

## Harry Potter 411

### Chapter 411: The Centaurs' Relics in the Depths of the Forest

As things stood, it was no surprise that the Centaur remains were the ultimate destination of Evan's trip, and the Philosopher's Stone was probably there.

Eight hundred years ago, the fallen Centaurs sailed across the sea with the broken Philosopher's Stone and the statue of the evil god, eventually rebuilding a new colony in the forest of Greece on their own.

Their original purpose was unknown, and there had been no news of them since then.

All in all, this rogue Centaur clan suddenly disappeared from the history of magic, leaving only the ancient mysterious remains quietly standing in the depths of the forest.

Not long ago, several adventurers found the remains of the Centaurs in the forest.

They brought back a large number of exquisite ornaments made of gold and gems, as well as a lot of tablets carved with ancient magic, which shocked the entirety of the wizarding world.

Although the Ministry of Magic of Albania had repeatedly stressed that all the belongings of this Centaur relic belonged to the country, it was in vain.

Driven by greed, more and more wizards flocked to this remote village, trying to get a piece of the treasure from the newly-found Centaur remains.

Evan disdained the recklessness and stupidity of these people. The remains of the Centaurs were not as simple as they were rumored to be. That terrible evil spirit must be there.

Although the fallen Centaurs were no longer there, the spirit must still exist.

If it was re-summoned, then more people would be just its sacrifices and become part of its massive flesh body.

What's more, this could happen in this dark forest, with Voldemort lurking there, waiting for intruders, planning a new plot.

Although Evan didn't care about their lives and deaths, he had to admit that these unexpected adventurers had disrupted his previous plans and that if any of the guys had found the Philosopher's Stone in the Centaur ruins, things would be extremely terrible.

Obviously, Sirius thought the same way.

After warning Evan to stay in his room and not run around, he began to go out frequently to get information about the progress of those who had entered the forest.

Creak, creak, creak...

Evan put down his quill pen, and in the shaking sound of the tattered sign outside, it was difficult for him to concentrate on the study of ancient magic writing.

His mind seemed to be all about the Philosopher's Stone and the Centaur relics. The noise of the ground floor lobby penetrated the thin wooden planks, which made him even more upset.

With a sigh, Evan pushed open the window, which was piled up with thick dirt, and let fresh air blow in to disperse the strong smell of mutton in the room.

There was no news from Dumbledore for a long time.

Watching groups of adventurers leave the village and enter the forest; Evan had an impulse to follow them in.

Whatever it was, it was better than staying in this small, dirty bar.

His eyes looked away from the edge of the forest and went to the low, dark doorway opposite.

An old witch with a hood was looking at him with an unkind smile on her face.

She was looking at Evan wickedly, as if he was a lamb about to be slaughtered.

Although Evan did not feel threatening by the old witch, it was still really uncomfortable.

He closed the window, falling back on the bed. His consciousness gradually blurred.

When Sirius woke Evan up, it was already late. Some rough candles on the rough wooden table gave an unpleasant dim light.

Sirius looked very agitated and seemed to have just experienced a battle.

“We can’t wait any longer!” He said quickly, his voice sounded a bit hoarse. “The latest news I got, the adventurers have entered the Central Temple of the Centaurs colony and completed the exploration of the ground floor of the place. They did not encounter any obstacles and continued to move up into the core area, which sounds like trouble!”

“But Dumbledore,” Evan hesitated.

“Let’s go into the forest first. Dumbledore will find us.” Sirius said, “The Central Temple of the Centaur Remains is exactly the same as the Temple of the Moon in the Forbidden Forest of Hogwarts. With our understanding of it, we should find the Philosopher’s Stone.”

“Time to act?!” Evan sat up from bed, and then asked, “Just the two of us, or with other adventurers?”

“Just the two of us, we’ll go tomorrow morning!” Sirius said, “I can’t believe in those guys out there. They’re all fugitives, thugs.”

Evan quite agreed with Sirius.

The adventurers downstairs were really not reassuring. They seemed to be more willing to ditch their companions for the treasures in the centaurs’ ruins.

Acting on their own would avoid the two many unnecessary troubles.

After discussing the specific action plan, Evan followed Sirius downstairs.

Unlike the daytime, the bar tonight was extraordinarily quiet, and most of the guests had their faces firmly blocked.

Here, it was very popular to do so.

Just like now, there was a man at the bar whose whole head was wrapped in dirty grey bandages, but he still could smoke and drink through a bandage gap in his mouth.

At a table by the window sat five sneaky figures in hoods, batches of tattered robes that looked like those of Dementors.

In a dark corner beside the fireplace sat three wizards, dressed in heavy black robes worn only in winter, with the hem hanging down to their feet, and a dark scarf wrapped tightly around the head.

Evan couldn't see anything of them.

The bartender was a middle-aged witch who looked very strong. She served Evan and Sirius two dinners and a free drink.

In fact, in this small and old bar, Evan, who was young and dressed in a clean robe, seemed to be the strangest one.

He just sat down and there were a lot of unsightly eyes.

But after seeing Sirius next to Evan, most of them turned their eyes away, with an unwilling look.

"Watch out for the wizard in the corner!" Sirius whispered.

Evan raised his head and glanced quietly at the old wizard in front of him. He was hunched so badly and the stick in his hand was evenly shaking.

Under the stick there was a little skeleton doll hanging with a thread. It looked very evil.

"That's one of the most popular evil magics in Africa; it can curse a person and destroy him completely." Sirius said, "Come on, we'd better stay away from him."

During the past three days, Sirius had introduced to Evan many things he had never seen before, and it had benefited him a lot.

#### Chapter 412: Missing Witch

He stared curiously at the swaying skeleton figure in the old wizard's hand for a moment, and felt a strange wave of magic from it.

This feeling was very similar to the snake bracelet in his arm. It was somewhat a similar kind of curse.

In general, this kind of witchcraft was considered to be one of the many branches of Dark Arts.

Evan saw the description of this witchcraft in the book. Unlike wizards who use wands, these wizards prefer to use other media to complete curses.

For example, the doll in the hands of the old wizard was a medium of casting spells.

Because of the diversity of casting media, this sort of witchcraft is more evil than ordinary black magic in the impression of most wizards, and was a taboo and uneasy subject to many.

Evan and Sirius talked about it for a while, discussed methods of defense against it until the bartender came over and interrupted them.

“Did you hear?!” She lowered her voice and said in a funny tone, “There’s a witch missing. She’s from England like both of you. Maybe you’ll be interested. But let me say it’s not a surprise in a place like this, but you’ve asked me before about this, I think.”

She stopped and looked at Sirius and Evan with a smile.

Sirius knew what she meant. He took out a Gold Galleon and threw it to her.

“Well, maybe that’s the person we’ve been looking for.” He muttered.

Since coming to Albania, Evan had been looking for Bertha Jorkins.

According to Lupin’s feedback, they had not heard from her since she went on vacation in Albania’s forests. No one knew where she was.

