit, he was not so shocked.

He did not expect that what Flamel had got was “The book of Abraham”!!!

This magic book, which recorded the most profound alchemy knowledge, was even more precious than all the legendary magic items that Evan knew so far.

“I knew immediately that the magic book I got was the one mentioned by the man in my dream!” Flamel said slowly. “The Muggle that gave it to me didn’t know its value at all. He told me that he found the book in an abandoned ruin, but he could not understand even a word of its content.”

Flamel said he was tired, and he stopped to rest for a while.

“It was a big ancient book, not made of paper or sheepskin like other books, but of delicate, smooth bark. The cover was tightly wrapped with brass, engraved with words or strange symbols.” Flamel looked at Evan, who was holding his breath and listening carefully. “The words were not in English, Latin, French or other languages that Muggles could recognize, but I recognized them at a glance. They were ancient magic words that only the most knowledgeable wizards can read.”

While Evan was trying to think about the book of Abraham, Flamel did not stop, and he continued to speak with his old voice.

“It took me forty years to completely decipher the meaning of every ancient magic inscription on the cover.” Flamel’s voice suddenly dropped. “Sorry, my child! I can’t say it here. Unlike the ancient magic words we usually know, the words on the cover are magical. They are powerful spell. Even without magic, they can be triggered by the power of language... ”

Flamel’s intermittent voice was like a whisper, and even though Evan was very close, it was difficult for him to hear what he said later. He had to move a little forward.

Now, in the empty corridor, he could only hear an imperceptible voice.

Only Flamel’s lips seemed to be moving, and even the finest dust could not be disturbed. A strange and indescribable sense of mystery rose within the depths of Evan’s heart.

He felt an unprecedented depression, and he found that his hair was standing. This unusual uneasiness and fear grew stronger and stronger.

“My dear child, you just need to know that anyone who gets the book can no longer put it down from his hands. No one can ignore this book, because it can stimulate the greatest ambition and desire in people’s hearts and minds.” With a long sigh, Flamel’s voice gradually returned to normal. “What followed was very simple. With the help of that book, I refined the Philosopher’s Stone I got from Muggles at the same time. From then on, I acquired unimaginable wealth and eternal life.”

Although Flamel did not describe the specific process of refining the Philosopher’s Stone, Evan could imagine the hardships he had to endure.

It took 40 years just to decipher the ancient magic on the cover. The contents of the book were definitely more complicated and difficult to understand.

He could imagine Flamel sitting alone at his desk, day and night, double checking the book word by word to confirm the instructions he understood, and this process lasted for six hundred years!

“As I said before, the magic book is very thick. The pages inside are divided into three groups. There is no text on the front pages of each group. Instead, there is a strange pattern.” Flamel said, “It took me more than six hundred years to decipher it and acquire unimaginable alchemy knowledge from it, but up to now, I can only understand what is recorded on the first set of pages.”

Evan looked at Flamel, and the old wizard’s glimmering face could not conceal his feeling of failure.

He didn’t know why Flamel had such a look. In his opinion, it was already a great achievement to learn one third of the Content of a legendary magic book like “The Book of Abraham”.

What’s more, Flamel still had time. If he didn’t destroy the Philosopher’s Stone, and with the help of the Elixir of Life, sooner or later he would understand the knowledge recorded in the entire book.

“No, with the deepening of the research, I finally discovered that my starting point, the most basic part of all theories had gone wrong, and it didn’t make any sense to continue to persist.” Seemingly knowing what Evan was thinking, Flamel shook his head and said, “I chose to use that Philosopher’s Stone to gain wealth and immortality, to acquire things that are of no use, and thus gave up the opportunity to get greater knowledge. Perhaps death is the only thing I have... ”

Flamel closed his eyes and did not go on talking.

But things in Evan’s mind were getting clearer and clearer, and all his doubts seemed to gather and fade.

Flamel must have learned something from “The Book of Abraham”, so he said that death was just the beginning of another great adventure.

But what did he mean by opportunity?!

Flamel did not seem to have any intention of continuing to explain to Evan. It seemed that if he wanted to understand the ins and outs of this matter, he could only read “The Book of Abraham” himself.

However, when he thought that Flamel spent more than six hundred years to decipher one-third of the book, Evan felt a massive headache.

He didn’t want his future destiny to be spent in front of a table.

“As I just said, I’m ready to embrace death, but I can’t rest assured of one thing, so I have stored a lot of Elixir of Life.” Flamel looked into Evan’s eyes and said earnestly, “You should have guessed it. What I can’t rest assured about is the inheritance of the book. I can’t let it be buried after my departure.”

Evan felt his heart beating so hard, and his breathing could not help but be heavy.

In fact, he had this kind of hunch before, that Flamel might give him “The Book of Abraham”.

But when he was about to hear the news, he could not help being excited.

Before today, even in his dreams, he had no idea that he would get the legendary magic item “The Book of Abraham” on his trip to France.

Perhaps, Dumbledore had known that, and because of this, he took him to France, to Beauxbatons, to meet Nicolas Flamel...

Chapter 404: Secret Inheritor

“Two years ago, when I was determined to destroy the Philosopher’s Stone, I was always looking for the right inheritor.” Flamel’s voice came intermittently. “There were too few wizards to meet my requirements. I thought it would take a long time, even hundreds of years, so I prepared a lot of Elixir...”

At this point, Flamel stopped talking.

He leaned over and looked at Evan. In the dim candlelight around, his dark eyes were extraordinarily bright, and the deep wrinkles on his face eased.

“In addition to having enough wisdom and talent to inherit that book, the most crucial thing is to have a Philosopher’s Stone.” Flamel said, and then added with a rougher tone, “A pure Philosopher’s Stone without any modification. This is very important; it is the key to unlock all the secrets and get the treasure!”

“Like the one I have now?!” Evan asked.

“Yes, my dear child, this one you have.” Flamel held his breath and said attentively. “I once got a Philosopher’s Stone, but I used it stupidly to get eternal life and wealth. I thought I would never get another chance...”

Evan fiddled with the Locket and felt the power of the Philosopher’s Stone in it.

From what Flamel said, the real use of the Philosopher's Stone was not to obtain eternal life and wealth, but to obtain the key to the secret of "The Book of Abraham".

Of course, the Philosopher's Stone he got from Gryffindor was also the key to unlocking the Secret Treasure left by the Four Founders of Hogwarts.

There seemed to be a connection between the two things, or perhaps this was just a simple coincidence?!

Evan shook his head, he was not sure. The Four Founders, ancient warlocks, evil spirits, alchemy, Prophet Abraham, the whole thing was getting more and more complicated.

Only the tip of the iceberg had been unveiled about these secrets inherited from ancient times, and their potential was not yet fully explored.

However, what he had seen was already so overwhelming that thinking of what he could expect from the future almost took away his breath. All these things were beyond his imagination.

He couldn't help thinking that maybe from the moment he returned to Hogwarts a thousand years ago to meet the Four Founders, he had already been involved in this whole whole thing.

Following this line of thought, Evan carried on thinking.

It stood to reason that with the strength and wisdom of the Four Founders, even if they were the founders of Hogwarts, they should not worry about a Dark wizard that would come after over a thousand years, let alone leave a secret treasure or a powerful weapon to protect Hogwarts and stop Voldemort.

Because he knew the horror of Voldemort, Evan had always taken it for granted, but now thinking about it carefully, would Voldemort really be someone that they should worry about?

He thought about it; Salazar Slytherin alone, without mentioning the other three, could suppress the evil spirit that Evan had seen in the underground ruins on his own.

That was probably the most powerful and evil Dark wizard of all times, Herpo the Foul himself who created a new evil god!

The other three Founders were certainly similar, if not better than Slytherin.

How could a powerful wizard, who could do that, fear Voldemort, worry about a descendant of Slytherin, and worry that Hogwarts would be destroyed by him?

The series of recent encounters had also caused Evan to start doubting this even more...

The Secret Treasure left by the Four Founders was not used to resist Voldemort, but was actually found by Voldemort and modified for his ulterior purposes.

The treasure might not be a weapon against Voldemort, but something exclusively related to ancient warlocks and evil spirits...

Evan suddenly felt that his back was soaked in cold sweat. If that was the case, it would be terrible. He hoped it was all just his imagination.

Anyway, he now had to continue the search for the remaining Philosopher's Stones, and at the very least, find the half taken away by the fallen Centaurs.

“A few days ago, Albus wrote me a letter in which he said that you may be the inheritor I have been looking for.” Flamel continued. “I was skeptical, but after seeing you, I can be sure that he was right. You fully satisfied my conditions, and you are worthy of getting the book in my place to continue exploring its mysteries.”

“Just because I have the Philosopher’s Stone?” Evan was somewhat surprised. “So it’s not necessarily me. Anyone can have a Philosopher’s Stone...”

“The Philosopher’s Stone is really crucial, but it is not the most important thing, my child!” Flamel said with a laugh. “The key is your qualities . Whether it is me or Albus, we’re very satisfied with you. Two old guys like us are unlikely to agree on something wrong. You know, we have to be careful in choosing the inheritor; the power contained in this book is beyond imagination. If you have evil thoughts, it will be a disaster for the whole wizarding world and even the Muggle world.”

Flamel took a few steps forward and came to a dark golden curtain.

He waved his wand gently, and a click sounded behind the curtain. Only then did Evan notice that in this humble corner, there was a hidden door. Was “The Book of Abraham” behind it?

At Flamel’s suggestion, he followed him in.

Through the narrow stone gate, the narrow ramp built with huge stones kept going up. Because only a few people came through here, the stairs were covered with thick dust.

The air in the tunnel was slightly turbid and it was difficult to breathe.

But the thought of seeing “The Book of Abraham”, a magic book that only existed in legend, made Evan too excited and nervous to care about that.

Inside the walls on both sides of the ramp, there were many strange stone statues.

They were placed in niches in hollow walls; all of them were classic opera figures.

Evan knew that Flamel was the most loyal opera lover, but he did not understand why he was keeping so many stone statues of song characters here.

Just when he doubted it, Flamel suddenly stopped on the stairs.

“Here we are, it is here!” he said softly.

Along his gaze, Evan saw a statue of an old man in a robe, with wide eyes and a terrible look. Behind him, there seemed to be a devil!

He squinted so that he could see it better as from it, he could feel no magic.

But looking at Flamel’s expression, it was obviously not simple. Was “The Book of Abraham” hidden in it?!

“When I last reconstructed Beauxbatons hundreds of years ago, I left this trail here, just like most secret passages in schools, without magic, so that it would not be

suspected." Flamel explained, "But in fact, this statue of Faust and the Devil is the key to the door!"

Chapter 405: The Golden Cave and The Crystal Tree

Evan had seen a lot of Portkeys before, all of them more or less exuding magic.

That was the symbol of magic function, even the special Portkey to Azkaban Wizarding Prison, which was kept underground in the Ministry of Magic, was no exception.

But in front of him, nothing could be felt from the statue of Faust.

It was like all ordinary stone statues. There was no magic in it. Apart from its peculiar shape, nothing about it called for a second look.