Sirius, though, thought that she was likely to venture into the remains of the centaurs, or be too confused and get lost in the nearby forest.

But Evan had a feeling that even without the help of Peter Pettigrew, Jorkins would still be caught by Voldemort as in the original plot.

If that was the case, then things were going to be really bad.

Voldemort would get everything he wanted from her, whether the names of the most loyal servants who had remained out of Azkaban, or that Hogwarts would host the Triwizard Tournament. For Voldemort, who was intent on restoring his strength, all this information was crucial.

“Her name is Bertha Jorkins!” the waitress continued.

She put Sirius’s Galleon into an old wooden locker and the drawer slid open by itself and swallowed the money in.

Evan and Sirius exchanged glances quickly. It was Jorkins indeed!

“About half a month ago, she set out from here and followed an adventure team to the hunt of the treasure in the remains of the Centaurs in the forest.” The waitress leaned on the bar. “Of course, besides stones, this group of unfortunate fellows found nothing. They were back here today, and there is one person missing in the team, the witch named Bertha Jorkins. It is said that she suddenly disappeared from the camp one night after entering the ruins, and she has never been seen since.”

“That’s all?” Evan frowned and asked.

“You want to hear some more?!” The waitress laughed and poured a glass of wine from a dirty bottle. “Don’t expect those guys to tell the truth, they don’t care about anybody’s life. Maybe THEY did it.”

Evan was silent. If Voldemort had captured Jorkins that night, it would be clear that he was also in the remains of the Centaurs.

Perhaps that's why Dumbledore was taking so long.

As long as Voldemort appeared near the Centaur ruins, Dumbledore would definitely continue to follow him. They might even be fighting now.

Although Voldemort was no match for Dumbledore in his current state, he still had a lot of black magic beyond imagination.

Moreover, Voldemort's understanding of the darkness of human nature was the most terrible.

"Don't worry!" Sirius whispered, "Things may not be like you're imagining. With my knowledge of Jorkins, she may have left that team."

"I hope so."

"Speaking of it, there have been more and more news about the disappearance of witches recently." The waitress looked at Evan carelessly and said, "You'd better know, there may be a group of vampires around here, and children are the favorite food of these monsters."

"Thank you for your concern!" Evan responded faintly.

Since knowing Elaine, he did not think that vampires were so terrible.

Albania was originally the headquarters of Dark wizards, and it was not surprising to encounter more "special" Dark creatures such as vampires and werewolves.

Vampires were hard to deal with, but Evan was no longer easy to mess with either.

Without using too much magic, even if he couldn't fight, he could still escape safely.

"This morning, there was a little boy your age crying around. His mother actually brought him here for vacation." The waitress sighed. "But she disappeared into the jungle, leaving the child alone to ask for help."

"And then?!" Evan vaguely remembered that someone was crying downstairs in the morning.

But when he went down for breakfast, he didn't see him.

"He was taken away by a group of adventurers who said they would help him find his mother in the Forest." The waitress shook her head, apparently not optimistic about it.

No wizard here had ever been so kind.

All things could be happening to that poor boy. It was said that there were many witches who specialized in collecting the hearts and minds of boys to perform evil witchcraft.

“I don’t think a wizard of your age should be here. It’s not a good place for a holiday.” The waitress looked at Sirius and added, “Although your uncle is very strong, you are too weak. Accidents can happen. You’d better leave here as soon as possible.”

“We will leave in the morning!” Evan whispered.

By the standards of ordinary people, Evan did look weak. Whether it was age or size, he didn’t seem even little threatening.

When faced with danger, a young wizard like him should not be able to resist. If one person in the pub would be targeted among all these people, it should probably be him.

If Sirius hadn’t been with him all the time, trouble would have already come to his door.

The waitress persuaded him with a few more words. Thinking about the experience of the boy of his age, Evan felt bad and did not want to continue listening.

He pulled Sirius’s sleeve and the two got up to prepare themselves.

Just as he reached the stairway, Evan suddenly had a strange feeling. He turned his head quickly. By the dim candle light at the stairway, he finally saw the three wizards sitting in the darkest corner of the fireplace. They were looking at Sirius.

The man in the middle looked familiar. He was tall and strong, and Evan vaguely felt he had seen him somewhere before.

Chapter 413: The City in the Dream

The feeling of familiarity was obvious, but Evan couldn’t remember where he had seen him.

The man’s body was very strong, his face was full, and with his strange dress, Evan would never forget if he had seen him before.

It was certainly the first time he’d met him, but this feeling...

Then, he found that something was wrong. The magical fluctuations in the air were undergoing subtle changes. The man was using magic to spy on him and Sirius.

This was a very sophisticated spell-casting technique. If it hadn’t been for more than a month, Flamel had asked Evan to use the magic in his body when writing ancient magic scripts and feel the magic changes when different magic texts were completed, he would not have noticed the subtle changes.

Under the influence of this magic, as long as the distance was not too far, the man could grasp the specific location of Evan and Sirius at any time.

The purpose of using such magic in such an occasion was self-evident.

Evan whispered a few words in Sirius’s ear, and then quickly pulled out his wand and read a spell. A white light flashed by.

He cast an anti-detection spell to break the opponent’s magic.

Sirius also pulled out his wand and pointed it directly at the three people opposite him.

Just in a flash, the chatter in the bar hall came to an abrupt halt.

Everyone was looking in their direction, and many people were looking forward to watching the “show”.

In fact, the three guys opposite were amazed that Evan could break the magic the strong one had cast. They didn't expect the teenager, who looked only twelve or thirteen years old, to discover the magic and respond so quickly.

All three of them focused on Evan, and then turned to Sirius's increasingly bright wand.

They were stiff and sat there motionless.

The light at the end of Sirius's wand told the three of them very clearly that if they dared to move, they would be hit by a powerful spell.

“WHAT ARE YOU DOING? GO OUTSIDE IF YOU WANT TO FIGHT!” The waitress rushed over and shouted at the three men in heavy robes, “GET OUT, GET OUT!”

Under the watchful eyes of Evan and Sirius, the three quickly got up and left the bar.

Because they were very close, Evan could smell an unpleasant odor.

It was as if something had decayed and degenerated, coming out of their robes and headscarves.

When they came to the bright candlelight in the hall, Evan found that their robes were covered with black patches, all clots that had coagulated.

“Damn vampires!” The waitress muttered in a low voice.

It turned out that the three of them were vampires. No wonder their skin looked so pale.

Perhaps as the waitress said earlier, women and children were the targets of vampire hunting. They might have regarded Evan as food, so they cast that magic.

It was a special magic that vampires could use, and it was generally difficult to be discovered by wizards.

Things seemed to be that simple, but Evan still felt that something was wrong.

After the man in the middle stood up, the feeling of familiarity grew stronger in his mind.

In addition to the strange familiarity, this time he had a bad hunch about this.

It was like being stared at by a beast, and Evan sweated all over and his hair stood up.

He kept thinking about it until he went to bed.

In the dim light, he felt he remembered something, but in the blink of an eye he had entered into a dream!