"Don't be surprised. Like other statues around here, it's still a common stone carving. Only the right incantation can make it a Portkey." Flamel explained, "The space in which the book is located is protected by ancient and powerful magic, and no one can enter it without using the right method. This statue is the only way to get there. I use alchemy to leave a positioning prop for that space."

Indeed, the Portkey was a magical item that could quickly transport people from one space to another, and really seemed inconspicuous, looking insignificant.

Making a Portkey needs to be reported to the Portkey Office in the Ministry of Magic, and the incantation would be Portus.

As long as one thought about his destination while reading the spell, they would make it there.

But obviously, this one Evan saw in front of him was different from the common Portkeys.

First of all, it most certainly was not under the control of the Ministry of Magic. Moreover, after Flamel's transformation, the incantation should be different for alchemy prop that was dedicated to the space where "The Book of Abraham" was preserved.

"Have you ever seen the opera Faust?" Flamel asked softly.

Instead of rushing to use magic, he turned and looked at Evan.

Under his gaze, Evan shook his head and motioned that he had never watched it.

"Then I suggest you go and have a look. Although it's an opera created by Muggles, it's really a great classic that can help you understand a lot about life and philosophy. When you have time, I encourage you to go." Flamel said slowly in his old voice.

"Remember that when people work hard all their lives, it is inevitable that they would make mistakes. Even if their heart is shrouded by darkness, a good man would still recognize the right way to be honest..."

He recited some famous Faust verses, and then stopped to rest for a while, as if to leave time for Evan to think carefully about what they meant.

“My dear child, you are the heir of my choice!” A few minutes later, with a heavy voice and a solemn look, Flamel said, “I hope that you don’t indulge in eternal life, power and wealth as I did, which are of no benefit. Instead, you can go all the way to the end, and learn the true secrets of “The Book of Abraham”.”

He had just finished speaking, patted on Evan’s shoulder and walked to the front of Faust and the Devil statue.

“In the Beginning was the Deed!” Flamel said softly.

He looked at Evan again and used his wand to quickly knock on the statue.

A faint blue light flashed and the statue shook.

Now, Evan could feel the faint magic from it. The statue gradually changed from an ordinary stone carving to a Portkey, and the incantation was In the Beginning was the Deed!

This sentence was also from Faust, pointing to the origin of all things.

Literally, it meant that it was not language, nor ideas, but practice and action that implemented and created everything.

As long as one works hard, mistakes are unavoidable....

So don’t stop trying for fear of making mistakes, again and again.

“Are you ready?” Flamel put his hand on the statue and motioned Evan to do the same. “We’d better hurry and not keep Albus waiting!”

Just as Evan put his hand on the Portkey, the statue of Faust broke apart in an instant, and a soft blue light came out of it.

The light changed, the world in front of him changed, and he felt a fit of dizziness.

In the strange glorious world, he was pushed forward by invisible forces.

Everything around became distorted, as if he had entered a strange tunnel.

Evan did not know how long it took, and when he regained consciousness, he found himself in an empty, huge cave.

In the dim light before him, the statue changed back from a Portkey to a stone sculpture.

This was what Evan could see at first sight. With its different color, the original small statue of Faust stood out.

Behind the statue, the grotesque vertical downward stalactites of the cave’s walls, and the floors and roofs were not made up of rough stones, but were all dazzling gold; gold was everywhere in sight!

The entire underground cave was made of gold!!!

Evan looked at the surrounding with amazement, and only then could he really understand the meaning of “the golden touch”.

Before that, he had no idea that Flamel would actually use the Philosopher’s Stone to turn an entire cave into gold; the idea was actually insane!

If asked, he could only describe the scene before him as shocking. In fact, he had never seen so much gold before. Compared with the gold in front of him, all the wealth boasted by the pure blood wizard families was a joke.

No wonder Flamel warned him repeatedly before entering here.

Even though Evan had made up his mind, he couldn't resist the temptation of so much gold and immortality.

He tried to keep his breath steady, but his eyes could not help looking at the innumerable gold on the walls around him, uncontrollably.

"This is where I tried to work on the Philosopher's Stone. With countless trials, the overflow of energy from it made this happen." Flamel explained, "This space is tens of thousands of feet below Beauxbatons. Although it is so far, it is still under the protection of the various magic protecting the school. The original entrance was completely sealed by me. No one can enter this place without using this Portkey."

He walked forward and Evan hurried to keep up.

The cave was very large. Looking ahead, there was nothing but gold...

Evan had a feeling of spinning around and around. After a few steps, he could not even tell which was the bottom and which was the top.

In this golden world, everything seemed to have no boundaries, no limits.

Just when he felt like he was about to faint, he saw a massive old tree.

This ancient tree was not any species that Evan knew. Its trunk was enough for dozens of people to encircle.

The branches and leaves were so thick that it stood there like a huge triangular pyramid.

The leaves emitted a faint glow, which was the only source of light in the cave.

A few steps forward, Evan clearly saw that the leaves and texture of the tree were all fluorescent, transparent crystals.

In the center of the trunk, in an inward hole, quietly placed was a very thick magic book: "The Book of Abraham"!

Chapter 406: A Scepter, and Two Giant Snakes

"More than 600 years ago, I returned from Egypt to Beauxbatons with this book and put it here!" Flamel explained, "The seeds of this tree were also brought in at that time. I did not notice that it was actually caught in the pages of the book. By the time it was discovered, it had already begun to germinate and grow. With a few hundred years of alchemy experiments, it absorbed the powerful magic overflowing from the Philosopher's Stone and slowly grew up, gradually becoming what it is today."