When Evan opened his eyes, he found himself in a dark stone chamber.

The surroundings were shrouded in endless darkness, and even the ground and surrounding walls were black.

It took him a long time to realize that he was in a dream.

No matter from which perspective, this sudden dream was too real.

Evan didn't like this feeling. The dream was not that simple.

It should be some magic beyond his ability. He must have been targeted by something weird and powerful.

Under a soft light, he saw a man standing in front of him.

He was tall, wearing a thick black robe and a funny headscarf. It was the vampire Evan had just seen downstairs in the bar.

He stared at Evan, giving out a gust of ghastly laughter.

Evan remembered why he had a sense of déjà vu when he saw him. This man was the one he had seen in the prophecy basin made by Flamel.

As before, he seemed to be ready to do something and cast a horrible black magic.

The sense of danger grew stronger and the situation grew more sophisticated...

But soon, thick fog began to rise around, covering everything up.

When the fog dissipated, the black stone chamber and the man had all disappeared.

With Dream transition, at this moment, Evan stood on a towering terrace.

Clouds drifted past him and beneath him was a beautiful city.

Evan shook his head and took two steps forward so that he could see more clearly.

In front of him was a beautiful city shining with golden brilliance. The buildings were similar to those he had seen before in the Centaurs' colony, but more sophisticated.

A silvery river ran through the city, dividing it into two parts.

Layers of red roofs and old pointed gables climbed the hillside to the north, providing a shelter for the grass-green cobblestone alleys below.

Just below the terrace was a rectangular wide square.

The fountain at the base of the obsidian spurted spring water, emitting a radiant glow in the sunlight. Flower beds and spectacular statues lined up around the square.

The ancient and mystical atmosphere enveloped the city, just like a thick dark cloud hanging over an untouched mountain range that only existed in legend.

As before, Evan didn't like the feeling.

This dead Centaurs city might be that of the fallen Centaurs 800 years ago in the forest, but it was definitely not what it looked like in reality.

Judging by what was around him, he should now be standing at the central Temple of the Centaurs city.

Evan turned around and saw a magnificent statue 100 meters high. It was one of the evil god summoned by the fallen Centaurs that he had seen in the illusion before!

He took a deep breath. Did this monster drag him into this dream?! What was the purpose of doing so?!



Evan subconsciously touched the Locket on his chest. If this evil spirit had begun to regain its strength, then it must want to take away this half of the Philosopher's Stone.

Indeed, the enormous magic contained in the Philosopher's Stone was the indispensable energy for it to return to the real world from the void.

#### Chapter 414: Evil in the Forest

Evan looked at the huge statue of the evil spirit, and his almost fading memory came up with all kinds of emotions. He was in awe, and almost lost his senses.

The statue was calling him, summoning him to come to its side.

Eight hundred years ago, the fallen Centaurs took away a part of the Philosopher's Stone.

The remaining magic in the broken Philosopher's Stone was not enough to bring this evil spirit back to the world. It needed this piece from Evan.

Maybe that's why Evan came into this dream.

The evil spirit that gradually recovered its power perceived the half of the Philosopher's Stone that Evan was carrying in the vicinity. It required Evan to submit to him and hand over the Stone.

The closer Evan was to the remains of the centaurs, the more obvious this feeling became.

Its statue looked so awe-inspiring and extraordinary, as the greatly powerful god it depicted.

Seeing it, the first impulse people would have would be to bow to its majesty.

Unfortunately for it, it did not know that Evan had seen its true colors in the illusion created by Gryffindor and knew what the so-called god was like.

Not only would Evan not give it the Philosopher's Stone, but he was also ready to take back the other half that the Fallen Centaurs took 800 years ago.

Through these few contacts, it was not difficult to find that the most powerful ability of evil spirits lied in Legilimency and the control of dreams.

They could make illusions and enter into someone's dreams.

Just as the Dementors feed on happy emotions, the evil spirits can find all the gaps in the mind that can be used, arouse the darkness in the deepest part of a person's heart, and absorb the negative emotions such as fear, madness, anxiety, etc., and devour his soul.

They need flesh and blood to build their bodies, while negative emotions make them strong.

In Aragog's Lair, the Acromantulas took the captured animals to the underground ruins and used their flesh and souls to help the eyeball monster regain strength.

But this was far from enough. The souls of those animals were too weak.

When Malfoy released a large amount of negative energy due to his fear of darkness and the unknown, and finally chose to submit to it, the eyeball monster really regained its noumenon.

Evan did not believe in the divinity of the evil spirits, nor was he confused by the illusion in front of him.

He took another look at the statue of the evil spirit and began to feel bored.

Limited in strength, this thing now only had the ability to turn over and over in such a way as to confuse, create chaos and continual illusions...

There was nothing to be afraid of before its essence really came to the real world.

Like Voldemort, who was hiding in the forest not far away, no matter how powerful it used to be, it could only survive in a dark corner.

After discussing the matter with Dumbledore, Evan was already prepared to deal with it.

He tried to empty his mind and used Occlumency to resist the spiritual infiltration of the evil spirit.

About a year ago, Evan began to practice Occlumency, which could effectively help the user resist the invasion and influence of Legilimency.

It was not like a wand that could be mastered quickly, and the recurring distractions in his mind made him do a bad job.

Evan couldn't really close his mind like Snape, but the effect of using this spell was really very obvious.

The dream in front of him was looking like a bad signal TV broadcast. The picture began to show obvious fluctuations and was no longer as clear as before.

With Evan's mind closed, the connection between the two sides was getting weaker and weaker.

The statue of the evil spirit and the exquisite Centaurs city under the terrace began to crumble and become fragmented, and Evan fell into an endless pit that formed underneath him.

When he woke up, it was already dawn.

Nothing in front of him had changed, as if nothing had happened.

The cold of the morning made Evan sober. He sat on the bed and gasped for a while, thinking about the evil spirit and the vampire that appeared in the dream.

When the sweat on his body completely dissipated, he got out of bed and came to the window.

Outside, the night was fading, and the dawn slowly awakened the sleeping creatures.

Evan opened the window and the cool air slowly blew in.

In the sky, the gray-blue dome gradually began to fade from the top of the head and gradually became a faint blue smoke bordering the horizon.

A soft mist rose at the edge of the forest, and the distant hills were smeared with a soft milky white. The white mist rendered everything hazy and illusory.

Just as Evan was immersed in the beautiful scenery in front of him, he suddenly heard a sharp, bleak cry, which sounded very sad.

He looked down and saw a white-skinned woman under the window.

She had long silver-white hair with a shawl and a black cloak. But he couldn't see her face and age clearly.

For some reason, she cried so hard. She clapped her hands and made a loud noise.

The voice was very loud, and it was particularly harsh in the empty and quiet streets in the early morning.

But strangely, no one came out to dissuade or inquire about the situation.

Evan even had a strange feeling that he was the only one who could hear her crying.