Evan looked up at the huge old crystal tree.

Then, his gaze quickly turned to "The Book of Abraham" in the center of the tree!

As Flamel said before, this was a very big and thick magic book.

It looked very old, and its pages were made of delicate and smooth bark, which exhibited a strange lilac color under the fluorescence. The edges of the pages had begun to crystallize.

Yes, they were made out of crystal!

Like this huge old tree in front of him, they seemed to be of the same material.

Evan had a feeling that the pages of “The Book of Abraham” were made of this strange crystal old tree in front of his eyes, and they were all one.

He took a step forward so that he could see more clearly.

Simple, heavy breath came to him, although he did not touch, let alone flip the pages, Evan could clearly feel the traces of time that passed on the book.

It quietly resided in place as if it was never moved.

Thousands of years had gone quickly. It was conceivable that in history, countless talented and powerful wizards had owned this magic book.

Each of them was a powerful wizard who could leave a trace on the history of magic. Around the ownership of such magic book, there must have been countless fights and conspiracies.

From the current results, no matter how many people had ever obtained “The Book of Abraham”, none of them knew its true secrets.

Flamel should be the closest one to the truth. He had gained endless life and unthinkable wealth.

But he said that his starting point itself was wrong.

Evan took a deep breath and wondered if he could penetrate the mystery of the book, or like the previous owners, ultimately die with great regret.

He shook his head and hurriedly focused.

In front of Evan, the cover of “The Book of Abraham” was tightly wrapped in a large construction of brass.

It was covered with tiny, complex lines, and occasionally glowed with dark gold.

On the front cover there was no name written, nor were there horrible designs like other ancient magic books, as a warning to later generations.

On the contrary, it was densely covered with strange words.

Looking at these ancient words, Evan felt that he was vaguely acquainted, and he seemed to have read them somewhere.

Then he realized that these were all ancient magic words.

Not long ago, he had seen something similar in Hermione’s textbook.

Every Thursday night, Hermione spent more than five hours practicing ancient magic words she had learned on parchment or looking for information to learn new magic words.

Because he watched her too much, Evan also learned a lot.

But in front of him, these magic words were more ancient and complex than all the ancient magic words he knew. Strange patterns were twisted, and they were all looking like hieroglyphs.

Even if Evan racked his brain, he could not understand the meaning of these words.

“This book is yours now. Sooner or later you will know the meaning of these words. As I said, it’s a powerful spell.” Flamel said, “It doesn’t need magic, it can be put into practice successfully just by the power of language. I sincerely hope that you won’t have to use it someday.”

The power of this spell should definitely be beyond imagination for Flamel to repeat his advice.

Looking at the old words, there was a lot of speculation in Evan’s mind, but in the end they were all refuted one by one.

It was true that Abraham’s power as God’s spokesman in the world should not be understood by ordinary people at all.

Evan couldn’t imagine what kind of spell it would be.

At Flamel’s suggestion, he stepped forward and gently turned the pages open.

The pages were heavy and very rough!

Evan flipped through the book and noticed that it was divided into three parts, each consisting of seven pages.

On the front page of the first part, there was no text but a stone.

Evan only looked at it once and recognized it as a Philosopher’s Stone.

The next seven pages were all ancient magic texts like the cover. They recorded the knowledge related to alchemy, from which Flamel developed the method of making Philosopher’s Stones.

On the first page of the second part, there was no text, but a pattern.

It was a huge scepter with its head and tail swallowed by two giant snakes. To Evan’s surprised, they were ones that he had seen before.

His underground experience in Aragog’s Lair was still vivid in his mind.

In the stone chamber where the horrible eyeball monster was located, Evan saw four magic items left by Salazar Slytherin on the last mural.

They were the Locket, the ring, the wand, and a scepter that was surrounded by two green snakes from bottom to top; it was the scepter drawn on the book.

No mistake, Evan could be sure.

Apart from the fact that the scepter was surrounded by two snakes from the bottom to the top, and that the scepter above the picture was being swallowed by two snakes, the details remained exactly the same.

There was no difference in the lines on the body.

Evan was short of breath. He didn’t think that his premonition would actually come true. “The book of Abraham” was related to Slytherin himself.

Salazar might have gone a step further than Flamel, who only had the Philosopher's Stone at his disposal. Flamel just studied and understood the first part of the book.

But Salazar Slytherin got the snake Scepter, and he had possibly figured out the second part.

Because he had so little information, Evan could not be sure whether Salazar had ever acquired the book. If he was the owner of the book, why did it not remain in Hogwarts, but was lost in ancient Egypt to be finally found by Flamel?

If Salazar hadn't read "The Book of Abraham", where did he get the snake Scepter?

He did not know what it meant. It was all a mystery.

Evan tried to calm down, not to think about these things, and kept turning back.

Behind the scepter swallowed by the giant snakes, there were six pages of ancient magic inscriptions.

These magic words were more esoteric and incomprehensible than the previous ones. Evan felt like they were a child's graffiti, purely meaningless patterns.

He looked at it for a while, without the slightest clue.

No wonder Flamel had studied for hundreds of years and hadn't found anything.

It seemed that the only way to understand the meaning of the above words was to find the snake Scepter left by Salazar Slytherin.

Thinking of this, Evan could not help but sigh.

It seemed that there was only endless trouble associated with Slytherin.

Besides the evil god created by Herpo the Foul, there were his descendants of vampires who were facing great difficulties.

Chapter 407: Flamel's Legacy

Compared with the treasure keys left by Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw with no clues, Slytherin was troublesome here, but the clues were very obvious.