It was so strange that when he just wanted to ask what was going on, the woman under the window seemed to feel it, and suddenly raised her head and stared at Evan.

What a face she had! Bluish white skin, dilated pupils, and facial features that had begun to rot and deform. This was a dead person!

Evan stepped back and couldn't believe what he had seen.

Unimaginable!!! He actually saw a dead woman moving and crying.

What on earth was going on? Was it Necromancy, witchcraft or some other magic?!

Evan thought of Inferi, but this woman obviously had her own thoughts.

Or maybe it was an indescribable creation of the evil spirit.

After its attempt to infiltrate and control Evan in his dreams had failed, he sent such a fellow over.

The monster downstairs seemed very satisfied with Evan's reaction.

Looking at the frightened boy, she opened her big scary mouth, exaggerated upward, showed an ugly smile, and a few maggots fell out of it.

After a brief shock, Evan quickly recovered.

No doubt, this was a dead Banshee!

He had previously seen the introduction of this dark creature in "Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them" and the Defence Against the Dark Arts textbook, but he had never seen it before today.

He did not expect it to be more horrible than what was described in books.

In fact, the Banshee predictor of death was very rare, it was harmless, but in general, wizards thought it was extremely unlucky to see it.

From the perspective of divination, this was a very bad ominous harbinger, second only to seeing the big black dog predicting death.

As the name suggested, if the predictor of death Banshee cried loudly downstairs, it meant that the person in the window it chose would die soon...

Chapter 415: Centaurs Ruins and the Destroyers

Evan was in cold sweat, and felt his blood freezing in his veins!

His heart was beating so violently. The Banshee heralded death, and its sudden appearance under his window meant that he...

He was distraught and took out his wand. Without waiting for him to cast a spell, the Banshee downstairs screamed and fled toward the woods at an amazing speed.

Soon, it disappeared into the thick fog.

Only her red, swollen, scary eyes remained in Evan's mind for a long time.

Affected by the sudden appearance of the evil god in the dream and the predictor of death Banshee crying under the window in the morning, Evan was in a bad mood and couldn't lift his spirits.

Until the time of departure, he had not fully recovered.

After breakfast, Sirius and Evan Apparated to the depths of the woods.

Nearby, they explored the edge of the site of the Centaurs monument. Influenced by the ancient magic in the relics, no one could Apparate in and they could only walk.

Along the way, watching strange scenes in the woods, Evan was careful.

Sirius could not help persuading him to relax. There was no need for him to be so nervous.

"Look at the tiny soft yellow flowers on those low bushes!" He pointed to a strangely shaped plant, trying to divert Evan's attention and let him not think about the messy things. "You haven't seen this plant before. It's a specialty here. It grows only in countries near the Mediterranean. Its scientific name is..."

"Quercus coccifera!" (Note: kermes oak) Evan looked up and continued, "I used this plant when I was making high-level interpretative Potions. The market price per kilogram is three Gold galleons, and five Gold Galleons if processed."

The kermes oak looks like a shrub or a small tree.

Its bark is grayish-white with sharp spines, and it's the national flower of Albania.

The rhizome of this flower is an essential material for the manufacture of advanced Potions. It has strong acidity and is difficult to handle. It can only be used in Potions classes above fifth year.

"It seems that you did have a good preview of the Potions textbook in advance. With a student like you, Snivellus will be happy!" Sirius was a little embarrassed.

"He generally ignores me and Hermione now!" said Evan. "While he keeps bullying other Gryffindors, he treats us as if we don't exist."

"Now that I am no longer a professor, I don't have to abide by Hogwarts rules." Sirius said angrily, "If Snivellus dares to bully you again; sooner or later I will find an opportunity to teach him a good lesson."

Evan doubted whether Sirius had ever complied with the school rules.

Moreover, judging from his comprehensive strength, he was far from being Snape's opponent.

Thirteen years of imprisonment in Azkaban had a great impact on him. Up to now, his face has not completely recovered from the original decline.

After talking about Snape, there was a moment of silence between them.

"I know what you're thinking now!" Sirius took a deep breath. "In fact, many people have seen the death-predictor banshees. They have done nothing to hurt others,

except for their bad voices. As for the omen of death, I've seen too many, you can't really believe that deceptive trick?!!"

"Of course, I didn't take that banshee to heart!" Evan replied absently. "I'm just thinking about something else..."

Many signs and traces indicated that their trip would not be too smooth.

Losing contact with Dumbledore, Voldemort lurking in the dark, the evil spirit slowly recovering its strength, and the sudden appearance of vampires and the banshee...

In the face of all this, Evan prepared himself for the worst!

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Unexpectedly, nothing happened until they entered the ruins of the Centaurs.

The journey in the woods went very smoothly. After climbing a hillside, the ruins of the city left by the fallen Centaurs 800 years ago appeared in front of them.

Unlike the Centaurs' colony in the Forbidden Forest in Hogwarts, this ancient relic was located between two towering peaks, with clusters of stone buildings arranged one after the other. The narrow entrance to the ruins was a winding alley paved with grass-green pebbles.

The alley continued upwards along the rugged and steep mountain, relying on the terrain as a form of natural defense.

Every few steps upward, there was a solid fortress or the debris of a checkpoint.

It was conceivable that the fallen Centaurs could hide behind these fortifications and use bows and arrows to attack the intruders. Even fierce trolls could hide there.

In the upward direction, it was a huge circular platform, and the terrain was not so steep.

The living environment here was much better than below, with fewer houses and many temples and obsidian statues for decoration.

These statues were all kinds of Centaur figures with different shapes.

No doubt, they were all ancestors of the Centaurs. It seemed that even if they believed in the evil god, the fallen Centaurs still kept their reverence for their ancestors.

At the highest point of the ruins, there was a magnificent Temple.

It was also the only building that remained intact in the entire Centaur ruins. It was made of the hardest obsidian, engraved with exaggerated carvings, and looked exactly the same as the Temple of the Moon in the Forbidden Forest at Hogwarts, but on a much larger scale.

Evan's gaze went up from the entrance to the ruins and eventually locked on the towering terraces on both sides of the Central Temple.

Everything in front of him corresponded to his dreams last night.

However, the remains of the Centaurs in front of him were not the beautiful city that he saw in his dream, shining beautifully with golden light. Time had ruthlessly destroyed everything.

The wizard adventurers, who had recently arrived, had destroyed whatever remained intact for the sake of treasure, leaving only a mess.

The river beside the cobblestone alley had dried up and had been replaced by a grassy river.

The stone huts with beautiful red roofs built by the Centaurs were no longer there. The beautiful wall tiles were scattered all over the place, telling the glory of the past silently.

In order to obtain the gold and gems inlaid on the statues, the intruders destroyed all the statues of the Centaurs, not at all concerned with their artistic value.

As for the central temple, which was also where all adventurers were most concentrated, although no change could be seen from the outside, when Evan and Sirius entered the ruins, they could still vaguely hear the loud noises from time to time inside the Temple.