First of all, Slytherin had a special Vault numbered 1 under Gringotts, on the island surrounded by magma in the deepest part of the earth.

Under the goblins' supervision, the Vault had not been opened for nearly a thousand years. The scepter must be hidden inside.

Secondly, Evan had previously obtained the nameplate left by Salazar in the underground relics.

With Harry's help, all the words recorded in Parseltongue had been deciphered.

There was also a map behind, which led to the ancient Temple in ancient Greece where Slytherin had found the evil god created by Herpo the Foul.

The last ancient warlock in the history of magic and the root of the most evil magic known to modern wizards, Herpo the Foul, was definitely there.

Maybe Slytherin was there looking for the snake Scepter?

In any case, it was necessary to explore that temple.

Besides Slytherin's Locket hanging on Evan's chest, he also knew where two other items left by Slytherin were.

As one of the Horcruxes, the Ring inlaid with the Resurrection Stone was hidden by Voldemort in Gaunt's shack. After the adventure of the Philosopher's Stone would be over, he was planning on going to look for it.

But the curse that Voldemort left on him was no small trouble.

If it wasn't for Dumbledore by his side, Evan didn't think he would have much of a chance to break it.

As for Slytherin's wand, it was kept by his vampire descendants for generations.

If Elaine's prophecy was true, then Evan was likely to be the one who was destined to help them solve their problems.

It wouldn't take long for them to take the initiative to come to his door.

With so many clues, it should not be impossible to get that snake scepter, but it would be very troublesome and difficult.

The first part of the book had Flamel's research as a reference. He had just to learn it to master it.

There were also some clues to decipher the second part.

Evan continued to turn over the pages.

On the first page of the third section, there was no text above.

But there was no pattern. There was a dark mass, like a large piece of dripped ink, covering almost everything on the page.

Evan flipped back, and the following pages were the same. They were all dark and unclear. He stared at them for a while and could not see any clues.

The black ink on the pages seemed to have magic. Evan just stared at it for a while, and he felt that his soul was being sucked out and absorbed by the book.

"This is the power of magic. This book is resisting our attempts to read more. Only when we really understand the second part can we see the content beyond it."

Flamel's voice came at the right time, interrupting Evan's thoughts.

He raised his head and looked at the magic book in his hand. Only then did he realize that he had been too careless and did not consider the danger of the book.

The shock of reading "The Book of Abraham", and the fact that Flamel had studied it for more than 600 years, made Evan overlook that the book itself was a legendary magic item, and that its contents were not as simple as they seemed.

"The first part of this book is about alchemy. You need to understand the meaning of this part before you can continue to study what's beyond that. Alchemy is the basis for deciphering Abraham's legacy of magic." Flamel stepped forward, flipped the

pages back to the first page and pointed to the Philosopher's Stone above. "Remember, the Philosopher's Stone is the key to everything. Of course, you can also choose to use Alchemy to transform it and gain immortality and wealth. I won't blame you if you do that, but I hope you would choose a qualified successor and pass on the book if that had to happen."

Under Flamel's gaze, Evan Solemnly nodded.

Despite the temptation of immortality and wealth, he wanted to stick to it until the end and see what kind of magic and secrets Abraham had left behind in the book.

And he also had a feeling that as the Secret Treasure left by the Four Founders of Hogwarts gradually intersected with "The Book of Abraham"; the hidden parts of the book would play a vital role at critical moments.

"Very good, this book is yours!" Flamel stared at Evan for very long, slowly putting "The Book of Abraham" into his hands.

He sighed softly as if he had fulfilled his last wish in life.

"In order to avoid misleading you, I can't pass on my results to you." Flamel said slowly, "But as one with experience, I can give you some advice to help you shorten the study of the first part."

Evan focused on what Flamel was going to say next.

"The first is the ancient magic inscription on it. If you chase it word by word, it may take you hundreds of years to find the inscriptions in hundreds of ancient books." Flamel took a thick piece of parchment from the gray cloth bag he carried with him. This is my research manuscript. I call it "The Pictographic Dictionary. It should be helpful to you."

Evan took "The Pictographic Dictionary" and looked at it briefly.

This manuscript was of extraordinary significance. Not only did it record a large number of ancient magic words that had been deciphered, but also Flamel's experience in alchemy.

Getting "The Book of Abraham", Evan was his only successor.

He had to break the secrets left by the ancient warlock Abraham on Flamel's behalf, and complete what he had failed to achieve.

In that way, getting "The Pictographic Dictionary" was truly getting Flamel's legacy.

Although in modern times, the main way to acquire magical knowledge was entering wizarding schools, some special forms of magic were still being handed down inside pure blood wizard families, and some of them through this ancient way of mentoring.

Evan bowed formally to Flamel, paying tribute as a humble apprentice.

“You need to stay in Beauxbatons for a month. I will personally teach you the basics of ancient magic and alchemy, so that you have enough ability to study alone in the future.” Flamel helped Evan up, “I talked to Albus about this, and also it needs time to confirm the clues to the whereabouts of the remaining part of the Philosopher’s Stone.”

Evan nodded, and it seemed like he was about to spend most of his summer vacation in Beauxbatons.

Being able to follow Flamel’s teachings was an honor and a very rare opportunity.

As the longest living wizard in the world, he not only was the strongest alchemist, he also knew a lot on other forms of magic and secrets beyond imagination.

Chapter 408: The Emerald Tablet

“To learn more about alchemy later on, I suggest you go to Egypt.” Flamel continued, “The wizards there collected a piece of stone called the Emerald tablet, which records the knowledge of alchemy collected by the ancient Egyptian pharaohs. It can help you to understand more this book.”

Indeed, all ancient Egyptian pharaohs were powerful ancient warlocks.

They were prominent in their lifetime, having absolute reign over ancient Egypt. With the help of sacrifices, they drove several slaves to build huge temples and mausoleums.

After their death, they also attempted to resurrect with Necromancy magic to achieve immortality.

In this context, alchemy also originated in ancient Egypt. It was the most direct product of the Pharaohs’ exploration of immortality.

Evan had heard about the Emerald Tablet before.

In many ancient magic documents, he saw records related to this Tablet.

As early as 1350 B.C., this legendary Tablet was found by several adventurers in a secret chamber under the Pyramid of Pharaoh Hermes in ancient Egypt.

It had been preserved and inherited in the Egyptian wizarding world since its inception.

This Tablet is recognized as the earliest literature on alchemy, and the most direct evidence that ancient warlocks once existed. It has extraordinary value and significance.

In the Middle Ages, all alchemists had a transcript of the Emerald records hanging in their workshops, which was the ultimate guidance they needed.

Among the materials available at present, it is known that the Emerald Tablet includes 13 proverbs related to alchemy, which are recognized as the basis of alchemy.

It is said that its author was the god Thoth.

Thoth was the god of wisdom and learning in Egyptian mythology, in charge of the moon and the underworld.

Although in the history of Muggles, he was considered to be an ancient god of Egypt, in the wizarding world, Thoth was an ancient warlock who existed in the early human history and was very powerful. His strength and status were not inferior to that of the prophet Abraham.

In addition to the creation of the “Emerald Tablet“, he was also the author of the legendary Egyptian mysterious magic classic “The Book of the Dead“.

This book records many black magic spells, all related to the terrible necromancy.

In legend, those who could understand the magic recorded in this book could truly obtain eternal life, have an immortal body, and become living gods.

Of course, the original of this legendary magic book has long been submerged in the torrent of history.

The current “Book of the Dead” is only a fragment, which was later excavated by wizards from the tombs of the high priests of Thebes in the Eighteenth Dynasty of Egypt.

Even so, this book is still the deepest black magic book.

Even many of the archetypes of black magic documented in “Secrets of the Darkest Art” and the basic knowledge involved in the process of refining the Horcrux are also from the “Book of the Dead”.

This was enough to see the value of these two legendary magic books.

“I will write a letter for you to let the Egyptian Ministry of Magic allow you to consult the “Emerald Tablet“, from which you will surely get more than you think.” Flamel said, “The inscriptions on that Tablet are also ancient magic words. Before that, you have to master enough magic words.”

Most of the magic books handed down in ancient times are recorded in ancient magic texts. To study them, it is necessary to learn ancient magic texts well.

Flamel was currently the world’s most proficient master of ancient magic writing, and this added to the value of the opportunity of learning from him.

Evan must cherish it; he hoped to learn all Flamel’s knowledge in a month.

But he knew he couldn’t, but at least he could write down all he could.

“We should go; Albus should also have finished the dessert I prepared for him.” Flamel said, “You can put them in this bag and carry them with you.”

He unwrapped the gray cloth bag around his waist and handed it to Evan.

Evan put the two magic books in it. This special cloth was transformed by Flamel with alchemy and the Undetectable Extension Charm, and it had a lot of space.

Besides, it also had a certain protection magic, and would not be lost or stolen from the owner.

That was exactly what Evan needed. He had been trying to learn the Undetectable Extension Charm, but this magic was very troublesome. He had tried many times without success.

When Evan walked into Flamel's office, he saw Dumbledore sitting at a round table not far from the stove.

With a cup of steaming coffee in his hand, he smiled at Flamel and Evan as if he knew everything.

His blue eyes stopped short on Evan. He did not ask whether he had succeeded or why they had taken so long.

"Nicolas, thank you for the cake. It's really delicious!" Dumbledore stood up, smiled and said, "You must have seen the Philosopher's Stone on Evan. What do you think?"

"Undoubtedly, that Philosopher's Stone has very strong energy, very pure, its texture is much better than my previous one." Flamel also poured a cup of coffee. "As long as the rest is found and the Philosopher's Stone restores its integrity, you can use its power to break Evan's curse, no problem at all."

"Very well, the problem now is the whereabouts of the rest!" Dumbledore said calmly, "I already have clues. And when I was looking for the Centaurs' tracks to find the Philosopher's Stone, I also got some very interesting information. It seems that we're not going to be lonely for the rest of the journey. "

Evan squinted. Dumbledore seemed to have something to say.

Where on earth was the Philosopher's Stone taken by the fallen Centaurs, and what kind of interest could it cause to Dumbledore?!

"Albus, according to the previous agreement, I was hoping that Evan could stay for the next month." Flamel said slowly, "This is already the least amount of time I could take. If less, I don't have enough assurance to let him grasp all the ancient magic texts he should know."

"No problem. I just need to confirm the clues!" Dumbledore nodded. "I will talk to Maxime about this. Although Evan and her students had made some unpleasant deeds this evening, I think that for you and me, she would still allow Evan to stay in Beauxbatons during the summer vacation."

Hearing Dumbledore's reminder, Evan thought about what had happened tonight.

He was a little embarrassed. As an outsider from another school, he made a big fuss in Beauxbatons on the first day and got away safely. This was totally unheard of before!

Fortunately, the summer vacation was ahead of them. Otherwise, he would have to face the students of Beauxbatons, and have more trouble with Gabrielle.

Chapter 409: Summer Life in Beauxbatons

At noon, the sun shone through colorful mosaic glass, leaving mottled shadows on the ancient stone pillars and arches of Beauxbatons Academy of magic.