Needless to say, most intruders did not know the mechanism designed by the Centaurs according to the changes of stars. But they had another way to enter the core area: Destruction!

Regardless of the mechanism, as long as all the gates were destroyed with powerful spells, they would enter the deepest part of the Temple sooner or later.

Although this method was simple and crude, it was really very useful.

The fallen Centaurs who abruptly disappeared did not seem to have left any defensive measures such as curses to protect their sacred Temple.

Not only wizards, but even Muggles could easily break in.

That's why Sirius and Evan didn't stay in the bar waiting for Dumbledore, but decided to come here ahead of him.

Chapter 416: Voldemort and the Vampire Caresius

As Evan and Sirius entered the ruins of the Centaurs, a shimmering orange light flickered in the darkness in a hidden stone chamber in the deepest part of the temple.

"Last night, my people met Sirius Black in that bar, and there was a boy beside him, about twelve or thirteen years old!" A man said, with a deep, powerful voice, "That child has a strong sense of magic, beyond imagination..."

"It's really interesting!" another voice said.

This was also a man, but his voice was strange, cold and piercing like the cold wind.

"Black and a boy, he should be a student of Hogwarts, maybe this is why Dumbledore suddenly appeared in this forest!" The cold voice paused for a while, "Let me think about it. No doubt, our goals should be the same... all powerful hidden forces in this desolate Centaurs Temple."

"I don't understand, since you have chosen that magic, why do you come here to look for other powers? You should know what kind of evil is hidden in this place!"

“You don’t understand, Caresius, although we have a common ancestor, our pursuit of power is not the same.” The voice said coldly, “No matter what is here, I will get the Philosopher’s Stone left by the ancient Centaurs, which will make me stronger!”

“The magic that leads to the final area requires a lot of flesh and blood to crack.” Caresius said, with a hint of anxiety in his voice. “I suspect that the magic itself is an ancient sacrifice ceremony. We are calling a monster that does not belong to this world.”

“I can feel the voice talking to me. But it is bluffing. It is now weak and even weaker than me. It cannot stop us.” The cold voice now sounded menacing, “Do as I say, Caresius, and order your people to lure more fools here. We need more flesh and blood sacrifices to open the gate. We must enter the core area before Dumbledore sees through everything and returns here.”

There was a moment of silence, and the atmosphere in the chamber was very depressing.

“You should remember our agreement, Voldemort?!” Caresius whispered. “For Slytherin’s sake, I have to remind you once again that we are just working together, and I and my people are not your men.”

“Naturally, I remember, our goals are the same, Caresius!” Voldemort now spoke in a different tone and said in a smooth voice, “I will help you deal with that trouble after I have fully recovered my strength. I also want to see what our great ancestor, Salazar Slytherin, left behind.”

“If you really want to help us, then hurry and regain strength.” with a hint of anger in his voice, Caresius said, “You can do it without Harry Potter!”

The chamber was silent again, longer than before.

“No Harry Potter?” Voldemort seemed to be thinking. He said softly, “I understand...”

“That boy is under Dumbledore’s close protection. We have no chance to approach him at all. I don’t want my people to die for your foolish perseverance.” Caresius raised his voice. “If we use another wizard, male or female, things can be decided quickly, and we can always bring you a suitable person. I think the boy with Black is good. He has a lot of magic.”

“Use another wizard?!” Voldemort’s voice became colder and colder. “You don’t understand, it has nothing to do with the strength of magic.”

“I don’t see any difference in this. My opinion is obviously more reasonable.” Caresius went on to say. “As long as you give up that meaningless persistence, you can quickly become stronger, instead of hiding here like a bug.”

"I know everything, Caresius!" Voldemort said hoarsely, his blood-red eyes fixed on the vampire in front of him. "This is not meaningless!"

For a while, he seemed to want to cast a Killing Curse as a response to the offense.

A huge snake, at least twelve feet long, also slipped gently from the corner, leaving a winding, wide track in the thick dust on the ground.

It hissed at Caresius showing its icy tongue.

The tension reached its zenith, and Caresius put his hand on his wand at his waist.

But nothing happened. Voldemort started talking again, his voice cold enough to cause goose bumps.

"I have my own reasons to use that boy. I explained to you that as for the boy's strict protection, I believe my plan will work."

"But your plan will take a few months to succeed." Caresius was not convinced. He stared at the big snake on the ground with disgust, holding his wand tightly in his right hand. "You should know that during this time, any accidents can happen."

"I won't use anyone else. I have been waiting for thirteen years. It will be fine to wait a few more months." Voldemort said in a whisper, "I have my own plan, if you want to continue cooperating, don't continue bringing up that topic!"

"Very good, I noticed that you killed the woman named Bertha Jorkins!" Caresius said angrily. "If this is your plan, it is stupid! I remember me reminding you that the woman was an official of the Ministry of Magic."

"I killed Bertha Jorkins because I had to. After I had finished my interrogation, she was useless, completely useless." Voldemort said diplomatically, "If she came back to the Ministry of Magic with the news of meeting me during the holidays, it would really destroy our upcoming plans."

"We could have dealt with this in many ways besides killing her..." Caresius said, "We have a lot of special magic that could alter her memory."

"I have to admit that vampires do have a lot of magic tricks that ordinary wizards don't, but they are not fail-proof." Voldemort said, "Any magic, no matter how strong, would fail before a wizard who's strong enough, which I confirmed when I interrogated her."

Caresius did not speak, apparently disagreeing with Voldemort.

"In short, it is also an insult to her memory not to use the information I got from her." Voldemort said softly, "As long as you do what I say and find my most loyal servant, he will do the rest for ME."



Chapter 417: The Vampires' Conspiracy

"Your most loyal servant?!" Caresius said disdainfully. "As reward for his loyalty, he can only get death."

"If that's the case, it would be his honor to die for the Dark Lord, an honor that many of my followers are eager to get." Voldemort said coldly, "On the British side, how are your people doing?"

"They're ready; they are waiting for an opportunity. You can't expect a group of vampires to break into the home of a senior official of the Ministry of Magic in broad daylight to find a hidden death eater." Caresius said, "We've got the news that Britain will host the Quidditch World Cup in the near future. At that time, wizards will flock to the country from all over the world. All the meddlesome members of the Ministry of Magic will be deployed and concentrated in one place, thinking of safety, afraid of being discovered by Muggles and not having the energy to think about anything else. We are ready to start at that time."

"Don't make too much of a scene, Caresius, we can't draw the attention of Dumbledore and the Ministry of Magic." Voldemort whispered, "I can wait, believe me, you and your people are very important. I don't want you to sacrifice in vain."

"It's a real honor!" Caresius sneered.

There was another awkward silence, and neither of them said anything.

The deep distrust between the two sides was self-evident!

For Voldemort, he could even give up his most loyal servant. There was no reason to believe how important a group of uncooperative vampires would be to him.

"Give me a body." After a long time, Voldemort said in his icy piercing voice, "I can feel that the last magic of this Temple is about to lose its effect. I want to get that Philosopher's Stone and see in person the fellow hiding underneath. I have heard a lot about him. The power of this unknown creature from the void is unique and may come in handy."