At the very edge of the light and shadow, a handsome boy sat at an exquisite long table.

He was sitting quietly in a black wizard's robe with an indescribable temperament.

The young man's eyebrows were slightly wrinkled, and he concentrated on the parchment scroll in front of him.

He was about twelve or thirteen years old and had a handsome face.

His black hair was soft and slightly curled, and his eyes were a little blurred; violet light seemed to flow through their sclera. In his focus, hint of childishness could vaguely be noticed.

Evan had been in this position for a long time. He was studying the ancient magic inscription on the parchment in front of him. That was Flamel's assignment for him.

The parchment was full of complex, esoteric magic symbols, and he stared at these ancient magical texts for a long time.

Suddenly, with a flash of inspiration in his mind, he seemed to finally understand.

With the quill in his hand, beautiful magic words were written out one by one.

Under the influence of magic, air was swirling within the circle half a meter away from Evan. He was at the center, and he seemed to be within gently rotating crystal clear glass.

This was the power of the deepest ancient magic writing, invented by ancient warlocks. It was originally created to better record and use magic.

Although Evan did not use incantations, the power of the ancient magic text itself still faintly resonated with the magic of his body, forming a wonderful rhythm.

A few minutes later, he let out a sigh of relief, put down the quill, stood up and drank half of the juice.

Evan took a sip of juice and looked at the work that he had just finished satisfactorily.

With the help of Flamel, he had now mastered more than 300 ancient magic words.

This meant that Evan was now getting started.

He was able to identify the vast majority of magic words written in ancient magic scripts.

In fact, his learning of all these words in such a short time was barely short of a miracle.

Indeed, unlike the ancient magic inscriptions already published in the wizarding world, many of these magic inscriptions that Evan had mastered were exclusive collections of Flamel.

Some of them took him dozens or even thousands of years to decipher them, and it took Evan only a month to learn them. Not starting from scratch was proving to be extremely helpful.

For a month since the start of summer vacation, Evan had been in Beauxbatons.

During the day, he would follow Flamel to learn ancient magic writing, listen to him about the contents of the "Hieroglyphic Dictionary", alchemy related basic knowledge, as well as all kinds of magic secrets, and occasionally share classic operas with him.

There were many things that interested Flamel, and in a sense, he was even more knowledgeable than Dumbledore.

Although not deliberately collected, more than 600 years of life were enough to make him know a lot of things that had been forgotten and lost in the long history.

Listening to Flamel telling about these as a witness, the effect was several times better than looking them up in books.

Every night, Evan spent most of his time in the library. At Dumbledore's request, Maxime allowed him to use the library of Beauxbatons.

However, if he wanted to read banned books, he had to get Flamel's consent.

Flamel didn't care about that at all, which meant that Evan could go through the magic books of Beauxbatons for hundreds of years at will without any worries.

He enjoyed his present life very much. He was freer here than in Hogwarts.

At the very least, Madame Pince would not let students arbitrarily flip through the dangerous banned books. Even if they had a professor's approval, it would still be hassle.

Needless to say, Filch would appear in every corner of the castle, monitoring students anytime, anywhere, not allowing them to do this, not allowing them to do that....

Because of the holidays, the current Beauxbatons' campus was quiet.

There was no one else on campus except the Flamel couple, Evan, Sirius, a handful of professors and ghosts.

Every night, if Evan was tired of reading, he went to Sirius to practice gladiatorial combat...

Because of the curse, he couldn't use a lot of magic, but it gave Evan enough opportunity to practice those low-level spells and various casting skills.

Sirius could not give much help to Evan in such professional magic subjects as magic and alchemy in ancient times, but he was absolutely the most competent teacher in Dark Arts defense and fighting. He had many very unique training methods. Although it was very hard, Evan had to admit that the effect was very good.

It was many years ago that Sirius had taken the Auror test. His training methods came from that.

After he passed all of them, he was eligible to register with the Ministry of Magic to become an Auror, and was the youngest Auror ever.

In short, despite not learning more powerful magic, through more than a month of practice and improvement, Evan's overall strength had definitely increased and more than doubled.

His current level of strength had completely exceeded the level that the young wizard should have.

In fact, not just young wizards! In many spells, even those well-known adult wizards who had graduated from the Wizarding School were no better than Evan.

Everything went very smoothly, and all that remained was to find the piece of the Philosopher's Stone taken away by the fallen Centaurs, and to break the curse that Voldemort had left on Evan.

But there was no news from Dumbledore. Shortly after the beginning of summer vacation, he and Maxime had left Beauxbatons.

Sirius said they had to go back to the British Ministry of Magic to discuss the upcoming Triwizard Tournament with Durmstrang's Headmaster and Ministry officials.

Under the joint initiative of Fudge and two other Ministers of Magic, the entire European wizarding community and the three Wizarding Schools were interested in restoring this ancient event.

They intended to use this as a platform to strengthen communication and exchange between students.

The Triwizard Tournament had been very popular in history. It was an ancient tradition among the three schools. However, it was gradually abandoned because of the large number of deaths.

Since then, there had been no formal communication platform between the three Wizarding Schools. Due to the confidentiality of their own unique magic and teaching methods, the trend of closed doors in the three Wizarding Schools had become more and more obvious.

All in all, this was not conducive to the development of the European Wizarding world.

Especially in recent years, under the leadership of the Magical Congress of the United States of America, the American wizarding world had shown a thriving scene different from that of Europe, and its overall strength had greatly increased.

In this context, European Ministries of magic, especially the mainstream Ministries of Britain, France and Germany, were under great pressure and were often criticized by the mainstream voice for being too conservative.

They had to try to make a change, and the first step in that direction was to restore the Triwizard Tournament, which had been suspended for nearly a century.

Chapter 410: Departure to Albania

In fact, such a change was really necessary.

The idea of restoring the Triwizard Tournament was also very good, helping to break the gap between schools and countries and to integrate the European wizarding world into a whole.

Unfortunately, no one thought that Voldemort would have a foot in this event.

He plotted a conspiracy to bring Harry out of Hogwarts and use his blood to regain his strength.

In the original book, the upcoming Triwizard Tournament was absolutely a nightmare.

Cedric's death, Voldemort's return, and the Death Eaters focus again.

Great changes had taken place in the quiet wizarding world, ringing the bells for the Second Wizarding War.

War meant disaster. Even with good prevailing in the end; losses in lives were inevitable. Even Dumbledore had fallen, and anyone could die.

Evan did not want this to happen. Since history had changed, then it was necessary to change it more thoroughly than ever before.

He had to rely on strength, not just knowledge of the story, to defeat Voldemort.

Now he was making a great step towards becoming the powerful wizard he wanted to be, to protect Hermione, protect lives, and protect Hogwarts.

Nothing could frighten him, not even Voldemort.

Evan had made up his mind to destroy the conspiracy of Voldemort's return.

After Dumbledore had discussed the arrangements for the Triwizard Tournament, he immediately wrote a letter to Professor Lupin, asking him to pay more attention to Barty Crouch.

Evan hoped to find the remaining half of the Philosopher's Stone soon enough for him to find time for dealing with the problem of Barty Crouch Jr.

He finished his juice and went to Flamel's office with his ancient magic work.

When Evan entered Flamel's office, he was surprised to see that Sirius was also inside, and they were talking.

"Evan, Dumbledore has just written to us, he has already determined the location of the remaining half of the Philosopher's Stone. Let's go immediately." Sirius said.

"Really?!" Evan rejoiced, and then he looked at Flamel sitting beside him, "I haven't learned about ancient magic writing yet."

"I think you have enough knowledge to study on your own." Flamel said calmly, "Evan, you are the best student I have ever taught. In more than 600 years, you are not the only talented wizard I have ever seen, but you are the one I like the most. Your future, as I see it, holds promise without limit. I hope you can find out the real secret."

Looking at the kind old wizard, thinking of his teachings over the last month or so, and the possibility of not seeing him again after his separation, Evan suddenly felt rather sad.

He bowed deeply to him, rubbing his eyes with the back of his hand, not wanting to cry in front of Sirius and Flamel.

"Well, you have to set off to find the Philosopher's Stone!" Flamel said. "Remember, Evan! Be sure to go to Egypt to consult the "Emerald Tablet". It will be very helpful, even crucial, for you to understand the first part of the book on alchemy!"

"I'll remember!" Evan nodded.

After saying goodbye to Flamel, he and Sirius went out to the empty hall.

"Where are we going?" Evan asked. "Where's the Philosopher's Stone?"

"Dumbledore asked us in his letter to find him in a pub outside the forest in southwestern Albania." Sirius handed Evan a rough parchment. "I've checked the relevant information. Near that bar is a wizard gathering area."

Looking at the letter's description of the location of the pub, Evan had a bad feeling about this.

Unexpectedly, they actually had to go to the forests of Albania. If he remembered well, Voldemort was hiding there right now!

Would everything really go smoothly on this journey to find the Philosopher's Stone?

The Eagle Bar was located at the edge of the vast forests in southwestern Albania, just south of the capital Tirana and not far south of Greek territory.

On the wooden signboard outside the bar, an ugly black double-headed eagle was painted.

Because it was too old, the paint on the scene had begun to fade, and whenever the wind blew, the tattered sign made a crunching noise.

This kind of sound was like that of a crow's cry, very ominous!

Near the bar was a small village composed entirely of wizards. After centuries of development, it had become the second largest wizard gathering area in Albania.

Unlike the tranquil and beautiful Hogsmeade, it looked more like Knockturn Alley.

In the small village, the dragons and snakes were mixed, laws did not seem to exist, and there were sneaky, evil-looking Dark wizards and dazzling black magic shops everywhere.

In fact, the situation in the country as a whole was generally the same.

Owing to years of war and poverty, Albania was one of the most chaotic countries in Europe, and its Ministry of Magic also managed territories outside the capital.

This situation had led to an increasing influx of fugitives and Dark wizards. Robberies and killings occurred from time to time. Chaos and disorder were synonymous with the country.

Albania was like the headquarters of the Dark wizards in Europe, where you could find any contraband related to black magic provided you could pay enough.

Of course, apart from this, the beautiful mountains and forests of this country are indeed worthy of being visited, provided the visitors are strong enough to protect themselves.

While watching from the ferocious creatures in the forest, one should be alert to the wizards with ulterior motives around them; otherwise they might not realize they're dying before it's too late.

Overall, Evan didn't like the place.

It had been three days since he and Sirius came to this dirty little bar, and Dumbledore seemed to have disappeared from sight without leaving a message.

Sirius told Evan not to worry. Dumbledore must have been caught up with something, so he never came to them.

With Dumbledore's strength, there was nothing for him to fear.

Although he was comforting Evan, Sirius himself looked even more annoyed.

As a little-known pub, the Eagle Bar had so many guests recently.

From their appearance, they were mostly Dark wizards, proud and unruly adventurers and desperados.

After some inquiries Evan and Sirius did, it turned out that not long ago, an adventurer had found a relic deep in the nearby forest.

To be more precise, it was a relic left by ancient Centaurs.