.....

Evan walked into the desolate Centaurs ruins with Sirius, and they followed the winding road to the empty square in front of the central Temple.

The sight in front of him surprised him.

Compared with what he had imagined, it was much busier here.

There were hundreds of wizards crowded together, and there was an endless stream of hawkers everywhere. It looked like Diagon Alley.

The stalls were full of Potions and adventure supplies. Besides, many businessmen and even goblins were collecting the loot just found in the ruins of the Centaurs.

These trophies included tablets carved with ancient magic inscriptions, planet trajectories, Centaurs' sacrificial items, etc., but the largest number of them was made of large quantities of gold, with strange abstract style and seemingly meaningless weird decorations.

Evan looked doubtfully at a goblin under the banner of Gringotts, and what it had just collected from an explorer team.

He never knew that the fallen Centaurs had collected so much gold.

These fallen Centaurs didn't seem to be the same as the Centaurs he knew. In the Temple of the Moon in the Forbidden Forest of Hogwarts, he only saw relatively cheap obsidian and granite.

This extinct Centaur clan obviously cared more about luxury.

This was too suspicious. Looking at these gold ornaments, Evan wondered whether it was a deserted Centaurs' colony or an underground vault in Gringotts.

It's true that, for a long time, the Centaurs had been outside the mainstream society of the wizarding world.

As an arrogant jungle creature, if not necessary, they usually didn't get in touch with humans or other creatures, whether wizards or goblins. They did not trust them.

They had their own areas of interest, magic Healing, Divination, Herbology, Archery and Astronomy.

Evan hadn't heard of it or seen it anywhere that the Centaurs were interested in gold, a precious metal that only humans and goblins liked. They didn't need to trade with the outside world, and they were usually self-sufficient.

Only a few collectors or magic historians interested in the Centaurs civilization would pay attention to a ruined relic left by a lost Centaurs civilization.

But because of this gold, it had attracted a large number of greedy adventurers in a short period of time.

Besides the wizards who traded in the square, there were more people in the central Temple.

On the other side of the square, there were a large number of shabby tents of different shapes, managed by special personnel to be rented to adventurers in need.

"It's so weird in here!" Sirius said. "Where on earth did the Centaurs find so much gold to make these decorations?"

"I can't see how they did it unless they transformed the Philosopher's Stone and were able to use it like Flamel."

Squatting in front of a booth, Evan carefully examined a mask made of pure gold.

"You only need to pay a hundred Gold-Galleons to take it away!" The owner of the booth shouted, "This mask has a high collection value."

“Thank you, I don’t need it!” said Evan, “I think I’d better not touch it.”

He stood up and pulled Sirius aside quickly.

“We’d better be careful. These things should have strange magical reactions.” Evan lowered his voice and said, “This feeling is very familiar, like...”

He closed his eyes and recalled carefully, remembering the detection magic last night.

And a long time ago, Elaine used the unique imprisonment spell on him.

“This is the magic that only vampires can use!” Evan said with certainty. “There’s a dangerous curse cast on it, but I don’t know its specific use yet.”

“Vampires and curses?!” Sirius repeated.

This was really interesting. There were traces of curses left by vampires on the decorations made by the ancient Centaurs. There must be something terrible going on here.

They didn’t know for what purpose, the vampires were spreading the cursed gold ornaments around the remains of the horses, attracting foolish adventurers to the ruins.

Evan couldn’t see how it would benefit them. Avoiding the sight of human wizards and hiding in a dark corner was the way vampires should prefer.

Too much noise would arouse the attention of the Ministries of Magic and the mainstream society of magic circles in various countries. So the only thing that would await these vampires was their extinction.

Even with such curses on the gold , it was impossible for them to wipe out all the wizards who would come to the site, and it did not mean much to them.

As food, there were too many wizards here. And looking at the strong and savage wizards around, Evan wondered if the taste of the vampires would be so unique. How could it be possible?

If they were not food, then the only purpose of gathering so many people was to...

#### Chapter 418: Terrible Speculation

On top of magic, the evil spirits coming to this world needed a lot of flesh and blood to build their new bodies.

In the illusion made by Gryffindor 800 years ago, Evan once saw the fallen Centaurs prepare an astonishing number of flesh and blood sacrifices to summon the evil god of terror.

In the Temple of the Moon, Evan entered a huge circular chamber filled with coagulated blood, which used to be filled with the corpses of various creatures.

Even the ceiling was stained with thick blood.

According to Okegiga, that was just one of many sinful rooms in the Temple; the Fallen Centaurs expanded outward at a mad rate. They hunted all the creatures they met and offered their bodies as sacrifices to the evil god.

Those sacrifices, along with the Philosopher’s Stone, made a necessary condition for the evil spirit to come to the world.

Thinking of this, Evan suddenly shuddered.

Perhaps those vampires hiding in the dark wanted to summon the evil spirit as well?! What if, after the downfall of the fallen Centaurs, the evil god found itself a new servant?!

These pure dark creatures were much more cunning and difficult to deal with than the Centaurs!

Evan was scared by his own speculation. This was too terrible. If it was true, then it meant that everyone in the ruins would die!

Evan told Sirius about his reasoning, and he also looked extremely astonished.

The seriousness of the situation was beyond imagination, and there was no news from Dumbledore.

“No matter what the vampires are going to do, we have to stop them!” Sirius said in a heavy tone, “We must find out the truth about this.”

That being said, knowing exactly what to do was tricky for both of them.

They couldn't tell other people directly about this matter. Regardless of whether they would startle or not, judging from the current situation, it was estimated that no one would believe it.

All the wizards who entered the ruins of the Centaurs were fascinated by gold. Judging by their eager eyes, each one was almost the same as the greediest goblin.

Tell them that all these treasures had been cursed and they would definitely see you as mad.

Even more, they might think that Evan and Sirius wanted to steal their gold and kill them directly.

“We must find the vampires lurking in the shadows, expose their plots in public, or directly stop this thing.” Evan analyzed, “If possible, we should find some of the evil god's minions. Maybe that would sober these guys up.”

In the illusion, Evan once saw three living creatures of the evil spirit.

They were some kind of buzzing monsters, with an indescribable shape.

They were five feet tall each. Their bodies were covered by a thick red carapace, and akin as a whole to some kind of fungus.

They had a strong illusion magic that could directly act on the depths of a person's heart and make victims lose their minds and actively extend their heads into the creatures huge mouths.

Their mouths were in the center of their bodies, full of fangs and sharp teeth.

With just one bite, they could cut off and grind a man's head!

Any spells and most physical attacks were meaningless against these monsters. The Patronus Charm would restrain them, but the correct way to kill them was to attack the core inside their heads.

With his previous experience, as long as he could find these monsters, Evan had the confidence to kill them.

He believed that their bodies would shock all the wizards they would see them for the first time.

Maybe then, they would believe any plots he would expose to them.

“It’s also crucial to get that Philosopher’s Stone in hand as soon as possible.” Evan went on to analyze, “If we get the Philosopher’s Stone, we could keep the evil spirit from ever coming!”

This was also the most important purpose of Evan’s trip. The complete Philosopher’s Stone would break Voldemort’s Curse on him, and then he could regain his strength.

He would be able to use all his magic, and wouldn’t be as tied up as he was now.

Before getting the Philosopher’s Stone, Evan’s magical power was on par with that of Sirius thanks to Slytherin’s locket and planktons in Aragog’s pit.

With the help of the Philosopher’s Stone, he would be able to cast all the magic he mastered at will to fight, including many spells that were more powerful than usual.

There was one more method that Evan did not mention.

In fact, the most thorough method was to find the statue of the evil god brought back by Okegiga that year, which was like the root of some plant. That was the root of all evil.

By destroying it, they would completely sever all connections between the evil god and the real world, and end this boundless evil.

Although in the illusion, he arbitrarily used magic to break the statue, it would certainly not be that simple now. Evan wasn’t willing to do it on his own this time; finding it and handing it over to Dumbledore was the right choice.

“That’s it, we first go to the Temple to find the Philosopher’s Stone, and then see what the vampires are doing!” Sirius said.

The Temple at the center of the ruins was similar to the Temple of the Moon he had entered more than a month ago. It was also made of large blocks of obsidian and granite.

It depicted abstract statues and murals, highlighting the glory of the Centaurs’ past.

With time, the fine curtains hanging on the walls and corridors had decayed, leaving only a pile of hemp-like ropes and rags hanging behind.

At the bottom of the Temple, Evan also saw many adventurers.

They were like chasing flies running in various rooms, looking for all valuable items.

They held their wands and looked unfriendly at all the people passing by.

The smell of gunpowder in the Temple was very strong, and fierce fighting occurred from time to time.

In many places, Evan saw fresh blood and even dead bodies.

Everything in this ruined relic seemed chaotic and dark. Without the restriction of secular law, the most evil aspect of human nature was vividly reflected here.

They could only see gold. In turn, the gold cursed by the vampires stimulated them to go even madder.

The more you get, the faster you lose and fall.

After seeing several adventurers wandering around the temple, looking extremely abnormal, muttering strange words in their mouths, like walking corpses, Evan finally knew what magic the vampires cast on the gold.

This curse could make people who find gold confused, gradually lose their senses, and eventually become part of the evil in this dark Temple full of taboos.

As the evil god had said, countless old and horrible crimes took place in these ruins, and their count was only going up!

Madness took over the ruins, and even those who kept their sanity had mostly died, their flesh and blood adding to the sacrifices for the coming evil god.

#### Chapter 419: A Chaotic Battle

To avoid trouble, Evan and Sirius decided to use their Animagus forms.

In the form of animals, they tried to stay away from the mad adventurers, follow the path they had in memory, from the remote passageway to the depths of the Temple.

This idea proved very efficient. In their Animagus form, Evan and Sirius were moving fast, and their smaller size made them less likely to be discovered by others.

Even if they were occasionally seen, no wizard would ever care about their presence.

It was just a lost cat and a stray dog. Two animals would never take the adventurers' minds off the gold!

It did seem very strange and peculiar; a cat and a dog suddenly appearing in the ancient Temple of the Centaurs, purposefully avoiding all intruders and heading deep into the Temple.

Just thinking about it a little, anyone would find something wrong in it.

But under the influence of the vampires' curse on the gold, nobody thought about it at all.

Evan and Sirius did not touch the gold or other seemingly suspicious things they saw along the way. They went forward as fast as they could to find the Philosopher's Stone.

In the Temple of the Moon in the Forbidden Forest at Hogwarts, the Philosopher's Stone and the statue of the evil spirit were preserved on the magnificent statue at the top of the Temple, protected by special magic.

This was obviously not the case here. The top of the Temple had been occupied by intruders.

Everything valuable there was taken away, and there was no Philosopher's Stone.

The fallen Centaurs had hidden the Philosopher's Stone and the statue of the evil god before they died out.

Evan and Sirius, who had no clues tried to explore the deepest part of the Temple.

They explored several chambers that had not yet been discovered, and the huge stone gate carved with the moon's phase diagram, which had not been destroyed.

But there was nothing, the Philosopher's Stone and the statue of the evil god seemed to have vanished.

“There must be something that we haven’t noticed. We’ve been hanging around for more than three hours.” Sirius put his wand on the ground, “Guide me!”

The wand spun rapidly on the ground, never stopping.

“There is an unknown force in this Temple that hinders all detection spells.” Sirius picked up his wand and looked impatient. “Damn, magic doesn’t work. If only there was a Niffler here, it could help us find the Philosopher’s Stone.”

The Niffler is a magical animal that burrows into the ground. It is fluffy, black, and long-snouted.

By nature, they have a predilection for anything glittery and precious treasures, and they are good at finding them.

Taking advantage of this, Nifflers are often kept by goblins to burrow deep into the earth for treasure.

“If Hagrid was here, he might have a Niffler with him. I saw him have a whole nest in the Forbidden Forest,” Evan said.

He also tried to use a detective spell that quickly dissipated after the magic left the wand, blocked by strange magical fluctuations in the air.

“This is not the way to go. We’ve checked all the places, but we haven’t found any secret chamber.” Sirius said, “Maybe we can go from...”

“Have we checked everywhere?!” Evan looked at Sirius and said uncertainly, “I know another place...”

He remembered that in the illusion before, the ancestor of the Centaurs, Okegiga led him into the secret passage and they had sneaked into the Temple of the Moon from under the water. But they had not yet seen it here.

The Philosopher’s Stone might be hidden there, but Evan was not sure.

In the Temple of the Moon, there was only a secret passage that extended deep into the lake, and all the lakes and rivers near the Temple here were dried up.

This meant that following that secret passage down, there was a good chance it would lead them to the Temple underground.

The Centaurs were not goblins. They did not hide things underground.

However, these fallen centaurs were not the same as the normal ones, and their habits were very different.

Maybe they really hid something underground.

Just as Evan was about to take Sirius there for a look, there was a loud bang in the distance.

Boom!!!

Like a violent earthquake, the whole temple was shaking!

“What’s going on?” Sirius asked aloud, clenching his wand.

Following the shaking, there was a shout in the distance, seemingly answering his question. Although it sounded very flustered, it was exceptionally clear.

“Found it! Yes, we have found the treasure of the Centaurs!”

Evan and Sirius looked at each other and hurried to the place where the voice had sounded.

Although they both didn't know what had been found, the Philosopher's Stone was likely to be there.

Through an ancient narrow stone tunnel, Evan saw a large hole opened by magic in what was originally a wall, with a large number of stones scattered on the ground.

Attracted by the sound, many adventurers came to the place, and even the wizards and goblins outside the Temple were attracted.

There was an uproar, with curses and threatening words everywhere.

Many people even started dueling, and sparks and beams were flying everywhere.

Even so, the number of wizards gathering was increasing, and everyone was desperately squeezing into the entrance of the wall, for fear of falling behind.

Looking at the noisy crowd in front of him, Evan's feeling of uneasiness grew stronger.

This was really strange. If the one who had shouted had really found the place where the Centaurs were hiding the treasure, he would not shout out like this, but keep it for himself.

Doing this now was like someone deliberately attracting them to the place.

“Hold on, we'd better not go in!” Evan stopped Sirius, who was ready to rush through, and stood in the distance looking behind the hole in the wall.

Behind it, there was a dirt trail that slowly extended forward, with no end at a glance.

There was a smell of decay pouring out of it, and it looked like a catacomb.

“What are we doing here?” Sirius said strangely, “If the Philosopher's Stone is below, we must hurry up and find it before others ...”

“It's just too coincidental that this Centaurs' treasure chamber appeared now. I'm sure that the Philosopher's Stone is not there,” Evan continued. “I can feel that there are strange magic fluctuations below. It's the magic of the vampires.”

“Vampires?!” Sirius frowned, considering what Evan said.

In fact, just as they were talking, the noisy voices that came from behind the walls were getting louder and louder, as if many people had really found something.

Faced with this situation, almost everyone's breathing was heavy, no longer think rationally.

The scene became more and more chaotic, the scope of the battle became wider and wider. Many wizards, who like Evan and Sirius stood aside to observe were also involved.

Chapter 420: The Death of Sirius



Hundreds of wizards were fighting in the narrow tunnel of the Centaurs ruins.

The curses and shouts were endless, and the space was filled with red, blue, and green curses.

Unlike the playful duels between the young wizards, these were real battles to the death.

A few people used the common dueling spells. Evan saw that more and more people were using Avada Kedavra or other sorts of forbidden curses, striving to kill their foes.

No one had any restraint. Even without grievance or hatred, everyone couldn't wait to kill each other. Many fell dead, and blood sprouted out everywhere.

Soon, the Obsidian walls, ceilings and floors of the Temple turned red.

Evan and Sirius kept retreating, and the situation in front of them was too chaotic.

Curses flew in the air, wreaking havoc, raging with heart-rending light, like innumerable sharp arrows coming from all sides.

The sudden battle scene had become more and more fierce, eventually turning into the most chaotic and baffling battle Evan had ever seen.

Hundreds of wizards gathered here, their eyes red and their teeth gnashing, as if they had seen their life-long sworn enemies. They attacked others without purpose or reason. Most of them had not even seen the so-called Centaurs' Treasure.

Under the influence of the curse cast by the vampires hiding in the dark, everyone went mad. They only thought of killing for gold now, not distinguishing between friends and enemies.

A dreadful, terrifying massacre was taking place here, and if this incident was reported, it would definitely shake the entire wizarding world.

It was inconceivable that such a thing would happen in this peaceful era.

Vampires were really terrible. No wonder they had long been considered the most dangerous Dark creatures, and their existence was a taboo in itself.

Evan and Sirius were dodging the flying spells. They tried to find vampires in the crowd, but the situation was too chaotic for them to find anything.

"Damn, these people are insane!" Sirius roared, waving his wand and using a Full Body-Bind Curse against a wizard who was shouting at him and rushing in.

His spell hit the man, but several others were attracted.

Sirius's wand threw out several spells in succession, escorting Evan back.

In fact, Evan also became irritable.

What happened suddenly in front of him was beyond his initial expectations. Since the vampires dared to make this move, it meant that the magic of summoning the evil spirit was almost finished.

All the wizards who were fighting were going to die, becoming flesh and blood sacrifices to the evil god.

Things were going too fast, and Evan didn't understand how the vampires were going to summon the evil god without getting their own Philosopher's Stone.

Boom, boom!!!

Just as he was thinking about these things, the ground of the Temple suddenly began to collapse.

The whole area was shaking violently, and huge cracks began to appear on the ground.

The ground cracked, like a black behemoth ruthlessly opening a huge mouth, swallowing the fighting wizards and the fallen bodies.

Evan and Sirius wanted to escape, but everything happened too fast, and both of them fell down.

Beside them, there were countless equally panicking wizards and massive falling stones.

A falling stone came to them and Evan waved his wand and smashed it.

Parts of the stone fragments hit him, and he felt a deep pain. However, he had no time to care about that. Underneath them, a dark pit suddenly appeared, deep and bottomless.

If he fell down like this, he shouldn't have a chance to survive

What was even more terrifying was that some of the wizards who were falling were still willfully casting evil curses. These lunatics did not want to live at all, and were dragging others to die alongside them!

Not far below, Sirius was shouting something at Evan.

There was so much noise around that Evan could not hear a word.

He tried to calm down and consider what magic to use.

In such a chaotic situation, it seemed that all the incantations did not work.

He tried to cast a levitation charm on himself, hoping to ease the falling speed, but this only made him the target of the fallen men and stones.

The next second, a silvery white light flew from top to bottom.

Evan saw Sirius pointing his wand at him. This was a spell similar to the Shield Charm. By the impact of the spell, he began to fly up.

It was exerting a force, getting him away from Sirius's wand, and from harm's way. However, it also accelerated Sirius's fall.

"No!" Evan shouted, trying to stop Sirius.

He saw Sirius's decadent smile solidified on his once handsome face and Sirius waving to him, in the same way as before; recalcitrant, with an innate pride.

Under Evan's gaze, his body fell down at an extremely fast speed and gradually disappeared into the endless darkness.

"SIRIUS!" Evan shouted, "SIRIUS!"

Before he could use any magic, Sirius had disappeared.

Just like that....

Evan fell on the ground of the Temple, his mind blank...

Just a few seconds ago, there was an extraordinarily busy tunnel. Now there was no one but him.

All that remained was a dead silence, and a great, deep, bottomless pit.

Below, the rumbling sound did not stop.

It was as if this pit that had emerged out of nowhere, extended all the way down to the core of the earth.

Despite the pain, Evan stood up as fast as he could.

He went to the crater, expecting Sirius to come up from below, but all he saw was darkness.

His vision gradually blurred. Evan had only one thought in his mind: he had to save Sirius!

But it was obviously unwise to go down from this deep pit.

Evan had no much time to think. Soon after the wizards fell down, the magic of the Temple space suddenly became chaotic and irritable.

“I am waiting, the great existence is coming!”

The strange voice echoed in the temple, and it seemed to sound in the depths of Evan’s mind.

This was the voice of the evil god. Evan would never forget it even if he died. This voice could arouse the deepest darkness and fear hidden in one’s heart.

Damn, those vampires were really summoning this horrible evil spirit!

Evan was no longer thinking about where they got their strength, he stood up panting.

All he had in mind was how to save Sirius, if he somehow survived...

At this point, Evan’s body was trembling uncontrollably, and he was undeniably terrified!

He was not afraid of those vampires hidden in the dark, or of the evil god that could come at any time... He feared the death of Sirius....